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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1908.

WROTH.[1]

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XV.

WROTH seized the pistol case from the hands of his bewildered groom and flung it under the seat of the high curricle which stood awaiting his pleasure in the yard. A couple of stablemen stood at the horses' heads; the chestnuts were all quivering impatience—offended at their long wait harnessed in the yard—and wilder than usual, this day, with the heady spring winds. He swung himself up and stood poised, gathering the reins, as the Greek charioteer might have stood before the start.

'Which way did the lady and gentleman take?' he asked abruptly.

There was a grin about the ostlers' faces—reflected on those of inquisitive groups gathered about the stable gates.

'Mr. Martindale, my lord?' inquired an impudent stable boy. And hands went up to divers mouths.

'Aye, Mr. Martindale,' said Wroth, culling the whip from its socket. 'Mr. Martindale and Lady Wroth.'

The horses leaped as his fingers tightened on the reins; struck fury from the cobbles with ringing iron. Wroth, sitting now, held them with a grip that no one could have suspected in the white, almost effeminate-looking hand. He turned his dark look from face to face: and somehow the humour of the situation in the eyes

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of the bystanders seemed to have evaporated. Two or three voices answered with sycophantic eagerness.

'The London road, my lord.'

The groom had barely the time to leap and clutch like a wild cat, before, in a whirlwind, they were off, shearing the corner 'with a knife edge between them and slap-bang,' as the head ostler concisely remarked; squawking fowls and terrified children scattering, dogs barking, the light curricle swaying from side to side; Wroth's figure pulsing, as it were, to the bounding rhythm of his horses' speed which he fiercely encouraged and as fiercely controlled.

The town constable on the lower walk had but the time to step aside, with a haste little becoming his dignity, ere the curricle was upon him and past. He gazed after it as it disappeared round the corner, and shook his head long and solemnly. It might come hard on the honest lad who had to sit by my lord; but the sooner Mad Wroth broke his neck, the better for the credit of the country.

As they dashed out on the high road and settled to a pace scarcely abated, but steadier and less fraught with imminent danger, the seething fury in Wroth's brain, so far from diminishing, increased; took, so to speak, many colours, gathered a specious kind of intellectual purpose without losing its sheer animal ferocity. He was drunk with rage as a man may be with strong wine; with a drunkenness stimulating to brilliancy of thought, intensity of purpose, recklessness of consequences. It was a threefold rage; against himself, for the futility, being what he was, of the deed that had wrecked him; against Juliana, who had failed him at the very hour when, by a gesture, she could have saved him; against his friends—friends, save the mark!—in whose degradation he saw his own. These vile minds, how quick they had been to assume him in collusion with the creatures—the woman and Martindale. With their own mire they pelted him; base, they judged him at their own level!

Up the steepest hill he never spared the chestnuts for a breathing space. Indeed, he soon found himself not restraining but urging. His cattle no longer fought for the pace, but only responded to the call. For Wroth, usually soft-hearted, even to the mockery of his friends, with dumb animals had no mercy this day. The hedges flew by; then high park walls, tree-topped; hamlets with their thatched cottages; a copse of pine trees engulfed them into brown shadows, to spit them forth again to a blaze of sunshine upon the rolling

downs where the gorse was already breaking into yellow. And now, before they had left the last heather land, it was swept by the April storm. The wind came whistling unchecked across the rolling waste and caught them in full blast; the rain struck slantwise, stinging—a petulant squall with all the cruelty of the young year in it—buffeted and drenched. But at the very pitch of fury its own impetuosity tore the clouds apart. Here was blue sky again, here was a shaft of sunshine, mellower than before. And in a trice, the land was one sparkle, one jubilation of nodding leaf and singing birds; pools smiling at the sky and the odour of the wet earth fragrant on a wind, warm again, as if laughing at its own outburst. Vaguely, through the concentration of his thoughts, Wroth had felt the gloom of the squall deepen his dark mood, the chill whipping of the rain drive his bitterness into more corrosive irony.

Presently the groom, tilting his drenched hat over his eyes to shade them from the sudden dazzle, started and touched his master on the arm:

'They're in front of us, my lord!' he cried, pointing.

Wroth's mind, fixed on the inward vision, awoke to reality. They had reached the edge of a slope which dipped gently into the valley where smoked the townlet of Sevenoaks, its slate roofs glistening in the already level rays, already mellowing to the amber that foretells the rose. Some half-mile off, down the straight running road, crawled in truth the bulk of a travelling chaise. Wroth's red hazel eyes were as keen of vision as a hawk's. He gave a short laugh.

'The off grey's dead lame—they'll have to pull up here. So, so, my lads, we can take it easy!'

He had no mind to have his meeting on the open road; four walls should hold that scene of vengeance that he had been drawing in acrid lines on the tablets of his mind.

The chestnuts craned their necks and stretched in relief against the loosened reins as they fell to walking pace. Clouds of steam broke from them. Wroth laid his whip alternately on either wet flank, in caress. The man, encouraged by this sign of returning humanity, ventured to glance at his master's face, but quickly looked away again from the smile that lifted the short upper lip.

At the head of the little High Street, Wroth drew rein and sat watching, still with his ominous smile, while the chaise, with a kind of pathetic unconsciousness in its shabby weather-beaten back, lumbered onwards and turned into the yard of the Blue Boar, the

sign of which swung and creaked gaily from its post, high planted in the middle of the little square.

'We'll give them a minute or two to settle down comfortably,' said he half aloud, and thought: 'If I know my Martindale, he'll be for a bottle and a rest by the fire before he starts again. Romeo's throat must be pretty dry, cursing the off grey's legs!'

Thus, he remained a minute or two, statue-like, while the horses craned necks and shuddered and rubbed confidential noses, steaming still more densely in the sun-glow. Then, with a suddenness that nearly flung the groom from his seat, they were off again, this time with clatter and dash; and Wroth swept the curve into the yard of the posting-house with that masterly precision and audacity which made his driving the admiration of every stable in the country.

The Blue Boar had a reputation on the road for its burnt sherry; and a very exhilarating brew had just been deposited between Miss Beljoy and Mr. Martindale, as they sat, in all the comfort that Wroth had foreseen, before the fire in the travellers' room. If ill-temper there had been, it was smoothed away.

They had the room to themselves. Martindale, delicately holding a hot tumbler in a twisted pocket-handkerchief, winked as he sipped a toast to the bright eyes opposite to him.

''Pon honour, Peggie,' he cried, glancing at the pearl-grey sandals, 'it is a vast of time since we've seen you dance. I'll get a party of choice fellows. Dash me if we don't——'

'Dash you, then, and you won't,' said the lady, tossing her blue feather at him with great assurance.

Dance for him, and his kind, indeed! So long as she played the part of Lady Wroth, Miss Beljoy had highly different notions of entertainment. She was too good an actress not to sink herself into her new character. She had visions of drives in the park in a high barouche, of elegant entertainments, where her languid white hand would be kissed by adoring and respectful swains. An ill-treated, irresistible lady of rank—that was her *rôle* now.

Juliana had promised that whatever happened she should be at no loss. Peggie had no idea of the kind of settlements likely to be made upon a nobleman's wife; but she was nothing if not sanguine. She was convinced she would have the spending of much gold, and—whether as Lady Wroth or Miss Beljoy—she intended to spend it to some purpose. Dance for Mr. Martindale—Master Martindale, the impecunious! What airs of conqueror was the

creature giving himself ? He might serve as escort, he might serve as fetch and carry ; best of all he might serve as spur of defiance to Wroth, but as for anything else, he must be taught his place.

'I'd be obleeged,' said Miss Beljoy presently, and now in elegant mincing tones, 'if you will hand me my glass, Mr. Martindale—I think the liquor is sufficiently cool. Dear me——'

The languid ejaculation expired on her lips : the door at the far end of the room had opened, and Wroth, closing it quietly behind him, was advancing towards them. The couple by the fire gaped in the silence of utter astonishment, Martindale still foolishly holding his wrapped glass, Peggie collecting her wits with all speed for the contradictory situations she might be called upon to face ; ready to laugh, as jolly Peg, at the trick she had played on my lord and them all, or as Lady Wroth, the party first injured in an equivocal transaction, to take her proper stand of reproachful dignity.

As Wroth advanced she marked his smile.

'He knows,' thought Peggie, and gave herself all to the first *rôle*, in swift disappointment ; the other game would have been so much more amusing.

Then his eye fell upon her and all at once she was frightened, and wished herself miles away. Her intuitions, being feminine, were quicker than those of her companion. Mr. Martindale's air of consternation had vanished ; here was Wroth, cool as a cucumber, all smiles. And, hang it, was he not doing Wroth a good turn ?

'Capital, dear fellow, capital ! ' he cried boisterously. 'Come after us to give us "speed" ? Gad, but it's just like you ! We'll have a fresh bowl up—why not supper all three together, eh, Peg ? Eh, George ? You always liked to be original : you'll break your record this time ! '

'You forget,' said Peggie, thinly goaded by the very sharpness of her fear into the extreme of audacity, 'that Lord Wroth can endure all other company except that of a—wife.'

'But when he knows that he's already free of her ? ' said Martindale, still rollicking.

He swallowed his reeking draught, nodded at the girl over his glass, slammed it on the table, and blew a kiss at her. Then he turned his flushed face, claiming his boon companion's applause. His eye became fixed, his jaw dropped. That little polished mahogany box hanging by its silver handle on two of Wroth's fingers—he knew it well enough. What the devil was the madman doing with it here ?

Wroth read his thoughts like a printed page. He glanced down at the case, swung it on the table and was shaken with his short harsh laugh, the laugh that never boded good. The white fury that possessed him seemed to flicker about his face like a dancing flame as he turned again the glitter of his eyes from one to the other.

Martindale, his friend, and the creature who could now call herself Lady Wroth! And he, already hailed, by the Scaifes and the Holroyds, as their accomplice! He pushed the catch of his case and raised the lid. At that moment he was no more responsible for his actions than the madman Martindale deemed him. He had killed Martindale in his thoughts, before his finger touched his loaded pistol. But something—perhaps Peggie's piercing scream, perhaps her comrade's abject movement of fear, perhaps the familiar touch of the grip under his hand—brought him in time to a realisation of the chasm before him.

He replaced the weapon on the table, still uncocked, and stood a second, his gaze dilated, breathing quickly, looking on the vision of the fatal deed which he had all but done.

'Oh, mercy, mercy!' gasped Peggie. She tried to scream again, yet as in a nightmare could scarce bring forth a whisper; fighting against the faintness that was creeping over her, she wanted to cry out the truth, since this joke of hers was bringing such dire consequence. But the words refused themselves to her thoughts.

'Good Lord, George!' ejaculated Martindale, from dry lips. 'Ring the bell, woman! Dash it, ring, I say, Peg! It's your side, you fool! We shall be murdered!'

Wroth stirred from his abstraction.

'Oh, no, not murder,' he said tonelessly. 'An affair between gentlemen, for we are gentlemen, are we not? You'll not deny me satisfaction, Martindale, I suppose?'

Though his voice was dully emotionless, there was twitching of indescribable irony about his lips.

'The present is the best of all times. You never were much good at more than ten paces. Why not the length of the room between us? Come, choose your pistol, man. I'm in a hurry. Let us be done with it!'

But Martindale, rolling an anguished eye upon the speaker, crawling as if the mere change of position across the hearthrug must attract the bullet, was already extending a palsied hand towards the bell-rope.

A sudden nausea seized Wroth. What was he, lion, doing among these jackals? How could he, eagle, stoop to those jays? A vision of Juliana's face arose before him, a vision of purple, deep eyes, sorrowful in scorn. And, as if by the light of that gaze, he saw the irrevocable gulf that separated his own soul from that of those with whom he had chosen to consort. As upon a huge gathering wave, he felt himself seized and lifted back to the rock where he belonged. Disgust was upon him as he looked down.

'You need not ring,' he cried peremptorily. 'I'll let you off. I'll cry quits, now and for ever. I've had my revenge. Faugh, you're not even worth shooting, Martindale! Stay—there's a condition—you and my lady there must separate.'

Martindale made a hasty step forward. Wroth flung up his hand:

'You need make no promise,' he cried contemptuously. 'You dare not do anything but leave her, now. As for you, my lady, I make no apologies for interfering, even after our bargain. The world is wide; remember not to let your favour fall upon any of those who have broken bread with me. I give you credit for better taste in the future: you see the stuff they are made of.'

There was sharp warning under the mockery of his tone. The pistol case clicked. Wroth clapped it under his arm and turned to the door. A moment he halted on the threshold, looked back at them, as if from some great distance, then went out.

The two left alone stared at each other; anger, but anger of different moods was in the eyes of both. Then Martindale hastily helped himself to the remnants of the bowl and drank at a gulp. Some of his jauntiness returned to him as he flipped the moisture from his lips with his fine handkerchief.

'Well, Peg, what a scene! Aha! Why, I declare, you're scared to death. Come, now, pull yourself together, girl.'

He hemmed, drew a deep breath, and tried to assume an air at once superior and generous. 'Not that I care for the dear fellow's threats. It is obvious that all this business has been too much for him. But you can trust me. I would not, for worlds, place you in an awkward position. Rather than cause difficulties——' He hemmed again. A graceful exit seemed difficult.

Peggie, her hands on the arm of her chair, sat staring at him, strangely still.

'You wish me to go, I see,' he cried, catching at a pretext, with the suddenness of a trout at a fly. Still the dumb staring of the pale green eyes.

'Come, then,' said the gallant. 'A wink is as good as a nod to me. I'm going. Good-bye, my dear——' He hesitated. Something was wanting to give conviction and dash to his new *rôle*. A defiance to Wroth that could involve no risk. 'Come, Peg—a kiss before parting.'

He came towards her. She flung up her hand; all fierce energy now, out of her stony abstraction.

'Off with you—I hate the sight of you! I don't know how I could ever have looked at you. Kiss you? And I his wife! Ah, he can't help that now. I am his wife——'

The sense of the huge lie, the hopelessness of her own position, overcame the girl, even as she spoke the word. She saw again before her the vision of Wroth, scorning. Only some hours ago she had pleaded for her chance; 'I like him, I do like him!' she had cried. And her chance had been wrenched from her. And now she knew it was no mere liking. Love? She had never loved in her life before. Was it love?

Now the dry heart was seized with misery. This was love; how uncomfortable it was! She crouched down, burying her face in her hands and broke into furious sobs.

Martindale slipped out noiselessly.

CHAPTER XVI.

WROTH drove back towards the Wells, at a slow, steady trot, absorbed in his thoughts and allowing the tired horses their own pace.

At first, chief in his mind was wide sweeping resolve: he was done with it, done with that old life, done with these boon companions, these gamblers, drunkards, panderers, sycophants—aye, and traitors! It was hardly so much a decision as an accomplished fact within himself. And next the manner of its accomplishment began to shape itself in a hundred busy plans. The price of his folly was in a way his release; material means for his complete freedom could not now fail him. He would purge his house and his stables. That old devil, Minchin, must be set at once to pay off all debts. The Abbey, empty of its unworthy crew, should be left in the guardianship of Bertram. . . . Aye, faithful old fellow, he should have the satisfaction of feeling peace as well as plenty about him again.

And, since his money-bags were to be so deep, why should he not now plunge deep into them? He would have the desecrated church restored—by the Lord, he would! One day, he meant to bring Juliana back there: how and when he knew not—he was still in the whirlwind of circumstances—but he knew that, henceforth, this would be the goal of his life. There was nothing else in the world for him.

He had once more reached the downs; the sun had dropped behind low-lying clouds; after the rain, through the cooling airs, the mists were rising; with the twilight hour the wind had fallen; it was a dull grey world that held him. Wroth suddenly gathered up the reins with the old fierce grip. The horses sprang; it needed no stroke of whip to make them feel afresh the frenzy of impatience that urged.

Juliana was at the Wells yonder, and here was he on the downs, miles from her! What blasting folly of anger and pride had come to him that, having found her again, he had let her go out of his sight? What, he had had his arms about her, and had not held her! Because of that look in her eyes he had gone from her. Oh, then, when he was back again beside her he would close his own eyes to that look. Once they had kissed, he knew it in every fibre of his being, she could never put him from her again. Then, gradually, the current of his passion took a gentler turn. Nay, no woman had ever been wooed as she should be. So gently would he lay siege to this fair fortress, that she should scarce know the moment of her surrender.

The high curricle swayed again as they spun along the darkening roads. The over-driven horses had taken to a gallop. Crouching cottages, with glimmers as of yellow eyes, seemed to dart past them. There were curses and outcry in the village, where knots of labourers scattered and flattened themselves against palings to let the flying danger pass. At last! Down the broader road into the Wells! The sense of the goal near-reached added a fresh stimulus to the reckless pace.

The same whirlwind that had taken him away seemed to have brought him back. When he drew up before the door of the Crown, there was a dash among the idlers from the bar room, to stare at Mad Wroth returning from his mad chase; and wide were the conjectures that flew from lip to lip at sight of his white face and the reeking horses.

'He's killed them both—that's what he's done! We shall have work at Maidstone 'Sizes,' was the most popular conclusion.

The bridegroom pushed through the groups into the narrow passage, so possessed by his purpose as to be unaware of the curiosity and excitement about him. He merely halted a second to fling out an order to his groom, then hurried on again, and, at the office, peremptorily demanded a room.

The young person with the wonderful ringlets, who at that moment there presided, was much too interested in the mad, bad lord to depute to anyone the task of showing him the apartment. On the threshold of the room allotted to him, without even casting a glance upon its merits, he paused :

'Will you kindly tell the lady—the Countess what's her name, Countess Mordante something—who is staying here that I will present myself in her sitting-room immediately. I, Lord Wroth, you understand, wish to call upon the lady. Oh, never stare like that, woman! Go at once, do you hear? Yes, yes, the room will do. Take my message.'

'But, my lord——'

'She'll drive me crazy! Here, girl, will this help you to understand?' He fumbled furiously in his pocket, then thrust a gold piece into her hand. She stared at it, and then at him; then held out the guinea again, and with an agreeable smile :

'But the lady's gone, my lord!' she said, mincing.

Wroth, who had moved to enter his room, turned suddenly back with a leap.

'Gone?'

'Yes, indeed, my lord, quite an hour ago. Mr. Tunstall had a deal of trouble to get horses for her chaise—so many gentlemen had been ordering horses, your lordship will understand. But she was very insistent, very insistent indeed, and did not mind the expense—so she said. She must go, at once, said she.'

The girl gazed into the blasted face with a thrill of the deepest enjoyment. 'Pray, my lord, allow me to return this money. I really could not——'

But her genteel protest was lost in space. He had thrust her from his path. Not roughly—no, indeed, she was subsequently wont to relate that he took her by the shoulders as he would a child. She heard him clattering down the turning stairs, heard his voice uplifted in outcry for the landlord, before she recovered from her astonishment. She ran to the landing and leaned over the banister, all eagerness.

Mr. Tunstall's answer rang in tones of sullenness unprecedented

in his dealings with customers of quality. The grand foreign lady had taken sudden departure; and Mrs. Tunstall averred that it was all due to my lord's intrusion upon her: she had foreseen it—she had even warned his lordship! Now, they had lost the best guest of the season, and Mr. Tunstall's dudgeon was as apparent as he well dared to display it.

'I could hardly take upon myself to say for certain, my lord, but I gathered from the Countess's courier that they were for Dover.'

'Dover.'

That single word was in Wroth's voice.

'Aye, my lord—going on to the Continent. First stop Maidstone.'

'Maidstone——'

Without further parley Wroth called for his reckoning, for fresh horses to his curricle. Here there ensued a sudden wrangle. There were no horses, none to be had in the town to-night, for love or money. It had been as much as they could do to find them for the Countess. The last pair had been taken by his lordship's gentlemen friends back to the Abbey. Their own greys Mr. Martindale and the lady—here the landlord coughed and stammered—

'Then let my chestnuts be put to again. A pint of wine each to their oats.'

Mr. Tunstall, who was a lover of horseflesh, protested, deeply reproachful. It was murder to take the beauties out of the stables again to-night. They'd been driven cruel. He'd not be a man if he did not say so. Now, to-morrow morning—

'Where do you put up at Maidstone?'

'The Swan, my lord, but——'

The young imperative voice flung out the fiat:

'They shall take me to Maidstone to-night.'

One of the chestnuts went dead lame before they had left the Wells three miles behind—and an hour was lost in getting as far as Kipping Cross. Leaving the groom in charge of the suffering beast and the curricle at the village pot-house, with orders to return on the morrow to the Abbey, Wroth started off alone, riding the other horse, bare back, with a makeshift of curtailed reins.

It was a gloomy night, and the mists had increased; dank, clammy, they soaked a man to the skin in imperceptible moisture. He missed his way more than once on the solitary roads ever

branching into unknown directions, and it was nearly midnight when he reached Maidstone. There it required all his masterfulness to arouse the folk at the Swan Inn; and a fantastic sum of money to obtain a saddle-horse in exchange for his own, on which to continue the journey forthwith: the travelling party with the foreign courier had halted for supper, he heard, but had posted on for Dover, by Canterbury.

At Key Street, at Faversham, at Canterbury, through the remainder of the night, the experience and the proceedings were much the same. But determination backed by a well-filled purse will carry any traveller on, even through these dead hours when the passing guest is resented rather than welcomed by the most grasping host. As the dawn whitened to the left, Wroth began to taste the salt air on his lips. His road was now climbing the inland slope of those white cliffs which gave Albion her name. Soon the land broke and fell away before him, under the lour of the sky spread the sullen swell of the sea.

His last mount was a heavy clumping brute which neither hand nor heel could urge beyond a sullen trot. By the time he had left the downs behind him, and jogged as far as the outskirts of Dover, a raw wind had sprung up and cleared the fog; and it was broad day. The clouds hung low, threatening, trailing off seaward, dipping jagged edges here and there. The church clock was striking eight when he dismounted at the door of the Royal.

'The packet, sir?' cried the waiter, looking with a blank, uninterested eye from the mud-stained rider to his reeking steed. 'Why, she's gone this half-hour. Ebb-tide at seven, sir.'

Imperiously, Wroth darted his questions.

Aye, the waiter replied, between smothered yawns—there had been a lady and her maid, and a jabbering fellow of a foreigner. Breakfast they had had, then off with them. And a bit of tossing they were now enjoying, there was not a doubt of that.

It was in the dingy coffee-room, and the man pointed with a flip of his professional napkin towards the window. Wroth stepped into the bow, and looked out on the restless grey of the channel beyond the pier. Livid white, the sails of the retreating packet were painted against the gloom of sea and sky—no larger than gulls' wings. The wind was fair for France; she was making good speed.

He stared forth on the dismal picture a long while in silence. The waiter coughed, moved a chair, flicked crumbs from the table.

Luggageless, unimportant as the traveller seemed, his eye commanded respect, his voice obtained obedience.

'Breakfast, sir?' insinuated the man at last.

Wroth wheeled round, drew a pocket-book from his breast, ran a finger through the rustle of what remained of Mr. Minchin's notes, and glanced again seaward. His lips moved silently as if in calculation. Then he closed the leather case again, thrust it into his pocket, and with an air of sudden decision:

'Aye, breakfast!' he cried. 'And order a post chaise—for London. And mind you, fellow, I like my coffee served hot, and my horses quick.'

The waiter withdrew, deeply impressed with the glimpse of wealth he had seen between the strange gentleman's fingers, while Wroth let himself fall into a chair, with a dumb curse on his limited funds. A paltry couple of hundred. It was no use. With only a couple of hundred more he might have chartered a light vessel for himself, started in chase of the gull's wings, caught Juliana, if not on Calais pier itself, at least before she'd left the town. But now he must back to London. He would overtake her in time; no fear about that, but first of all he must have unlimited funds.

'Is the landlord about?' he asked, when the waiter returned with the steaming tray. 'Yes? Then ask him to be good enough to speak to me for a moment. Say it is Lord Wroth, of Hurley Abbey.'

And when the host, with all alacrity, had presented himself:

'When will the packet leave, the day after to-morrow?' asked his noble guest.

'Wind permitting, at the turn of the tide, my lord. That is half-past nine, my lord—God willing.'

'I shall be back,' said Wroth; 'to-morrow night you will kindly retain room for a carriage on board—in my name—and passage for me and my servant. And stay—— To whom must one apply for leave to use the Admiralty telegraph for private messages?'

'The harbour-master, my lord.'

Wroth scribbled a note and sent it forth with his compliments.

'Put the amount down in my bill,' he added affably; 'but do me the favour to see that it is transmitted as early as possible.'

Then he applied himself to his much-needed repast.

Not one jot was his purpose altered by this check; only his fevered heat had left him. He was set into steadiness, and his

brain active in forming practical plans. He was not cast down, his will was too firmly made up for that. It was perhaps even as well, he thought to himself, that this mad chase should be interrupted; she could not now escape him, he knew her name, he knew her home.

An hour later he started on his backward journey. The great arms of the semaphore along the Dover road were waving an imperative despatch to Mr. Minchin in the city; an express courier was galloping with a letter to Sebastien Picard, his French valet, at Hurley Abbey, ordering that worthy to come and await his master's pleasure at 'The Royal,' Dover, and to bring the travelling curricle with him, everything ready for a foreign tour, within thirty-six hours. A kind of placidity was upon him as he lay back in the coach. Suspense was, so far, over, in that his course was now clearly defined, and that the next few days could only hold the uneventful details of preparation and pursuit. After rehearsing his schemes in his mind, he set himself very deliberately to sleep. And sleep he did with but the intervals for meals and change of horses, for most of the hours that took him from the coast to London Bridge.

The athlete's body is his trained servant, and it will respond to the emergency. Wroth's night in the saddle; his previous night of mingled conviviality and lonely vigil; all the storms of passion that had shaken him these thirty-six hours; his agony of self-contempt; his corrosive bitterness; the shock of recognition, mingled joy and torture; his thwarted tenderness and the struggle between good and evil in murderous rage; the recurrent disappointments of the chase—a stronger frame than his might have been broken by it all! But as the birds have, for that effort which keeps them poised in prolonged flight, a strength of heart not vouchsafed to creatures bound to earth, so this man, despite his reckless tempers and wasted youth, had that something which marked him rare amongst his kind; that strength which in the artist makes the genius in the man of action the conqueror; which was to make of him the lover.

The sun was setting in a crimson sky of good weather promise, and generously tinging the waters of old Thames, when he alighted from the coach on the Southwark side of London Bridge. Glad to stretch his limbs after seven hours of steady posting, he crossed over and made his way rapidly towards Bishopsgate.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mr. Minchin, in the trim, discreet little house within Great St. Helen's, where he kept his business offices on the ground floor, and his studiously cosy bachelor establishment on the two stories above, received the despatch from the erratic nobleman, on whose fortunes he had staked so much, he was already in no very pleasant humour. Hitherto rectitude of conduct had been not only part of his intellectual system, but the very essence of his professional pride. He had now—no denying the fact—departed from the rigidly straight course. In his person, a firm of immaculate tradition had been privy to an equivocal act, as he continued painfully to phrase it to himself. The excitement of the fight was over, the great stake was won; but the flush of triumph had faded and reaction had set in. Mr. Minchin, these thirty-six hours, had had time to think. It was in vain that he told himself that desperate cases demand desperate remedies; that the magnitude of the end justified the means; that, even as Crown ministers and generals in warfare have no right to be squeamish at crucial moments, neither was the lawyer justified in sticking at technical trifles when the fortunes of a great family and its utter ruin trembled in the balance. Technical trifles! He could not dismiss the falsification of a special licence as a technical trifle. No amount of proverbial philosophy could assuage his professional uneasiness. And the visit, in the course of this very first day, of the new Lady Wroth, unveiled this time, and as loud-voiced and blatant in her demand for an instalment of her alimony, as she had seemed mysterious, dignified, and low of speech on the previous morning, did not tend to confirm the security of his feelings, as regards the completeness of Lord Wroth's advantages in this great transaction.

'That woman will give us trouble yet,' said he to himself, breathing heavily through his teeth, as the door closed on the flouncing blue velvet mantle. 'Yes. There is no doubt that woman could make things remarkably unpleasant, did she know how. And so astute a person, so consummate an actress——'

He shook his head. How he had been taken in, even he! Yesterday he had actually felt—no, he would not say, attracted exactly, but impressed—yes, impressed. And to-day her impudent good looks had struck him with a new and unutterly distasteful notion. The creature was of the kind he feared, the kind which might very well end by appealing to the taste of such a profligate

as his young client. Here was a contingency he had not sufficiently foreseen. But, in truth, he had had no time to foresee anything during the recent whirlwind.

What of the regeneration of the family? What of the likely duration of the great fortune? A new, gayer, more notorious dance to ruin for the race of Wroth, that was all. He heaved a sigh in the direction of the irreproachable, docile Mary Campbell.

It was in the midst of such meditations that he received the message:

'Expect me to-night at your house.—Wroth.'

Mr. Minchin turned the sheet over and over in his grey fingers. Impossible to surmise what this might portend. Any freak was to be feared from such a brain. He noted the despatch was from Dover. It would seem as if the bridegroom had the thought of flying the country that held his wife; a very wise proceeding in Mr. Minchin's opinion. But why the return?

He struck the paper irritably in his perturbation. One thing was clear—my lord meant to spend his wealth recklessly. Twenty pounds or so thrown away for this unnecessary haste.

The lawyer sat musing unpleasantly after his six o'clock dinner. There was no flavour in the glass of brown sherry before him. He even thought Mary Campbell's cooking had lacked its usual perfection. He felt sure the creature had wept into that fricassee of lamb. There had been a want of crispness about her fried-fish balls, and, in his brief interview to-day, he had marked that her nose-tip was unwontedly rosy. He remembered with discomfort how she had sniffed as he gave her his morning orders.

When Lord Wroth was announced by the little black-garbed body servant, who looked as if he was made of some old deed himself, so faded and dry-as-dust was he, the attorney rose from his seat, with marked disapproval and anxiety.

Pallid, unshaven, mud-stained, in the same riding garments he had chosen for the wedding, Wroth's appearance confirmed the lawyer's most uncomfortable suspicions. But after a few words had been exchanged, after the young man, declining refreshment, had taken seat and begun quietly to explain the purpose of his visit, Mr. Minchin almost started to stare at him, passed a hand over his eyes and stared again, as if to make quite sure he was not dreaming. He had seen Wroth in many lights before; in gay humour—not often; in desperate, reckless moods frequently; had

seen him now mocking, now fierce, now bitingly sardonic; but never, as to-night, quiet, clear-brained, dignified, positively business-like. It might have been a new man, successor to the great inheritance and to the entanglements of a dead Wroth, and determined to do justice to both.

'I am going abroad, Minchin—possibly for a long period,' Wroth began, as he took a seat opposite his man of law. 'And, by the way, this reminds me; you will please send a note at once to my lodgings for my landlord there. There is not much time for my preparations—he must have it to-night.' So saying, he reached for paper and pen on a side table and scribbled a few lines which he folded and directed.

'Yes, I am going abroad,' he resumed, when Mr. Minchin, ringing for the famulus, had sent the man on the errand. 'I find it necessary to start to-morrow. I shall require a large sum of money, both in hand and abroad. During my absence it is my wish that you should examine and put in the way of settlement every just claim against me. I shall keep you constantly acquainted with my address, that you may consult me upon any point that may appear necessary. You have already given me details, I believe, of the extent of my new fortune. But I have not carried the figures in my head, I am only aware vaguely of its magnitude. I should like to go into the matter fully with you to-night, in view of certain expenditures which it is my intention to make in connection with the estate.'

Mr. Minchin's glance was fixed on the handsome face. Astonishment began to give way to an increasing sense of self-satisfaction; a glow crept to his cheeks. Here, then, was the reward for his daring; the acknowledgment of his subtle strategy; the guerdon of all his troubles and bitter anxieties. But for his daring stroke, his stroke of genius, this transformation would never have taken place; this rational young nobleman would now be an exile from his dismantled home, only escaping the debtors' prison by the privilege of the rank he had disgraced. The downward course once started, the ultimate destruction would have come with dizzy swiftness.

The attorney slowly addressed himself to his neglected glass, and rediscovered the admirable nuttiness of his sherry. He rubbed his hands. His sharp smile took a positive tenderness as Worth proceeded in the same deliberate, masterful tones:

'I understood you to say there was a large balance of accumu-

lated interest available. No doubt these sums have been invested, but I should propose to draw upon that fund for the settlement of debts and my immediate expenses.'

'Quite so, my lord. There is something like a hundred thousand—four years' accumulations—which, with the income of the investments——'

Wroth raised his hand. 'One moment, Mr. Minchin, before going into that. I will, if you please, conclude the statement of my plans.'

Mr. Minchin stared again; then a chuckle escaped him:

'Upon my word,' he thought, 'he's got a strain of the City grandfather in him, after all. And 'tis I shall have discovered it. Yes, I am all attention, my lord,' he said.

As Wroth proceeded, the grey head nodded approvingly from time to time. Quite so. He was unreservedly of his lordship's opinion. All moneys expended, within reason, on the estate, must be regarded as a reinvestment. The place was a waste, as his lordship said. The park and woods must be replanted. Quite so. And the house—in a sad state of dilapidation, Mr. Minchin had lamented it on more than one occasion—put in thorough repair. That was imperative. Certainly Mr. Bertram might be trusted, with sufficient help, to remain in charge at the Abbey during the carrying out of the work.

It was only when the young man's voice, a little husky with fatigue, but unfalteringly clear and precise, went on to give orders anent the church and its restoration, that the lawyer's face became overshadowed again.

Here was the first sign of returning folly. Restore the church!

'Surely, my lord . . . your lordship has made such admirable resolutions, showed so much sense, and if I may so phrase it, so much business capacity, up to this, that I venture to lay before you the disadvantage of an unnecessary expense of this kind, when so great demands are being made upon your funds. Ruins are very picturesque in a park. Restoration of the church! Is your lordship aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?'

Wroth raised his eyes from the contemplation of his ringless hands. He drew his brows swiftly together:

'Won't the fortune stand it?'

'Oh, certainly, my lord—certainly the fortune will stand it. But I should fail in my duty did I not point out——'

'Your duty to-night, Mr. Minchin, is to note my instructions.'

Their glances met. Again the unwonted red flickered on the attorney's cheekbones. He did not quite know what to make of this unknown spirit that seemed to have taken possession of Lord Wroth's handsome young body. The old extravagance was breaking forth, yet with a difference.

'And see,' went on Wroth, 'that the best man in England has charge of it—and, mark you, not a stone but in its old place, not a crocket or a leaf from the fellow's own fancy. Is this quite clear? It shall stand, I tell you, in its ancient glory.'

Mr. Minchin, this time surreptitiously, turned a curious look upon the speaker. Wroth's eyes were wide. He seemed to be fixing some distant vision of beauty. His lips were parted upon a faint smile. The lawyer came as near an internal oath as his correct attitude of mind had ever approached.

'Confound the young man . . . looks like a poet now!'

The far-away eyes came back to reality with swiftness. Mr. Minchin shifted uneasily from the sharp, questioning glance that fell upon him. Coughing behind his hand:

'Quite so, my lord,' he affirmed. 'Sir John Soane is no doubt the proper man for the purpose—or Mr. Wilkins, perhaps. And as your lordship said, all restoration to the property may, after all, be regarded as an investment to the profit of your lordship's descendants.'

No sooner had the words left his lips than he realised their enormity.

The blood welled to Wroth's face in an angry wave. The heavy lids fell over his eyes, the wings of his nostrils dilated upon his quick breathing. The attorney coughed again; made a pretence of drawing forth his note-book and entering the heads of his instructions. But the silence pressed even upon his unsensitive imagination with a horrible intensity. Mr. Minchin, however, as he had already proved, was a man of good courage. The very essence of his vocation in life, as he was fond of saying himself, was the grasping of the nettle. He closed the book with a snap, and, looking up, remarked in his quietest business voice:

'Lady Wroth called on me this very morning, my lord, and I handed her the first instalment of her allowance.'

The blood ebbed so quickly from the young man's face, that again, for an instant, his companion had a sense of alarm.

'A glass of wine, my lord,' he cried, reaching out for the decanter.

But Wroth motioned the attention from him with impatient hand. Some curious pride of profession jubilated within the lawyer's soul.

'I'll make a man of him—I'll make a man of him yet!' he said to himself. 'Your lordship,' he pursued, 'would have done better with Mary Campbell. I may tell you that the lady of your choice was scarcely satisfied with the generous, very generous provision for her. And in other ways, besides economy——' He broke off; Wroth had clapped a hand upon his wrist.

'Minchin,' he whispered, 'that knot you've tied so carefully and so tight about my neck . . .' the cold fingers relinquished their touch, and Wroth was now pulling at his stock with much the same gesture he had used in the churchyard after the marriage ceremony. 'That knot you tied,' he went on; 'can it never be undone, man—never?'

Mr. Minchin stared; for once his excellent composure failed him. The answer leaped from his mouth before he had time for reflection:

'The marriage could be annulled—annulled, my lord—and a pretty kettle of fish that would be . . . for us all, my lord. And your lordship a pauper again. Good God!' he exclaimed, as the idea struck more piercingly home, 'you are surely not thinking of any steps in that direction, Lord Wroth! It would be my ruin as well as yours.'

His lips trembled. Truly, truly, the righteous man is punished swiftly who steps one line from the straight path!

Wroth drew back. The sudden light faded from his face; the gleam from his eye. He gave a short laugh—the laugh of past reckless hours.

'Hullo, Minchin, is it as bad as all that? Steeped in crime, and all for me, are you? No, never fear, I'll not go back on you. And pauper, you say? I can't afford it, and that's the ugly truth. Gad, no, I can't afford, now, to be a pauper!' He fell silent on the thought; his mind worked. 'It's devilish! A pauper and she so rich. A pauper? Worse than pauper, bound by debt, ruined, a disgraced man. . . . And she, rich, to go to her with a sordid scandal, the mud of the courts reeking with the notorieties of a fraudulent, ignoble marriage! Impossible! . . . So it's tied for life, is it?' he cried again aloud, with still his laugh of self-mockery. 'No way out of it, eh? Not even with your legal twists and wriggles?'

Mr. Minchin passed a hand across his damp brow.

'There is divorce, of course. Divorce would not invalidate the provisions of the will as the annulment undoubtedly would. Only . . . .' he paused again. Decidedly the whole business was proving too much for him; he was speaking to-night like the greenest of articled clerks.

'Only what, man? Out with it!'

'Divorce can only take place in cases where the contracting parties have actually lived together. Now you and Lady Wroth——'

He broke off again, for Wroth turned upon him with a murderous look. The young man rose abruptly from his seat, and walked over to the window, flinging the curtain aside to gaze out into the night. An unseen moon silvered the edge of the roofs and tower of St. Helen's. An oil lamp flickered, orange and yellow, at each corner of the little court, and against one of them the budding branches of a lilac tree nodded and beckoned. A few window squares shone warm out of the opposite houses—for the rest, all was dark and silent.

'I was about to remark, my lord,' proceeded Mr. Minchin desperately, 'that Lady Wroth or yourself——'

For the third time he was interrupted. Wroth wheeled round, with all the old fierce passion in his mien, with something added, a deeper, angrier note, as of fuller manhood and more bitter understanding.

'Never mention that name to me again,' he thundered.

And then he came back slowly to the table, sat down and dropped his head upon his hands.

'My God,' he said in a kind of cry: 'We have made a success of this business, have not we, Minchin, a complete success?'

Hard into the night the two men sat together. But never a word passed between them, from that moment forward, but dealt with the severest detail of accounts, powers, and authorities.

And about that time, Sebastien Picard, the French valet, overjoyed at the thought of returning to his native land, after so many years, was eagerly applying his *valet de bonne maison* cleverness to all the preparations required for a long tour abroad.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHRISTMAS TEA PARTY.

SOBER little mother-mite,
Let me be your guest to-night:
In your sawdust family
None shall be more staid than I;
Wooden Jim and China Jane,
Charlotte of the unkempt mane,
Jack the sailor, George the Greek,
Sarah with the inward squeak;
Rabbit white, nor poodle shaved,
Shall not be more well-behaved
Than this Elder, if you'll let
Him his *elderness* forget.

Mother-maiden, while you pour,
I become a child once more;
And child-wonders come again
As they used to, in my brain.
Why, I wonder, as we gaze,
Jack and I, upon the glaze
Of your tea-pot, do we see
Things as they ought not to be?
China Jane's reflected queerly,
Charlotte is as big, or nearly,
As a hippopotamus—
And what has befallen us?
Twisted sideways, flattened small—
Pray, if you reflect at all,
Mr. Tea-pot, bear in mind,
Twisting people is not kind.
Then I wonder (and my ears
Strain as in those far-off years)—
If they speak, I wonder what
All those children in the pot
Talk about: if they discuss
Why the tea should be for us!

But perhaps, for we can't see
On the other side, a tea
For those quaintly-mirrored imps
May be served—and served with shrimps!

'One last cup, and then to bed,'
So the mother-mite has said,
Shaking gravely golden curls;
Kisses then her boys and girls,
And, with sweet maternity
Which makes the World one family,
Kisses dog and rabbit white. . . .
Yet before we say good-night
One last cup! and one last look
At my fancy's picture-book,—
At the brown-glazed tea-pot globe;
One last wonder would I probe.
For I see there (as one sees
In a dream, deep mysteries
Hedged about with commonplace),
First, a far-off childish face
Softly set with golden locks,
Here a plaything, there a box,
Dolls a-row, and tea-cups laid,
All the nursery-world portrayed.
Ah! if I might understand
All this child grasps in her hand!
'Tis the Image of our life;
Things as they are seen, at strife
With the real, all we guess
Must be twisted more or less;
Dimly-pictured, graceless, odd,
Are we more than toys of God?

But o'er that sweet childish form,
Grows imagination warm;
Of the group that she has kissed
Sitting midmost, in her fist
Grasping well the handle brown,
See her, mirrored with her crown
Of fairy-gold, her body bent,
Every faculty intent

On the handle she would raise.
Thus far in the tea-pot glaze
I may see, so much discern—
Nothing of the lifted urn:
Mirrored children, mirrored wall—
But the thing that mirrors all
That is hidden from my eyes. . . .

Yes, I spoke of mysteries,
And the Image of our World
Which is mystery-enfurled.
Is not Love, that Mystery
Greatest of the forms that we
Sometimes find set at the Feast
(Love's the thing that's twisted least),
Is not Love like this bright maid?
With her soft hands gently laid
On a handle which sustains
That viewless circle where she reigns,
In which we move like shadows, till
Love comes and says: 'Night falls, be still!'
Comes with golden crown, and saith:
'One last cup—and so to death.'

ARTHUR F. WALLIS.

EDWARD LEAR.

How many children will receive a 'Nonsense Book' this Christmas?—few, I trow. How many parents could pass a standard examination in the works of Edward Lear, whose rhymes were the joy of our grandfathers?—not many, I fear. Yet there is no reason which I can fathom why he should not be as intimate a friend of our families as are Æsop, and Grimm, and Stevenson—he, the merryman *par excellence* of mid-Victorian days. The fact, nevertheless, remains as a national misfortune; but signs are not wanting that a remedy is forthcoming. The reappearance of the 'Limerick,' with its attendant lawsuits and disappointments, has drawn once more into quasi-prominence the name of the maddest master that ever compelled rubbish into rhyme; not that Lear 'the Nonsense-Man' claims the credit of having invented that particular mode of verse (or worse), but he is drawn forth from his well-earned slumber to stand as a model for all the daft disciples of to-day who attempt to emulate his glorious absurdity and noble inconsequence in order to secure a grand piano or an old-age pension from a London newspaper.

Another, and a more fortunate, circumstance inspires the hope that Lear will soon become the fast friend of our children and contemporaries. The public is now the possessor of the first book that has ever been published about this 'Bosh-master,' as he once described himself; and for it we have to thank Lady Strachey, who bears a name that has often appeared under 'appreciations' of Edward Lear and his work in the old days—the name of Sir Edward Strachey, a lifelong friend of the Nonsense Man. To this lady we are indebted for a delightful volume of 'Letters of Edward Lear,' whose quips and quiddities will certainly add to the gaiety of many a Christmas party. True, Lady Strachey has confined herself to letters written by Lear to Lord Carlingford and to Frances Lady Waldegrave between the years 1847–1864; but these, with all their jokes and sketches and quaint comicalities, form an admirable introduction to a fuller knowledge of the jester of our childhood. But they show more than the measure of his mirth; sometimes these letters divulge a strain of despair and disappoint-

ment running through a constitution that was never strong and a career that was never quite successful; and sometimes a depth of feeling that no masquerade could hide.

That was Lear's temperament; he would probably have called it 'pendulacious,' for it used to swing him from the mad heights of merriment to the opposite extreme of aching desperation. His only ambition was to be a great artist, and to be recognised as such; sorrowfully we must regret that this was denied him by contemporaries, and that his posterity shows no sign of reversing the judgment of an earlier generation. Such lack of appreciation preyed on him to a great extent, especially during his latter years, and overwhelmed his lonely and sensitive nature with a sadness of which only his nearest friends were conscious.

Edward Lear was intended by nature to be an artist, and one of high calibre. He seems to have been born with a paint brush in one hand and a palette in the other; and this (if true) was lucky, for he had to draw for his bread and cheese from the age of fifteen until he died a worn-out old man of seventy-five. In a letter to his friend Franklin Lushington, he confesses to have begun by drawing 'uncommon queer shop-sketches, selling them from ninepence to four shillings—colouring prints and fans—awhile making morbid disease drawings for hospitals.' Then we know from various sources that he was employed by the Zoological Society, and became first-rate at coloured drawings of birds, during which time he helped in the preparation of Gould's 'Birds of Europe,' and so was made known to his future patron and steadfast friend Lord Derby, who engaged him to reproduce in colour large numbers of animals and birds for the famous, and now very rare, Catalogue of the Knowsley Menagerie. Here the artist spent four of the happiest years of his life (1832–1836); and, in the bosom of the family to which he had become so much devoted, he invented his first book of Nonsense Verses for the entertainment of his patron's children. To their descendants many years afterwards he dedicated the first of these 'Nonsense' volumes, and opened with the (at any rate temporarily) immortal verse

> 'There was an old man with a beard,
> Who said "It is just as I feared," etc.

It would almost seem that at this time he was trying, in his kindly way, to instruct the youthful mind in the rudiments of geography, for he draws his heroes and heroines from such unsus-

pected places on the earth's surface. It is true that the idea of composing such rhymes was suggested to him by a friend at Knowsley, who, in an unguarded moment, uttered the pregnant words 'There was an old man of Tobago.' That was enough for Lear, and he ransacked the index to the Atlas of the World to find the names of places from which 'an old man' or 'an old lady' might (or might not) have come—always, as I believe, with the idea of education in disguise. Thus he commandeered Smyrna, Ischia, Columbia, Madras, and Moldavia to serve his purpose; but for ingenuity of rhyme I am inclined to divide the first prize between the old man

'. . . . of Abruzzi,
So blind that he couldn't his foot see,'

and his aged companion the

'. . . . old man of Thermopylæ
Who never did anything properly.'

I suppose nobody knows how many of these verses Lear wrote in his lifetime, for one finds them scattered about Great Britain and the Continent in the houses of his friends and acquaintances, verses which have never appeared in the four published Nonsense Books. But Lear's unquenchable fountain of fun was not confined to the limits of Limericks. His prose stories for children were, and are, enchanting. Do you remember the Four Children who went round the world and, in the course of their voyage, came to a land 'where the uncooked fish complained of the cold, and mentioned the difficulty of sleeping on account of the noises made by the Arctic Bears and the Tropical Turnspits'? Do you remember the further country which they visited, 'inhabited by countless multitudes of white mice with red eyes, slowly eating custard pudding'? And then the Nonsense Cookery Book with its miraculous recipe for (amongst other dishes) an Amblongus Pie, ending 'Serve up in a clean dish and throw the whole out of window'; the Nonsense Botany parodying with his pen the appearance of plants, and labelling them 'Manypeeplia Upsidownia' and the like. What joy is in store for the generation that knows not Lear and his Learics in prose and rhyme! But the nonsense, pure and undefiled, that flowed from this eccentric brain welled over into nearly every circumstance in his life. His diaries are at times intensely comic, likewise some parts of his published travels, also his private

letters to all sorts and conditions of persons. Lady Strachey provides us with a rich feast of Lear's good things, including a pencil sketch of the famous individual

> '. . . . who said "How
> Shall I flee from this terrible cow?"'

and whose features are now imperishably engraved upon the trade-mark of a New Mexican cattle ranch. She also gives us dozens of specimens of his new spelling—(American Presidents and publishers please note!)—such as rox, boox, Wusstusher (Worcestershire), 40scue (Fortescue), stewjew (studio), and B4 (before), which were the delight of those friends in whose letters they occurred. Of riddles, as of Limericks, he could make no end: after assuring us that we can never starve in the desert because we may eat the sand-which-is under our feet, he proceeds to ask 'Why are the sandwiches there? Because there the family of *Ham* was bred and mustered.' Once more, he wrote in a letter to Lord Northbrook, 'What is the difference between typhus fever and the sixth book of the "Iliad"? One is an epidemic, and the other is a demi-epic.' And, for foreign consumption, he invented the following as *pièces de résistance* when he dined out abroad:

> 'Quand est-ce que vos souliers font vingt-cinq?
> Quand ils sont neuf et treize et trois (neufs et très étroits)
> Pourquoi dois-tu chérir la chichorée?
> Parceque c'est amère (ta mère).

Let it not be thought that Lear was only a poet in the Limerickian sense. The very mention of 'The Cummerbund'—to say nothing of 'The Akhund of Swat'—should dispose of such an idea. The Cummerbund was written after Lear had spent a very few weeks in India, quite long enough to see how pretty a 'derangement of epitaphs' he could produce from the vernacular:

> 'She sat upon her Dobie to watch the Evening Star,
> And all the Punkahs as they passed cried, "My! how fair you are!"'

I will conclude the professionally comic side of Lear with a verse that caught my eye as I was looking over a collection of his letters to Lord Northbrook. He calls it a preface to a poem entitled 'Mrs. Jaypher' (which I do not think has yet been published), and he adds the stage direction that the verse is to be read sententiously and with grave importance:

'Mrs. Jaypher found a wafer
Which she stuck upon a note;
This she took and gave the cook.
Then she went and bought a boat
Which she paddled down the stream,
Shouting "Ice produces cream,
Beer when churned produces butter!
Henceforth all the words I utter
Distant Ages thus shall note—
"From the Jaypher Wisdom-Boat."'

Capital nonsense this; and the merest Philistine can sympathise with Mr. Ruskin, who wrote, 'I don't know any other author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors.'

Now we must return to Lear at Knowsley Menagerie, after this long expedition into his drolleries. After four years' work his strength fails, and through the generosity of his patron he is sent abroad—nominally to paint, but in reality to preserve his health. We need not follow him through all his wanderings, which lasted, off and on, for forty years; but a glimpse into his sketch-books—of which he published several—may not be without entertainment. Instructive also are these volumes, for in each of them he sets down with considerable knowledge the natural beauties, geological formations, and striking characteristics of the places and people among which he moved. The first travel-book was on Albania and Illyria, and is perhaps the best of all. It is instinct with life and beauty: one hardly knows whether to commend the text or the pictures the more. Note the difficulties of getting about in those restless countries in the remote days when, unless the artist wore a fez, 'my head was continually saluted by small stones and bits of dirt.' . . . 'Shaitan! Shaitan!' (devil) cry the crowds around his easel as they pelt him; 'we will not be written down. This "Frank" is a Russian, and he is sent by the Sultan to write us all down before he sells us to the Russian Emperor.' But the artist did not always receive such rough treatment. On one occasion he was taking coffee with a civil postmaster when suddenly he put his foot on to a handsome pipe-bowl. 'These things' (he explains apologetically) 'are always snares to near-sighted people moving over Turkish floors, as they are scattered in places quite remote from the smokers, who live at the farther end of prodigiously long pipe-sticks.'

However, *crash* went the bowl, but not a Turk moved. Lear apologised profusely through the medium of Giorgio, his

faithful servant, to whom the Mahommedan official replied, 'The breaking of such a pipe-bowl would indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable; but in a friend every action has its charm.' Certainly it is a sprightly and amusing book, full of quaint observation, sound reflection, and racy accounts of difficulties and dangers. In the eyes of many its value will be enhanced by the knowledge that, after reading it and seeing the sketches therein contained, Alfred Tennyson wrote to 'E. L.' the poem beginning

> 'Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
> Of water,' etc.

in appreciation of its worth.

Other works of similar kinds followed at an interval of a few years apart, setting forth in considerable detail the daily events of the artist's journeys in the kingdom of Naples, the States of the Church, and Southern Calabria. In this last-named volume Lear reproduces with much satisfaction the verses written to him by one Don Antonio after seeing his sketches:

> 'Genius of Albion, hail! What joy to see
> The landscapes glowing on the tinted board,
> Fair children of thy thought, so wondrously
> Drawn with thy magic brush from Nature's hoard!'

Lear, as I have said, was very sensitive to praise or blame: he treasured up, and liked repeating, any words of genuine appreciation of himself or his works which came to his ears. He did not at all relish being called 'Shaitan' by the populace who ought to have liked him; but his sense of humour drowned his humiliation when he found that by bouncing his india-rubber on the ground ('accidentally—on purpose') he immediately gained the respect which the ignorant pay to the unknown, for the crowd fled away in terror at the sight of this thing possessed by the devil, and left him to paint in peace.

The last book of travel was written about Corsica; not so good as the earlier ones, perhaps; for he undertook a rough and difficult journey, mainly under the ægis of a disagreeable coachman who insisted on introducing him in every village as the 'Finance Minister of England.' On venturing to ask why he was thus described, Lear was informed: 'Partly because you wear spectacles and have an air of extreme wisdom, and partly because I must say something.' This was the same cheerful individual who was so much disturbed by the notes of the familiar cuckoo that he burst out 'May all the

Parliament of Heaven be so full of these nasty cuckoo birds that the Saints and Apostles may not be able to hear themselves or each other speak.' These are the only published records of his travels, but they by no means exhaust his journeys, which extended to Corfu and Sicily, to Egypt and Palestine, and lastly to India at the invitation of his old friend and benefactor the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, to whom he bequeathed his diary and some two thousand sketches.

Recently, when staying at Stratton, the present Lord Northbrook showed me Lear's diary, kept with great regularity, during the eighteen months that he toured through the Indian Empire, and I was also allowed to glance at a few of the letters which passed between the painter and the proconsul during the twenty-five years of their correspondence. Again, one was amazed at the endurance of this delicate man, roughing it all over India and sketching, as if for dear life, the whole time. But I am anticipating. On the voyage out to Bombay—it took twenty-seven days in a Rubattino steamer from Genoa in 1873—Lear was accosted by a 'German pessimist.'

G. P.: You vear spegtacles always?
E. L.: Yes.
G. P.: They vill all grack in India; von pair no use.
E. L.: But I have many pairs.
G. P.: How many?
E. L.: Twenty or thirty.
G. P.: No good; they will all grack. One should have them of silver.
E. L.: But I have, several of silver.
G. P.: No use; they will rust; you might have of gold.
E. L.: But I have some gold ones.
G. P.: Dat is more vorse; gold is always stealing.

From Bombay, where his astonishment at all the wonders of the East knew no bounds, he made for Allahabad to meet the Viceroy in camp, but chafed under the regality of so unaccustomed a life which irked him and made him ill. Then to Benares, which he described as 'one of the most abundantly buoyant and startling radiant places, of infinite bustle and movement. Constantinople and Naples are simply dull and quiet in comparison.' After Benares to Calcutta, where he is disappointed and thinks India a hollow pretence and a waste of time. Such is this (rather spoilt) creature of moods—'this child,' as he generally calls himself. At Darjeeling we find him enthusiastic over the 'wonderful view of Kichinjunga,' an oil picture of which now hangs at Stratton. And so on

through the 'show places' of Agra, Lucknow, and Delhi; now and then in a native State, here praising everything and everybody, there causing the very earth to shake with his lamentations about food, lodging, coolies, and all else beside. Of the laundry-work he writes a most realistic description to the Viceroy; it will be recognised as accurate by every cold-weather tourist: 'Does your Excellency know that in various places in your Empire the Dobies fill shirts, drawers, socks, etc., with stones, and then, tying up the necks, bang them furiously on rocks at the water's edge until they are supposed to be washed? Surely, no country can prosper where such irregularities prevail.'

He also sums up his attitude towards the elephant in a manner which is kind but firm: 'To this day an elephant is too much for me. I don't mount those that are sent for me to ride. I just make an apologetic bow and regard them with remote veneration.'

Of course, wherever he went everybody was on the look-out for Mr. Lear, the 'Nonsense Man.' Equally, he was on the look-out for other people—to avoid them; for he was not a gregarious person. Now and then, however, he found congenial acquaintances, generally where there were children about, and then he spent long evenings in their company, writing nonsense verses, drawing impossible sketches, and singing Tennyson's songs to music of his own composition. He was gratified to discover how popular his Nonsense Books were in India, 'even in spite of Madame de Bunsen saying that she would never allow her grandchildren to look at my books, inasmuch as their distorted figures would injure the children's sense of the beautiful; and in spite of the admonitions of other sagacious persons as to my perversion of young folks' perceptions of spelling and correct grammar.'

Indeed, it is quite touching to read the little story of the child (of his landlord at some small inn) for whom he was drawing an owl, when up came a diminutive companion, who said, 'Oh, do draw a pussy too; for you know they went to sea in a boat with lots of honey and plenty of money wrapped in a 5*l.* note.' Lear was, naturally, enchanted, and sketched in a cat.

It is hardly necessary to follow the artist in all his wanderings up to Simla and down again to the plains and to Southern India (where he made a very remarkable journey) and Ceylon; it is perhaps enough to record that in India, as in Europe, he was always joking as he worked, and that his artistic talent seemed to lie

in the faithful reproduction of the minutest details of his landscape, together with an astounding capacity for representing distance and varying distances; whereas life—people, animals, etc.—he seldom troubled about on canvas, and still more rarely did he depict action with success. But there is no denying that Lear's best water-colours are very good indeed, nor that if he had exercised a judicious selection of his exhibition pieces, instead of hanging good, bad, and indifferent pictures together in Stratford Place and elsewhere, his value at the time would have been considerably enhanced. As it was, he was very seldom dissatisfied with his work—happily for him—nor did he, until the day of his death, fully understand the reason why he lacked a certain portion of public esteem. His enormous output of sketches must, one cannot help thinking, have cheapened him in the public eye; it may also have lessened the quality of his labour at the same time. However all this may be, the sad truth remains that Lear as an artist found it exceedingly hard to ply his craft with such approval as to pay his way, with the result that he was constantly in what he used to call the Straits of Tin-to, and had to be piloted through them by the generosity of a few of his old friends. It is apropos of his charming illustrations to Tennyson's Poems (and not quite irrelevant to the matter of his financial embarrassments) that he describes, in a letter which I came across the other day, the subject for his next big picture as being 'Enoch Arden looking out for a ship, and crying sadly, "No Sale! No Sale!"'

Outside his nonsense and his art there remains to be considered the private Lear, as portrayed in his voluminous correspondence with intimate friends. I believe there is a picture of him, painted by himself, at Liverpool, but I have not seen it. Nevertheless, I know—we all know—what he was like in the flesh, for he constantly caricatures himself as 'An old man of' somewhere or another: he is the tall stout individual with a thick neck and small peering eyes protected by large round spectacles, with scanty hair brushed back from a high forehead; with what he describes as 'a well-developed nose' and a thick curly and unkempt beard 'which resembled a wig.' He was the person whose 'figure is perfectly spherical, who weareth a runcible hat'; a large ungainly figure clad in a loose and ill-fitting coat, with baggy trousers and a voice as small as that of conscience. He was the darling of children, who were attracted as much by his spectacles as by his singing of

nonsense rhymes. In Corsica he tells us that a little girl ran up to him and said, 'Comme il est charmant, ce Monsieur, avec ses beaux yeux de verre'; and another small admirer, with equal simplicity, remarked, 'Que vos grandes lunettes vous donnent l'air d'un grand hibou.'

As is so often the case, this lonely bachelor, who cared intensely about children, cared little for the society of others outside his own family circle and a few chosen friends to whom he was passionately attached. His letters to Chichester Fortescue and to Lady Waldegrave prove how strong was his devotion to those with whom he regularly corresponded; how his time and advice were ever at their disposal. Nowhere does his impulsive nature show its merits and defects more clearly than in his correspondence, which has the supreme merit of reflecting his mood of the moment with fatal accuracy. One cannot candidly say that all the letters selected by Lady Strachey are of great value; those, for instance, dealing with the succession to the throne of Greece and the question of the Ionian Islands have very little importance save that which attaches to the remarks of an amateur politician on the spot; whilst his theological disquisitions and self-questionings can only be justified of their inclusion in the 'Letters of Edward Lear' in order to prove that he was a man whose convictions on certain aspects of personal religion were both deep and strong.

To Lord Northbrook he wrote in later days as fully as ever he did to Chichester Fortescue. His exile from friends and feeble health combined to make him devote whatever time he could spare from painting to pouring out his soul in letters to loved ones far away, and the Stratton correspondence is a 'human document' if ever there was one. Most of these letters to Lord Northbrook were written after Lear had built for himself the Villa Emily at San Remo, at which he lived in comparative peace, until the construction of a vast hotel in his immediate neighbourhood ruined for him all prospect of that beauty and solitude on which he had set his heart. 'That brutal hotel, which I have never entered and never will,' was also the indirect cause of further money troubles, since it necessitated the building of the 'Villa Tennyson' whilst 'Emily' was still on the artist's hands, a greatly depreciated property; it also vulgarised San Remo to a degree which Lear deplored in a characteristic note: 'X. is coming here soon; so are the Sultan, Arabi Pacha, Wickliffe, Queen Elizabeth, and the twelve Apostles; everybody you ever heard of seems to crop up

by degrees.' Many people used to 'crop up' at Lear's house to see his paintings and sketches, but such was his cloistered character towards the end of his life that he used to answer the door-bell himself, and if the visitor was unsympathetic (or a German) he or she was surlily refused admittance, whilst old friends received a genial welcome. All of which was very excusable, perhaps, but bad business, for which he ultimately had to suffer. When he was well his companionship must have been delightful, for he was prodigal in the exercise of his talents as an entertainer. He could converse on every subject grave and gay, could draw and extemporise rhymes with bewildering rapidity, could sing with an emotion which quite replaced his almost non-existent voice. He was also a mild politician—at least, so one would gather from some of the correspondence—and was particularly interested in the fortunes of the Whig Governments when they included his friends Carlingford and Northbrook. But when the Irish apple of discord divided the Liberal party he turned with great animosity against Mr. Gladstone and all his works. 'I am so glad' (he writes to Lord Northbrook) 'that you will not take office under the Duke of Dulcigno, Marquis of Merv and Majuba, Count of Cairo and Cartoum. Though no Polly Titian, I should not be a bit surprised to know that the Isle of Wight was made over to Russia, and Ireland to America, with a Republic in England, even before I die.'

Such a man, then, was Edward Lear: great-hearted and good to man and beast whilst his strength lasted; a faithful friend in trouble, as I could prove from letters written by him to those in deep distress; a whimsical talented man, whose striking originality was strangely mated to his inordinate energies and capacity for taking pains. He died at San Remo in the early part of 1888, having outlived nearly all his contemporaries, and some time after the heyday of his popularity, yet leaving many friends in most parts of the world to mourn his loss. It was at the suggestion of Lord Northbrook that Mr. Lushington caused the following lines from Tennyson's poem to be written upon the stone that marks his grave:—

> 'All things fair
> With such a pencil, such a pen,
> You shadowed forth to distant men,
> I read, and felt that I was there.'

Is there a niche for Lear in the Temple of Literature and Art? I am not critic enough to say, nor does anybody seem certain on

the point. This much, however, may be averred—that no subsequent writer has quite taken his place, though many have written brilliant nonsense since the Learics were published. This fact may not pass him on to the Walhalla of the mighty men of words; but, if he be refused admittance there, he will certainly be found, like Francis Thompson, in the nurseries of Heaven amongst the children who were his heart's delight.

IAN MALCOLM.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

A LITTLE more than six years ago there appeared a fascinating romance of the Sherwood Forest in the early days of the nineteenth century, which found here and there an ardent admirer, but for the most part attracted less notice than it seemed to deserve. The author, Mr. James Prior, laboured, indeed, under heavy disabilities. His manner and method were hopelessly English; his theme afforded no subject-matter of debate to young Bohemian clubs; his style had that quiet excellence one accepts complacently as a matter of course, and his outlook on the world and his fellowmen was tainted by optimism. Briefly, in the race against 'great' and 'powerful' and 'daring' competitors 'Forest Folk,' though it possessed in a high degree many elements of popularity, was not the horse on which a public trained to look for inspiration from across the water only was likely to put its money. Merit, however, like murder, will out, and the work recently published, 'A Walking Gentleman,' has opened our eyes to good purpose. Mr. Prior, we are now informed in responsible quarters, is a new and hitherto unknown writer henceforth to be reckoned with in literature. How it comes about that the author of the remarkable and admirable 'Forest Folk' should, six years after its advent, still be regarded as a new writer, when the authors of —— and —— and —— (striking works, no doubt, but not conspicuously of immortal merit) are bright stars in the literary firmament, I cannot stay to inquire. Meanwhile, let us take the good the gods somewhat tardily provide us and be thankful.

To go afoot in days of monotonous mechanical speed is in itself a bracing change, and we have not travelled far before we realise that with the Walking Gentleman, whose other name is Lord Beiley, for companion our experiences by the way will be of no common order.

For there is in this moody, silent, and, if the truth must be told, very inert aristocrat some virtue which discovers precious metal in the veriest clods of humanity. By what process? Who shall say? We only know that there are in life men and women, often the unlikeliest, who have this enviable gift, and that the author has caught one of them and imprisoned him within the pages of

his book. Mr. Prior has inevitably been compared to Borrow. Both take to the open road; each has a curious and insatiable interest in the thoughts and ways of unsophisticated men and women, and here perhaps the likeness ends. If you are hungry for a chapter of 'Lavengro,' the whole of this later book will not content you instead. You will miss the wind-swept space of 'Lavengro,' and the high detachment that in the varied press of life keeps Lavengro himself a thing apart and alone, and gives the much-wandering book its inimitable unity. You will miss, in short, Borrow himself and the sharp edge of his mind. But something perhaps you will get here that you will not find so well in Borrow. In this author of our own day, who sends us tramping with a runaway lord, there is no trace of bitterness. His irony—and there is much irony in his book—is not more hurtful than the irony of sunshine on some patched and faded garment. He has no desire to do righteous murder on even the most despicable of humankind. Mr. Prior is at no pains to separate and classify, with labels of judgment, the intricate strands of social life composing that strangely intermingled fabric we call the English nation. He will not in many pages of minute sarcastic realism prove to us by painful demonstration that the life of an English squire is dull. Nor will he blame him overmuch for the accident of his birth. Instead, he will lead his aristocrat beyond the prison-like walls of his park, and will plunge him straightway into a merry unwashed company of Whitsuntide beanfeasters. So opens the book. And how admirable is the description of the cloudless mid-summer day and its strenuous, perspiring pleasure-makers, who receive the 'counter-joomper,' as his clothes and speech, they think, so clearly proclaim him to be, with open-armed, hilarious hospitality and a measure of good-humoured contempt. The day's events include an impromptu cricket match, a piece of grim bucolic comedy which should start the reader on his way with his spirits weather-proof. That ideal umpire of the Yorkshireman of whom the late Dean Hole tells us: 'a fairish man, but not *too* fair,' would have been over-punctilious for these intemperate cricketers, whose game is one long wrangle, punctuated by more casualties than may befall in a week a marching regiment in time of war:—

'Stick yer bat i' th' block-hull, man, an' pray or oat as keeps yer from thinking o' the baowlin', while th' oad fool of a hoompoire out "Toime." . . . The batsman was going, however, ruefully rubbing the injured joint.

'I've gen yer in, Tom,' said the umpire.

'I know yo've gen me in, thank yer,' said the batsman, 'but I've gen mysen out.'

No less excellently humorous is the feast, with 'the usual toasts,' which follows next, though the humour here has darker shades. There is nothing romantic about the latter end of British feastings. The members of 'the Watford Preservative Club,' tradesmen, colliers, countryfolk of all sorts, their wives and belongings, with all that they have of native wit, sound sense, and fatuous absurdity, sink submerged in swinish, somnolent repletion. Beiley's disgust with himself and with them is complete. And below the disgust lurks dissatisfaction deeper still. He is conscious 'that his time would have been spent *even more futilely, if less grossly, with his habitual companions.*' In a moment the prison-like walls of the park and the purposeless life behind them rise before the mind, and we understand why Beiley is where he is, and why as yet it is not possible that he should return.

Much, indeed, and much that is painful, must happen first. It is painful mostly, unendurable sometimes, to see ourselves as others see us, and this is Beiley's fate. He must hear the crude comments of working men on the rich idler who has broken faith with an unoffending woman; he must bear the brutal truth-telling of the banker who will not take the mere signature of an eccentric and 'untrustworthy person' as security for his money; he must endure the veiled but challenging insult of his equals, and, harder still, the veiled compassion of his equals. The cup of disillusionment is filled on the day when the tramping peer and his companion, the professional tramp, stand together, charged with vagrancy, before the magistrates. In the chairman Beiley recognises one well known to him.

'And you, my man, what is your occupation?' asked his lordship of his lordship. Beiley felt as though he were hung up between earth and heaven, as though nothing remained to be concealed.

'I don't know,' he answered.

If he had had his wits about him he might have answered: a self-indulgence that was too vapid a thing to be called amusement, a languor that was too wearisome to be called ease, a doubt that was too futile to be called scepticism, a dissatisfaction that was too inert to be called revolt.

'Do you mean,' asked the chairman, 'that you have never earned any money at any trade whatever?'

Beiley's recollections went backward through the slothful record, item by item, with an unhasting finger that passed nothing by. He had no thought to hide anything ; he felt hung up. If he had been again asked his name he would have answered truly.

'As a musician,' he said at last, hoarsely, remembering Nesthorpe.

'Ah ! It would hardly be vocal. What instrument ? '

'The bones and the banjo.'

There was the general laugh.

'Anything else ? '

Backward again travelled the finger of his memory, line by line, futile item by futile item, checking everything.

'Yes, at stone-breaking.'

Again the laugh, louder, more general. He remembered, as a far-off thing, that he too had sat on high, apart, and allowed himself to be languidly amused by the follies of poor un-Etoned, unancestored wretches.

'Look at his hands,' said the chairman.

Lord Beiley's nearer hand was just lifted and dropped by the policeman who stood over him and said :

'They're not the hands of a working man, your lordship.'

A word went from the chairman under breath, and a slight glance to right and left meeting glance.

The professional tramp gets his six weeks' 'hard' ; the amateur is dismissed to become the prisoner of his own despair. He is in the mood when a conscientious man feels that death is better than he deserves. If he could be sure that beyond there would be nothing —he is very fit to become one with nothing. But if, instead of Nothing there should be Something—a crowd, perhaps, of living spirits—who is he that he should thrust himself upon an unknown company ? So low, so desperate seems his fortune that one despairs almost of a solution other than that presented by the wandering maniac, with his ominous offer of a half-crown's worth of rope. The author has his way out, one that commends itself—if one must use great words—to the reason and the imagination, though it must be confessed that there is some loss of mastery on the upward road. We believe, with slight reservations on matters of detail, in Beiley's recovery of himself and of the much-forgiving Lady Sarah, but it is the man of adversity who firmly holds our attention.

It gives a curious zest and flavour to the book, this tragedy of mere inertia, forming as it does the background to a procession of life of extraordinary richness and variety. To turn from Beiley's

night of self-despair to the confident presence of Sambo, that experienced comedian and connoisseur of the public taste in 'legitimate music,' or, better still, to the witty philosopher of idleness and ease, Jack, the tramp, each one of whose sayings cries for quotation, is to get some notion of the author's width of range. Some, indeed, may complain that the author's range is too wide, too comprehensive. There is at times a sense as of humanity pressing in upon one over-closely. All the figures here, however lightly sketched, have come, not from books, but clean-cut from life, and to make acquaintance with one after another in a short space of time has in it something of fatigue, as the same process would have in actual life. Precisely because all is so good one could wish that there had been a little less. One more careful of form and his own fame had, perhaps, from the material here fashioned two works, and each one a more perfect thing. There are, in particular, two chapters, 'Twopence an Hour' and 'The Shadow,' which demand as it were a wider margin, a less engrossing context. Each of these, one thinks, might stand against the best of its kind and lose no colour. Partial quotation would give no idea of the racy, rounded humour of the one, of the spiritual beauty of the other. Singularly impressive are the few pages which tell of the invisible, silent stranger whose footsteps echo Beiley's through the dead of a rainy summer night, until, impelled as by some secret current of affinity, he gives utterance to the love within him which has no shadow, because 'noat'—not Death itself—'can happen now to make my happiness sorry.' Is the sentiment which illumines this dark night too fine? Does it derive from sources too high and pure to be found in the heart of a rough countryman, a casual acquaintance of the high-road? Those, perhaps, who have rubbed most against all sorts and conditions of men will be least inclined to think so.

Here is a book not so much to borrow from the library as to buy and make friends with. And those who have done so may feel inclined to turn back to 'A Walking Gentleman's' predecessor, 'Forest Folk,' where will be found the same sure and humorous grasp of rustic character, perhaps less of ripe wit and experience, but more of story; the same high-couraged philosophy of life, and, in even greater degree, more freely, more spontaneously the very breath and aspect of the country. The earlier work has also—I do not know if it will be considered an advantage; it is at least something of a rarity in the modern novel—a heroine with whom it is possible to fall in love.

ELEANOR CECIL.

KAYUKE AND ALGO.[1]

BY K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD.

TOWARDS the western margin of the Patagonian pampa, a hill stands up solitary in the gaunt sunset land. Thither in remote ages descended the Good Spirit, and sitting in a cave, whose mouth was draped in a snowcloud, he made animals such as the guanaco, huemul and cavy, which he gave to his people, the Tehuelches, for food. Whereupon, some say Gualichu, the Spirit of Evil, more easily moved to action than the sleepy Lord of Good, took up his dwelling in another cave upon the left hand, where he created the puma and the fox to harry and devour the good gifts bestowed upon the tribes.

So runs the legend of the far-off days. But in it the great and real Enemy of this nomadic people has no place. He came long after. Many snows had fallen and many hunting seasons passed over them before *he* rode out of the east with his troop of pack-horses, having come down in a ship along the stormy coasts, where the spume of the angry seas lies for ever melting and for ever is renewed.

Even the Gualichu, watching from a snow-peak above black forests of antarctic beech, was affrighted at the coming of this Man, for he foresaw that soon he would be a god without a people, a mere abstraction, a vanished superstition. He knew he would one day be caught, imprisoned inside a book, and carried overseas—no more a god. For the first time a thought, untainted by hostility to his tribes, entered into the dark heart of the slinking, formless Spirit. He could look onward to the time when he should no longer lurk at night behind the *toldos* (tents), groaning, till the men and women feared their own shadows. No longer would the dawn see the hunters rush forth, and leap upon their horses, galloping into the sunrise with howls to drive him away to his haunts in the mountains. Under the weight of this foreknowledge, the heart of Gualichu grew sad.

As to the Spirit of Good, he had so long been drowsing that he was become almost nameless among the people. He took no

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heed of the blue smoke that heralded the pale-faced rider, but only turned in his age-long sleep.

So the rider came up out of the east, more perilous than a conquering army, more remorseless than an antarctic winter, though he sat down as a friend by the fires of the *toldos*.

Kayuke was a Tehuelche Indian, whose tribe roamed far from the little settlements white men had begun to plant upon the eastern coasts. He was born under a califaté bush beside the trail his forefathers had trodden through the centuries, following the game upon their migrations north and south on the pampa. The tribe were on the march, and an hour after his birth, Kayuke was riding in his mother's arms towards the warmer north, for behind them the winter was closing down in heavy snow-falls.

Kayuke's father was made glad by the birth of the great brown boy. He was the *Gownok*, the Chief of his tribe, and his people were glad with him. Perhaps the only creature that grieved for the coming of the baby was Panzo, a small yellow dog that the father of Kayuke had adopted, Tehuelche fashion, as his son. Thus if an Indian were to say to the *Gownok*, 'Lend me a horse for the hunting,' he would answer, 'Go, ask Panzo, he has ten horses and thirty mares.' Panzo's reply probably tallied with the *Gownok's* secret wish.

Panzo was petted and made much of, and even had a young *china* (woman) to look after his comfort, until the true heir, Kayuke, opened his eyes upon the light and claimed his own. Then the dog fell to the level of his kin, and knew soreness of heart.

The birth-ceremonies in Kayuke's honour became in after years a tradition. How the tribal wizard cut himself and bled from forehead and fore-arm, and how long the disembowelled horse lived and quivered after the child was placed in his warm body. Thus it was known beforehand how brave a heart Kayuke was destined to carry.

Before he was five he had ridden many hundreds of miles up and down the wild, treeless country. Before he was fifteen, he overtopped six feet, and was become a great hunter, and his father had given to him a *boleadores* weighted with copper balls, very ancient and cut out round with a groove to take the thong. This was the third most important piece of property in the tribe, the first being a broken looking-glass gained in barter from a Chilian pioneer, and the second a cabin-lamp washed ashore from a wreck

just south of where the Rio Deseado pours its volume of dark-hued waters into the Atlantic.

Those were very joyous years for Kayuke. Deep down in his heart he was extravagantly happy, though outwardly he wore a grave face, for he had learned the greatest of Tehuelche arts, the aspect of silent expressionless dignity.

Often in later days Kayuke used to look back to the morning of his life with uncomprehending pain. The golden and white guanaco racing with swinging necks across a scarp, or on the rim of black hills etched out slenderly against the sky; the spring of his horse under him as they flew in pursuit up and down the stony slopes; the unforgotten scent of burning califaté wood that met him when the *toldos* rose in sight, the meal roasted by the camp-fire, and mingled through all these recollections the vague and glowing hopes of youth.

Kayuke had grown to be the first hunter of the tribe. He enjoyed life without recognising the fountain of his joy, caring not why his heart was light in his great chest, why the struggle of the unbroken colt under him wrought up a frenzy of delight in his brain as he put forth his strength and skill to conquer.

In the midst of these pleasures there stole upon him an unaccustomed melancholy, remote yet infinite. He cared no longer for the twilight dance, when the young men with ostrich feathers in their hair circled round the fires to the beating of drums. He longed to be alone, to roam apart like the animals he hunted. He had no clear thoughts perhaps, but he sought and desired the piercing sadness of the sunset land with its uncollected dreams.

Saying no word even to Tanlu, his chosen friend, Kayuke withdrew himself to a solitary spot beside the mouth of a river that pours its waters into the great southern lake. For there were caves with paintings on the rock-faces, where a people now forgotten had made their dwellings in times long past. Kayuke and his tribe had of old feared to linger near these pictures, believing that the hand of the Gualichu had set them on the rock, and when night darkened the water, perchance they sprang from their places, living, and strong-handed and terrible.

But with this new feeling hot in him, the young man lost the old fear. Of all things Kayuke most desired to be alone. The call to go away and brood awhile compelled him, he yielded to an instinct he could not name. Knowing that none would dare to follow him to the caves of the ancients, he went thither, and

camped beside the river that rolls out of the southern mountains to lose itself in the blue lake, upon whose surface day by day he sat and watched the icebergs drifting.

What he thought of during the long hours he could never have told, for the powerful, untaught brain was dumb. He groped dimly after ideas that escaped him, a surcharge of feeling weighed on his spirit as he stood face to face with nature. Never in his after life did he hear the *pampero* whisper in the broad green flags, or see the crested grebe swim shyly upon the river-pools without remembering those days.

Nightly he would watch the sun sink from the zenith, as if dragged downwards by some giant arm beneath the nameless tumult of the Sierra Nevada, reddening with glory the untrodden peaks, and 'Ah,' would cry the imagination of the solitary, 'it is the camp-fire of the Gualichu that I see.'

Kayuke lingered by the caves, he could not tear himself away from that enchanted isolation. Smokes from the camp of his tribe he disregarded, 'for,' said he, 'my people love to gather themselves together, they fear to be alone, they think there is danger. Ah, they know nothing!'

Until one evening, weary of inaction, he caught his horse and rode towards the group of skin tents at the foot of a *barranca* in one of the titanic rifts of the pampa. Perhaps he was influenced by volumes of smoke from signal fires, they were calling him home. He rode along unwillingly, the wind in his face seeming to thrust him back, but by-and-by came a long-drawn wailing that sent the pulses throbbing in his head. He thrust his heels into his horse's sides and galloped down upon the *toldos*.

'Aigh, aigh, aigh!' the cry of those who mourn for the dead struck him midway in the descent.

'Aigh, aigh, aigh! the great, the wise Gownok! Aigh, aigh, aigh! he is dead!'

The young man flung himself from his horse and bowed his tall head to enter the tent where his father lay dumb and cold. The strong old giant who had so loved him all his life for once took no heed of his coming.

Kayuke beguiled his grief by fulfilling the sacrifices of death with a lavish generosity. The wailing was loud and long. Much silver gear and many horses and dogs were dedicated to the use of the dead Gownok during his nine days' journey to the Spirit-land.

The burial over, the tribe immediately shifted camp, as is their custom when one among them dies. It was on the first march that Kayuke, cantering to his place at the head of the line of horses and people, saw a lad mounted on a restive colt and carrying a brown maiden behind him. He shouted to the boy, who laughed, and his sister also looked towards Kayuke and smiled.

The young man rode on stricken into a sudden heavy silence. For he had read the meaning of his loneliness in the girl's dark eyes; there was the desire of his heart. The calling of the pampa wind, the long, long look of the sunset across the plain, he knew at last what they meant—Algo with her slow smile.

Algo! He had seen her day by day all her life, but with other eyes. His mind groped uncomprehendingly round the thought of her. Was she indeed the same tall girl he had beheld often enough catching and riding half-broken colts with her young brothers? Memories of her, dormant till now, struck at his consciousness with insensate vigour. Algo, Algo! A young laughing face, its gravity lost in play with other girls, guessing herself unmarked. Algo standing in a red shower of sunset against the black background of her mother's *toldo*.

The picture of her burned upon his mind. The splendid, flawless body, sound to the core, untiring strength, bust ripened by the life of the wilderness, long trails of dark hair flying on the wind, shy, dark eyes, and that slow smile—that slow, heart-aching smile he could not rid his soul of!

Days passed. The Tehuelches are a silent people, and even among them Kayuke was held to be one of few words. Now he spoke not at all, not even to his friend Tanlu.

One night by the fire in the *toldo*, his mother, with the black widow-paint upon her face, looking across at him from her seat among the fur rugs and ponchos, spoke.

'Why is your heart heavy, Kayuke? Would you bring a wife to help me in the *toldo*? Let it be according to your desire. I am content, for I grow old.'

Kayuke started as if a touch had been laid upon a wound. He kicked away the dog that lay against his knee, and stood during a moment full of anger.

'To-morrow,' went on his mother, 'I will call Gengel, and tell him——'

But Kayuke cried out, 'No!' and again hoarsely, 'No!'

He ran from the tent. To speak of Algo was more than he

could bear. Gengel, the go-between, a broken tree of a man with limbs gnarled like the roots of a califaté bush, and a leer cut on his downbent face. No, no, he must never be allowed to speak of Algo. The primal instinct of the lad-lover was outraged by the approach of speech, laughter and hard bargaining, the customs that ushered marriage.

When at last he came back he crouched sullenly by the embers with his pipe. But the smoke rising in sinuous curves took the form of a tall maiden, and melted before he could dwell upon its beauty. The flames glinted as eyes glint in the meeting with other eyes. The wind cried with a new loneliness through the crevices of the skin *toldo*, and he started up from sleep with the sound of Algo's voice sobbing in his ears.

It was only a dream, but he realised the one penetrating fact that only in his own *toldo*, only when she was his wife, could he stand between Algo and sorrow if it came. This thought forced the barrier of young love's reserve.

In the morning a great hunt of guanacos was to take place. Kayuke, though not yet chosen Gownok in his father's room, had been asked to plan the drive for the hunters. With the first chill of dawn he rose from his ostrich skins in the corner, and putting a pinch of salt in his girdle, he stood with the curtain of the tent in his hand.

'Mother, speak thou to Gengel that he make the marriage bargain, for I desire Algo, the daughter of Chingua the sister of Melowe, to wife.' And so passed out with his heart in his throat.

Gengel's errand was heard gladly in the *toldo* of old Chingua, and with a promise of seven mares apiece to each of Algo's brothers, and an iron cooking-pot for her mother, the contract was made, and Gengel urged upon the family of the bride the wisdom of sending handsome presents in return to the widowed *china*, who sat in Kayuke's tent, grieving, among the old dogs that could hunt no longer.

The day's chase was more than usually successful, pelts of young guanaco were brought back heaped upon the backs of the horses, and much meat to hang from the tent-poles to dry for use during the coming winter.

When Kayuke, outriding the cavalcade on the home-coming, cantered into the camp, he was met with screeching and raillery from the women, for all knew of the mission of Gengel and its

happy issue. The young hunter spurred through the crowd to take refuge in his tent, where his mother still sat brooding beside the ashes. A tumult of contrary feelings clashed within him. He was ashamed but proud, his heart's secret was betrayed, yet he gloried in it. He no longer feared to meet Algo's eyes, he would fain have gone out before all his people and carried her away in his arms to be his wife.

The women, following him to the door of the *toldo*, saw that Orkingen moved not hand or foot, nor raised her eyes to her son. And knowing that her grief must yet lie heavy upon her—for the affections and consequently the capacity for sorrow when bereaved are strongly developed among the Tehuelches—they turned away, leaving her alone with Kayuke.

The young man took his pipe and sat down opposite to her by the fire, and in a few words told her how the hunt had gone, and that many skins were coming, tied on the pack-horses.

The old woman patted down the hair, cut short across her brows since her husband's death, with one hand, and taking the pipe from her lips with the other, answered gloomily :

'It is well. For no marriage-feast canst thou make, my son, until thou hast ridden for barter to the great water.'

'Nay, for my marriage-feast comes if not to-morrow, then the day after,' and Kayuke laughed softly.

But Orkingen shook her head.

'Has Gengel then failed ?' Kayuke asked, with a chill of misgiving, in spite of the glad tidings conveyed by the greeting of the women.

'Gengel has in truth struck the marriage bargain,' and she told him the details, 'but,' she added bitterly, 'although Gengel has nuptial jests ready upon his tongue, and knows how to guide the talk that the ears of those who hear drink in his persuasions, he is yet a fool !'

'Why, what has he done ?'

'Is it not of common knowledge in the tribe that all her life Chingua has hungered for the iron pot your father brought for me from the coast, when you were but a babe in my arms ? Now that the time has come and my son desires her daughter to wife, she has haggled for the cooking-pot, and Gengel has given it in his promises. Wuh ! is a girl with long hair like a mare's tail worth so much ?'

'Mother, I will ride down to the mouth of the grey river and

fetch you two such cooking-pots if you will,' replied Kayuke soothingly.

'Then go.'

'But after the marriage-feast is over?' he urged.

Orkingen turned her black eyes heavy with reproach upon him.

'And shall a stranger come into my *toldo* and see that her mother in her enviousness has left us beggared? Wherein shall I boil the mare's flesh for the feast? Thy father is dead, and I shall know shame before my tribe!'

The young man said no more. The will of Orkingen must be done. Therefore after all the hunters had eaten, he called together the people and told them of his going.

'Bring me ostrich feathers and skins, the rugs and the ponchos that you have made, and I will ride down to Santa Cruz, to the barter-place before the winter comes down upon us, and there I will buy all that we need. I will take also the troop of colts that my father gave me, and sell them that none may lack for gifts when I come again.'

Kayuke did not know that the Gualichu, from his resting-place above the black forests, heard and sighed, for he foresaw that evil was drawing near, evil far worse than any he had wrought upon the tribes throughout the ages.

But Kayuke, without foreboding, caught the strongest of the young horses, and set a saddle of sheepskins upon him for the first time, and rode him out across the pampa until the creature was almost broken body and spirit—as is the manner of the Tehuelches when horse-taming—and in due time he rode away towards that quarter of the horizon where, as all the tribes know, the sun rises after spending the night-hours in the grey-green and stormy sea.

The grass has grown for many and many a season over the camp-fires beside which Kayuke slept on that journey. For he was yet young and eager and full of hope when he came to the wide river of the Santa Cruz, where a ford lies between barren downs. The current was strong and rapid and he and his troop of horses were forced to wait until the tide ran out of the broad estuary, and at low water the three shingle banks showed in the stream. Still the water was very deep, and Kayuke rolled from his saddle, and holding the mane of his horse, directed it by splashing, and

the rest of the troop he drove before him until they found ground again upon the other side of the river.

He built a fire and tied a strip, torn from his *chiripa* (loincloth) upon a bush near at hand as an offering to the Gualichu. Next morning he rode into view of the settlement, which at that day consisted of a few poor houses by the cold margin of the estuary.

But Destiny stood between him and the colony of the whites. For on the border of the pampa, where no tree grows but only lean thorn bushes, he saw afar off a man with many pack-horses coming out towards him. At first he thought it was only a mirage like many others he had seen, until his horses and the horses of the stranger neighed one to the other as they drew nearer together.

Soon Kayuke could discern the rider, a small man, melon-coloured, much bearded, with heavy cheeks and lips, a huge face overhanging a mean body. To his surprise this man greeted him in his own tongue and asked whither he was bound.

Kayuke replied silently after the manner of his people. He pointed to the skins and ostrich feathers carried by his troop, and then to the group of houses in the distance by the water.

At this the stranger made much show of grief, and warned Kayuke that those who dwelt at the place of barter were evil men, stealers of horses, who knew cunning tricks whereby they could cheat the Tehuelche had he ten eyes instead of two, and that they would take away from him his feathers and rugs, his ponchos and his horses, and make him a slave, putting him to labour at dragging heavy logs up from the beach to build *toldos* of wood on the bank above the water.

And somehow the talk lengthened out, so that by the evening Kayuke found himself encamped in a hollow with his new friend, Rodriguez, who was opening his *maletas* (packs) and spreading out their contents for the Tehuelche to look at.

'What more would you desire?' Rodriguez was saying. 'Here you will see I have *alpargatas* (string shoes), flour, yerba, rich cloths, handkerchiefs of red and of yellow, ornaments for the women, guns even and cognac.'

'Cognac?'—Kayuke repeated the word with his slow intonation—'what is cognac?'

Rodriguez looked hard at the high-featured handsome face of the Tehuelche, and smiled slily in his heart.

'It is this,' he replied, taking a half-empty bottle from under

his sheep-skin bucking-pad. 'There is a spirit dwells in this water. Thus when a man swallows the water, the spirit enters into him and he becomes a *cacique*, a chief, rich and happy.'

'Wuh, wuh!' exclaimed the Indian, 'a spirit, a Gualichu dwells in the water? What is the meaning of this saying?'

'You shall know all, my brother,' said Rodriguez. 'Lead me to your *toldos*, and there I will trade with you, and live your life and none shall cheat my brothers.'

'How know you of our tribe? We are not of those who come down to traffic with the white men.'

'My spirit made me to hear your horses' footsteps afar off,' Rodriguez answered, 'and behold, I am come forth to meet you. My spirit makes known all things,' he fondled the bottle with his fleshy hand. 'Drink, friend, put my words to the test, and make great thy heart.'

Kayuke drank, and soon the thoughts which for long had troubled him with their vague insistence seemed to grow clear. He understood all things, he felt a new might in his arms, his mounting brain realised glorious dreams. Here was a true Spirit, who made men to become gods and walk the earth!

Next morning the two *compañeros*, with their troops of horses, rode away together into the west.

The trader was crafty. At every halt he 'made great the heart' of Kayuke with the mysterious cognac spirit. And before the brown tents of guanaco skin rose into sight, the young Tehuelche had learnt to believe and to glory in his drunken dreams.

It was thus the arch-enemy of the Indians came amongst them, and the kindly people made for him a *toldo* to the east of the encampment.

Not many days after, when the sky was blue and the sunshine lay warm upon the pampa, though the breeze still blew keen from the mountains, Kayuke combed the mane and tail of his favourite piebald, and loaded it with silver gear. Then he spread the floor of his tent with the richest skins, rugs of ostrich, puma, fox and guanaco, and with cloths from overseas brought by the trader. He bound a band of scarlet about his brows and his dark locks, and throwing a mantle of painted skins upon his shoulders, he set forth to fetch home his bride.

At her *toldo* he dismounted, and pulling the reins over his horse's head, left it standing while he hastily strode within. Round the fire sat Chingua with a circle of black-haired young

men, her sons. These Kayuke saw but dimly, for beyond them in the dusky shadows stood a tall girl, straight and strong and shapely.

The young lover leaped across the skin-strewn floor and caught her royally. Pinioned thus closely, Algo could not resist after the custom of maidens, but she set her white teeth in his wrist, and he carried the little crescent of scars to his dying day.

Then Kayuke rode away with his bride, the people following with shoutings and singing. At once lassos were flung on the chosen mares and knives thrust into their throats. The crowding dogs were driven away from the offal, usually their portion, for it is unlucky that dogs should taste of a marriage feast. Tanlu, the friend of Kayuke, with the other young men, carried that which should not be given to the people, together with the heart and liver, to a rising down on the pampa, and there made a fire to burn them.

Never had been such a marriage feasting. The painted, child-minded, child-happy savages ate and danced round the fires. Kayuke, with Tanlu sitting beside him, called to Rodriguez to bring the spirit-water to make great their hearts. For Kayuke meant to drink deep, in his guilelessness believing that as he appeared to himself in his drunken fancies, so he would in truth stand out, a glorious being, before the eyes of Algo.

The crafty half-breed came cringing and flattering to the fires, and drove a wonderful trade in the maddening liquor he sold. There was a sudden cry raised of the Gualichu, and in a moment the men had sprung on their horses, and were careering across the treeless land to scare him away according to their ancient rites. Then back to the blazing fires to drink again.

While they feasted the old wizard of the tribe, adorned with lines of white paint upon his cheeks, arose and chanted out a rugged song of blessing, of which a translation runs something as follows :

'All the land is ours, it is crossed and trodden by the trail of the Tehuelches. The Maker of guanacos, He who gives fat to the cavy, Who sleeps in the mountains, is benign to His people. He prospers the breeding of horses.

'And that One who brings evil, who lurks in the darkness behind the skin *toldos*, to cause fear to the people, is scared by the shoutings. He flies to His camp-fires, escapes to the Snow-land.

'But the Father of Hunters, the Lord of the Tehuelches, outstretches His Arm to shield them from evil. He rubs paint on their faces, He wraps them in mantles stripped from unborn *chicitos*. Then sleeps He in peace, when the summer is shining, in the hush of warm valleys.'

At intervals of the chanting, the men, already wrought on by the liquor, howled and pranced in the sunlight round the fires, while the frightened women stood outside the circles, and some even hid themselves in their tents.

But Algo stayed by Kayuke, though the cognac spirit quickened the great, quiet beatings of his heart to turbulence and frenzy, and he boasted and quarrelled and capered in furious evolutions with the young men, till the nodding ostrich plumes upon their heads became broken and draggled. Kayuke seemed to have forgotten his bride; he cried aloud his own praises, his prowess on the hunting-ground, his exploits as a tamer of horses.

As he leaped, whirling his *boleadores* in the air, Tanlu stumbled against him, and both fell together. But Kayuke, maddened by the offence, as he imagined it to be in his drunkenness, caught up a heavy skewer upon which the ribs of a mare were roasting, and shaking the meat from it, hurled it with all his strength at Tanlu. It pierced the mantle of painted skins, and the broad, brown chest beneath, so that Tanlu with one foot in the ashes gasped away his life beside the fire.

Others also, seeing the blood flow, were seized with the fighting-passion, and a battle arose fierce but short among the *toldos*. Unfortunately no one killed Rodriguez. He sought safety in his own tent, and when in time the noise of the fighting died away, he wrapped his greasy poncho round him and peered out into the evening. The men of the tribe lay tossed about the ground in grotesque attitudes, sleeping in the wind. Among them he distinguished the mighty form of Kayuke, the newly-named Gownok, prone upon the bare pampa, his hand laid over the stiffening hand of Tanlu.

Meanwhile Algo sat alone in the *toldo* of her husband, and wept beside the little fire of bush, for she knew the inexorable custom of her tribe. Thus dawn came to the camp.

Kayuke awoke heavy-headed. What was that he had heard? Algo crying on his name. 'Kayuke, Kayuke, come to my aid!' He lay still with a strange throb of fear at his heart. What had happened? Surely joy was not far off, it had seemed to hover

about him in his dreams. Yet—was not that the voice of woe sounding in the camp ?

His will was to arise, but his body lacked power. His great limbs inert, reluctant, seemed to serve the will of some other, not his own. Was this sickness ? He, who had never known illness, was heavy with a strange heaviness. Had he grown old in a night ? Turned from his mighty manhood to be an old, slow man ? An unreasoning dejection clouded on his thoughts. He was like an ailing child.

He remembered nothing of the tragedy of the past night. But by degrees recollections came to him of his bridal day, of Algo clasped like a struggling bird in his arms, of sitting at her side while they feasted. He recalled his proud intention of drinking and becoming as a god before her.

Then—a blank.

This impression startled him. He raised his head with a violent movement, and gazed transfixed. There within a hand's-breadth of his own face, the dead face of Tanlu stared back at him.

He sprang to his feet with a cry of wrath. He looked down on the body, twisted in its death-agony, for none had dared to touch it. He saw blood on the dead mouth, the iron skewer fast in his friend's breast. Who had done this thing ?

He cast his gloomy eyes round. Groups of men and women half-hidden between the *toldos*, or peeping out from their dusky curtains, were watching him. An air of expectancy, of terror brooded over the camp. This in itself was so curiously at variance with the experience of his whole life that it perplexed him.

He strode towards the *toldos*, but as he came near the people disappeared.

Then, hearing wailing from the tent of Tanlu, he turned and stood within its doorway.

The young *china*, Tanlu's wife, sat moaning on the floor, her face blackened with paint, her hair cut short. She glanced up, and raising her shoulder against him, hid her face in her hands. But an old woman, Tanlu's mother, rose from her place. She spoke no word, she gave Kayuke no look, but she turned her back upon him. Then many figures seemed to arise in the gloom, and with one accord turned their backs upon him.

Kayuke stepped outwards like a stricken man. Vainly he sought in his memory for some explanation. Tanlu was dead,

killed by some foe, and yet the tribe turned their backs upon him—Kayuke.

For this is the punishment for crime among the Tehuelches. Neither blows nor death, but ostracism and banishment. The man who slays another is cast out from among his people. He must go forth to dwell alone by his camp fire, out of sight and communion with those he has injured. He must bear his sin far from his tribe; he is fit only to lurk with pumas in the thickets.

Kayuke, scarcely knowing what he did, made his way to his own tent. Surely this was but a bad dream, which must pass.

He grasped the ridge-pole with one hand as if to steady himself, and out of the dimness the familiar objects grew clear round him. There was the couch of ostrich skin as he had spread it only yesterday. He started. Algo! She must be here. But though he looked yearningly, the *toldo* was empty.

'Aigh, aigh, aigh!' he moaned. 'Who will tell me the thing that I have done?'

He laid his heavy head upon his breast and sat thinking. Even Algo had left him.

Tanlu dead, and by his hand? He began to feel the truth crush in upon him, though no memory remained of that dreadful deed.

Later the people saw him come forth. He took down the poles of his *toldo*, he gathered his troop of horses together, and his hounds tailed in amongst them. Then he stood beside the spot from which they had carried away the dead man and spoke aloud.

'I will ride into the mountains and there fight hand to hand with the Gualichu. For it is not I who have killed my brother, but the Gualichu within me has done this thing. Aigh, aigh! I will stand in the snow-fed rivers till the cold shall drive the Gualichu to depart from my body. A curse is on me.'

Dropping his head, he rode past the fire by which he had danced but yesterday, still wearing his broken feathers, and passed away into the sunlight.

'Sorrow and trouble lie on me like snow on the high pampa,' he moaned, 'another heart is in my breast.'

Then followed strange days.

A story is told of a Patagonian Indian, whom Magellan decoyed on board that adventurous vessel of his, a destined gift for the King of Spain. But the unhappy captive was overapt to learn the bitter lesson of grief, he pined and died almost before the low

coast-line was hidden in the sea, before the smell of the land lost itself in the wide water-scents.

So Kayuke, bereaved, rode on north and west day by day, apathetic, like a dog that frets for its master, with a dusk of sorrow in his eyes. He brooded without ceasing on the events of that last day, but the look on Algo's face that had thrilled him as he held her to his breast was incessantly blotted out by the ghastly mask of Tanlu dead.

He did not know that all this woe had befallen him for the enrichment of the trader, Rodriguez, who had made some hundred dollars over the marriage festival, the price of a dumb giant heart-break.

The only poetry-book of these nomad people is that which Nature spreads before them. It contains three poems. The poem of the flat pampa, with its whimpering winds, its grasses blown level, its lipless lagoons where water-fowl cry in the evenings. Beyond this the poem of the blue lakes, strung in a long line under the shadow of the mountains, and haunted by fierce tempests. Lastly the huge epic of the Cordillera, a volume the Tehuelche leaves unopened, and never yet wholly read of man.

Kayuke, looking about him in his loneliness, grew to understand an essential need of humanity, the need of contrast, of change. For the strong vital forces in him revolted against despair. Moments came upon him when in the thrill of splendid life he shouted as a gale shouts among demented trees. In the windy blue of the mornings he would roll on the hard earth and hear his heart singing the old song of joy. But such intervals passed quickly, quenched in remembrance. The long evenings, grey or golden, lit fires that flamed and fell in the great untaught intelligence. His thoughts were vague, never logical, but without end. Sleeping and living on the breast of a primordial land, he grew oppressed with infinity, visions unimaginable visited him, bygone ages swept over his desolate head.

So moving onwards, he journeyed into a region of basaltic hills, a wilderness hard to thread, brown and stony, almost waterless, where thousands of guanaco neighed and screamed on the heights, but where the ground was so treacherous that no horse could keep his footing to pursue them.

In the evening he found a little pool, yellowed round with limp and withered grasses, offering little feed for his troop of horses, but water was there, the wanderer's chief demand. He camped

beside it for the night, trusting to his instinct to find his way out of the desert on the morrow.

That night Kayuke was in the depths. His exile from his kind, from the homes of men weighed upon him. But above all the wound left by the loss of Algo bled ever inwardly and drained him of the desire to live. How could he face through the long years alone, without her? He laid his head upon his knees and groaned. The loneliness was becoming overstrong for him. For this was not the solitude he sought of old, which could be ended at will, but a solitude enduring, and not to be escaped.

He pictured the girls running between the *toldos*, and with them that vigorous young shape he was never to look upon again. He caught a glimpse of long locks flying upon the wind, the long, black hair of Algo.

Love and family ties and the joys of home and young children about their knees are master-passions in the Tehuelches. Men who lose their wives destroy their possessions, kill their horses and dogs, flinging away these lesser things when the core of life, that which made all else worth the having, is gone for ever.

Kayuke bowed his head. Hope was cold. His strength failed him. For the first time perhaps the future stood up stark and naked before him.

The uncanny sounds of that desolate place were suddenly pierced by one familiar and homelike—the neigh of a horse.

The young man looked up. His own troop were feeding quietly in the hollow about the pool, but opposite to him rose one of the innumerable bare mound-like hills of the region, and over its summit—an incredible sight in that empty land—hung the faces of two horses, staring down at their fellows in the valley. Kayuke sat as if turned to stone, gazing at the vision. For one of the two horses had a star set high upon the brow, running its whiteness into the forehead-lock of the mane, Algo's favourite, one of the small troop she owned.

The young man was staring upwards, fixed and breathless, at the motionless horses, when a hand fell softly on his shoulder.

He leaped to his feet. Algo herself stood beside him, holding the *bosal* of the horse she had been riding.

Clogged with long thoughts, his mind moved slowly. He was bewildered. Why was she here?

She spoke no word, but stood there shy, splendid, beautiful, with downcast eyes, a little smile trembling about her mouth.

'You left me—on that day,' Kayuke said in a dull voice; 'I went to the *toldo*—but it was empty.'

Her great eyes flashed up at him.

'They took me away.'

'Aigh, aigh! I slew Tanlu,' he murmured. It was all he could find to say.

'Nay, not you, Kayuke, it was the spirit of the white man that slew him,' she answered. 'We lit the death-fires for him, and gave him the burial of a great hunter.'

Kayuke shook his head and held out his right hand with a gesture so tragic that tears welled over in the girl's eyes.

'My right hand is guilty, yet it remembers not the blow,' he said.

'Aigh, aigh! you knew it not,' and she took his hand and laid it on her breast. 'Hear me, Kayuke. This is the hand of my husband. I stole from the *toldos* to follow thee. I tracked the feet of thy horses and put my horses' feet upon them.'

'But I am an outcast. I must dwell alone, far from my tribe. No man will give me back words for my words even if I speak them,' he went on.

'What matters that to me? I am thy wife.'

Kayuke was trembling greatly.

'Algo, what saying is this!—I must wander far to rid myself of this evil spirit that has cursed me. I must seek out those places where the Gualichu dwells, and strive with him. Alone in the snow, weakness and death may come upon me. What will a woman do there?'

'Death shall take me also, Kayuke, for still I will follow thee.'

The dark beautiful eyes met his with love, the proud uplifted head and the dawning smile lightened his heavy heart. Algo was with him, what mattered all else? He laid his arm across her shoulders and his head fell beside hers.

Thus it came to pass that Kayuke with Algo his wife began their long exile. They turned their backs on the Olnie Eikon, and with sixteen mares and two troops of horses, stone knives for skinning and cutting up game, copper *boleadores*, and a cooking-pot, rode on leisurely north and west.

At length they came to a small stream winding between grey heights, splashing its yellowish waters about the knotted roots of califaté bushes. Men now call it the Rio Fenix, and about it in these latter days a great dispute of nations has raged. But in

Kayuke's time it was all his own, and following its course the little camp moved ever towards the western battlement of mountains. Day by day, summit and scarp and winding cleft grew clear out of the blue dusk of the range.

On a noon of radiant sunshine, as the exiles rode in the teeth of a clean chill wind, with the shadow of a condor's wings passing to and fro over the troop of horses ahead, they pushed slowly up a long rolling billow of land and from its crest the view of a huge lake opened under their eyes. The water, of a pale blue, was torn into breakers where the wind struck, and across it, fronting them, stood up the Cordillera.

For a moment husband and wife gazed affrighted, for before his misfortune had fallen on him, Kayuke, like all Tehuelches, would have fled from this lake with its terrific rampart of frowning cliffs. For this was the Iemisch Eikon, the home of the Iemisch, that amphibious monster, the dragon of Indian legends, which is so large that it can devour man and horse together at a mouthful.

Kayuke looked long at the distant snowy peaks, then at the nearer phalanx of lesser mountains, their brown naked shoulders ranked in line as though they stood in the forefront of an army.

Then he flung back his mantle of fur, and striking a blow on his own big brown shoulder, he shouted.

'Shall we fear these, Algo, these, who are my brethren?'

Algo turned to her husband. The claim of kinship seemed, in truth, not so far amiss.

A new heart had been born in Kayuke, and he now felt assured that were the Iemisch to arise out of the depths of those stormy waters, he had the strength to kill it, and to take its skin for his couch. Perhaps Algo feared still at times, but when she looked on Kayuke, she forgot all fear, for she loved him with the power of the primal instinct, that relies on the lustihood and fighting quality of its mate.

For two days they rode along the southern shore of the great lake, crossing four small rivers, till at length they reached a great stream. This also they crossed after much struggle with the horses, and found themselves in a tract of forest land, where wild currants grew and the wind was silent and tormented them no more, where the air was heavy with the drowsy scent odours of incensio trees and brilliant yellow blossoms; where herds of spike-horned deer wandered, and which was articulate with the cooing of perpetual doves.

Here Kayuke made his camp, driving his mares and horses to graze on the tableland westwards, where was rich pasture, and which, lying between twin rivers, held them captive so that they could not stray.

'Here will we abide awhile, Algo,' Kayuke said, 'for it is the Good Spirit who keeps watch from the red rocks above us. It is His breath that stirs in the trees which are asleep. It is good to be here.'

So those two dwelled in the warm valley of the torrent.

Kayuke lived his hunter's life, increasing in strength to his prime. Ostriches and guanaco he killed upon the tableland, the autumn woods resounded with the wooing of the deer, and winter laid its hand but lightly on their sheltered home.

Algo, happy and beautiful, bore children in that unsullied paradise, and the *toldo* was lined with the skins of pumas. Meantime upon the tableland their stock increased, long-tailed horses, bay and brown and piebald, and they called them after their colours. Each evening the great drove would descend neighing to drink of the angry torrent that tumbled through the gorge, and the time came when Algo's eldest-born, Tanlu, could grip a horse with his red baby knees.

All these years no sign of humanity from the outer world troubled them, no distant hunting-fire piled its clouds of smoke into the wonderful pale blue of the sky.

Once only had Kayuke spoken of return.

'Our exile has been long enough,' he said. 'If we will, we can now look again upon the faces which once we knew.'

Algo's answer was the mourning cry, 'Aigh, aigh!'

Kayuke mused long over the fire, then he stood long at the door of the *toldo*, looking out upon the valley. When he came back to sit on his rugs beside the hot ashes, he met his wife's anxious gaze.

'Exile is good,' he murmured. 'Let the hunting-fires of our tribe burn without us.'

And Algo cooed in content to the babe at her breast, for her children had borrowed the dove-song for a lullaby.

So peace reigned over them, while the seasons changed and passed. Until on an evening, when Algo watching her young sons wrestle with and ride the wild colts, saw her husband galloping homewards against the sinking shafts of the sun. And a sudden fear struck her, for there was haste in his movement. When

he drew up at the *toldo* she knew the fashion of his face was altered.

'What is it, Kayuke?' she asked in her soft guttural speech. 'Has a horse died, or is thy *bolas* broken?'

'To-day,' Kayuke answered, 'I have seen the hunting-fires of our people.'

'Near?' she cried in alarm.

'Two days' march to the south.'

Algo breathed deeply.

'They will not come hither,' she said. 'Our people fear the Gualichu, who has fled from before you, whose name we have almost forgotten.'

At these words Kayuke snatched up a flaming brand from the fire, and ran out to the back of the *toldo*, shouting and waving his brand to scare the Gualichu, whose shadow, compelled by those distant smokes, seemed once more to have fallen upon his life.

The younger children clung to their mother's skirts. Never before had the old tribal custom been practised in the valley. A sadness gathered in Algo's eyes; the thing was of ill omen, it oppressed her with a sense of coming sorrow.

From that day Kayuke grew restless. The yearning to mingle with his kind, long asleep in his breast, woke and stung him into discontent. Algo watched in silence, ever dreading the morrow and all that it might bring.

Three days passed, and then Kayuke spoke, though he knew his words would be unwelcome to his wife.

'Algo, we will take a small troop of horses and go to meet our people. See,' he raised his fingers one after another and showed notches in the hard flesh, two upon each finger of the right hand, one upon each finger of the left. 'For every winter I have made a mark. Fifteen winters have passed: surely the old time is forgotten and I shall be no more an outcast. Come, let us go.'

Algo made no answer, but busied herself according to Kayuke's commands, yet in her eyes the gloom deepened.

Who knows with what thoughts those two touched the Indian trail again?

In the evening they came upon an old camp-fire, and after the manner of the nomadic tribes, built their own over its ashes. The march from Olnie Eikon with its incidents of trouble and joy came back with strange vividness; their fifteen years of exile seemed as a dream.

The trail grew fresher as they travelled southwards, until on the mid-afternoon of a windy day they saw the *toldos* of the tribe lying small and dark by the wide curve of a river. The dogs of the encampment gave tongue long before the little group of exiles approached. The tents poured forth their occupants, so that a line of figures stood waiting for the outcast and his companions.

Kayuke sat rigid upon his horse, rigid, with a mantle of skins about his middle, his naked torso like a Hercules modelled in red clay. His wife and children behind him, he waited for the invitation to dismount, the lack of which would mean dismissal. His glance passed slowly down the line, but the faces and forms seemed not those he had left behind, when he went out with a bitter heart into the wilderness. These whom he now looked upon were clothed as the white trader had been clothed in that long-dead day. The flowing mantles, the ancient garb that had emphasised inherent dignity, was replaced by garments that lent their own ill-shaping to the big-built muscular men. Arraigned before the sun and the wondering eyes of the exiles, they were in truth a grotesque company, replete with the deforming vulgarising quality that European dress seems so remorselessly to bestow upon the savage.

Presently an Indian stood out of the line and came towards them. He wore a time-stained coat which cramped the movements of his once-strong body, a native *chiripa* in place of trousers, but on his shrunken naked legs a pair of top-boots. The red fillet with which the Tehuelches were wont to tie down and adorn their dark locks had made way for a greasy hat. Yet Kayuke saw some familiar look on the sodden face.

'Is this not our brother Kayuke?' said the man, blinking up at the rider. 'Come, brother, sit beside the fire of the tribe.'

'Aigh, aigh!' moaned Algo to herself, 'surely this man was Orweki, the hunter.'

Kayuke dismounted, off-saddled and turned his horses loose in the green marsh that fringed the river. And Algo, with her children, inquired for the well-being of her people. Some there remembered her well, and hurried her with all the kindliness of their hearts to the *toldo* of Melowe, her brother.

'Thy mother, Chingua, lives. Hasten then, Algo.'

For all her life Algo remembered that scene. On the floor of the *toldo* an indistinguishable litter of children and dogs, Melowe's

children, but hunched high above their sprawling figures a huge bloated woman sat by the fire, with dishevelled hair, her pipe dropping from her lips.

'Chingua, Chingua, look up; see, thy daughter has come back to thee,' cried the eager voices of the women.

The old *china* moved one shoulder after the other sullenly.

'I have no daughter. She is gone from the tribe,' she said.

'Nay, look up, mother, I am here.' Algo sat down beside the mountain of flesh, and placed her youngest boy by the hunched knees.

Chingua raised her bleared eyelids and looked long at her daughter. Then a wheedling smile loosened the sulky mouth, and she cried:

'We will drink, my daughter; the spirit-water will make me glad. For thy old mother hath many pains. Let a bottle be brought, and we will laugh to see the yellow line as it sinks within it, and thou and I will cheer ourselves. What hast thou that we can exchange for a good bottle?'

Heartsick, Algo tried to coax the old woman's thoughts away, but failed most hopelessly, for Chingua grew angered. And so Algo went out to seek Kayuke.

Kayuke stood among a group of men, some his own contemporaries, some that had been but boys when last he saw them. They turned him about, jeering good-humouredly at his Tehuelche garments.

'Look at Kayuke! look at him!' they cried.

He stood there upright and smiling a little, like a god among them. He was naked save for his *chiripa*, and on his feet he wore boots of *potro*-hide, made by himself as his forefathers had made them. His dark eyes clear and bright, his great muscles riding out upon his limbs when he stirred. Nor did they find Algo less marvellous. Tall, sound as a young tree grown in the wind, her dusky beauty glorified in its savage motherhood.

And over against them stood the tribe that had driven them into exile fifteen years before, plagiarisms of civilisation, with drink-shot eyes, clamorous.

'Come, pitch your *toldo* among us,' they said. 'And to-night we will feast, for you have returned.'

Algo, going down to the river for water, saw the younger women burying knives and guns, even the spits for roasting were hidden, and asked the reason.

'They feast to-night,' was all the answer, but to Algo it was the volume of her life and Kayuke's. How would it end?

Meanwhile Kayuke sat beside the fires, and talked with the men. But his mind was working behind his talk. He was suffering the violation of many memories. Were these stupid faces with their pouched and watery eyes the same he knew in his youth? What had worked the alteration? Never had the keen wind of the pampa loosened the skin into bags and swept away the strength of manhood? The sunlight, pouring down upon the people, brought all the changes into a horrible saliency. These were chattering creatures, loose-mouthed, lean-limbed, not the living statuary of red firm flesh, heavy-faced, dignified representatives of physical glory.

But Kayuke had no words in which to clothe the feelings wrenching at his breast. Had there been a white trader with the tribe, it may be his blood would have paid forfeit in a wholly inadequate manner, for the sins of his fellows, at the hands of the mighty Tehuelche.

The feast began and liquor was set out in bottles and cups. But the eating was not like the royal regalement that he remembered, the tin cups passed round too soon and too often. Kayuke sat like a carven figure among his kindred, while they danced and sang, and as the orgies deepened, disputes broke out and they came to blows. The outcast understood at last the tragedy of his life. Thus had Tanlu been slain.

While he brooded a tipsy gesturing fellow held a full cup to his mouth. Then Kayuke arose, and seizing the bottles dashed them in pieces, he crushed up the tin cups in his hands, for the reek of the spirit had set light to the fire of fierce memories in his heart, memories of agony and sorrow grown remote.

He called aloud to Algo, and the frightened *chinas* gathered out of the tents to watch the big figure of Kayuke separate his troop from the horses of the tribe. And then those two mounted, and with their children vanished for ever from the *toldos* of their dying people.

No human eye ever saw Kayuke or Algo again. One story has it that they perished in the snow. Another that in some gorge of the Cordillera, deaf to the footsteps of the white men, their children's children dwell, holding at bay for a few years longer the resistless coming of those who bear such cruel gifts to the Tehuelche.

'MY NIGHT IN.'

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

It was my night in and it was New Year's Eve. My wife and family were at the pantomime. As a leader of the Chancery Bar and a Member of Parliament, my life had been spent among funnier entertainments than pantomimes. So I stayed in my comfortable suburban home, allowed all the servants to go to a servants' ball at a friend's house, and had a night in to myself. I intended to read the Christmas number of the 'Law Reports,' but it was full of some exceedingly unimportant cases in which I had not been briefed, so I piled some logs on the fire and pulled down a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher—authors I am wont to study more for the purity of their English than their subject matter. I think the play I was reading must have reminded me of the days of my youth—men grew up young in those days—for suddenly I remembered that it was New Year's Eve, and my mind went back to old days, before I was eminent, and before—as far as I was concerned—there was a Chancery Bar. That led me to take out of my desk my private account book which, like Master Pepys, I found to be very good reading. I wondered how it would feel, in after middle life, not to be eminent, not to be rich, and not to have an increasing income. I remembered with a shudder that I had once—when very young—intended to be a missionary. Of course in South Africa a missionary might get exclusive information of a valuable character, but could he make use of it to any purpose? That brought me back to the account book, which contained several interesting items of successful and valuable, let us say, investments. Poring over this I became oppressed by the sense of my personal value both to the State and to my wife and family, and not least to myself. I became aware that it was my duty to remain as long in possession of all this wealth, which my ability had created, as I reasonably could. This brought me to the making of many sound and interesting resolutions, mostly of a gastric nature, such as any over-fed and under-exercised man of over fifty might be expected to arrive at. In particular I decided to play golf more

regularly, and only to drink at meal times. These resolutions being carried, but not to come into force until 1 January of next year, I rang the bell for some more whisky and apollinaris, a night-cap ordered for me in small quantities many years ago by an eminent specialist now deceased, which I had long found to be injurious if taken in quantities really sufficient to soothe my jaded nerves. The bell, of course, was not answered, and then I remembered that I was alone in the house.

I went to obtain the things for myself. Outside my study is a passage with a glass door leading into the garden. As I returned down the passage with a bottle of apollinaris, a large tumbler, and a decanter of whisky, I distinctly heard the sound of a groan—or rather a long-drawn melancholy whine—coming as it seemed to me from the other side of the garden door. In view of what followed I wish to lay stress on the fact that I first heard this noise before I had tasted the whisky and apollinaris. I stopped and listened intently. The noise was repeated. I walked towards the door and listened again. Hearing no further sound, I thought my imagination was playing a trick upon me, and I returned to the study, put the decanter, glass, and bottle on a little table by my chair, and picked up my book again.

My eyes fell on these words, and as I read I could feel my hand shaking:

> This is a common custom of the rogues,
> To knock at the doors in dead time of night,
> And use some feigned voice to raise compassion;
> And when the doors are open, in they rush,
> And cut the throats of all, and take the booty.
> We cannot be too careful.

I drew a long breath and listened. Then I laughed at my fears and thought to myself: I must have been reading the words before I went outside. But I was sure I had not, and then—then I heard the call of the mournful voice again.

It sounded near my window on this occasion. I went back into the passage and stood by the door with my ear at the glass. For some moments I heard nothing, and then came the sound again. A long-drawn whimper as of a child in trouble, or some young lost animal. I am not a nervous man, but I certainly was for several seconds obsessed with the idea that it was dangerous to open that door. A sense of uncanny calamity passed in a cold wave of thought through my mind. I shivered, and the hair of my flesh stood up.

Then the noise began again, so sad and melancholy in its appeal that no father of children could refuse to hear it. I have seven children, and that is one of the reasons that I am glad I am not a missionary. Clearly there was an animal, human or otherwise, and it was my duty to investigate the matter, without prejudice, of course, to any future action to which I might advise myself.

I pulled back the bolts, turned the key and opened the door. It was a bright frosty night; a crescent moon hung in the sky, which was studded with silver stars. There had been a slight snow shower, and this pale light from the ground shot up into my face.

> . . . In such a night
> Did pretty Jessica like a little shrew
> Slander her lover and he forgave it her.

Also in such a night did I remember walking home with dear Anna many years before we were married, and telling her that I had finally made up my mind to give up the missionary business and go to the Chancery Bar. Anna was delighted, but at that time her father was as cold as the moon itself—this was because he was a solicitor and a wealthy one, and regarded the members of the junior Bar with distrust. Long before he died he recognised how wisely his daughter had chosen, and when he died I myself was the more satisfied with the choice I had made.

These thoughts were of old times, brought to my mind, I fancy, by the crescent moon; but a long-drawn wail of sorrow coming from under a laurel bush near the cycle house reminded me of my reason for standing out in the cold. I went across the snow to the bush and listened again.

'Is there anyone there?' I called out.

'Will you take me in and give me shelter?' called out a thin despairing voice.

'Who are you?' I asked, staring into the black moon shadows of the laurel.

'Take me in and give me warmth and food. I have only an hour to live; I shall never see the New Year.'

It was an outrageous request made in an outrageous manner, and that anyone should expect a respectable householder to throw his house open as a kind of mortuary on New Year's Eve, when the intending deceased might so easily have gone to the workhouse, struck me as unnecessarily selfish. Moreover, supposing the individual died in my house, as he threatened to do, what was there

to prevent his executors saying that I had employed him in my trade or business, and calling upon me to prove that he was a casual labourer, or else pay three times his yearly wages, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, on the ground that he had met his death in an accident arising out of and in the course of his employment. Living as I did, however, in the middle of my own constituency, I felt that if I left anyone out in my own garden to die on a night like this, it might be misrepresented by the Labour party, so I called out to the owner of the voice to follow me.

'Promise me shelter,' he cried.

'I have promised,' I said, rather nettled at his doubting my word; 'but will you come out from under the laurels, or must I get help to carry you out?'

'I'll come out,' cried the voice more cheerfully; and, pushing his way through the leaves, the Thing appeared on the snow path shining like a frozen snow man in the moonlight.

'What on earth are you?' I asked, starting back.

'Give me food and shelter as you promised, and I will tell you my story,' it answered in a business-like tone.

I felt that my invitation might fairly be set aside as having been obtained by deceit, but I was anxious to know what the Thing was. I led the way into the study, closing and bolting the garden door behind us. The first request the Thing made was for biscuits—not sweet ones. Indoors it became almost dictatorial in its manner. It demanded whisky and 'not all the apollinaris.' Then it sat in my arm-chair before the fire and I took stock of it.

This was the result of the stock-taking. The Thing was about four feet high and shaped like a human being; but I decided on the facts with the precision and rapidity of a common jury that it was not a human being. Neither was it a ghost. The way it settled in my arm-chair, poured out my whisky, and munched my biscuits suggested to me a visit from my friend, the vicar of the parish, rather than a visitation from the Other world. Outwardly, and in a sense inwardly, it was made of glass and dressed in glass, and it clinked and glittered at every movement. It had the appearance of an over-dressed early Victorian chandelier in a seventeenth-century costume, extravagantly decorated with fringes of triangular crystal pendants. Its face was like a full moon of pale yellow glass, and on its glass lips there flickered an empty glassy self-satisfied smile. Its glass bottle nose, ruby in colour, suggested that it was fond of good living, and its dull glassy eyes—the colour

of a hock bottle—stared listlessly into the world with that spirit of indolent indifference that is characteristic of those whose work in life is done for them by others. It made itself absurdly at home, and, as my Shrewsbury boy would say, 'put on a jolly lot of side' as it reached out for another biscuit and calmly remarked that it did not smoke, but had no objection to other people smoking.

I should have been glad if it had been less hungry, and would have abstained from munching biscuits and literally washing them down with whisky and apollinaris. Hospitality forbade me remonstrating with it, but I confess I felt uncomfortable to see my transparent guest manipulating biscuits. You could follow them in quite unpleasant detail wandering through his glass interior to their ultimate destination. The process was indelicate, but it fascinated me. If I had been a scientist, I should have excused my rudeness in staring at it, by a plea that I was investigating the abnormal. But I knew myself better. I was merely rude and, being the Thing's host, inexcusably rude. I remembered seeing a live newt under a high-power microscope and watching the working of his heart and lungs, and generally studying his true inwardness. I was reminded that I felt then, as I felt now, guilty of an undesirable and impertinent curiosity.

I should have continued my vulgar observation of the Thing had it not suddenly interrupted me by saying in a still small melodious voice: 'We seem to have plenty of whisky, but before we begin to talk business had not you better fetch some more apollinaris?'

I rose at once and seemed to obey the Thing's commands instinctively, instead of being angry at its conduct.

'Bring at least half a dozen more,' it cried out as I reached the door, 'and open the lot.'

I did so. It did not even seem strange to me to do exactly what it told me to do. I returned with half a dozen opened bottles and a glass for myself.

The Thing smiled approval and, mixing itself another stiff glass, turned to me with a kindly smile and said: 'A Happy New Year to you when it comes. Now let us talk business.'

'The first question is, I said, 'What business have you here at all? Who are you, and what do you want?'

'I am your Conscience,' it replied, with glass tears in its bell-like musical voice. 'Your long-lost Conscience.'

'What!' I cried in some disgust, for it stretched out its arms to me as though it wanted to be embraced and taken to my heart, as a sort of vitrified prodigal son.

'Your Conscience. Surely you remember your Conscience. The companion of your youth, your guide and monitor——'

'Stop!' I cried. 'When I was quite a small boy I remember something inside me, a kind of ethereal liver that stirred me up and gave me a sort of moral indigestion whenever I had any particular scheme of mischief and pleasure on hand. It spoilt most of my enjoyment of life.'

'Don't say that,' it said, in a tone of deep melancholy.

'But it did,' I continued. 'Even when I determined to be a missionary—and you would expect a conscience to be of use to you in such a career—it was always suggesting that I was unfit for the work and should be restive with mosquitoes, and tactless and ill-tempered among cannibals.'

'So you would!' murmured the Thing. 'So you would. And but for me you would have been a missionary. A third-rate, inefficient, under-fed missionary.'

'But it is all very well you coming here and claiming to be my conscience,' I continued, somewhat heatedly. 'How do I know you are anything of the sort? The whole thing may be a fraud—a kind of Tichborne case.'

'Nonsense,' replied the Thing. 'You recognised me at once. A man always obeys his conscience unless he stops to think. When you went for the apollinaris, I said six bottles and told you to open them. That was to test you. You obeyed me like a lamb. We didn't want six bottles—however, now they are here I'll mix again. Oh yes, there is no doubt I'm your Conscience, your long-lost Conscience, and you are my owner. The question is, are you going to take me back again. I have to find a place before midnight or else I perish.'

I felt rather sorry for the little fellow.

'Why should you perish?' I asked.

'Every Conscience has to find a place by the New Year. I've been very unlucky lately, and had a run of downright bad owners. Only this last month I had a worry with a butcher about short weight and had to go; then I stayed with a parson who had been in one living for twenty-eight years and I thought I had a home for life—when they offered him a bishopric. Of course I told him to refuse it, and to-night he threw me out. Threw me out into

the cold ice and snow in order that he might draw five thousand a year as an example of Christian charity. Ugh!'

'Perhaps he had a call,' I murmured to console it.

The Thing shuddered contemptuously, and mixed its fourth glass of whisky. The biscuits, I am glad to say, were nearly finished.

'It's all very well,' I said, 'you coming back and trying to rush me into taking you on again, but what I want to know is why you deserted me.'

'Come, I like that,' replied the Thing. 'I told you when you were called to the Bar you were not to appear in cases you didn't believe in, and the first case you took was a brief for the defendant in John Doe *v.* the Marquess of Roe.'

'About closing the foot-path through Roeland Park,' I said.

How many years ago it seemed! It was my earliest triumph. The Attorney-General led for the defence. We had not a leg to stand on, and yet we stood on it and won. I flushed with triumph at the recollection of it.

'I remember,' I continued, 'having grave doubts about taking that brief, but I was young at the Bar in those days.'

'You never had any doubts, you wretched man,' shrieked the Thing, shaking his glass fist at me. 'You meant to take it all along. You pretended to listen to me, you tired me out arguing with me day and night, you made me cry over the woes of your darling Anna, who wished to come to Court to see you in a wig and gown; and one morning when I was tired out and getting a short sleep, you went and took the miserable brief, and I left you in bitter hatred and disgust, as any decent glass conscience would.'

The Thing trembled violently, and I feared it would shiver its brittle frame with anger.

'Well, well!' I said, 'let bygones be bygones. And don't give way to passion. It's really a pity you are made of glass, because you must be so delicate and easily broken, and in this rough-and-tumble world——'

The Thing smiled at me and winked one of its brown glass eyes.

'I've thought of all that,' it said, 'but of course I have to be made of glass, because I'm a clear conscience.'

'And are not all of you made of glass?' I asked.

'Certainly not,' it replied. 'The commoner and most popular kind are made of elastic. They manage to keep their places. But we are the aristocracy and aldermen of the guild. We spend

five years being polished in the sample shop, and are stamped with the hall-mark of the College of Casuistry. We have a grand time of it with children, but as we grow up it becomes more and more difficult every year to find a place, and worse to keep it.'

'It's the same here,' I said, trying to cheer the poor Thing. 'I've been lucky, but I might have had to say, like many another, "Too old at forty."'

'Fifty,' said the Thing sternly, 'fifty, if a day.'

I bowed my head in guilty silence. The Thing mixed its fifth glass and started on the last biscuit.

'We have not much time,' it said. 'You must make up your mind in the next twenty minutes. Are you going to take me back?'

'Suppose,' I said, wishing to be civil to one who evidently had some claim upon me. 'Suppose I put you up for a day or two—our spare room is empty—until you can find a new place.'

'Not a bit of good to me, old friend,' it said, rolling its head round and smiling pleasantly. 'I've knocked about enough. I'm growing old. I've come back to my dear old friend'—it began to weep a little—'and if you can't take me in for a twelve-month, I shall die of a broken heart. I shall die here just where I am when the clock strikes twelve.'

It clinked its glass against its lips and began singing a pantomime song in a tearful voice:

> 'There was I,
> Waiting at the church,
> Waiting at the church.
> He left me in the lurch.'

Or words to that effect. Whatever I did with it must be done quickly. It was getting in a quite unfit condition to meet my wife and children. Its threat to die in my arm-chair annoyed me terribly. There would be an inquest and a scandal. I thought it best to temporise with the Thing.

'Look here,' I said, 'supposing I take you for a year, what about wages?'

'There are none,' it said.

That was satisfactory.

'What would you do with yourself all day?' I asked.

'I should go about with you wherever you went,' it said, gazing

at me lovingly, and bursting into another maudlin verse which it sang over and over again:

'And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.'

'Oh, do be quiet,' I said, 'and attend to business. My wife will be home in ten minutes.'

That frightened it. It put down its glass and sat up at attention.

'Tell me,' I said, 'exactly what you will want me to do if I take you on.'

It looked at me with the insolent air of the proprietor of a prize bull-dog. I was the bull-dog.

'It isn't a case of you taking me on, as you vulgarly put it, it's a case of me coming back to live with you and direct your life on wholesome lines. In the first place, Parliament is quite out of the question.'

I was rather glad to hear it. Parliament is not at all what I thought it was when I was outside.

'Then,' it continued, 'I doubt if I could allow you to go on with your professional work; but I would look into things and tell you later. Of course, you couldn't charge the absurd fees you get nowadays, for we should insist on only being paid what we are worth. That has always been one of my great difficulties. All the men I have lived with have been worth something under thirty shillings a week, and we have always had trouble about money matters. They will charge more. How can an honest man charge anyone more than he is worth? It's inexplicable, isn't it? However, I daresay you might be quite honestly worth two pounds a week.'

'Do you expect my wife and children to live on two pounds a week?' I said, laughing at him.

'Why not?' it answered. 'A lot of wives and children live on less, and have far more deserving husbands.'

'It isn't a matter of what the husbands deserve, it's a matter of what they can get and what their wives can spend. But I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm getting rather tired of overworking myself in my profession, and I'll tell you a secret. I have the offer of a Judgeship.'

The Thing smiled pityingly.

'I am thinking of taking it. It will be a sacrifice, of course,

but there is something in the idea of spending my last days with a clear conscience that attracts me.'

'Can we take it?' said the Thing, with a gloomy unsympathetic voice. 'Are we fit for the "responsibility"?'

'Good heavens,' I cried, 'there is Mr. Justice Winkle and Mr. Justice Pangloss——'

'Elastic fellows, both of them,' it replied, 'but you want to sit upon the bench with me—a clear conscience.'

At that moment the front door bell rang, and I knew my wife and children had returned. It wanted but three minutes to twelve.

'What is that?' gasped the Thing in a scared voice.

'My wife,' I replied, moving towards the door.

It staggered towards me with open arms. 'Take me,' it cried, 'just as you are. You shall be a judge. I won't interfere with you. I don't want to perish; you shall go on being an eminent chancery leader—or worse: only say I may come back to you.'

I was sorry for the poor creature. All its self-satisfied impudence had vanished. There was not a twinkle left in it, and it clasped my knees in terror, crying out 'Take me back! Take me back!'

I should have lifted it up in my arms and taken it to my heart, but a sharp impatient ring at the bell reminded me that I was keeping my wife waiting.

'Just a minute,' I cried, unclasping its hands and pushing it back to my chair, as I ran out into the hall.

It must have stumbled and fallen across the tray, for before I opened the door I heard a terrible crash as of broken glass.

'Had you gone to sleep, Wilfrid?' asked my wife, saluting me. 'Why, you look quite frightened.'

'Yes, I must have been dozing, and when I jumped up,' I said, struck by a happy thought, 'I stumbled over the tray, and I am afraid I've broken the glasses and things.'

The soft dying groan of my conscience stole across the hall from my study. I was sorry to disturb its last moments, but I had to make some excuse for the result of its visit.

'How ever many bottles have you broken, Wilfrid?' asked my wife as we entered the study and stood gazing at the mass of glass on the floor. 'Has the vicar called?'

'No, no one has called,' I replied.

Some of the pieces of glass seemed to shiver as I spoke. My wife is not a statistician, or she would have seen there was more

glass lying about than goes to make up six bottles of apollinaris and two large tumblers.

She and the children had soon collected the fragments and they were now a molten mass in the clear frosty fire.

I felt a deep sense of relief as we sat round the fire and wished each other a Happy New Year.

'You seem to have been making the best of the old one,' said Anna, laughing.

'At all events,' I replied, 'what I did, I did with a clear conscience.'

REMINISCENCES OF THE SUNDAY TRAMPS.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES SULLY.

Professor Maitland, in his memoir of Leslie Stephen, who was our 'chief guide,' or briefly 'chief,' has explained the genesis of our Sunday walks. The idea of them, it seems, occurred to Stephen in the autumn of 1879, after he had got to know the editor and one or two of the contributors to the new philosophical journal 'Mind.' He may well have thought that there was too much of 'mind-stuff' in us, and that we should probably be the better for a country ramble now and again. In some articles in an evening journal, which he devoted to our exploits, he writes of us as persons who do not like to 'lock up their summer hobby-horse (the rambling impulse) for the greater part of the year,' but 'feel the need of giving him a periodical outing even through the winter.' He adds encouragingly that outside London, 'within a radius of some five-and-twenty miles, we may find nooks and corners recalling to the least imaginative mind'—a poke at us mind-students, perhaps—'the glories of moor and forest, and the unbroken peace of remote country lanes.' Since walking was to be a serious business, and the day our only free one, he christened us 'Sunday Tramps.'

We were quite a small band at first of about ten, and additions to our number were made by our leader as cautiously as elections by the severest of club committees; for he well knew from his Alpine experiences the mistake of taking too many as well as of too few. He regulated the number of members so well that there never turned up less than two, and that, in ordinary circumstances, the number very rarely exceeded ten. This increased number represented a considerable variety of pursuits. To name but a few, law was represented (among others) by Lord Justice Romer, Sir Frederick Pollock, and the chief's nephew, Sir Herbert Stephen; potential statecraft by Mr. Haldane; medicine by Dr. Savage and Dr. Creighton; philosophy by Professor Croom Robertson and Mr. Shadworth Hodgson; literature by the chief, Mr. Cotter Morison, and Mr. D. MacColl (of the 'Athenæum'); economics by Professor

Edgeworth ; engineering by Sir Alexander Kennedy ; exploration by Mr. Douglas Freshfield ; and art by the Hon. John Collier.

The tramp was fixed for every other Sunday during about eight months of the year, from October to June. The route was selected by our chief, each of us receiving notice of it a few days beforehand by a postcard, on which, in Stephen's finely pointed handwriting, appeared under the heading of 'Sunday Tramps,' the stations and the hours of departure and arrival both for the outward and the homeward journey. We commonly accomplished from twenty to twenty-five miles, passing largely by cross-country lanes and paths from one railway to another. The time of departure, I regret to say, was the untramplike hour of ten or later ; but this tardiness was wholly due to that autocrat 'Bradshaw,' by whose decrees we were bound. The hour of return was more elastic, varying from about four to seven, according to season and special circumstances.

We were Londoners of various callings and tastes, and presumably not more disposed to fraternise than other fortuitous concourses of British atoms. But the second-class compartment—selected, I suspect, because the third-class offered still less room—of an atmosphere tepid with numbers and tobacco smoke, was an excellent place for thawing any social ice which may have incrusted us. The mellowing influence, too, was aided by the sight of the expression of our chief, as sitting in a corner he sucked his pipe and looked round approvingly on his flock.

Being a fraternity, we began by making an honest attempt to keep together on the road. We soon discovered, however, that this was impracticable. Our leader, a tall man and a vigorous walker, set the pace, which, though it had an inviting look of ease, was a lofty ideal for average pedestrians. He describes it as 'a steady four miles an hour which just maintains the sensible perspiration' ; but it sometimes exceeded this figure, especially towards the end of the tramp when time was short. Thus it befell that our social organism tended to undergo a process of fission, breaking up into small groups of two or three, the relative positions of which were determined, as our mathematical member would say, by their several walking coefficients, together with the strength and duration of their talking propensities. This process of disorganisation was kept within limits by the untiring efforts of a worthy collie which our chief brought with him in the early days of the tramps. Whether this intelligent creature thought that we resembled sheep

or had heard his master speak of us as a flock, he dealt with us as his ancestors had dealt with the scattered herds of the Scotch mountains, running to and fro with admonishing bark as if to urge us to keep together. Considering the number of extra miles which he must have run in this laudable service, we ought perhaps to speak of him as a tramp, if not, indeed, as our vice-chief.

Our leader seems to have considered himself bound to be something of an autocrat. He humorously tells us that he is appointed to be our guide, 'because he will never condescend to ask his way or to admit that he has gone wrong.' He kept well before our eyes the terror of 'Bradshaw,' against whose authority, he writes, 'we never revolt even in fancy.' His military discipline was seen in the way in which he led us to face the deluge of rain, or (as in making once for Knockholt Beeches) the 'bitter blast of the east wind' when it had 'curdled the whole atmosphere into chilling grey.' Needless to say that, excepting one or two weaklings, we carried no other protection against inclement weather than the umbrella. It was, however, in the regulation of the lunch that our leader showed something of a Spartan rule. He believed in a simple midday meal for the walker, and once wrote to a tramp who happened to be in the country and offered lunch to the brotherhood, 'Do not trouble yourself as to lunch. We have kept pretty exclusively to bread and cheese of late, and it is better for my young men.' He seemed to us at times to choose the worst-looking of village 'pubs,' in the dismal parlour of which we should be certain to find no fire, and to be irritated by the most atrocious examples of cheap lithography. Our meal was necessarily a short one, and our chief was prompt to rise—looking taller than usual in the low inn parlour—and by putting on his hat and lighting his pipe, give us the signal for departure. Then followed the most arduous part of the trudging, which frequently ended in a scattering of groups, which both chief and collie were powerless to check.

Yet, if theoretically a Spartan in his rule, he knew, like a sensible ruler, how to relax his discipline on occasion. Indeed, he showed a good deal of consideration for the weaklings of his flock. Early in the days of the tramps he wrote to one of us: 'I have more than once been guilty, I confess, of allowing a walk against time. It is in every way a mistake, and my only apology is the great difficulty of making a good walk which shall coincide with convenient trains at both ends.' This consideration increased as the fortnights went on, and he got a closer acquaintance with the mediocre capacities

of the untrained or only half-trained. I fear that this consideration was not always reciprocated, for he once made a suburban tramp feel particularly mean by writing to him, 'No H—— contingent last Sunday—though the route was meant for them!' He slackened the rein, too, by sometimes suspending the ascetic rule about lunch. There survives among us the tradition of a rook-pie, in which some, of a hardy stomach, indulged, in one of the rare absences of the chief. Bolder lapses from trampish virtue were apt to coincide with the festive season, as when we once chanced on a less frugal inn which was alluring the rover by the toothsome bait of a turkey. Our chief, and perhaps one or two other moral stalwarts, would adhere to the humble bread and cheese, while the rest of us, not without a prick of shame, partook of our feast.

Other forces conspired to break down our habit of temperance. Friends of our chief who had country houses invited us to lunch or to tea, and one or two proposed to entertain us at dinner. In this way the rigour of the day's exercise was occasionally tempered, since the amount of walking had to be adjusted to these outside social claims. Among the well-meaning hosts who thus brought about breaches of discipline were Charles Darwin, at Down, and Professor Tyndall on Hindhead. We did our best without doubt to look at our ease when we were thus plunged back with travel-stains thick upon us into the drawing-room; but in truth the ordeal was not a serious one, for the entertainer was himself one of the scribbling fraternity, and disposed to view Stephen's flock as also belonging to it. It was a somewhat different experience when the host was himself a tramp, for in these circumstances we felt more of the shame of the apostate. Any such scruple was however precluded when our generous host, George Meredith, would come to meet us with his children and his little dog on some Surrey height and take us back to his cottage at the foot of Box Hill. His name does not appear in the list of tramps given by Professor Maitland. Yet from his occasional participations in a part of the walk, and still more, perhaps, from his readiness to fall in with our mood of playful lawlessness, we grew accustomed to regard him as one of ourselves. It seems to some of us now that we were never more penetrated with the essence of trampdom than when in one of those delightful summer evenings we sat and smoked after dinner in the Swiss chalet above the Box Hill cottage, and listened to our host as with exuberant fancy and brilliant wit he richly clothed our poor attempts to ridicule the ways of the over-serious.

For the rest, contact with the outside world was rare, and due to some mischance. This happened one day when our walk lay along the Thames, and up the hill on which lie the Cliefden Woods to Burnham Beeches. The sight of the large and beautiful grounds set one of us, dubbed by our chief 'the philosopher,' discussing the problem of the benefits of large estates. As we halt near the famous beeches:

> Our Professor, seeing a chance of propitiating the shade of Arthur Young, begins to cross-examine a sturdy rustic, who is obviously an indigenous growth. He is the very man to throw light upon the agricultural question. His rusty coat and low gaiters, the black pipe between his teeth, the very attitude of sublime stolidity in which he is lounging over a gate, suggest the village Hampden. Unluckily the most skilful questions provoke only a series of calm 'don't know's.' 'What,' exclaims the interviewer, 'you don't know, and you have lived here all your life!' 'Never was here afore!' is the unexpected retort.

In spite of this warning example of the risks of social trespassing, it appears from our chief's chronicle that we once sounded mine host at Beaconsfield as to what the local mind thought of its historical celebrities (Waller, Burke, and Beaconsfield), and found among other things that, owing no doubt to the dazzling influence of the latest, Waller had become transformed by tradition into another Prime Minister. On one occasion, at least, the accost was from the other side. There survives a good story of an Evangelist who once tried his warning note on our mathematician, who was also a logician, and the courtliest of tramps, in this wise:

EVANGELIST: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you saved?'

MATHEMATICIAN: 'G—God bless my soul, I believe not.'

EVANGELIST: 'Because, sir, if you are not saved, you will not go to heaven.'

MATHEMATICIAN: 'But, my good sir, that's "an identical proposition."'

Baffled by this learned gibberish, the worthy man silently withdrew, musing, perhaps, on the hardening effects of too much learning. It must be confessed that our behaviour was apt to appear shocking to the properly constituted mind. Our very appearance seemed like a challenge of defiance to the orderly church-going world. Sometimes, in passing a village green, we might catch the wary eye of an open-air preacher, who would raise his voice for our benefit. Our chief dilates in a characteristic manner on this 'latest echo of the blows struck on the "drum ecclesiastick" by the Poundtexts and Kettledrummles of the seventeenth century.' Yet in general we were the most inoffensive of tramps, desiring

only to be allowed to move on. Our worst act of lawlessness, if I remember aright, was a trespass. Our chief's mathematical fondness for a straight line led us once along a drive, the publicity of which was, I fear, accepted by an act of faith. A comic incident followed, for we unluckily encountered a keeper who went through the solemn formality of taking our names and addresses, including those of more than one well-known lawyer.

Our chief's minute knowledge of the country secured a large variety of excursions, and he would sometimes write to a tramp with a note of schoolboy enthusiasm, telling him that he had just discovered 'a first-rate route.' Our walks traversed ridges and dales, commons, woods, and parks, and the banks of more than one companionable stream. There were favourite walks, some repeated more than once. Our chief loved the Thames, and writes appreciatively of its scenery. Under his guidance we got to know Burnham Beeches, Epping Forest, and other bits of woodland. He retained something of his old passion for climbing, and the Surrey heights, Leith Hill and Hindhead—the latter not yet transformed into a London suburb—and many a breezy upland common grew familiar to us. As his chronicle of our wayfarings illustrates, these modest ascents were apt to carry his thoughts back to Alpine days. Even the church on the little height of St. Martha, in Surrey, managed somehow to recall his beloved mountains, reminding him of a Swiss chapel perched on an Alp above a gorge. Another certain trace of the mountaineer is discoverable in some instructions he once sent to a member who wished to join the party *en route*. Stephen proposed the summit of Highdown Ball, in Surrey, and after carefully indicating its situation, added: 'It resembles the mountain in Raphael's Transfiguration.'

Our chief would sometimes call a halt on a height from which a broad English landscape might be viewed unfolding its soft undulations and the misty ridges of its distant hills. He drank in the beauty of the scene silently, giving us a lesson in judicious reticence. That he was touched now and again by the loveliness of the view is sufficiently shown in his descriptions of our walks, though he never runs any risk of growing sentimental, but glides back into his humorous vein, as when *à propos* of the little Mole, the course of whose sluggish waters we sometimes followed, he remarks: 'It has a judicious habit of retiring below ground in summer heats.'

It might prove to be a curious exercise if we could meet and

compare the most vivid impressions of scenery which we have severally carried away from these pleasant rambles. One mental picture, which more than one of us would perhaps find still fresh, is the view which opened up on some mellow autumn afternoon as we completed our trudge along the ridge of Box Hill, and strolled down the soft, grassy slope between clumps of dark yew to the hospitable cottage—the valley into which the shadows and a streak of thin mist were beginning to bring sleep, and the softly rounded slopes where sunlit grassy openings relieved the almost burning colours of the woods.

Yet not for nature-worship only were we conducted by our Greatheart on these Sunday pilgrimages. He respected the day, so far, at any rate, as to wish to improve our minds. He frequently managed to include in our walks a visit to some spot made sacred by historical or literary associations. In this way we got to know, in Stephen, not only the athlete and the lover of nature, but the scholar. We once went to St. Albans; but the visit, to judge by some jottings in the chronicle, did not lead to any profitable historical meditations. It seems to have set our chief vaguely wondering 'how its inhabitants can preserve their cheerfulness in presence of this gigantic nightmare'; and to have roused our ever alert and combative professor to throw out some startling views as to progress and the folly of trying to preserve ancient buildings. A glimpse of Albury Park, Surrey, where Drummond lived and entertained Edward Irving and his followers, would bring out some dry Stephenese remarks on the queer ways of the world's worthies. At Twickenham we no doubt tried with indifferent success to draw him into a talk about 'poor little rickety Pope,' as he calls him in our chronicle, and the little court he gathered about him here. The view of the old mansion of the Evelyns is touched by his pen in a pleasant vein of boyish reminiscence. Readers of his books know how the cheery optimist, Abraham Tucker, won his heart, and in our chronicle we learn that, on one of our visits to the spot near the little Mole where this worthy gentleman spent over half a century writing his speculations, he fell again into half-admiring, half-humorous comment. 'He never got very deep,' he writes, and 'his blunders are as palpable as the Monument,' and, again, 'Old Tucker was a double marvel—a country gentleman who preferred speculating to partridge-shooting, and a metaphysician with a genuine sense of humour.'

A favourite among these historical musing-places was the little

churchyard of Stoke Poges. It is needless to say that conversation was severely discouraged here. Our chief seems from what he says about these visits to have been half-afraid lest one of us should start quoting the famous 'Elegy.' He is relieved to find that though the 'Elegy,' which has been inscribed on 'a miscellaneous monument' here—'happily outside the churchyard'—'seems to have been put there in order that a traveller may refresh his memory on the sly before perpetrating an impromptu quotation,' even our most expansive talker has the self-command to refrain.

Nor was it only a mansion or church which thus became a kind of goal for our expedition. Faithful though we mostly were to our village 'pub,' we felt no hesitation in entering a fine old inn which our steps chanced to light upon, provided that it had an aureole of literary associations. We were lucky enough to discover one in the Golden Farmer's Inn, near Bagshot, of which Swift speaks. In writing of it our chief pats his beloved dean on the back, so to speak, as one of the stalwarts of the road who could do his thirty-five miles' tramp from London to Farnham. Perhaps this exhibition of muscular Christianity reminded him of his grandfather, James Stephen, of whom he was fond of relating that he accomplished on his seventieth birthday a walk of twenty-five miles before breakfast. In connection with this visit to the Golden Farmer he writes further: 'Alas! if there is one melancholy conclusion forced upon the modern Peripatetic, it is that the old English inn has ceased to exist outside of literature.' Did he, we wonder, as we remember his habitual preference for the cheerless modern 'pub,' while penning this remark indulge in a quiet chuckle at our expense?

Occasionally our objective was a less reputable spot, such as might be visited by the genuine tramp; for our chief had among his various qualifications for the editorship of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' the valuable one of being an ardent admirer of notorieties in general, enjoying the hunting up of some musty and forgotten prizefighter or murderer no less than the unearthing of some popular preacher of a bygone day. This impartial respect for all kinds of fame was illustrated in his habit of combining with a visit to the neighbourhood of Hindhead a halt on the summit of the ridge where a cross commemorates the celebrated murder of a fellow-tramp, a sailor on his way from Portsmouth to London.

We managed to add to our bodily exercise a certain amount of spiritual in the shape of conversation. Yet the exchange of ideas

can hardly be said to have been our dominant aim. We partook in a measure of the silent habits of those whose name we bore. Like these we were dwellers in the town who felt themselves rather lost in the vast silence of the country. Many of us were no surer of the nightingale's note, which would burst on us from some bit of tender spring greenery, than an East End child. Our chief alludes to the presence of a botanist, the rattle of whose tin box once enlivened our grave silence. He was, I suspect, the same popular writer, Grant Allen, who contributed to his magazine, the CORNHILL, and whose curious migration from the sphere of the *savant* to that of the story-writer much occupied our minds. In spite, however, of unfavourable circumstances we got through a fair amount of discourse of a desultory kind. In the smoking-carriage on our way out we would begin the conversational day in a promising manner. Our custom of breaking up into small groups on the road was favourable to talk by allowing our 'elective affinities' their play. Yet after the first two hours of the four-mile pace the appetite for speech sensibly declined. Our chief did not fail to note this effect of the exercise. He grows jocose over our efforts to take the hill, and, of course, selects the stoutest of our band for his jibe.

'I see,' he writes, 'our fat friend reduced to a state in which argument becomes impossible. His brain is entirely occupied in moving his weary legs. His feet shuffle along the mud instead of rising and descending with a lively stamp.'

The professor, though by no means the strongest of us, seems under these breath-trying conditions to have preserved his loquacity longer than the rest, and he would sometimes amuse us by springing on our weary brains some new speculative problem. It is with reference to him that our chief writes:

'The effect of pedestrianism upon logic is a subject not yet fully treated by philosophers. . . . Many a glowing apostrophe and apposite illustration grows humdrum and threadbare as the journey lengthens; and each steady footfall in a prolonged tramp tells in favour of a wiry utilitarian. Stiff legs and empty stomachs incline their owners to the prosaic view of the world in general.'

The disposition of most of us to restrict our converse was no doubt favoured by the example of our chief, who was decidedly a temperate talker, and of a slow and hesitating utterance. He always seemed to me to be a good illustration of a writer who had specialised in an ususual degree as between the two channels of expression—speech and writing. As Professor Maitland remarks, he was mostly a silent listener during the tramp discussions, though

now and again 'a few words muttered into the beard neatly summed the case, punctured the fallacy, or blew away the froth.' Not less eloquent than his thrifty speech was his occasional 'snort' when we happened, forgetting our calling, to assume superior airs, as in criticising the pictorial art of the little 'pub' parlour. That his shyness preferred the disguise of the pen is seen herein that though he said very little at the time about the places we visited he would afterwards, when the pen came to his relief, launch out into those delightful passages, descriptive, reminiscent, and reflective, which light up the pages of our journal. In no case is this contrast between the vocal reticence and the pen's expansiveness more striking than in his way of dealing with epitaphs, in which he taught us to take a melancholy pleasure. We had repaired to the churchyard of Sevenoaks in order to dispose of a rare surplus of time at the end of our walk. Here, 'in search of edification,' we lighted on a gravestone which a father had erected to the memory of his two children. It bore a curious inscription, a warning to the infidel passer-by, who is addressed with homely directness as 'Thou fool!' Our chief had little to say at the moment, but in our journal he writes :

> It suggested a country funeral and a parent standing rigid as an icicle by the side of a grave hewn in frost-bound earth. His pinched features are marked even at the moment by an incipient smirk. He is neither touched to tenderness nor awed by a sense of the helpless ignorance of man. He has already twisted the melancholy incident into a neat little argument against the infidel, and the rhymes into which it is framing itself are already jingling complacently in his mind.

Special occasions might provoke a more voluminous speech, as when our trampish prejudices were more than usually offended by an obtrusion of dreary propriety. A particularly strong irritant to the tramp nerves was the villadom of a small town such as Watford in the dulness of a Sunday afternoon, intensified by the miserable attempt of a young person to introduce liveliness into the home by strumming a lugubrious hymn tune on a worn-out piano. It is perhaps well that no records survive of the unholy scoffings which this kind of thing evoked. Our chief himself was prompted to a less blasphemous kind of observation by this re-appearance of bricks and mortar. After describing the gradual changes of the scene as on one occasion we approached the suburbs of London on foot, he adds :

> We begin to ask the inevitable questions—What creatures inhabit these multitudinous cells of the metropolitan tissue? What do they read or think? How do they amuse themselves? What are their ways of life in general? . . .

My mind is too disorganised to wrestle with our professor's theory of progress, but I fancy there must be a weakness in it somewhere.

For the rest, our talk would play about our special London interests. Our chief would set us an example, when one or two of us were so fortunate as to get exclusive possession of him for a mile or two. He would then entertain us with many a curious chip from his workshop, amusing experiences with young poets of both sexes whose panting aspirations after fame were not easily restrained by the practical necessities of the editorial chair, and by-products of his wide ransackings of documents in his work for the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' He would sometimes talk with another paterfamilias of his children, in which case child-psychology would be forgotten in the delight of trying to cap one another's good stories. Other matches would be played by our lawyers, each seeking to outdo the others in the citation of some bit of judicial wit; others, again, by our scribblers, each trying to contribute the best example of the natural depravity of publishers. Our chief, by the way, who had his own reasons for not thinking ill of these last, brought out a special little sniff of contempt when this game of vituperation was indulged in.

Sometimes there happened something which kept us more than ordinarily silent. The death of our faithful guardian, our chief's collie, due to poisoning, cast a gloom over our walk. He could not speak of his lost companion, though he alludes to him in the chronicle, calling him his 'dear old friend,' and remarking that he himself feels partly canine from whom 'nothing canine can be entirely alien.'

Then there was the death of our host and our chief's revered teacher, Charles Darwin (April 1882). We spoke of him in low tones, and our chief told us of the grief which his dog showed after the death. It was probably about this time that he told a good story of an old privileged servant of the Darwin family who on one occasion, when Darwin was ailing, went to her mistress and, after apologising for her boldness, ventured to suggest that her master would be better if he would only do something. She had noticed that he often stood a long time doing nothing in the garden, looking at the flowers. Our chief's reverent sorrow expressed itself in a letter to a fellow-tramp, in which, after speaking of the proposed burial in Westminster Abbey, he writes: 'To me it would seem more congenial to bury the dear old man in that quiet little churchyard close to the house in which he lived and worked so long.

Another event which cast the silence of gloom on our tramps was the Phœnix Park murders, which occurred in the month following that of Darwin's death. Our first knowledge of the tragedy came from the big print in the bulletin of the 'Observer,' which met our eye as we gathered in the morning at the railway station.

Our hundredth tramp was duly celebrated by a dinner at Box Hill, when, of course, there was an unusually good muster. The wayfarings were carried on for fifteen years (till 1895). Like other human institutions they illustrate our chief's favourite theory of evolution. Our company increased in numbers and concurrently in vigour as the unfit were gradually eliminated. In this way we reached the stage of highest tramp efficiency. Later on the doings of so singular a body naturally came to be talked about in certain London drawing-rooms, and the austere virtue of the tramp seemed to me menaced. Yet this letting in of the garish light on our humble ramblings was not allowed by our vigilant chief to weaken us by making us fashionable. Nor was our decline and fall due to the advent of the more alluring though less sociable recreations of the golfer and the cyclist, though these, as Professor Maitland suggests, may have hastened the end after decline had begun. The process of dissolution, which, alas! must overtake a body of tramps like other organisms, dates from the decline of our chief's health. This led him to resign the office of chief guide in 1891, after which date he only joined the tramps occasionally. His new habit of bringing with him a specially prepared lunch pathetically revealed the weakening of the splendid powers. His last attendance was in 1894, though for some years after this he would arrange a gentle walk with a single tramp, giving to the privileged member later and more golden recollections, as of the sunset hour. Some of these informal walks I can recall, quiet strolls favourable to a flow of friendly converse, over his beloved Surrey meads and elsewhere. Before his retirement, too, there were walks along his no less beloved Cornish coast. In one of these, after a storm, a fellow-tramp, his brilliant nephew, J. K. S., of whom he was particularly fond, was with us, and I can recall how he half-amused, half-angered his uncle by climbing to the apex of a huge rock over which the waves were washing. A brave attempt was made to carry on the walks in the chief's absence, but those who made them would, I feel sure, agree with me that it was destined to be a short-lived experiment. It was hardly less vain, indeed, than the

attempt would have been to carry on the Round Table without Arthur. Not only was he an ideal chief in his passion for tramping, in his ingenuity as explorer, and in his talent for organisation, he was in a rare sense a lovable man to those who knew him. It was through our affection for him that, like more than one great teacher, he infected us with some of his enthusiasm and made us shrink from disappointing his hopes of us.

One may easily sum up the chief benefits of the tramps. The physical effects were, on the whole, salutary and bracing, though there were certainly risks in the long cold journey which suburban members had to face at the end of their exertions. More than one of us would say that they helped to keep us up to the level of working efficiency during the busiest years of our life. No less important than the exercise was the refreshing influence of a whole day's absence from the gloomy surroundings of our London workshop. It was something to get to know the wealth of natural beauty which still lies round about our murky city. Yet the chief gain which we reaped from these days in the country, notwithstanding the limitations of our conversation, was a social one. Perhaps one day a psychologist may explain how it comes about that in London men who have known one another for years, and address one another as friend, so rarely get a grip of one another's real hidden self. Is it the effect of some mysterious electric tension in the atmosphere—the social if not the physical atmosphere? Whatever the reason, it has been found that a few days together in the country will bring London friends closer together in understanding and sympathy than years of town life have succeeded in doing. Our walks with Stephen were invaluable exercises of the fraternal spirit.

A member of his goodly fellowship is not the person to offer a cool dispassionate opinion on the chances of a revival of the walking club. He will necessarily lean to incredulity. He may, however, point out that should there appear another chief as well qualified as was Leslie Stephen he would have a new obstacle to deal with in the possession of the road by its new lords. These he would have to circumvent either by keeping more strictly than his predecessor to lanes and footpaths, or by venturing to take out his flock only when there was a prospect of weather sufficiently foul to keep their wheeling lordships at home.

LOVE AND A BEE.

THE Rector of Biddicombe was almost universally loved, for, though he had done many unwise things in his life, he had never done an unkind one. Even the Baptists criticised him genially, and the Wesleyan minister regarded him as a personal friend. But everybody, Churchman and Nonconformist alike, was forced to admit that he was becoming alarmingly absent-minded. The younger of his parishioners put it down to old age, for the Reverend Charles Lester was nearing his sixtieth year; others ascribed it to his growing addiction to the pursuit of natural history in general, and wild bees in particular, which occupied his mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts; and all were agreed that it was a great pity that he had never married Miss Mary Honeypot, his late wife's oldest and dearest friend. Indeed, why these two persons had *not* been joined together in holy matrimony was the great unsolved mystery of Biddicombe. For years they had called each other by their Christian names; they saw each other almost daily; they shared each other's troubles and chrysanthemums; and, whenever the Rector dined out, he was sure to find Miss Honeypot seated next to him. In spite, however, of so many reasons to the contrary, the fact remained that they were *not* married, and ladies who claimed to be in the confidence of Miss Honeypot declared that the Rector had never even proposed.

For ten years Biddicombe had looked on in a state of constant expectancy, but it was generally felt that a time had now come when something more vigorous than mere expectancy was required. For the Rector's absence of mind was fast assuming proportions which made a Rectoress almost a local necessity. That Mr. Lester should appear in the pulpit with his pince-nez on in front of his spectacles did not seriously matter, though it made the school-children giggle; that, after kissing Mrs. Smith's baby, he should proceed to kiss her grandfather who was dozing in the easy chair, and afterwards habitually speak of the infant Smith as twins, though annoying to parental pride, was not a matter of public concern; but, when he took to confusing the days of the week, and was discovered one Sunday morning hunting for wild bees on Biddicombe Heath

when he should have been preaching in the parish church, everybody felt that something had to be done.

'I have given the matter my best thought,' said Mr. Trevenyon to a select body of the most influential people who had met privately to discuss the situation—as the representative of an ancient family, he naturally took the lead in local concerns—'I have given the matter my best thought, and I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to write to General Lester; in fact, I may say that I have already done so.'

News spreads quickly in places where it is scarce, and in four-and-twenty hours almost everybody in Biddicombe, except Miss Honeypot and the Rector, knew that Mr. Trevenyon had written to the General. The post-mistress said that, judging by the weight of it, the letter must have been a long one.

The General, who was something at the War Office—Biddicombe did not exactly know what—was the Rector's junior by some four or five years; but, being endowed with those practical qualities which were conspicuously absent in his brother, he had early acquired a pretty complete ascendency over him. On receipt of Mr. Trevenyon's letter he had taken the earliest opportunity which his duties afforded him of rushing down to Biddicombe, and, after a long interview with Mr. Trevenyon, he had definitely adopted the local solution of the problem.

The brothers were seated opposite each other after dinner, in the study; the General was smoking a cigar of the strongest brand; the Rector puffed thoughtfully at an old and cherished briar: both had a grave communication to make, both reflected for a while, and both began speaking at the same moment and in almost identical terms.

'Charles,'—'John, I have something important to tell you.'

The General raised his eyebrows in hopeful surprise.

'Then perhaps you had better begin,' he said; 'it may save me an awkward quarter of an hour.'

'I think,' began the Rector, speaking with evident emotion, 'nay, I am practically certain, that I have discovered a new bee!'

The General gave an impatient stamp. 'Oh, hang it,' he said testily, 'if it's only a bee, I shall have to do my talking after all. Now, it's really a serious business, Charles, and I want you to listen carefully.'

'When have I ever listened otherwise,' said the Rector, 'to the kindest and wisest of mentors?'

Well, I want you not only to listen but to attend, you know,' continued the General, flipping the ash from his cigar into the fender. 'It's this way—that is to say, it's rather awkward, but I had better take the bull by the horns, I suppose—the fact is that you have known Mary Honeypot a longish time, and like her pretty well, eh?'

'Poor dear Mary,' said the Rector sadly (he always spoke of her as 'poor Mary,' though nobody could say why), 'the sweetest and kindest soul. Nobody knows what she was to me in the time of my trouble.' There was a pause, during which the General puffed in sympathetic silence at his cigar. Then the Rector continued more cheerfully: 'The first time I saw her, she was perched on the calyx of a ranunculus—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.'

The General's eyes were round with astonishment; for a moment he thought that his brother was mad. 'You saw her,' he gasped, 'perched on the thingamyjig of a ranunculus?'

'Yes,' continued the Rector. 'You know how diffident I am; for a moment I thought that she was just an abnormal specimen of the Prosopis—a throw-back, perchance, to some earlier and more primitive type; but when I drew softly closer and noted the markings on her comely back, the unusual striation——'

'Why, hang it!' cried the General, whose face had suddenly cleared, 'I believe you are back again at your beastly bee! Now *do* drop your striations and listen to me.'

Slowly and with great difficulty, he forced his brother to comprehend the meaning and the wisdom of his plan; he drew a lurid picture of the false position in which Miss Honeypot had been placed by the Rector's marked preference; he even hinted darkly at scandalous gossip. After a twenty minutes' speech, in which there was much iteration and a good deal of aposiopesis, he paused and wiped his forehead.

The Rector was deeply shocked and a good deal flustered. The idea of marrying Mary Honeypot had never so much as entered his head, but when it *had* once gained admittance there, it did not produce any particularly painful perturbation.

'Very well,' he said submissively. 'I have often taken your advice before, John, and I have always found it for the best. Perhaps things might be arranged in the way you desire—that is, of course, if Mary really wishes it, for she shall not be bullied; I will not have my poor Mary bullied.'

'Pooh!' exclaimed the General, 'who's going to bully her? It's you that will have to do the asking, not I.'

'True,' said his brother, 'true. I had forgotten. And now let me tell you about my bee.'

. . . . . .

The General was a man of prompt action; moreover, his time at Biddicombe was short. He gave his brother a night to think matters over, and, punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning, after a military inspection of his apparel, he despatched him on his fateful mission to 'The Laurels.' Then he sat down in the study to write letters and await the issue of events. Twelve o'clock struck on the old clock in the hall without disturbing his equanimity, but, when the lunch bell rang and still there was no news, he strode impatiently into the garden to see if the lover were anywhere in sight. As he turned the bend by the rhododendrons, he saw the Rector coming up the drive at a round pace and with a flushed and excited face.

'Well,' said the General, as soon as his brother was within comfortable speaking distance, 'have you had a successful interview?'

'Have I, indeed!' replied the Rector with unusual animation. 'An hour's *tête-à-tête*, John, that seemed to me like a minute, and which has confirmed all my wildest hopes!'

The General put his arm affectionately through his brother's. 'Well, old man,' he said, 'in that case, I don't think I need ask you what she said.'

'She said,' replied the Rector, smiling delightedly, 'as she always says to the intruder, "stay where you are, bold man, and be content to worship at a distance; come but a foot nearer, and I am off."'

The General withdrew his arm and planted himself in front of his brother in the middle of the drive.

'She said that to *you*?' he gasped.

'Ay,' replied the Rector with increasing excitement, 'and the threat was no idle one. But, John, I was not to be baulked; I ran, as I have not run since I was a boy; I chased her from the garden to the fields, and from the fields on to the heath, and there at last I came up with her.'

The General could only repeat feebly, 'You chased Mary Honeypot on to Biddicombe Heath?'

It was the Rector's turn to look perplexed.

'John,' he murmured, 'surely, surely, you know that I am speaking of my bee, my unnamed and unnameable bee.'

'Then I don't believe,' said his brother, 'that you have been to "The Laurels" at all.'

The Rector looked round helplessly for a moment, and coloured with confusion.

'I fear,' he said, 'I much fear that you are right, John, and that I have somehow omitted to see Mary altogether. Now how can it have happened? Let me remember. I came upon her among the lavender, as I was leaving the garden, and I fear that the excitement of the chase must have put all else out of my head. You don't know what it is to be a naturalist, John.'

The General bit his lips and swore softly to himself, but he made no audible comment; he even listened patiently during lunch to a long and detailed account of the adventures of the morning, feeling sure that, until he had unburdened his mind of this engrossing topic, his brother would be incapable of paying attention to anything else. But when the meal was finished, he led the truant into the study and sat him down at the writing table.

'Now, Charles,' he said firmly, 'this business has got to be settled by letter. Write what you have to write, and add that at five o'clock you will call in person for an answer.'

'I suppose,' pleaded the Rector timidly, 'that it could not wait for another four-and-twenty hours? I know her haunts now, and she is busy to-day among the flowers. I may never have such another chance, for who can say what to-morrow may bring forth!'

'No,' replied his brother, 'it can't wait. I have to be off the first thing to-morrow morning, and what is to be done must be done quickly.'

'To be sure, to be sure,' said the Rector resignedly, and, dipping a pen into the ink-pot, he applied himself to his task.

'And now,' said the General, when the letter was written, 'read it through again carefully and see that you haven't slipped in anything about that infernal—about that new kind of bee. . . . You are sure? . . Very good: then put it in an envelope and give it to me. I am going to take it myself, and at five I shall deliver you at the same address. Till then you will sit here under observation.'

Even if she had not seen the General's portly form, as he retreated guiltily from 'The Laurels,' Miss Honeypot would have suspected his handiwork in the letter that lay on her lap as, with

dimmed eyes, she sat in the trim little drawing-room that looked out on to the trim little lawn. But the suspicion did not in any way influence her decision. From childhood upwards she had had a feeling of warm affection for the Rector of Biddicombe. She loved him for the gentleness and transparent simplicity of his character and for his unconscious dependence on herself. At one time, perhaps, she had experienced a little pang of disappointment, when her school-friend and not herself was chosen to share his life; but that feeling had long passed away, and she was content that the one romance of her life should remain an unfinished idyll.

Of late, however, a touch of pity had mingled with her affection. She saw, as others saw, that the Rector needed somebody more constantly at his side than she could be, and she suspected that, if she did not herself step into the breach, another would be found to fill it; for Biddicombe, she knew, had determined to marry its Rector, and Charles was too guileless to resist a concerted attack. It cost her something to leave her little house and her daily round of innocent occupations, for old maids cling quite as tenaciously as old bachelors to their habits and their surroundings; but she could not bear to think of Charles being tended in his old age by anybody who loved him less or understood him less than herself. So she never hesitated as to what her answer must be; only, she was considerably fluttered when the clock struck five and the front door bell rang.

The Rector, however, entered the room with his usual grave and tranquil smile, and, seating himself beside Miss Honeypot, he took her hand in his, as he had often done before at solemn crises of their lives.

It was characteristic of him that any idea which had not originated in his own brain held a very precarious and uncertain footing there. It was equally characteristic that he viewed all the solemn events of life more as they concerned others than as they affected himself. As he stepped into the little drawing-room, the thought that dominated all others in his mind was that Mary was going to be married; his own part in the transaction was hardly present to his active consciousness at all.

'Well, my dear,' he began rather sadly, 'so you are going to be married after all?'

To most people this method of making love would have been disconcerting; but Mary Honeypot only smiled through her tears.

'Yes, Charles,' she said, 'I believe I am—I am going to be married after all!'

'And you have thought about it?' continued the Rector. 'It is your own wish? They haven't been putting pressure upon you, Mary?'

'No,' said Miss Honeypot simply, 'it is my own free choice, and I ought to be—I am, a very happy woman.'

There was a pause of several minutes, and then the Rector continued in the same sad strain.

'It will be a great change for you, Mary—a very great change. I hope you have weighed it well. To me, my married life was an unmixed blessing, an unmixed blessing. No one knows that better than you do, Mary. But it is not always so, my dear. Some wives—some husbands——'

He paused, and Miss Honeypot, who was feeling rather bewildered, waited for him to develop his idea. Instead, however, of doing that, he started on a fresh train of thought.

'I am afraid,' he said hesitatingly, 'that it must, almost inevitably, alter our relations to one another. We have been very much to each other, Mary; more perhaps than we—than I—realised till to-day. Your husband—and remember I am not saying a word against him, God forbid!—but your husband will certainly claim a good deal of your time, and, perhaps, might not like——'

He stopped, his natural delicacy of feeling making speech difficult, while Miss Honeypot exclaimed:

'But since *you* are to be my husband, Charles! . . .'

'True, true,' said the Rector quickly, and with a perceptible start, 'as you say, that makes a difference.' Then, pressing his companion's hand affectionately, he added, 'and if I did not do the best that in me lies to make you happy, Mary, I should be the meanest of all God's creatures.'

An hour afterwards the Rector found his brother walking impatiently in the garden, and, ignoring his questions, led him thoughtfully into the orchard. There, standing by the rustic bench which had been his dead wife's favourite resting place, he said, simply and quietly:

'I am very glad to have found you, John, as I have something to communicate which will perhaps surprise you. I have just come from "The Laurels," where a strange and very blessed thing has happened. Poor dear Mary has proposed to me, and I have accepted her. I hope you will not disapprove.'

G. F. Bradby.

THE WAR-JOURNALS OF 'GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.'

JOHN WHITEHEAD PEARD, better known as 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' has left, on the Continent at least, a reputation which is to some extent legendary. But there exist materials for the detailed reconstruction of all that he saw and did under Garibaldi during the campaign of the Alps in 1859, and the campaign of Sicily and Naples in 1860. These materials are nothing less than his own contemporary journals, of which there are two equally authentic versions. The first is a little black pocket-book which he carried through both the campaigns, and filled up in a small and elegant hand, noting down, whenever opportunity occurred, all that he had seen and done since the last entry. (In this pocket-book, by the way, he did not keep, as legend represents him keeping, a list of all the Austrians or Neapolitans whom he had picked off with his famous rifle; but legend is so far right that he took the field with a pocket-book.) Secondly there is a yet more extensive narrative dealing with the campaign of 1859, but not with that of 1860; this narrative of the campaign in the Alps is to all intents and purposes a journal, based on the entries in the pocket-book, and on other recollections not noted there; it appears to have been written by Peard in Italy, between the campaigns of 1859 and 1860.

Readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE (August 1903) will remember Miss Frances Peard's account of her uncle, which was based on these manuscripts. They will perhaps now be interested to read some passages from the manuscripts themselves.

Garibaldi's troops in 1859 (the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*) consisted of three regiments of volunteers, each about 1000 strong; they were dressed in a Piedmontese uniform, for not even Garibaldi wore the red shirt in the official war of Cavour and Napoleon III against the Austrians. By the side of Garibaldi's *Cacciatori*, though not exactly in their ranks, Peard himself fought as an unattached 'gentleman adventurer,' as our forefathers would have called him.

In spite of Cavour's efforts on behalf of the Garibaldians, whose political and military value he thoroughly appreciated, the more jealous war-office succeeded in its object of sending the volunteers

to war without artillery, without a commissariat, and without serviceable firearms. For the bulk of Garibaldi's troops the bayonet was the only effective weapon in their hands. The impression made on the Englishman by his fellow soldiers, when he joined them at Casale, was favourable from the first.

'A great number, among whom were the Genovese,[1] were quartered in a large church which was undergoing repair. They had plenty of fresh straw to lie on, but unfortunately the rubbish had not been swept away and the dust that arose was anything but agreeable. 'Twas a curious scene, the interior of that church, and as the night fell, worthy of the pencil of a Salvator. Here and there large fires on the floor were surrounded by groups enjoying the warmth *in esse* and the anticipation of their suppers *in futuro*. Raised on a few bricks or pieces of stone the camp kettles were singing and sputtering, giving out odours worthy of better material than the tough ration beef that was to form the basis of the evening meal. . . . Candles are hung against the walls; by their light some are busily employed cleaning their arms, others are lying in groups, half buried in the straw, sleeping as soundly, perhaps more so, than on beds of down. Others are seated round a blazing pile of wood, singing either the popular ballads of the country or the wild airs and choruses of the camp, whilst the canteens pass quickly from hand to hand. In another part will be a crowd collected round one who will recite Tasso or Ariosto to the intense delight of his audience. Others again are keeping their auditors in a roar of laughter with their humour. Among the Genovese was one (I never knew his name; he was always called Rosso, like William II, from the colour of his hair) who had most of the tragedies of Alfieri by heart and who beguiled many an hour during the campaign by his recitations.'

Peard, who seems to have taken and given no orders during this campaign, was at first disposed to take the field in mufti, but his friends among the officers, some of whom 'spoke good English,' dissuaded him, Medici in particular exposing the dangers of such a course. He, therefore, appeared in his captain's uniform of the Duke of Cornwall's Rangers—'but without the cross belt' ('Journal,' May 6).

During the first weeks of the war of 1859 Garibaldi and his men were under the command of the Piedmontese generals in the valley of the Po. The Austrians should have attacked before the

[1] The Genoese *carabinieri*, at first about fifty strong, alone were armed with good rifles, their private property. They were the *corps d'élite* and skirmishers of the little army; crack-shots all.—G. M. T.

French arrived, but they did not, partly perhaps on account of the heavy and continual rains.

'Marched,' writes Peard on May 12, 'through a muddy and partially flooded road to S. Germano. To get on to it from the fields near the railroad we had to cross a rapid stream, our bridge the trunk of a tree thrown across. It seemed to afford much fun to the men to see the others pass. I fancy from the shouts that some fell in, for it was slippery. My mettle was up by hearing them call attention to the *Inglese*, so I held up my head, and marched across as if on parade, though I expected every instant to slip off.'

The point of this incident will be missed by those who do not know that Peard, as his fellow-collegians have recorded, was 'of great stature and extraordinary muscular strength,' with 'the shoulders of a bull,' that he had weighed fourteen stone when as a boy of nineteen he had been the terror of the 'town' at Oxford, and that by 1859 he was certainly not less heavy, though his magnificent beard saved him from looking less handsome than of old. It would have been worth while to see the 'Duke of Cornwall's Ranger' march over that tree with the young Italians looking on in laughing admiration.

When the French arrived, the allies assumed the offensive against the Austrians, and Garibaldi was detached from the main army and sent north to the foot of the Alps, with a free hand to do what he could in the lake district with 3000 ill-armed but high-spirited youths, against well-furnished regular forces of about twice their number. Garibaldi was the detached left wing of the allied army, but he made himself also the advanced guard, by unexpectedly crossing the Ticino, where it issues from the Lago Maggiore, winning the victories of Varese, Malnate, and San Fermo, and so forcing his way into Como town. all between May 22 and 27. These brilliant successes are described as follows by Peard in the narrative based upon his pocket-book journal and his other recollections.

At Borgomanero, to the south-west of Lago Maggiore, the Garibaldini had, on May 22, no idea that their chief intended at once to lead them across the Ticino into Austrian territory, and into the midst of the Austrian armies.

'This morning the report of some heavy guns was heard in the direction of Novara, and speculation was afoot as to where we were going. An order was issued for all baggage to be left behind

[1] Viz. from the south, from the main armies in the valley of the Po.—G. M. T.

and for the men to carry nothing but what could be stowed in their haversacks. At 4 P.M. the assembly sounded. Just as the march was about to commence, one of those sudden thunderstorms came on which are so common along this part of Italy. Here again Garibaldi showed his thought for his men's health. Scarcely had the rain commenced when he galloped up and ordered them instantly to seek shelter till the *temporale* was over. He knew too, which we did not, the march that was before us that night, and that if any serious work was to be done the men would be more fit for it in dry clothes than if numbed in wet ones. . . . No storm ever stopped him when the service required that his troops should move. In about an hour the storm was over, the men fell in and we marched out of Borgomanero. One battalion under Major Cirioni was left behind to guard the baggage and bring up some mountain guns that the General had got hold of.[1] As we shook hands at parting, the Major whispered "Don't say anything about it, but you will be in Lombardy in the morning."

'Passing the crest of a hill about 7 o'clock we saw the Lago Maggiore at our feet. A cheer arose from the leading company, but the word was passed back for silence. In about half an hour we were halted at the entrance of the town of Arona. Here we remained till dusk. It began to get very chilly. Those who knew Arona could tell exactly where each regiment would be billetted, so many in the theatre, so many in such and such a church, &c. Others would say it was too bad of the Municipio not to have had all ready for our arrival. But all the wise ones were mistaken. The order was given *Avanti*, and instead of entering the town, we turned off sharp to the right and took the Strada Postale for Sesto Calende. There was no need to order *silentio*—every one felt something was to be done, though no one knew what. It was about 11 o'clock when the head of the column reached the turn of the road that leads to Sesto, about a quarter of a mile from the ferry. There was one of the Guidi, who stooped and whispered to the officer of the leading section, and we turned off by a road that apparently led directly inland towards Novara. The wise ones, again in whispers, said we were certainly going to make a night march on that place and fall on the rear of the Austrians. The clocks struck midnight as we passed through the streets of a small town and we entered the gates of what seemed a park. In the avenue it was dark as pitch; at length emerging from the trees a large villa was discovered close to us. Still we kept advancing *passo passo* and a small candle stuck on the ground showed a gap in the shrubs through which the men filed and immediately commenced a steep descent through stones and low bushes. Reaching

[1] They did not, however, arrive in time for the battles of Varese or San Fermo in the following days.—G. M T

the trees at the bottom of the slope something bright was seen through them. It was the Ticino.

'This move of Garibaldi's had been most ably planned and was most perfectly successful. He had sent on a confidential agent [1] who had a day or two before dropped down some of the large lake barges to Castelletto which is the name of the Borgo we passed at midnight. There they were moored below the grounds of the villa which stands on the high bank overlooking the river; no suspicion was excited. The troops were far off. I believe it was while they were still at Capriasco. Neither did any road lead down to the water at that point. Besides this, orders had been sent to the Municipio of Arona to be prepared with rations and billets for the men. This would be sure to be known to the enemy, who naturally watched that part of the lake opposite Arona where they might expect the passage to be attempted. No sooner did the leading company reach the bank than it was placed on board one of the barges, and as it pushed off another took its place. Not a sound was heard, those in the rear did not know that their comrades were crossing the river, only every few minutes there was a short move to the front. The Ticino here, it was about a mile below Sesto Calende, is deep, wide, and very rapid. The barges were worked up a short distance along the shore and then shot out into the stream, dropping down a considerable distance ere they reached the opposite bank. There the landing was conducted with the same silence as at the embarkation and each company as it was formed was marched towards the town. The moon rose whilst the passage was being made and showed the beauty of the scene. On the opposite shore the walls of the villa shone out white over the trees whilst the Ticino rushed along whirling and eddying in the foreground, the bright surface broken only by the huge black barges with their living freight.

All was repose and false security at Sesto. The small number of Austrians who were in the place were captured in their beds without a shot being fired. Occasionally, as we passed the streets, the head of some one who had been roused from sleep by the tramp of the soldiery would appear for a moment at a window, to be as quickly withdrawn. Day was just beginning to break as we got possession of the place. The people had gone to rest slaves and awoke free. . . . Some half dozen of us went into a cottage and asked the good woman to make us some coffee; she also produced eggs and bread and offered us their beds to get some rest. Afterwards in the afternoon when we left the cottage and asked for the charge we were told there was nothing to pay, that they were too happy to have been able to do anything for their liberators. This was not putting the money aside with one hand to take it with the

[1] Viz. Simonetta.—G. M. T.

other. They seemed to feel hurt when it was pressed, so we compromised it and salved our consciences by making some trifling presents to the children.

'At 4.30 P.M. the bugles sounded and at 5 o'clock we marched for Varese. Following first the road to Somma, after some couple of miles we turned off to the left through a highly cultivated country. Mounting a hill a magnificent view burst on us. Immediately below on the left was the lake of Comabbio, just beyond it that of Monate, and away in the distance peeping through the hills the bright waters of the Lago Maggiore. In front, the mountains from Varese to Gavirate and Laveno with the Lago di Varese at their base. Whilst immediately round us on the right rose steep hills clothed with forests of chestnut. Passing some villages and descending into the low grounds we passed the extensive buildings of a large factory. The people rushed from their work into the road and thronged the windows and we marched on amidst vehement shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi*," "*Viva l' Italia.*" A short halt in the meadows where the haymakers were busy, and the march was resumed. But by this time the scene began to change, the sun had set, and over the mountains of Varese the black clouds began to pack, sending out low growls of thunder. As the dark pall descended the mountain sides, the thunder became heavier and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other quicker. As we wound round the head of the lake I shall never forget the fire flies. The meadows were filled with them. They pitched on our clothes and merry was the laugh at seeing the bright spots checked in the bushy beard of some soldier. However, laughing was nearly at an end, for as the column ascended the hill to Varese, the rain began to fall in torrents. The lightning too was blinding. At one instant as dark as pitch, at the next, the whole scene was lighted as if by a full moon. I never recollect to have been out in such a terrific storm. It was eleven o'clock ere we entered Varese. There, though the rain was coming down in torrents and the thunder and lightning so terrific, the whole of the population seemed to be in the streets to welcome us, with bands of music and torches. The cheering rivalled the noise of the thunder; weary and drenched with rain every feeling of discomfort was lost in the excitement of the moment. Seeing a lady with her children under one of the Porticoes I ran over and asked to be directed to some inn. She at once sent her servant with me, and I was most thankful to get an excellent bed at the Leon d' Oro.'

This entry into Varese was on the night of May 23. On May 26 the town was attacked from the south-east by a superior force of Austrians under Urban, and the battle of Varese took place. The first part was a successful defence of the place, the second part

the pursuit of the Austrians and the dislodging of them from a strong position taken up by them behind Malnate. Both parts of the battle are well described by Peard. On the morning of the 26th he had just returned to Varese, tired and footsore, from a distant expedition.

'Innocent of what was preparing I went off at once to the Leon d' Oro to get my bed. Whilst waiting in the street for some one to come down and open the door, for no one was yet up in the house, I heard some musket shots. I asked a man who was passing what it was; he replied, only some men firing off their muskets in one of the *Caserme* preparatory to cleaning them. I had just reached my room, when the windows shook with the report of artillery. I knew that was not our doing, seeing we had no guns. In a few seconds I was in the street and *en route* towards the Como road, in which direction the firing was. The others were hastening in the same direction. As we approached the entrance of the town the shells began to fly over our heads, but they all burst harmlessly. I do not believe any one was hurt by them. During our absence at Besozzo the place had been put in a state of defence, a barricade had been erected, flanked by the last house, the windows of which and a short garden wall inside which a scaffold had been erected to enable men to fire over it if necessary, ran parallel with the road for some sixty paces. The rest of the wall facing the country had been loop-holed. On this side was a small plain not more than a mile in extent, covered with mulberry trees and at the time with high corn. On each side of the plain are low hills. Through the centre of this, which is like a huge arena of an amphitheatre, the Como road passes. Where it enters, on a rising ground, on one side are some extensive farm buildings, and a small church in a hollow on the other. The Austrian force consisted of five battalions of infantry, four guns and some Hulans. Calculating their strength by the usual numbers of 1200 to an Austrian battalion they were above 6000. Our force was the 2nd Regiment, with the Carabinieri and one company of the 1st Regiment, the remainder of that regiment being left in reserve in Varese. Almost the last shot their artillery gave us went through the wall of a villa close to the barricade. The Doctor was standing near and one of ours called to him, "Doctor, here is a wound past your skill." "Where, where?" said the Medico, rushing across, expecting to see one of the men on the ground. The hole in the villa was pointed out to him—at first he looked rather blank, but soon joined in the laugh that was raised at his expense.

'Overhead it was a lovely clear morning, but along the ground rose a blue smoke like mist which prevented our seeing any distance. The firing did not improve it at first, but as the sun got power it

passed off entirely. The enemy had advanced in the haze with their guns and some companies of infantry to within a hundred paces of our barricade, but our young soldiers did not approve of standing to be peppered, so accordingly they rushed on them with the bayonette and drove them back. The artillery limbered up their guns, and we saw no more of them for the day. Then our men were extended and advanced in skirmishing order, steadily driving in the enemy's riflemen. It took a good hour to clear the plain. The loss must have been considerable in this part of the day. They generally managed to carry off all the wounded and as many of the dead as possible, but they on this occasion left many dead in the corn, lying three and four together. In the road near the farm was one of their mounted officers. One of ours [1] was standing talking with an officer of the 1st, who called his attention and asked if he thought he could bring him down. "I don't know, but I will try" was the answer; the first shot missed, but the second dropped him. On reaching the farm the peasantry said he had been carried to the rear with his arm shattered, and also that a great many, both officers and men, were carried away wounded. Whilst we were advancing across the plain they kept up a tremendous fire upon us. Volleys of balls would every now and then cut through the mulberry trees, bringing down a shower of leaves like a frosty October morning. Then the rifle balls would by ones and twos give their shrill whistle as they passed. 'Tis a far from unpleasant sound that same whistle, for you know when you *hear* it that it is all right; the ball has passed you. As our men pressed forward the enemy retired, but disputing the ground tree by tree. After we got past the farm the company halted to wait for the arrival of the rest of the column. Garibaldi rode up with his staff, with his usual good-humoured smile he said, "Carabinieri, I am sorry you are kept without your breakfasts, you know it is not my fault; however, we must go on a little and see what has become of our friends, 'twould be uncivil not to see them a little further on their road after coming so far to visit us." "*Viva Garibaldi, viva Italia*" arose from one and all, "never mind the breakfast, General, we will go as far as you like." "*Grazie, grazie, amici miei.*"

'From the farm above mentioned the road descends for nearly a mile into a narrow valley, having on each side steep, thickly wooded hills. Winding round the base of one of them, it again ascends to a small village immediately beyond which is a plateau some half mile wide, covered as at Varese with mulberry trees and high corn. Then the road descends again into a narrow valley not 200 yards across, and crossing the stream which runs through it by a bridge, winds round a knoll and rises gradually to Malnate,

[1] Evidently Peard himself.—G. M. T.

a mile further on. On the Malnate side of this valley is, on the summit of the almost precipitous bank, the small village of S. Salvatore, to the right and left of which it is thickly covered with trees and shrubs, and the stream which runs at its foot is dammed back by a weir for the purposes of irrigation ; thus forming a wet ditch with pretty deep water, impassable above the weir. The narrow strip at the bottom of the valley, or perhaps we should more justly call it ravine, was covered with long grass, just ready to be cut for hay. The rear guard of the Austrian column was found in position on this ground, posted among the trees and houses completely commanding the road and bridge over the stream. The main body were seen ascending the hill to Malnate.

No sooner did our leading company appear on the edge of the plateau opposite S. Salvatore than the enemy opened a hot fire upon them. The Carabinieri were instantly extended on the right of the road along the edge of the ravine on our side, and on the left, which was immediately in front of the enemy's position, two companies of the second regiment with the company of the 1st on their left. Tremendous was the shower of balls from the enemy's rifles, but our men kept gradually creeping up, taking advantage of every tree, and keeping up a smart fire. The company on the left, advancing where the banks approached each other, would in a few moments have overlapped the enemy's right, when we saw them begin to give way. In a moment there was a rush down the steep on our side and across the meadow to the weir. There the bank was so steep that ours were obliged to take advantage of the shrubs to haul themselves up, and before they could reach the summit the enemy were gone. At 9.30 we were in possession of the village. They left a few dead behind them, but carried off all their wounded but one, forty-five in number, so the peasantry told us. Now we felt painfully our want of some light cavalry. The men could do no more ; we had been engaged since four o'clock, five and a half hours, and the Carabinieri, who alone had arms of long range, had been on foot from 2 A.M. on the previous day. It was useless to continue the pursuit, so after waiting a short time at S. Salvatore they were ordered to rejoin the main body.

Our victory put the troops in high spirits. Not only had we beaten back a large body of the enemy, outnumbering us more than five to one, and that through a country that was capable of being held by a small against a larger force, but it had shown that our young soldiers were steady under a heavy fire. The moral effect produced on our side was as favourable as it was discouraging on the other. Our men had been, scarcely any of them, more than two months enrolled, for be it remembered the corps of the Cacciatori delle Alpi was only commenced to be formed in the early part

of March, and yet they had not only stood against, but beaten the trained soldiers of Austria. It is true our troops had an incitement to exertion, possessed by few others, happily. They were volunteers, fighting for the independence of their country, and to rid it of a hateful foreign yoke. Besides, few among them but had suffered either in their own persons, or of those who were dear to them, from the barbarities and tyranny of the Austrians. Thus in the breast of every man there was a personal feeling of vengeance and deadly hate which could not be found amongst those who compose the ranks of ordinary armies.

'Our loss was not so great as might have been expected. I know not what was the loss on the enemy's side, but they took back into Como forty-three waggons loaded with wounded, besides those that were sent off by rail. By 1 P.M. the corps had re-entered Varese in triumph.'[1]

Next day the victorious Garibaldini pushed forward from Varese to Como, forcing the passage of the mountains in a series of actions, generally known as the battle of S. Fermo. The following is Peard's account of that famous day and night.

'Early in the morning of May 27, Garibaldi led his troops from Varese. The march across the battle-field of the previous day, the scene of their first encounter and first victory over the enemy, served to raise high the spirits of the men. They had to lament the loss of but few of their comrades. Ten only had been killed. One only I believe died of his wounds in the hospital, but that was some days later. Poor Rollero, he was the life of his company, the Carabinieri. With a fine voice he sang remarkably well, and was a general favourite. There was a halt at Malnate. Here we got intelligence of the enemy. After the rout of their rear-guard on the previous day they had remained but a short time in the town, and then proceeded on their way to Como, apparently much dispirited. Leaving the post road, which leads to Como by Camerlata, the troops turned off to the left, at the little village of Solbiate, and took that which leads by Paré, over the heights of S. Fermo, to that city. Reaching Paré we began to think it was hopeless to expect any fighting that day, for it was a position that it seemed impossible the enemy should not have occupied. The road passes through a small narrow plain. In front and on the right are low

[1] The *Note-book* gives the following incident of the return to Varese. 'I fell in with the body who were preparing to return, and the staff. Garibaldi came up to me and asked if I was wounded. I said, "only the skin walked off my feet." "Then we must mount you," said he, "if you will do me the favour to let me lend you a horse." He desired an A.D.C. to let me have one. "There, that grey is for you." I got on his back.'

wooded hills, with farms and villas surrounded by enclosures; on the left the ground falls abruptly, and a magnificent view is obtained of the Swiss mountains round the Lago di Lugano.

'Two or three companies of resolute riflemen might have held the position against almost any numbers that could be brought against them. Shortly after passing the village, the troops were halted whilst the country in front was felt. The Carabinieri were extended and moved to occupy the high ground on our left, whilst some companies were advanced on the road leading to the church of S. Fermo. This church, with some cottages, is placed on an abrupt bank facing the road from the westward, and is surrounded by large trees. The road, which leads for some way between high walls, suddenly making a turn to the left and then again to the right, advances for about a hundred yards straight to the church. Here the Austrians were posted in force. The position was well chosen. Two roads branch off directly in the rear of their position, one descending to Como, the other leading through thick olive groves to Camerlata. It was just four o'clock when they opened their fire, and for nearly an hour it was kept up hotly on both sides. Their rifles flashed from every window of the church and tower, and from behind the walls. At length our Carabinieri were gradually overlapping their right by the heights and olive grounds, and those in the road, being formed under the cover of the garden walls, made a rush with bayonets fixed up the road in the front. Their fire told on our men with dreadful precision, and before the short distance was passed many fell. All the officers of the leading company were down. Poor Christophoris, the captain, only survived about twenty minutes. He died just after he had been carried to the temporary hospital that was established in a villa close in the rear, attended in his last moments by his brother, who was on the medical staff. A more gallant soldier or truer friend was not in the corps. Pedotti, the Tenente, was shot dead; he lay on the road where he fell, with his sword still grasped firmly in his hand. The Sotto Tenente[1] was carried off, badly wounded. Of the men, though few were killed, numbers were lying wounded. One young man—he did not seem above eighteen or nineteen—was shot through the foot; he sat by the roadside tying a handkerchief round the wound, from which the blood was streaming. An officer passing stopped and spoke to him. "I am not so badly hurt," said the gallant fellow, "but that in a few minutes I hope to get another shot at the Briganti."

'But the Austrians did not wait after this charge. They fled from their position. Had they remained, in another five minutes every soul of them would have been killed or made prisoners. Ours chased them, but only succeeded in capturing a very few. Several

[1] Viz. Guerzoni, afterwards Garibaldi's principal biographer.—G. M. T.

companies were immediately advanced to take possession of the ridge on the front and right, which overhangs Como, and extends from that place on the west up to Camerlata. Others to the heights on our left which look down on the city and lake; with one company in advance on the main road leading down to Como, where they occupied an *osteria* with a terrace and low wall in front. By this road a strong column of the enemy retired under the fire of our men on the left. Looking down from this part of the field the enemy's main body was seen in the Piazza d' Armi—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The distance must have been at least 1000 yards. Some few shot from the rifle were directed at them, and we were told in Como afterwards that three or four of them were wounded. Three of ours advanced through the vineyards, some distance in front of our own men, and got a good position from which they kept up a smart fire. It evidently galled the enemy, for they commenced, from the column that had retired by the main road, to fire at the spot occupied by those marksmen by platoons, but they lay down in a narrow path from which they could continue their fire, and fortunately remained unhurt. Two had exhausted their ammunition and returned for a fresh supply; the third[1] remained. After a short time, looking through the grass, he saw a strong body ascending the ravine, within some fifty paces of him, which led to the crest of the heights on the left of our position. Giving his shot into the middle of the column as a sort of parting salute, he fled as fast as possible, under a perfect storm of bullets, and hastened up to tell the General of the move.

'Garibaldi immediately reinforced those on the left. As the leading sub-division turned an angle in the narrow road, they fell in with the enemy, who had just reached the summit. They gave one volley, and then with their cry, "*Viva Garibaldi*," rushed on the Austrians with the bayonet. They fired hurriedly; the balls knocked up the gravel, but not one of ours was touched. The Austrian officer was among the swiftest of the racers, and the first who ran. One of the men picked up, and wore back afterwards in triumph, his shako, which had fallen off in his flight. At the head of the ravine they made a stand, under shelter of a wall, but a sergeant of ours called three or four to his side, and getting a good flanking position, the enemy soon resumed their flight, with ours upon them with the bayonet. That was a favourite arm with our men. The great majority had only the old pattern musket; with this almost now useless arm had they been sent by the War Minister to cope with the Austrian riflemen, many of them, too, the noted marksmen of the Tyrol. But whenever ours had a chance they added to their war cry "*Viva Italia*," "*Viva Garibaldi*," the words "*Bayonette in canna*," and then the enemy

[1] Peard himself, as the *Note-book* shows.—G. M. T.

might be sure mischief was meant. This was the last attempt the enemy made. For some time a steady fire was poured down on the ravine from the height above, and just as the sun had gone down, and it was beginning to get dusk, the whole of the troops on our left were collected and formed in the high road.

'After a short time Garibaldi rode to the front with his staff, with the peak of his cap pulled down close on his eyes, the only indication he ever gave of his thoughts being more intensely occupied than usual. It was as usual a barometer of his feelings, as the working of the stump of Nelson's arm. Slowly the whole body began to move. As we descended the wide road, darkness began to close in. Every one expected some hot work before we should be in Como, for they had seen the formidable column that occupied the Piazza d' Armi. As we got nearer what was naturally supposed would be the scene of a hand to hand struggle, the halts, though of only a few minutes' duration, became frequent. The men were careful in arranging the position of their canteens and anything that might make a noise. They seemed to step lighter than usual, for not a footfall was to be heard. The silence became almost painful. In this way the first of the houses of the suburb were reached. The inhabitants instantly, as the column advanced, showed lights at their windows. They began to cry "*Viva Garibaldi,*" but some one would run over immediately and beg them to remain silent. We were rapidly passing the suburb. Where were the Austrians whom we had seen in such strength an hour or two before in occupation of the place? The suburb is passed. At the entrance of the city [Como] is a dense mass of figures with torches. Lights rapidly appearing in all the windows, and instead of a storm of Austrian bullets the troops were met with a deafening shout, "*Viva Italia!*" "*Viva Garibaldi!*"

'The people were wild with delight. Men with torches marched on either side of his horse, and old and young rushed forward kissing his feet and clothes. Old men with tears streaming down their faces, and young girls threw their arms round our necks and saluted us as their deliverers. The uproar was immense. The sound of the bells which were ringing in all the *campanili*, and music of the bands, were drowned by the cheering of the crowds that were assembled in the large Piazza. Marshal Urban, with eight battalions, a battery of guns, and some squadrons of Hulans, had evacuated the city about an hour previous to our arrival. He had gone off towards Milan and Monza. So hurried was the Marshal's flight that he abandoned his military chest; stores of every sort, ambulances, &c., and forgetting to break the communication of the telegraph. His despatch to Milan, stating that he was attacked by overwhelming numbers and forced to retire, was received at the station in Como. If I remember rightly, he calculated the attack-

ing force at 15,000! about five times the amount of Garibaldi's numbers, had the whole of the corps been present. In the mean time our right wing, which, as has been mentioned, were advanced from S. Fermo to crown the heights on the west of Como towards Camerlata, had occupied that place, and were quartered in the houses and in the buildings attached to the railway station. In the suburb, too, of Como, on the Milan road, barricades were thrown up ready to receive the enemy, if, recovering from their panic, they should attempt a sudden attack.

'The reception given us by the Comascenes was most warm. In the cafés we were not allowed to pay for the slight refreshments we might order. It may sound a trivial affair to have a cup of coffee or an ice paid for, but the attention was genuine, and is not unusual amongst the Italians. It is not that your friend says, "I will pay for what you have had," but it is done without a word, and the only notice you get is that the waiter tells you "It is paid." The inhabitants pressed us to stay in their houses as long as we remained in Como, and it was difficult to decline their offers of kindness. In my own case, three families begged me to accept quarters in their houses, and the following morning, being obliged to have recourse to a tailor to repair my tunic, which had been badly torn, after some hours' work, he positively refused any remuneration. "Allow me," said he, "the pleasure of rendering this trifling assistance to one of our liberators." It is more by such acts than by grand *fêtes* that the true feelings of the people are shown.'

The repulse at Laveno is also described by Peard, but in a less interesting manner; at the surprise-battle of Tre Ponti, owing to his leisurely manner of following the army *en grand seigneur* when no engagement was expected, the gallant gentleman came too late for the serious fighting, and only describes how he had to ford a ditch, up to his waist in water, to avoid capture by a party of Austrians. But readers will by now know enough to be able to judge for themselves what elements of truth and falsehood are contained in Dumas' famous account of 'Sir' John Peard, which is good fun and good legend, though in a somewhat distant relation to the facts of history.

'Le lendemain eut lieu le combat de Varèse; Garibaldi lança ses tirailleurs en avant; mais, quelque hâte qu'ils eussent mise à attaquer l'ennemi, ils trouvèrent déjà sir John aux prises avec lui.

'Sir John, comme il l'avait dit, avait déclaré la guerre à l'Autriche et se battait pour son compte.

'Non-seulement il se battait pour son compte, mais encore il se battait à sa manière.

'Il était debout, sans perdre un pouce de sa grande taille, sans garantir un coin de son grand corps.

'Il ne s'inquiétait pas plus des balles et des boulets que si c'étaient des moustiques ou des abeilles.

'Il visait aussi tranquillement que s'il eût été à l'affût, lâchait son coup de fusil, posait sa carabine contre son pied, prenait son binocle mis au point, regardait pour voir l'effet de son coup, faisait un mouvement de tête négatif ou approbatif, selon qu'il était mécontent ou satisfait, rechargeait son fusil, visait de nouveau, faisait feu, reprenait son binocle, et témoignait de nouveau son mécontentement ou sa satisfaction.

'L'ennemi en fuite, Garibaldi, maître comme toujours du champ de bataille, sir John ne s'occupa plus que de chercher ses morts et ses blessés, qu'ils connaissait parfaitement, comme, en battue, le chasseur reconnaît les lièvres qu'il a tués roide ou blessés seulement.

'Ses morts et ses blessés reconnus, les uns et les autres portés sur son calepin, l'Anglais se mit à poursuivre les Autrichiens, et avec ses longues jambes eut bientôt rejoint les meilleurs marcheurs.

'Garibaldi le laissa tirailler ainsi deux ou trois fois à sa guise et sans avoir l'air de faire attention à lui. Mais, comme, avant tout, Garibaldi aime les braves, il s'arrêta, il alla droit à l'Anglais, et, au beau milieu du feu :

'— Sir John, lui dit-il, je vous fais mon compliment, vous êtes un brave.

'— Je le sais bien, dit l'Anglais.

'— Et, de plus, vous êtes mon ami.

'— Ah, ceci, dit sir John, je ne le savais pas, et je vous suis bien reconnaissant. . . . Mais pardon, il y a là un diable d'Autrichien qui me tire l'œil.

'Sir John porta sa carabine à son épaule, et l'Autrichien qui lui tirait l'œil, atteint en pleine poitrine, fit trois pas en avant et tomba sur le nez.

'Sir John prit son binocle, examina son Autrichien, fit un signe de satisfaction, et, se tournant vers le général :

'— Bonjour, général, dit-il en lui tendant la main ; votre santé est bonne aujourd'hui ?

'Depuis ce jour-là, on n'appelle plus sir John Williams (*sic*) Peard que *l'Anglais de Garibaldi*.'—DUMAS. *Causeries*, ii. 279–281.

But in fact Peard was not only humane towards the enemy, but modest with regard to his own achievements, as his journals amply show.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

AT LARGE.[1]

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

VII.

KELMSCOTT AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

I HAD been at Fairford that still, fresh, April morning, and had enjoyed the sunny little piazza, with its pretty characteristic varieties of pleasant stone-built houses, solid Georgian fronts interspersed with mullioned gables. But the church! That is a marvellous place; its massive lantern-tower, with solid, softly moulded outlines—for the sandy oolite admits little fineness of detail—all weathered to a beautiful orange-grey tint, has a mild dignity of its own. Inside it is a treasure of mediævalism. The screens, the woodwork, the monuments, all rich, dignified, and spacious. And the glass! Next to King's College Chapel, I suppose, it is the noblest series of windows in England, and the colour of it is incomparable. Azure and crimson, green and damask, yet all with a firm economy of effect, the robes of the saints set and imbedded in a fine intricacy of white tabernacle-work. As to the design, I hardly knew whether to smile or weep. The splendid, ugly faces of the saints, depicted, whether designedly or artlessly I cannot guess, as men of simple passions and homely experience, moved me greatly, so unlike the mild, polite, porcelain visages of even the best modern glass. But the windows are as thick with demons as a hive with bees; and oh! the irresponsible levity displayed in these merry, grotesque, long-nosed creatures, some flame-coloured and long-tailed, some green and scaly, some plated like the armadillo, all going about their merciless work with infinite gusto and glee! Here one picked at the white breast of a languid, tortured woman who lay bathed in flame; one with a glowing hook thrust a lamentable big-paunched wretch down into a bath of molten liquor; one with pleased intentness turned the handle of a churn, from the top of which protruded the head of a fair-haired boy, all distorted with pain and terror. What could have been in the mind of the designer of these hateful scenes? It is impossible to acquit him

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of a strong sense of the humorous. Did he believe that such things were actually in progress in some infernal cavern, seven times heated? I fear it may have been so. And what of the effect upon the minds of the village folk who saw them day by day? It would have depressed, one would think, an imaginative girl or boy into madness, to dream of such things as being countenanced by God for the heathen and the unbaptized, as well as for the cruel and sinful. If the vile work had been represented as being done by cloudy, sombre, relentless creatures, it would have been more tolerable. But these fantastic imps, as lively as grigs and full to the brim of wicked laughter, are certainly enjoying themselves with an extremity of delight of which no trace is to be seen in the mournful and heavily lined faces of the faithful. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* Perhaps the simple, coarse mental palates of the village folk were none the worse for this realistic treatment of sin. One wonders what the saintly and refined Keble, who spent many years of his life as his father's curate here, thought of it all. Probably his submissive and deferential mind accepted it as in some ecclesiastical sense symbolical of the merciless hatred of God for the desperate corruption of humanity. It gave me little pleasure to connect the personality of Keble with the place, patient, sweet-natured, mystical, serviceable as he was. It seems hard to breathe in the austere air of a mind like Keble's, where the wind of the spirit blows chill down the narrow path, fenced in by the high, uncompromising walls of ecclesiastical tradition on the one hand and stern Puritanism on the other. An artificial type, one is tempted to say!—and yet one ought never, I suppose, so to describe any flower that has blossomed fragrantly upon the human stock; any system that seems to extend a natural and instinctive appeal to certain definite classes of human temperament.

I sped pleasantly enough along the low, rich pastures, thick with hedgerow elms, to Lechlade, another pretty town with an infinite variety of habitations. Here again is a fine ancient church with a comely spire, 'a pretty pyramis of stone,' as the old Itinerary says, overlooking a charming gabled house, among walled and terraced gardens, with stone balls on the corner-posts and a quaint pavilion, the river running below; and so on to a bridge over the yet slender Thames, where the river water spouted clear and fragrant into a wide pool; and across the flat meadows, bright with kingcups, the spire of Lechlade towered over the clustered house-roofs to the west.

Then further still by a lonely ill-laid road. And thus, with a mind pleasantly attuned to beauty and a quickening pulse, I drew near to Kelmscott. The great alluvial flat, broadening on either hand, with low wooded heights, 'not ill-designed,' as Morris said, to the south. Then came a winding cross-track, and presently I drew near to a straggling village, every house of which had some charm and quality of style, with here and there a high gabled dovecot, and its wooden cupola, standing up among solid barns and stacks. Here was a tiny and inconspicuous church, with a small stone belfry; and then the road pushed on, to die away among the fields. But there, at the very end of the village, stood the house of which we were in search; and it was with a touch of awe, with a quickening heart, that I drew near to a place of such sweet and gracious memories, a place so dear to more than one of the heroes of art.

One comes to the goal of an artistic pilgrimage with a certain sacred terror; either the place is disappointing, or it is utterly unlike what one anticipates. I knew Kelmscott so well from Rossetti's letters, from Morris's own splendid and loving description, from pictures, from the tales of other pilgrims, that I felt I could not be disappointed; and I was not. It was not only just like what I had pictured it to be, but it had a delicate and natural grace of its own as well. The house was larger and more beautiful, the garden smaller and not less beautiful, than I had imagined. I had not thought it was so shy, so rustic a place. It is very difficult to get any clear view of the house. By the road are cottages, and a big building, half storehouse, half wheelwright's shop, to serve the homely needs of the farm. Through the open door one could see a bench with tools; and planks, staves, spokes, waggon-tilts, faggots, were all stacked in a pleasant confusion. Then came a walled kitchen-garden, with some big shrubs, bay and laurustinus, rising plumply within; beyond which the grey house, spread thin with plaster, held up its gables and chimneys over a stone-tiled roof. To the left, big barns and byres—a farm-man leading in a young bull with a pole at the nose-ring; beyond that, open fields, with a dyke and a flood-wall of earth, grown over with nettles, withered sedges in the watercourse, and elms in which the rooks were clamorously building. We met with the ready, simple Berkshire courtesy; we were referred to a gardener who was in charge. To speak with him, we walked round to the other side of the house, to an open space of grass, where the fowls picked merrily

and the old farm-lumber, broken coops, disused ploughs, lay comfortably about. 'How I love tidiness!' wrote Morris once. Yet I did not feel that he would have done other than love all this natural and simple litter of the busy farmstead.

Here the venerable house appeared more stately still. Through an open door in a wall we caught a sight of the old standards of an orchard, and borders with the spikes of spring-flowers pushing through the mould. The gardener was digging in the gravelly soil. He received us with a grave and kindly air; but when we asked if we could look into the house, he said, with a sturdy faithfulness, that his orders were that no one should see it, and continued his digging without heeding us further.

Somewhat abashed we retraced our steps; we got one glimpse of the fine indented front, with its shapely wings and projections. I should like to have seen the great parlour, and the tapestry-room with the story of Samson that bothered Rossetti so over his work. I should like to have seen the big oak bed, with its hangings embroidered with one of Morris's sweetest lyrics:

> The wind's on the wold,
> And the night is a-cold.

I should like to have seen the tapestry-room, and the room where Morris, who so frankly relished the healthy savour of meat and drink, ate his joyful meals, and the peacock yew-tree that he found in his days of failing strength too hard a task to clip. I should like to have seen all this, I say; and yet I am not sure that tables and chairs, upholsteries and pictures, would not have come in between me and the sacred spirit of the place.

So I turned to the church. Plain and homely as its exterior is, inside it is touched with the true mediæval spirit, like the 'old febel chapel' of the 'Mort d'Arthur.' Its bare walls, its half-obliterated frescoes, its sturdy pillars, gave it an ancient, simple air. But I did not, to my grief, see the grave of Morris, though I saw in fancy the coffin brought from Lechlade in the bright farm-waggon, on that day of pitiless rain. For there was going on in the churchyard the only thing I saw that day that seemed to me to strike a false note: a silly posing of village girls, self-conscious and overdressed, before the camera of a photographer—a playing at æsthetics, bringing into the village life a touch of unwholesome vanity and the vulgar affectation of the world. That is the ugly shadow of fame; it makes conventional people curious

about the details of a great man's life and surroundings, without initiating them into any sympathy with his ideals and motives. The price that the real worshippers pay for their inspiration is the slavering idolatry of the unintelligent; and I withdrew in a mournful wonder from the place, wishing I could set an invisible fence round the scene, a fence which none should pass but the few who had the secret and the key in their hearts.

And here, for the pleasure of copying the sweet words, let me transcribe a few sentences from Morris's own description of the house itself:

> A house that I love with a reasonable love, I think; for though my words may give you no idea of any special charm about it, yet I assure you that the charm is there; so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that lived on it: some thin thread of tradition, a half-anxious sense of the delight of meadow and acre and wood and river; a certain amount (not too much, let us hope) of common sense, a liking for making materials serve one's turn, and perhaps at bottom some little grain of sentiment—this, I think, was what went to the making of the old house.

And again:

> My feet moved along the road they knew. The raised way led us into a little field, bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the backwater. We crossed the road, and my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house. The garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whirring about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.
>
> O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done! The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!

The pure lyrical beauty of this passage makes one out of conceit with one's own clumsy sentences. But still, I will say how all that afternoon, among the quiet fields, with the white clouds rolling up over the lip of the wolds, I was haunted with the thought of that burly figure; the great head with its curly hair and beard; the eyes that seemed so guarded and unobservant, and that yet saw and noted every smallest detail; the big clumsy hands, apt for such delicacy of work; to see him in his rough blue suit, his

easy rolling gait, wandering about, stooping to look at the flowers in the beds, or glancing up at the sky, or sauntering off to fish in the stream, or writing swiftly in the parlour, or working at his loom; so bluff, so kindly, so blunt in address, so unaffected, loving all that he saw, the tide of full-blooded and restless life running so vigorously in his veins; or, further back, Rossetti, with his wide eyes, half-bright, half-languorous, pale, haunted with impossible dreams, pacing, rapt in feverish thought, through the lonely fields. The ghosts of heroes! And whether it was that my own memories and affections and visions stirred my brain, or that some tide of the spirit still sets from the undiscovered shores to the scenes of life and love, I know not, but the place seemed thronged with unseen presences and viewless mysteries of hope. Doubtless, loving as we do the precise forms of earthly beauty, the wide green pastures, the tender grace of age on gable and wall, the springing of sweet flowers, the clear gush of the stream, we are really in love with some deeper and holier thing; yet even about the symbols themselves there lingers a consecrating power; and that influence was present with me to-day, as I went homewards in the westering light, with the shadows of house and tree lengthening across the grass in the still afternoon.

Heroes, I said? Well, I will not here speak of Rossetti, though his impassioned heart and wayward dreams were made holy, I think, through suffering: he has purged his fault. But I cannot deny the name of hero to Morris. Let us put into words what was happening to him at the very time at which he had made this sweet place his home. He had already done as much in those early years as many men do in a lifetime. He had written great poems, he had loved and wedded, he had made abundant friends, his wealth was growing fast; he loved every detail of his work, designing, weaving, dyeing; he had a band of devoted workers and craftsmen under him. He could defy the world; he cared nothing at all for society or honours. He had magnificent vitality, a physique which afforded him every kind of wholesome momentary enjoyment.

In the middle of all this happy activity a cloud came over his mind, blotting out the sunshine. Partly, perhaps, private sorrows had something to do with it; partly, perhaps, a weakening of physical fibre, after a life of enormous productivity and restless energy, made itself felt. But these were only incidental causes. What began to weigh upon him was the thought of all the toiling

thousands of humanity, whose lives of labour precluded them from the enjoyment of all or nearly all of the beautiful things that were to him the very essence of life; and, what was worse still, he perceived that the very faculty of higher enjoyment was lacking, the instinct for beauty having been atrophied and almost eradicated by sad inheritance. He saw that not only did the workers not feel the joyful love of art and natural beauty, but that they could not have enjoyed such pleasures, even if they were to be brought near to them; and then came the further and darker thought, that modern art was, after all, a hollow and a soulless thing. He saw round him beautiful old houses like his own, old churches which spoke of a high natural instinct for fineness of form and detail. These things seemed to stand for a widespread and lively joy in simple beauty which seemed to have vanished out of the world. In ancient times it was natural to the old builders if they had, say, a barn to build, to make it strong and seemly and graceful; to buttress it with stone, to bestow care and thought upon coign and window-ledge and dripstone, to prop the roof on firm and shapely beams, and to cover it with honest stone tiles, each one of which had an individuality of its own. But now he saw that if people built naturally, they ran up flimsy walls of brick, tied them together with iron rods, and put a curved roof of galvanised iron on the top. It was bad enough that it should be built so, but what was worse still was that no one saw or heeded the difference; they thought the new style was more convenient, and the question of beauty never entered their minds at all. They remorselessly pulled down, or patched meanly and sordidly, the old work. And thus he began to feel that modern art was an essentially artificial thing, a luxury existing for a few leisurely people, and no longer based on a deep universal instinct. He thought that art was wounded to death by competition and hurry and vulgarity and materialism, and that it must die down altogether before a sweet natural product could arise from the stump.

Then, too, Morris was not an individualist; he cared, one may think, about things more than people. A friend of his once complained that, if he were to die, Morris would no doubt grieve for him and even miss him, but that it would make no gap in his life, nor interrupt his energy of work. He cared for movements, for classes, for groups of men, more than he cared for persons. And thus the idea came to him, in a mournful year of reflection, that it was not only a mistake, but of the nature of sin, to isolate himself

in a little Paradise of art of his own making, and to allow the great noisy, ugly, bewildered world to go on its way. It was a noble grief. The thought of the bare, uncheered, hopeless lives of the poor came to weigh on him like an obsession, and he began to turn over in his mind what he could do to unravel the knotted skein.

'I am rather in a discouraged mood,' he wrote on New Year's Day, 1880, 'and the whole thing seems almost too tangled to see through and too heavy to move.' And again:

> I have of late been somewhat melancholy (rather too strong a word, but I don't know another); not so much so as not to enjoy life in a way, but just so much as a man of middle age who has met with rubs (though less than his share of them) may sometimes be allowed to be. When one is just so much subdued one is apt to turn more specially from thinking of one's own affairs to more worthy matters; and my mind is very full of the great change which I hope is slowly coming over the world.

And so he plunged into Socialism. He gave up his poetry and much of his congenial work. He attended meetings and committees; he wrote leaflets and pamphlets; he lavished money; he took to giving lectures and addresses; he exposed himself to misunderstandings and insults. He spoke in rain at street corners to indifferent loungers; he pushed a little cart about the squares selling Socialist literature; he had collisions with the police; he was summoned before magistrates: the 'poetic upholsterer,' as he was called, became an object of bewildered contempt to friends and foes alike. The work was not congenial to him, but he did it well, developing infinite tolerance and good-humour, and even tactfulness, in his relations with other men. The exposure to the weather, the strain, the neglect of his own physical needs, brought on, undoubtedly, the illness of which he eventually died; and worst of all was the growing shadow of discouragement, which made him gradually aware that the times were not ripe, and that even if the people could seize the power they desired, they could not use it. He became aware that the worker's idea of rising in the social scale was not the idea of gaining security, leisure, independence, and love of honest work, but the hope of migrating to the middle class, and becoming a capitalist on a small scale. That was the last thing that Morris desired. Most of all he felt the charge of inconsistency that was dinned into his ears. It was held ridiculous that a wealthy capitalist and a large employer of labour, living, if not in luxury, at least in considerable stateliness, should

profess Socialistic ideas without attempting to disencumber himself of his wealth. He wrote in answer to a loving remonstrance :—

> You see, my dear, I can't help it. The ideas which have taken hold of me will not let me rest; nor can I see anything else worth thinking of. How can it be otherwise, when to me society, which to many seems an orderly arrangement for allowing decent people to get through their lives creditably and with some pleasure, seems mere cannibalism; nay, worse (for there ought to be hope in that), is grown so corrupt, so steeped in hypocrisy and lies, that one turns from one stratum of it to another with hopeless loathing. . . . Meantime, what a little ruffles me is this, that if I do a little fail in my duty some of my friends will praise me for failing instead of blaming me.

And then at last, after every sordid circumstance of intrigue and squabble and jealousy, one after another of the organisations he joined broke down. Half gratefully and half mournfully he disengaged himself, not because he did not believe in his principles, but because he saw that the difficulties were insuperable. He came back to the old life; he flung himself with renewed ardour into art and craftsmanship. He began to write the beautiful and romantic prose tales, with their enchanting titles, which are, perhaps, his most characteristic work. He learnt by slow degrees that a clean sweep of an evil system cannot be made in a period or a lifetime by an individual, however serious or strenuous he may be; he began to perceive that, if society is to put ideas in practice, the ideas must first be there, clearly defined and widely apprehended; and that it is useless to urge men to a life of which they have no conception and for which they have no desire. He had always held it to be a sacred duty for people to live, if possible, in whatever simplicity, among beautiful things; and it may be said that no one man in one generation has ever effected so much in this direction. He has, indeed, leavened and educated taste; he has destroyed a vile and hypocritical tradition of domestic art; by his writings he has opened a door for countless minds into a remote and fragrant region of unspoilt romance; and, more still than this, he remains an example of one who made a great and triumphant resignation of all that he held most dear, for the sake of doing what he thought to be right. He was not an ascetic, giving up what is half an incumbrance and half a terror; nor was he naturally a melancholy and detached person; but he gave up work which he loved passionately, and a life which he lived in a full-blooded, generous way, that he might try to share his blessings with others, out of a supreme pity for those less richly endowed than himself.

How, then, should not this corner of the world, which he loved

so dearly, speak to the spirit with a voice and an accent far louder and more urgent than its own tranquil habit of sunny peace and green-shaded sweetness! 'You know my faith,' wrote Morris from Kelmscott in a bewildered hour, 'and how I feel I have no sort of right to revenge myself for any of my private troubles on the kind earth; and here I feel her kindness very specially, and am bound not to meet it with a long face.' Noble and high-hearted words! for he of all men seemed made by nature to enjoy security and beauty and the joys of living, if ever man was so made. His very lack of personal sensitiveness, his unaptness to be moved by the pathetic appeal of the individual, might have been made a shield for his own peace; but he laid that shield down, and bared his breast to the sharp arrows; and in his noble madness to redress the wrongs of the world he was, perhaps, more like one of his great generous knights than he himself ever suspected.

This, then, I think is the reason why this place—a grey grange at the end of a country lane, among water meadows—has so ample a call for the spirit. A place of which Morris wrote, 'The scale of everything of the smallest, but so sweet, so unusual even; it was like the background of an innocent fairy-story.' Yes, it might have been that! Many of the simplest and quietest of lives had been lived there, no doubt, before Morris came that way. But with him came a realisation of its virtues, a perception that in its smallness and sweetness it yet held imprisoned, like the gem that sits on the smallest finger of a hand, an ocean of light and colour. The two things that lend strength to life are, in the first place, an appreciation of its quality, a perception of its intense and awful significance—the thought that we here hold in our hands, if we could but piece it all together, the elements and portions of a mighty, an overwhelming problem. The fragments of that mighty mystery are sorrow, sin, suffering, joy, hope, life, death. Things of their nature sharply opposed, and yet that are, doubtless, somehow and somewhere, united and composed and reconciled. It is at this sad point that many men and most artists stop short. They see what they love and desire; they emphasise this and rest upon it; and when the surge of suffering buffets them away, they drown, bewildered, struggling for breath, complaining.

But for the true man it is otherwise. He is penetrated with the desire that all should share his joy and be emboldened by it. It casts a cold shadow over the sunshine, it mars the scent of the roses, it wails across the cooing of the doves—the sense that others

suffer and toil unhelped; and still more grievous to him is the thought that, were these duller natures set free from the galling yoke, their mirth would be evil and hideous, they would have no inkling of the sweeter and the purer joy. And then, if he be wise, he tries his hardest, in slow and wearied hours, to comfort, to interpret, to explain; in much heaviness and dejection he labours, while all the time, though he knows it not, the sweet ripple of his thoughts spreads across the stagnant pool. He may be flouted, contemned, insulted, but he heeds it not; while all the strands of the great mystery, dark and bright alike, work themselves, delicately and surely, into the picture of his life, and the picture of other lives as well. Larger and richer grows the great design, till it is set in some wide hall or corridor of the House of Life; and the figure of the toil-worn knight, with armour dinted and brow dimmed with dust and sweat, kneeling at the shrine, makes the very silence of the place beautiful; while those that go to and fro rejoice, not in the suffering and weariness, not in the worn face and the thin, sun-browned hands, but in the thought that he loved all things well; that his joy was pure and high, that his clear eyes pierced the dull mist that wreathed cold field and dripping wood, and that, when he sank, out-worn and languid after the day's long toil, the jocund trumpets broke out from the high-walled town in a triumphant concert, because he had done worthily, and should now see greater things than these.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

Only if wakening to sad truth at last,
The bitterness to come, the sweetness past,
When thou art vexed, then turn again to see
Thou hast loved Hope—but Memory has loved thee.—HOOD.

CHAPTER I.

PHILIPPA ADELSTANE was sixteen years old, and the heiress-presumptive of Welwysbere Abbey, in the county of Devon; of the great property appertaining thereto, and of a very considerable fortune besides.

She lived with her mother, Catherine, the widow of the late Sir Philip Adelstane, at Shepherd's Rest, a small farmhouse on the side of a steep wooded hill, which afforded views of a fair broad valley and of a wide expanse of agricultural country divided into chessboard squares of arable and pasture, and backed by a far-reaching chain of blue hills.

Below the cottage where Philippa dwelt could be discerned the turrets of the Abbey among the trees of the deer-park. The farms of her expected inheritance were scattered over the hillsides. In the valley itself, the low roofs of Welwysbere village bordered a single street, dominated at one end by the square brown tower of the village church, and at the other by Squire Chilcott's white house, which stood a little apart, surrounded by its own grounds and solid farm buildings.

Welwysbere, being entailed in the male line, was now the property of Sir Cecil Adelstane, who had succeeded his uncle, Sir Philip. But Sir Cecil had been married many years and was yet childless, so that the eventual succession of Philippa to her late father's estate appeared certain.

Sir Cecil had almost ceased to regret the non-arrival of his expected sons; he was fond of his young cousin, and proud of her good looks, which nearly resembled his own.

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His family pride was further soothed by the reflection that it would not be the first time in the history of the Adelstanes that the Abbey had descended through a female, and that Philippa's son would be entitled to assume the name and arms of the family, as the son of her ancestress had done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nor were his descendants a penny the worse for the circumstance.

But if Philippa had inherited her fine features, straight profile, and haughty expression from her father, she no less resembled her grandmother, Lady Sarah Adelstane, in the brightness of her colouring, her tall, well-formed figure, and the ruddy tint of her splendid chestnut hair.

Old Lady Sarah recognised the reproduction of her former self with unfeigned pleasure, and when she learned that Philippa, in addition to her beauty, had also inherited her early wilfulness and headstrong temper, she was more amused than concerned. Lady Sarah had long since acquired philosophy, a possession which doubles in value with every year of advancing age.

She was no longer beautiful, but she insisted, with great spirit, upon rendering herself as picturesque as possible. Her height had dwindled, for the burden of years weighed down her shoulders in spite of the most gallant efforts she could make; but her blue eyes were still bright, her white wig was becomingly dressed, and her delicate wrinkled face was even shrewder and merrier now than in the days of her youth.

On Philippa's face the merriment was lacking. Though not so entirely devoid of humour as her cousin, Sir Cecil, she was yet too young to appreciate her grandmother's light-heartedness. The levity of Lady Sarah pained no less than it puzzled her.

Lady Sarah had passed her eighty-second birthday; thus, since she could no longer extort her friends' admiration for her youth, she liked to astonish them with her age, and by adding an imaginary decade was enabled to allude to herself as a nonagenarian with perfect cheerfulness.

She did not see her grandchild often. She lived in London, and spent her winters abroad; but as the little house in Curzon Street was too small to accommodate visitors, and as Philippa's mother seldom or never left home, their meetings were confined to the rare occasions when the old lady took it into her head to visit her grandson at Welwysbere.

These visits were infrequent, for though she was fond of Sir Cecil, she detested his wife, Augusta; and was convinced besides

that the damp of the West Country was detrimental to her constitution.

About the time of her granddaughter's sixteenth birthday, however, she invited herself to the Abbey for Whitsuntide, and Philippa made haste to acquaint her mother with the news that Lady Sarah was coming.

She entered the oak parlour of Shepherd's Rest breathless with the haste she had made in climbing the narrow high-banked, winding lane from the village to her home.

'Granny is coming to the Abbey, mother,' cried Philippa, 'and Cousin Augusta says that when they all go back to town after Whitsuntide she wants to take me with her. Oh, mother, I like Cousin Augusta better and better every moment, she is so deliciously kind to me. I had no idea she was such an angel. To be sure I was only a child when I saw her last—not fourteen—and she owns quite frankly that she never cared for children. But now I am grown up we are to be real friends. I think it's sweet of her to be friends with me, don't you?'

'My darling, how you have overheated yourself,' said Catherine.

Philippa flung her hat on to the sofa, and her gloves after it, and her mother picked them up as they fell on the floor.

'Bother!' said Philippa, 'and I thought you would be so excited to hear the news about Granny, mother. I almost ran all the way.'

'So I am, very much excited,' said her mother, placidly. 'But for all that I wish you would not run uphill in this warm weather. I am very glad Granny is coming, and we will go together to call upon her directly she arrives.'

'Yes, yes. But about my going to town, mamma? Don't begin by saying at once that I am not to go, as you always do ——'

'You know I never accept such invitations for you, Phil.'

'Yes, but listen,' said her daughter, imploringly. 'It is quite different from Cousin Augusta's usual written invitations, which you used to say were *hollow* (though I am certain *now* they couldn't have been). She really *means* it, and Cousin Cecil wants me to go too; and, what is more, they are not only going to ask you themselves, but they are going to get Granny to speak to you about it.'

'Indeed,' said Catherine.

She was not readily displeased, but the colour rose in her soft face.

Philippa stood looking down upon her mother, tapping an

impatient foot upon the polished oaken floor of the little parlour.

Against the background of innumerable books which lined the room from floor to ceiling her handsome, fresh-coloured face and bright hair stood out with striking effect.

Catherine looked up from the writing-table, where she had been making up her farm accounts, at the dearly loved face, now deeply flushed with purest carmine ; at the curved mouth, with its short upper lip and corners sulkily drooping ; at the straight brows drawn into a frown above the black-lashed deep-blue eyes.

'After all, I'm sixteen,' said Philippa, rebelliously.

'At sixteen,' said Catherine, and she tried to laugh, 'London is, happily, not obligatory. You will not come out for another two years, you know.'

'But that's no reason why I should never go anywhere nor have any pleasure, no matter who asks me,' cried Philippa, with a sudden smothered sob. 'Cousin Augusta says I ought to go to town before I come out, and make friends with people of my own age, and Cousin Cecil thinks so too. You know he *never* says anything without thinking it over. And, after all, he's my nearest relation, and my guardian in a way.'

'No,' said Catherine, 'it is I that am your guardian, though I very gladly take counsel with your Cousin Cecil. Sit down, my darling, and let us talk it over quietly together. If you want to go to town so much, though it is a bad time of the year for me to get away—what with the hay and one thing and another—still, you come first, and I will see what can be done. But I have no idea of handing you over to Augusta. I will take you myself, darling. Only, I thought last time we went to London, Phil, that the trip was not a success. You said you never wished to go again.'

'Of course it wasn't a success,' said Philippa. 'Why, you know I hated it. You hated it yourself, mother. It would be just like it was before if *you* took me. A horrid hotel, and at the last moment Aunt Dulcinea would insist on coming with us ; and there we should be, like regular country cousins, all of us bewildered and not knowing where to go or what to do, and everything hateful. I would rather stop at home if we are to go like that.'

'It would not be like that again,' said Catherine ; but her mind misgave her faintly. 'You are older now, and we could go to concerts and theatres and picture-galleries, and—and—I daresay Aunt Dulcinea wouldn't want to come.'

'You know she *would*,' said Philippa. 'And you'd say it was unkind not to take her. Of course we can't hurt her feelings—and theatres and concerts are all very well in their way ——'

'I should think so,' said Catherine. 'Why, when I was your age ——'

'Oh, mother, *don't*,' said Philippa, despairingly. 'I know so exactly what you're going to say. How a travelling circus or a fair seemed the wildest excitement to you when you lived with your cross old aunt in Calais; and how you were quite contented to go down to the pier every day with Sophy, and see the steamer come in; and how grateful you were to my father when he bought you a sixpenny fairing. You have told me a thousand times.'

'It is quite true. I have told you very often,' Catherine acknowledged; but she felt a little pang, nevertheless, as she heard the sacred recollections of her girlhood thus ruthlessly epitomised. 'It did not take very much to content me in those days.'

'Well, I am not a bit like you, and it wouldn't have contented *me*,' said Philippa.

'I don't know what would content you, Phil, you are so restless.'

'It would content me to go to London with Cousin Augusta.'

'And leave me——?' There was a sound of pain in Catherine's low voice.

'Of course, if you put it like that,' cried Philippa, angrily, 'it takes away all the pleasure. But either way it will be horrid, I suppose; everything always is. If you don't come, you will think me cruel and heartless to go without you, though I don't feel a bit like that,' and she shed tears, even whilst resisting with impatience her mother's attempted caress. 'And if you come, why, I know you will hate it, and have nothing to do, and only be longing to get back to the farm and the dairy, and feeling sure everything is going to rack and ruin without you, as of course it will.'

'I always meant to take a house in London when you were eighteen,' said Catherine, meekly.

'What would be the good of that? You don't know anybody in London,' sobbed Philippa.

'But Lady Sarah does. She would take care you had all the proper invitations. And I could go everywhere with you, as your mother should.'

'Not nowadays,' said Philippa. 'It's a most old-fashioned idea, mother. And it's all very well; but, as Cousin Augusta says, Granny

can't go on for ever; her friends are as old as the hills; even if she would be bothered to think about me, which I am sure she wouldn't. And when Cousin Augusta is so kind, and when you know how much I love her——'

'Your love is only two days old,' said Catherine, smiling.

'It's just as real as though I had known her for years. More real, for I haven't had time to get tired of her,' said Philippa, innocently. 'Oh, mother, I do think it's very hard I'm to be cooped up in this horrid, dull old farmhouse for two whole years more. You know yourself everyone wonders why we live here at all.'

Catherine was silent; her gentle eyes regarded her daughter wistfully. But whilst Philippa was in this mood she could not remind her why she held the little house sacred. She said to herself, besides, that the child had some reason on her side. Catherine was aware that the family in general criticised her home, and found it a most unsuitable residence for the young heiress of Welwysbere.

'It won't be so dull for you this Whitsuntide, my darling, since Augusta has come home, and especially since you have taken this sudden liking for her.'

'But she will be gone back to town in a few days. And she said herself that they would be a very dull party—all elderly people—only Granny, and the Ralts, and old Lord John ——'

'Your Cousin Cecil said they would certainly spend this summer down here, after their long absence from Devonshire.'

'But Cousin Augusta hasn't said so,' said Philippa, shrewdly.

'Anyway, David Moore will be at Bridescombe,' said poor Catherine, searching for further consolation. 'You were so anxious to see him when we read about him in the newspapers during the war.'

'Of course I want to see him,' said Philippa, dolefully. 'Anyone would like to see a hero like that. But I should see him in London just as well if he's going to be at the War Office. Besides, after all, he's Hector and Lily Chilcott's uncle, not mine.'

Catherine glanced at her beautiful daughter, and smiled tenderly to herself. What a child—what a baby she was yet, though she looked so tall and womanly!

'I am looking forward to seeing David again very much. The brother of my dearest friend. As a youth he used to be something like poor Delia, quick and bright and decided as she was. My

heart aches for him, coming home to find only her grave—and the children.'

'But, mother—she died such years ago ——'

'It does not seem so very long ago to me.'

'It's all very well for you and Cousin George. I suppose he will be glad to see his poor wife's brother. But I do not see how his coming can make any difference to me. He will only be just another old person, like Cousin George or Cousin Cecil.'

'He is younger than George or Cecil; they are over forty, like Augusta.'

'*She* doesn't look nearly so old as they do,' said Augusta's faithful worshipper.

'David cannot be more than six-and-thirty—still a young man.'

'Mother, how can you! Why, he's older than *you*. And if he will be a companion for you and Cousin George, it ought surely to make it all the easier for you to let me go to London with Cousin Augusta, and have a little pleasure in life whilst I'm still young enough to enjoy it, instead of bottling me up here for ever and ever with no one to speak to and nothing to do.'

'I wish Augusta had not come down here at all to unsettle you like this.'

'Mother, I won't have you blaming her,' said Philippa, with flashing eyes. 'You know very well I've been unsettled for ever so long, and wishing I could go anywhere or do anything fresh and different.'

Catherine could not deny the truth of this statement.

'I wish you would not cry, my darling. It will distress your Aunt Dulcinea so terribly when she comes in.'

'Bother Aunt Dulcinea! You think of everyone's feelings but mine,' said Philippa, woefully.

Catherine could not help smiling.

'Don't be a goose, Phil. Come upstairs, and let me bathe your eyes and straighten this ruffled mass of hair, and we will try to come to a better understanding over this matter.'

Philippa suffered her mother to take her arm and lead her upstairs. She had no maid of her own—another family grievance—and she was accustomed to be tended almost like an infant by those unwearying hands. But though submissive, she was pertinacious, and did not allow any postponement or evasion of her demand.

'I'm sure I'm very reasonable, mother. I only want you not

to decide against my going until you have heard what Cousin Cecil has to say,' she said; and it was hard for Catherine to resist her child's entreaty when those fresh lips were pressed against her cheek and when the beloved voice took a coaxing accent.

'There are your lessons, you know, my darling.'

'Am I never to have a holiday?' cried Philippa, tragically.

'Your life is one long holiday, I think.'

'It may seem so to you, but it doesn't to me, what with French reading and horrid old Molière, and dull old biographies and things,' said Philippa resentfully.

'Do you want to learn nothing more—at sixteen?'

'I know quite as much as most people. Cousin Augusta can't even spell, and yet I am sure she is fashionable and delightful, and nobody cares. Oh, mother, forget to preach for once, and say you will let me just pay this one visit.'

'I will see about it,' said Catherine, in the relenting tone that was generally the prelude to giving way, as Philippa well knew.

'You promise?'

'I promise anyway,' said her mother, 'to consult your grandmother before I decide finally one way or the other.'

. . . . . .

Catherine had been a widow for so many years that her grief for her husband had become only the shadow and remembrance of sorrow.

She had been very young, hardly nineteen, when Sir Philip died and his posthumous child was born. From that time onwards she had made her home in this cottage on the hillside, to which she had taken a romantic fancy shortly before his death, and which he had bought and given to her for her own.

Her girlhood had been passed in almost entire seclusion, and her brief experience of marriage, though it had widened her outlook and completed the sole romance of her life, had not yet inspired her with any great courage or desire to face again the world from which she had timidly sought refuge at Shepherd's Rest.

From her latticed windows she beheld the turrets of the great house where for so short a space of time she had nominally reigned as mistress—an inexperienced girl, bewildered with her own happiness and frightened at her unexpected elevation.

But if the mighty pile of ancient buildings recalled her past importance, the square tower of the old church in the valley below no less solemnly and silently reminded her of the vanity of all

earthly greatness, for in its shadow stood the broken column which marked Sir Philip Adelstane's grave.

Catherine had never found her life at Shepherd's Rest dull. Independence has its own charm, and she enjoyed the sensation of real ownership for the first time when she looked around her tiny domain.

She planned anew her garden, which shone in the heart of the woods like a coloured jewel in a dark setting. She lined her low oak parlour with shelves from floor to ceiling, and filled those shelves with books; for of reading Catherine had never had, and perhaps never would have, enough. Thus, though her outer existence appeared prosaic, her inner life was filled with colour and fancy.

She interested herself besides so deeply in her farm and dairy, that she presently grew practical, and after buying her experience somewhat dearly, found that in Devonshire, at least, it is possible to make farming pay.

She reclaimed rough land, planted orchards, studied forestry, learnt something about cattle, and brewed excellent cider; keeping all within and without her snug home in such a state of order, neatness, and beauty that no one could behold it and not be cheered by its aspect.

An energetic and faithful Somersetshire woman, one Charlotte Roper, aided her mistress within doors, and without an aged local wiseacre toiled, aided by a burly labourer and by Charlotte Roper's son Johnny, who took charge of Philippa's pony, ran errands, and worked in the garden under his lady's personal supervision.

It pleased Catherine to know that her income was rolling itself up into a fortune for Philippa which would make her independent, even if the long-expected and now improbable son were born to Sir Cecil Adelstane; it pleased her yet more to be able to give liberal assistance to her poorer neighbours in time of need, and to be justified in affording a domicile to her old aunt, Miss Dulcinea Chilcott, whose last days she thus rendered happy and peaceful, and whose presence had lent protection to her niece's youth and loneliness.

Miss Dulcinea, in spite of her advancing age, was rarely to be found at home. She had lifelong friends in the neighbourhood and in the adjacent town of Ilverton; she knew every man, woman, and child in the village of Welwysbere, visited every cottage within reach, and read the Bible to the inmates whether they liked it or not. Most of them liked it, and all of them liked her, for they had

known her from childhood, and her friendship was tried and trusted. The villagers believed in her wisdom implicitly, and few of them cared to take the doctor's medicine until it had been handed to Miss Dulcinea for approval.

A dark disbelief in their physician, together with constant recourse to his aid in the most trifling ailments, was prevalent in Welwysbere.

As men who were in good health could not, or would not, leave their work, it was generally the patient himself who rose from the bed of suffering and walked to Ilverton and back—seven miles—to visit the doctor and obtain remedies from the dispensary.

If the illness were complicated, and the invalid in pain or unusually feverish, he would perhaps treat himself to a return ticket for Exeter; since, the further away the physician lived, the more efficacious his aid was considered likely to be.

The excitement of the journey usually cheered the sufferer, as the subsequent history of the interview with his medical adviser cheered his family and neighbours, for whose benefit it would be many times recounted in detail.

Miss Dulcinea was too simple to quarrel with these methods, and there was some truth in her excuses to Catherine.

'You laugh at them, darling, but, after all, they do just what their betters do, only in a humbler way. They can't afford to go further than the next village or town, but we send our invalids travelling about to look for health in far countries, to visit chilly hotels with doubtful drains and strange doctors, when they would get well or die far more comfortably in their own homes, with their own doctors to attend them and their own people round them. I don't see that the Welwysbere folk are so very unlike us in their methods.'

But Catherine's laughter was very gentle, and expressed no contempt for Miss Dulcinea's simplicity. She felt that she had, herself, no vocation to set the village to rights, and contented herself with her garden, her household, her farm, and the upbringing of Philippa.

For above and beyond all other cares and interests, or the occupations she so happily found for herself, stood Catherine's idol, her only child.

She guarded Philippa's infancy and childhood with jealous care, permitting no hands but her own to tend the little maid; nursing her, teaching her, and playing with her, and sleeping nightly by the side of the cot which contained her treasure.

Philippa, as was natural, rewarded this exclusive devotion by a tyranny that was absolute in her babyhood, and only modified outwardly as she became older. She grew up exceedingly unlike the daughter of Catherine's dreams.

Her mother dwelt sometimes with astonishment upon her recollections of herself at sixteen. She recalled a quiet, rather timid maiden, grateful for the smallest notice, interested in the smallest happenings, curled up for hours of breathless absorption in every volume that came her way; learning poems by heart for love; sewing endless seams with patient neatness; assisting in the *ménage*; and writing business letters in a copper-plate hand at her aunt's dictation.

Perhaps she recalled less clearly the fact that she would hardly have become so proficient in such duties had she not been actually compelled by the exigency of circumstances.

The youthful Catherine might have preferred, like the youthful Philippa, to throw her needlework on to the floor, and escape out of doors at her own sweet will, had she been free to follow her inclinations; but old Miss Carey, of Calais, Catherine's aunt, having been a strict disciplinarian, her niece had dared try no such experiment.

Philippa never sat curled up on the window-seat as Catherine had pictured her, nestling to her mother's side and devouring the story-books which had been chosen for her and ranged on a special shelf within her reach before she was four years old.

She never opened a book if she could help it, did not like to be read to, and wept as copiously over her lessons as though a stern taskmaster were set over her, instead of the gentlest teacher in the world.

Far from rejoicing when an elegant inlaid workbox was presented to her, she viewed it with indifference, lost the thimble, used the embroidery stiletto as a gimlet, and broke the points of the scissors digging in the garden.

She took more interest in the farm, lavishing personal affection upon the stock, and including indiscriminately in her friendship the pony, the pigs, the cows, and the aged labourer who superintended their welfare. But she could not be trusted to be of the smallest use in any department of the homely establishment.

She would offer to help in the dairy, upset the cream, or leave off churning just as the butter was coming, and rush away to do something else; she would solemnly undertake to feed the chickens,

and forget all about them; she would tear her frocks, and walk about ragged and unconcerned; she ate green apples and climbed trees in spite of all entreaties to the contrary, and was triumphant because none of the evil consequences predicted happened to result.

Whenever she could she escaped to Bridescombe, to the society of her cousins, the children of the widowed squire, George Chilcott; but, truth to tell, they were not much more inclined to welcome her than her mother was to let her go. Nor did she derive much benefit from their society; since Hector, though bigger and stronger than she was, could not fight a girl, however unreasonable and provoking she might be; while little Lily, though willing to admire, was led into innumerable scrapes through her senior's readiness to defy lawful authority.

Miss Dulcinea found a thousand excuses for all Philippa's misdemeanours, and, though Catherine were ever so determined that her daughter should not be spoilt, the presence of a constant champion in the background rendered discipline of any kind almost impossible. Philippa was perfectly aware of her grand-aunt's sympathy, and the knowledge nullified all her mother's attempts to maintain her own supremacy. Naturally imperious, she grew daily more inclined to assert herself. She had shown a generous and affectionate disposition as a little child, but these qualities became obscured as she advanced towards womanhood; and though she displayed an occasional careless fondness for the gentle, foolish old relative who was blind to her failings and flattered her vanity, she did not, it must be confessed, sacrifice a single inclination of her own to any care for Miss Dulcinea's wishes and comfort, but, on the contrary, escaped from her society whenever it was possible to do so.

Imperceptibly her mother's influence waned with every succeeding year, and Catherine found herself gradually assuming the false position of a seeming tyrant to the being she loved above all others in the world. But such situations develop by very slow degrees, and she was herself unaware of the cause until it was too late to amend the effects. Though they lived under the same roof and slept side by side, and were together almost every hour of the day, Catherine could not help feeling sometimes that her daughter was in many ways becoming as a stranger to her. Often she thought, with that loving bitterness which only mothers know, 'I shall only have her a few years longer; she might have waited—she might have waited—until she was quite grown up.'

Meanwhile, as Philippa lost her tomboy proclivities and acquired

no love for rational occupation to take their place, the young lady found time hang heavily upon her hands and grew daily more restless. Perhaps the knowledge of her own importance as the last representative of the Adelstane family had something to do with her discontent. Her mother had endeavoured with all her might to keep Philippa unspotted from the world, isolating her in their country cottage, and bringing her up simply and humbly; but it is a fact that worldliness is not confined to cities, and in this obscure corner of the West there were plenty of flatterers ready to pay court to the little heiress of Welwysbere, and to comment upon the position that should have been hers as her father's daughter.

Philippa desired she knew not what; but certainly a change from the quiet sameness of her everyday life on the farm. Perhaps to shine, to be admired, to have her importance recognised in a wider sphere. The natural restlessness of girlhood was doubled by the circumstances in which she found herself. She was not clever, but neither was she in any sense a dull child; and she did not show herself to others the baby her mother thought her, but, on the contrary, evinced a certain shrewdness and dignity; so that her Cousin Cecil believed her to be eminently suited by nature for the position awaiting her. Philippa's displays of idleness, imperiousness, and want of consideration for others were, it must be confessed, reserved chiefly for her home, and the girl was still young enough to mistake wilfulness and lack of self-control for strength of character. Thus, after the almost unclouded happiness of Philippa's early childhood, Catherine's existence had become a little troubled during these later days, and she vaguely perceived that the time was approaching when a change must be made in the existing order of things. When Philippa, therefore, broke in upon her mother's tranquil daily occupations with her impetuous demand, the expression of her child's wishes coincided, in a manner, with Catherine's own vague determination.

'I shall like a change as little in two years' time as now,' she thought with a sigh. 'Perhaps I am growing selfish and too much absorbed in one narrow groove. I know they all think so, and what everybody thinks is apt to be true. After all, when I chose this 'little life,' I did not know that Cecil would have no children—that Philippa might be called upon one day to occupy his place. Perhaps I am really less suited to take her to town than Augusta. And the child does not really want me.' This reflection caused Catherine a sharp pang, though she tried to smile over it, and

repeated to herself more than once that under the circumstances this was only natural.

'It is quite true what Philippa says, I know nobody in London, and should be a fish out of water. As soon as Lady Sarah comes I will ask her advice. She is very wise, and knows what Philip would have wished for his child. I will be guided by her.'

Catherine was, perhaps, slightly consoled by the reflection that Lady Sarah's decision would not be influenced by any undue prejudice in favour of Augusta.

CHAPTER II.

THE open space before the entrance of Welwysbere Abbey was surrounded by clumps of tree azaleas, dipping clouds of faintest coral and palest gold blossom into the feathery flowering grasses which rose knee-deep around them, half hiding the thickets of rhododendrons, now crowned with purple and crimson bloom. Beyond lay the rolling slopes of the deer-park and the steep green hillocks and valleys, relieved by all the colours of spring—from the gay rose-red and snowy white of the sturdy gnarled hawthorns, to the giant blush and ivory nosegays of the spreading horse-chestnuts.

But though a group of persons stood upon the lower steps of the front door, shading their eyes from the dazzling rays of the western sun, their gaze was not directed towards the landscape, but bent upon a dingy object which occupied the centre of the drive—a mud-spattered automobile, dropping oil upon the gravel, and emitting an odour which overpowered the delicate perfumes of the spring.

The owner of the machine, a red-faced sporting-looking gentleman, was stooping over his property with an air of almost passionate concern.

'I thought she would have broken her little back coming up that last hill,' he said, looking up reproachfully at his host.

'It is very steep, but the horses make nothing of it,' said Sir Cecil, rather resentfully; 'I never had a horse who didn't face it all right.'

'So did she *face* it,' said Mr. Ralt, defending his treasure with emotion. 'She faced it bravely, too, or we shouldn't be here now.'

'I could not have believed she would bear the strain,' said his wife, shaking her head.

'D'ye think she's all right, Hopkins?' demanded Mr. Ralt, with renewed anxiety.

'Seems so, sir,' said the chauffeur reluctantly, 'but it was taking it out of her something crool. She ain't built for this 'ere country. It's asking too much of her, that's what it is.'

'I ought to have brought the Daimler,' said Mr. Ralt, sadly. 'You said so, Blanche, at the time. However'—he cheered up slightly—'I can send for her to-morrow, and so I will.'

'Shall we go and find Augusta and have some tea, Blanche?' said Sir Cecil, stiffly. He ignored his brother-in-law and addressed himself to Mrs. Ralt, who prepared to follow him, after a last anxious and sympathetic glance at the motor.

'I daresay you think we're rather foolish about her,' she said, with a sentimental intonation that contrasted oddly with her lean, sensible face and shrewd eyes; 'but she's such a little dear, carried us thousands of miles.'

'I suppose you've given up horses altogether,' said Sir Cecil, in his even, formal tones, as he led the way under the cool dark arches of the oak-panelled hall to the garden door.

'Well, except for huntin', and we did precious little huntin' this winter. The fact is it's simply fascinatin' to go explorin' Europe, which is what we did instead of stoppin' up at Ralte through the winter as usual. You don't mean to say you and Augusta are still contented to go joggin' along in the family coach, and all the good old ways?'

'I believe I am old-fashioned, and I am happy to say Augusta continues to prefer the good old ways.'

'You don't say so! Hullo! tea on the lawn! Come, that's an innovation. Augusta used to hate tea out of doors.'

'She is doing the fresh-air cure.'

'I'm sure I'm glad to hear it. It was time she did a cure of some kind,' said Mrs. Ralt cheerfully. 'I live in a thorough draught myself now, and look at me.'

Sir Cecil looked, but his sister-in-law was too much engrossed in her observation of the assembly of persons which now became visible at the far end of the lawn, to notice the dissatisfied expression upon his handsome face.

'I thought Augusta said there wasn't to be a party. Who in the world are all those people under the cedar if there isn't a party?' she cried.

'There is no party. My grandmother is staying here, and in

consequence of her advanced age we thought it better to be quiet. There is only Lady Grace Trumoin, and Lord John Trelleck, whom you know.' Mrs. Ralt emitted an expressive grunt. 'The others are our neighbours, George Chilcott and his sister—you remember them?—and his poor wife's brother, Colonel Moore, who has just returned to England.'

'David Moore? I know him, too. Met him in South Africa. Splendid chap,' said Mrs. Ralt heartily.

'You know everyone, Blanche.'

'I go about the world, keep my eyes open, and pick up friends all over the place,' said Mrs. Ralt, who had equipped a field hospital at her own expense during the South African war, and quarrelled with the authorities over every detail of its organisation. 'Bless me, you don't mean to say that tall girl is little Philippa!'

'She is only sixteen,' said Sir Cecil, with something of fatherly pride in his tone. 'But she is a very fine girl indeed—strangers would take her for nineteen or twenty.'

Here Lady Adelstane perceived the advent of her husband and sister, and came across the lawn to meet them as quickly as dignity and *embonpoint* combined would permit.

The twin sisters presented a remarkable contrast: Blanche, tall and somewhat scraggy in figure, with a tanned and weather-beaten appearance, which the rigidity of her motor-coat and peaked cap did nothing to soften or disguise; while Augusta preserved a certain youthfulness of contour in spite of her forty years. Her dress was eminently becoming; her soft throat and dimpled chin rose from cobweb folds of lace and muslin, and her face, cherubic in its roundness, was shaded by the latest Paris creation in garden hats.

As the sisters embraced, their respective husbands could not but observe their striking dissimilarity.

'Poor Blanche!' reflected Sir Cecil; 'she is certainly plainer and more ungainly than ever, and her voice becomes louder every year.'

He was thankful that Providence had directed his choice to the younger of the twin heiresses of the late Lord Mocha.

'Poor Augusta!' thought Mr. Ralt, who had hurried after his wife, having lingered but to express his feelings regarding the configuration of the country, more freely than politeness permitted in the presence of his host and brother-in-law. 'I declare she has put on another couple of stone at least since we last came down.

And here is Blanche more active than ever, able to nip out and push the little car uphill with the best of us.'

'Darling,' said Augusta, whose affection always increased, though but temporarily, when she had not seen her sister for a long time, 'how glad I am you've come! It is actually three years since you were here.'

'How time flies, Gussie; so it is. But you haven't been down here for ages yourself, have you? Which accounts for your not inviting *me*, I suppose,' said Blanche in high good humour.

'The doctors wouldn't hear of my coming last year. They said I *must* be braced or they wouldn't answer for the consequences,' said Augusta plaintively. 'I don't know how it is, but I always get so run down at Welwysbere.'

Sir Cecil coughed uneasily.

'We are practically alone,' said Augusta, hurriedly changing the conversation and leading the way to the tea-table. 'I hope you won't be bored to death.'

'If I am,' said the outspoken Blanche, 'I can easily nip off with Bob to Ilfracombe or Land's End for a jaunt and a breath of sea air, and put ourselves into a good humour. You've no idea what a resource we've found motoring. But I'm not particularly likely to be bored with David Moore about. He's a great pal of mine. I held his leg at Bloemfontein whilst the surgeon sewed it up.'

'Really, Blanche——'

But Mrs. Ralt's manly stride had already carried her in advance of her sister and hostess to the cedar tree, and by the time Augusta arrived, breathless, in her wake, Blanche had shaken hands with the whole party there assembled and uttered her hearty greetings in her most penetrating tones.

'Well, Colonel Moore, this is luck indeed! I had no idea I was to meet you here. So you're to be at the War Office. Hope we shall see something of you, though town's not much in my line; but you can run up and stay with us, eh? How are you, Grace? You look flourishing. Philippa, you were a kid in short frocks when I saw you last. De do, Lord John, de do, Miss Chilcott.' This last salutation was a very cool one; but George Chilcott she greeted warmly:

'How are the Shire horses? Must come over to your place again, if you will let me. I got no end of wrinkles for Ralte last time I was there. You never came North as you promised.'

'I never go anywhere,' said George Chilcott, smiling.

'Oh, George!' said his sister in deprecating tones.

Miss Clara Chilcott was seven-and-forty, but so strong is the force of habit that her family still regarded her as a girl.

She wore a shirt and skirt, big boots, and a mushroom hat trimmed with daisies and buttercups. Though she resembled her brother George not a little, being large and heavy in build, and of a healthy, ruddy complexion, yet her meaningless light orbs lacked the kindness that shone from his steady blue eyes; and nothing could have been more unlike the expression of his firmly closed lips beneath his yellow moustache than Miss Clara's open mouth, and lower jaw perpetually dropped in surprise or disapproval.

'I call this such a stupid time of the year in the country,' said Augusta to Mr. Ralt, with whom she found it difficult to converse, though she always made a point of addressing at least one remark to him at the beginning of his visit and another at the end. 'No fruit or vegetables; the peas and strawberries actually only in flower, though we have been eating them for months in town; but London and Paris are the only places where one can get fruit and vegetables all the year round.'

'With your range of glass your gardeners ought to supply you with plenty of forced strawberries—ours do,' said Miss Chilcott, shocked. 'But I suppose through your being so much away they get slack.'

'I never think forced strawberries have any flavour,' said Augusta blandly.

Miss Clara was proceeding to enumerate the names of the best kinds of strawberries for forcing when Mr. Ralt interrupted.

'You're like me, only different,' he said, with lucid elegance. 'You like London all the year round, and I like the country all the year round. Chopping and changing is what I hate. But I suppose you'll go back for the rest of the season?'

'Cecil insisted on coming here for Whitsuntide,' said Augusta, 'though I never think it worth while to come so far for so short a time. You could have come to us on the river, you know. My house there is really getting nicer every year. I'm making a wall and water garden which is a perfect dream. I am sure you and Blanche would have liked it better than this in many ways.'

'Augusta, how *can* you,' said Lady Grace's calm tones, 'without wishing to insult your charming bungalow——' She glanced

expressively towards the mellow creeper-clad walls of the stately Abbey, with its rows of mullioned windows blazing in the afternoon sunshine; at the broad terraces whereon great stone urns on pedestals held aloft scarlet and rose geraniums, and weather-stained statues guarded flights of moss-grown stone steps. The lawns were acres of velvet turf, centuries old, and shaded with mighty cedars, spreading oaks, and groups of tall elms sacred to ancient rookeries; there were silent pools bearing rare lilies on their dark breasts, deeply shadowed by the tall yew hedges that walled them in; there were stiff out-of-date ribbon and heart-shaped borders, bright with variegated foliage in patterns, planted out for a brief summer season after the fashion beloved of former generations, and which Sir Cecil had no idea of changing to accord with a modern taste he knew little and cared nothing about.

To him old customs were sacred; and Augusta, who had her own way in so many things, dared not interfere with the head gardener at the Abbey, who had lived at Welwysbere and had charge of the pleasure-grounds before Sir Cecil was born.

Old Lady Sarah's pet parterre had been handed over to Augusta's tender mercies, because it was the custom from time immemorial for the lady of the house to exercise her whims upon this enclosure; and here Lady Adelstane was able to indulge the modern craze for catalogue gardening as cheerfully as she chose. Here she spent an occasional half-hour happily enough with a bulb list and a pencil, giving orders for the cutting down and rooting up of old-established and well-grown favourites, to make room for wonderful new combinations of colour and effect; though it was very improbable, since she never visited Welwysbere in the early spring, that she would behold the result of her plannings.

'I have heard your bungalow is too charming,' said Lord John, 'and such a convenient distance for week-ends.'

'Grace always jeers at my Cockney villa,' said Augusta good-humouredly. 'I shall ask her no more; you shall come in her stead.'

'I shall be delighted.'

'Ask me here instead, Gussie,' said Lady Grace, shrugging her shoulders very slightly, and reflecting how the good things of this life were wasted upon people who lacked taste to enjoy them.

She lay back in her easy chair and closed her eyes for a moment, as though the low rays of the sun were dazzling her. Perhaps she knew that a background of scarlet cushions was becoming to her

white delicate-featured face and the long, graceful outlines of her rather thin but still pretty figure.

When she opened her eyes it was to perceive that George Chilcott was regarding her with an interest and kindness to which she was not insensible. He had been a favourite partner long ago when he was a young Guardsman and she a *débutante*. She had then thought him somewhat of a simpleton, and she observed that his simplicity had not diminished now that he had broadened into a typical forty-year-old country squire; but the honesty and friendliness of his regard were the same. She exerted herself to enter into conversation with George, and their talk was full of the inquiries after old friends and the reminders of pleasant days gone by incidental to past intimacy.

'She wears well, though she must be forty, by gad!' thought Lord John, adding half a dozen years to the poor lady's age with the unfeeling calm of a man who has grown tired of meeting an acquaintance too often in unchanging circumstances. 'I wonder why she never married. She was an uncommonly handsome girl once.'

He too had enjoyed dancing and flirting with Lady Grace when she first came out, some sixteen seasons ago, and had even regretted for a time that her lack of a fortune rendered it impossible for him to fall in love with her seriously and marry her.

But Lord John, who had grown bald and stout and grey in the interval, and was, indeed, nearly twenty years her senior, now looked upon this slender, graceful woman as completely *passée*, and thought of her, when he thought of her at all, with good-natured pity, as one of London's failures.

'Oh, must you go, Mr. Chilcott?' said Augusta.

'Surely you won't take Colonel Moore away the moment I arrive?' shouted Mrs. Ralt.

'We've been here for hours already,' said George Chilcott good-humouredly, 'and though David's an idle man for the moment, I'm not, you know. Come, Clara.'

Miss Chilcott showed signs of a willingness to linger, but her hostess shook her hand with so much alacrity that she was obliged to follow the Squire's decided lead.

'You must come over and see Lily soon, Philippa. You've not been to Bridescombe for ages, and she will want to see you in your first long frocks,' said Miss Chilcott with patronising affability to Philippa, whose fair brow grew scarlet with the agonised

resentment peculiar to self-conscious youth under the notice thus drawn to her extremely recent promotion from childhood.

Lord John Trelleck examined the girl closely from under the brim of his straw hat, and observed that she looked extraordinarily handsome as she stood before her ponderous middle-aged relative, her straight brows drawn together in a frown over her blue long-lashed eyes, and her brilliant colouring enhanced by the angry flush.

'Got a temper, too,' he said to himself, with lazy amusement; and he tried presently to talk to the little heiress of Welwysbere, and to draw her out of her half-shy, half-sullen attitude of watchful silence and embarrassment.

But he did not succeed very well, for at this period of Philippa's existence men who happened to be possessed of bald heads, or wrinkles, or grey beards, did not count; they were merely part of the furniture of life, so to speak, and it could not matter particularly to anyone, and certainly not to her, what they said, thought, or did; so that she answered Lord John quite at random and took no interest at all in his skilfully chosen remarks.

It was nothing to Philippa that he was a member of the Yacht Squadron, a friend of Royalty, and altogether one of the most fashionable men in London. Her attention was fixed upon Augusta, and she grudged that it should be distracted even for a moment from the object of her childish admiration. She had not seen Augusta for three years—a long period in a young life: but a happy compliment at meeting had aroused her enthusiastic gratitude: it was delightful, at sixteen, to be hailed as grown up, and assured to her face that she was attractive and beautiful to behold.

Philippa had arrived at a time of life when most maidens, whether romantically or otherwise inclined, form attachments, sometimes for the strangest and most unlikely objects. She conceived a sudden devotion for her cousin; admired her extravagant gowns, raved about her dimples, and even imitated, for a time, and to her mother's horror, the peculiar thick gabble in which Augusta spoke.

Catherine, reflecting upon the list of Philippa's past idols (which included the lad who blew the bellows for the church organ, the village schoolmistress, and the miller's baby), decided that this new enthusiasm pleased her the least of all. She tried, however, to hide the natural mortification which must be felt by a parent who sees her child admiring, and prepared to imitate, a model felt

to be unworthy, and consoled herself as best she might with the remembrance of her daughter's fickleness.

Nothing, however, had as yet occurred to disillusion Philippa; and thus she was so happily engaged in looking at and listening to Augusta that she could not spare any attention at all for Lord John, though she permitted herself an occasional glance towards the tall bronzed soldier who was talking to Mrs. Ralt.

So this was Colonel Moore, the hero of Hector and Lily's dreams; the brother of their poor, beautiful young mother, who had died ten years ago, when Lily was born.

Philippa could not, after all, place him upon the retired list of old fogies, to whom poor Lord John so obviously, in her eyes, belonged.

David Moore was too upright, too vigorous, and too good-looking to be treated with such contumely.

He was very thin, and his lean brown face was deeply lined; but that was due to the hardships of war, she decided, and not to old age; for there was not a grey hair in his black moustache, nor in the crisp, short locks cropped close to his head, yet obstinately curling, nor in the marked black brows which met across the bridge of his straight nose.

When he laughed, which was rather often—a low, amused, sincere laugh, which made her feel inclined to join without knowing why—he showed square, even, white teeth, and screwed up his eyelids in what Philippa felt to be a very engaging manner. When he was not laughing she liked his face better still; and the frankness of his expression and the softness of his handsome orange-brown eyes pleased and attracted her greatly.

The thought that he was a real live hero also sent a pleasant thrill down Philippa's backbone; for she was, after all, a very simple country maiden, and her enthusiasms were fresh and wholesome.

Colonel Moore had no idea that those downcast eyes beneath Philippa's shady garden-hat were observing him, none the less that they seemed intent upon the lawn, or the tea-table, or Lady Adelstane's lace dress; but he looked not infrequently at her, for, indeed, her face was sufficiently attractive to arrest the attention of a man less susceptible than he to the influence of beauty.

On a certain April morning many years ago David Moore had gone primrosing in the Bridescombe Woods with Philippa's mother, when she had been hardly older than Philippa was now. He tried to trace a resemblance between his shadowy recollections of that

gentle companion of a bygone day and the handsome, vigorous maiden before him, but he found none.

'So that is Catherine's child,' thought David, and felt a little tenderly towards Philippa for her mother's sake, and for the sake of that faint, isolated memory of that mother's youth; and perhaps also for her own, since the heart must be hard indeed that is not touched and softened by that first innocent loveliness of a woman-child, not yet awakened to the knowledge of her own charm or her own power.

George Chilcott walked home with his brother-in-law, leaving Clara at the parsonage, where she proposed that they should join her in calling upon the vicar's wife, who, she argued, could not be out at this late hour of the afternoon.

Since they declined her invitation with much warmth and determination, nothing was left her but to pay her visit alone, which she proceeded to do, and no sooner were they freed from her presence than a perceptible sense of ease and relief stole over both men.

At the lych-gate of the churchyard George hesitated, and said to his companion, 'I generally go the short cut through this place and the fields when I'm alone,' and David nodded without a word.

He had been there already since his arrival at Bridescombe.

The grass was very long, and the stone flags of the old lychway through the churchyard much overgrown. George walked in front, and David followed, and both men stopped before a cleared space, surrounded by a railing, wherein a plain sarcophagus stood, half buried in the blossom of carefully tended summer flowers.

The inscription to 'Delia, beloved wife of George Chilcott,' was discernible, and the date of a Christmas ten years past.

Close by there stood a plainer stone, whereon the name of George's father, Admiral Hector Chilcott, and his seventy-seven years of honoured, blameless life were recorded; and above both monuments towered the broken column which marked the tomb of Sir Philip Adelstane, called from a full and useful life in the prime of manhood; but George and David saw only that sacred place where youth and love and beauty lay low in Delia's grave.

Neither man spoke, nor did either so much as look at the other; but when George walked on, and David followed, both knew that that silent pilgrimage expressed a bond of mutual sorrow and brotherhood which could only have been weakened in intensity by spoken words.

(*To be continued.*)

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BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MON-REPOS raises its little gray and pink stone façade on the western skirt of the forest of Compiègne, between the deep woods and the wide champaign of Artois. Dignified according to French custom by the title of château, it is in fact merely a coquettish *maison de campagne*, built in Louis XV. days—the days of Watteau, of scented and elegant rustic life, of artificial simplicity—by a high-living member of the once great feudal family of La Roche-Amand. This nobleman desired a discreet retreat, *suffisamment sylvestre*, according to the taste of the age, yet not out of reach of his *service du Roy*; and for two generations it had sheltered, no doubt, very charming existences.

After the tidal wave of the Terror had swept over France, Mon-Repos alone was left to the last of that race, of all his wide possessions.

Spiridion Hyacinthe Amédée, Comte de la Roche-Amand, had been left early *chef de famille*, and had known years of wealth, power, and happiness before the cataclysm. Flung then into one prison, transferred to another, he had, by some freak of fate, ultimately been forgotten in the count of the guillotine, while the nearest and furthest of his kin atoned to France for blood, rank, and refinement. He had been two years a prisoner

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when the ninth of Thermidor broke open the locks and he emerged to find himself a ruined and desolate man. His wife, frail flower of youth, his young brothers, his relations, his very servants, all were gone! The ancestral estates in Anjou were sacked and burned; his Paris hotel in the Marais confiscated to national uses. Only by the fidelity of the farmer couple who, during the long years of stress, had charge of Mon-Repos amid the woods, was he on the Restoration enabled to reassert his title to this small fraction of his property. In the intermediate period he became one of that band of *émigrés* as familiar to London as to Coblenz, to Geneva as to Turin.

At the latter place the Comte de la Roche-Amand—under the name of M. Spiridion, save the noblesse!—earned the meagre bread that sufficed to keep a sad soul in a lean body. He had always had a pretty taste for music: this, with the memory of airs and graces, of courtly salutes and delicate finger-touches, stood alone between him and beggary. And at Turin it was that little Juliana Tempest, the nine-year-old daughter of the English Ambassador to the Court of Savoy, became his pupil.

From the first an extraordinary sympathy drew him to the child. It was perhaps because of some resemblance he chose to find in her deep eyes to those that had been the brief, pure joy of his life; perhaps, again, because of the paternal instinct that grows but the stronger in most men when all youth is past, for he loved all children in his gentle, tired way. '*La délicieuse petite*,' he was thinking, when on their first forgathering she suddenly looked up and their eyes met. He started; that deep, grave, unchild-like, rather mournful gaze, so strangely purple under the black hair, reminded him—The pain in his soul, lulled, hidden away, silenced, awoke and cried out.

Something moved her to cross the floor and lay her hand on his clenched fingers. From that moment the father in him lived for her. As for the child Juliana, when questioned and teased for her infatuation for M. Spiridion, she could only find one answer:

'He looks so sad.'

But, unknown to herself, there was another reason: her secretively passionate nature already yearned for an absorbing affection. Her mother was dead, her father engrossed in the arduous diplomatic work of those vexed days—a dry, silent man, who hardly thought of his daughter except as an additional burden in life. By and by the dancing master began to give lessons in French,

then also in music to the little lady of the embassy, for Sir Julian Tempest was delighted to find a person of confidence to whom he could depute some of his responsibilities.

The *émigré* and his pupil became, by private consent, '*mon parrain*,' '*ma filleule*'—the oddest companions at their distant ends of life; withal, the most delicately matched. They owed to each other more than either perhaps realised. Besides the mere intellectual instruction (and Spiridion had been a trifle bitten by the philosophical movement of his early manhood, and had more sedulous knowledge than most of his own class) Juliana learned precious lessons from a character that overwhelming calamity had not embittered. As for him, what she brought into his desolate heart was as fragrant as incense.

When the rush of Bonaparte's arms drove the Count of Savoy, and with it the ambassador, to the island security of Sardinia, bitter was the parting between Spiridion and Juliana. They vowed like lovers not to forget; and for once such a promise was kept. In course of time the fate of diplomacy took Sir Julian to Florence, and there Juliana married. Monsieur Spiridion gave himself leave of absence from his laboriously collected connection, hurried to the City of Flowers to see for himself how they were disposing of his child. Oh, this was not the marriage he had dreamed for her. . . . A man as old as himself. Monstrous! He made one futile attempt at remonstrance with the ambassador, was very properly put back in his place, and returned to his drudgery with an aching heart. In their two years' separation the child had grown into a beautiful woman. What were they doing with her youth, her splendour, and her hidden heart of gold? To give her to Mordante dei Vespi, the old Florentine *roué*—Mordante of the wasp sting!

For the first time he thought of that pale vision with the violet eyes, that so faintly resembled Juliana's magnificent reality, with a feeling akin to peace: there might be worse fates than the quick passage of the guillotine for a man's most beloved!

Yet when a year later Juliana insisted on his spending a summer week with them in the castle up in the hills, he could not but admit to himself that the monstrous marriage seemed to have turned out extraordinarily well. Juliana seemed content; Count Mordante was apparently a courteous, kindly husband whose constant memory of his own years, of his wife's, gave to the married intercourse a dignity that was not without some romance of its

own. And she had grown curiously womanly for her years; serene brow bore token to serene soul. But the old *émigré*, with the perspicacity of love, read in her veiled eyes the slumbering dream.

'*Pour Dieu*! that she may not awaken!' he prayed to himself.

It was partly owing to the *parrain's* earnest advice that the *filleule* kept herself so apart from the world.

'Listen, my daughter,' he had said to her; 'a young wife to an old man will have scandal about her in this society if she so much as take a cup of chocolate from the fingers of a young man.'

Juliana's own mood was for solitude; so it was easy for her to be docile to such counsel.

With the Restoration of the French royal line, the *émigré* returned to France to resume his name and to enter into such remnant of property as he could still establish his title to. Modest enough it was; but the Comte de la Roche-Amand's wants had grown modest too; everything now was luxury to the dancing master: his own house, his own gardens, above all, his own country. There is no nation in the world whose exiles suffer from such yearning for the homeland as the French; *le mal du pays* consumes every poor banished son of that fair country.

Yet Spiridion left in Italy, in spite of his joy of return, a deep regret: Juliana, his little Juliana, never more than child-high to his heart. She wrote, it is true, long detailed letters, at regular intervals, for a whole year. Then came the rejoicing news of her journey to England and her promise of a halt at Petit-Repos on her way back to Florence. And after that followed a great disappointment to the old man, a great trouble, a mystery. At the very acme of his expectation she sent tidings that she was detained in England by the illness of foster-sister Peggie. Spiridion knew all about Peggie, as indeed up to then he had known even to the innermost folds of the web of Juliana's life. But here came the first break in the intimacy. After a prolonged silence a letter reached him from Florence, full of excuses: she had had to bring the invalid straight to their destination. The Count would spare her no longer. She loved her *parrain* always as dearly; she gave him a full description of Peggie's health, of their journey—and she told him nothing. It was as if a door had been shut between them.

'Something is most certainly happening,' said Comte Spiridion in the dim salon of Mon-Repos, as, propping his chin upon one hand, he stared at the crossed sheets. He guessed too well what the

something was—the only thing that could have produced this reticence. Even to a mother, the daughter keeps secret the tale of first love.

A vision of Juliana's face suddenly rose before him: her face as he had seen it upon their last farewell; its lovely pallor, framed by the dark masses of hair; her sweet deep eyes welling with slow tears for his departure; her lips faintly trembling. But now, into those eyes had come, he thought, the knowledge they had missed hitherto. Juliana and love. . . . And the old man, the wasp, between Juliana and love!

Comte Spiridion's heart became filled with devouring anxiety. Had he listened to its prompting, he would have packed and started that instant for Italy. But he had a wise brain, as well as a tender heart; and, above all, an exquisite sense of reserve. He had to the strongest degree what he would himself have described as *la pudeur de l'affection*. No—there was no cry for him, in this letter. On the contrary, it was the closed door.

God forbid that he should intrude his old love and his old wisdom. When she wanted him, she would find him. For the rest, a little paternal advice upon the minor question of this Peggie was all he could permit himself.

'Mistrust that little one, *ma fille*,' he wrote in his thin, flowing hand. 'She will give you trouble yet.'

To the moment of her husband's death, Juliana sent the usual fortnightly letter. Yet that locked door was not set open, not by the smallest fraction. And after the event which made her a widow, the Count felt as if bars and padlocks were now added to the barriers that divided them. He had wanted to hasten to her at this crisis, more than he had ever wanted anything, perhaps, since his great tragedy. But again refinement kept him from offering more than a hint of willingness. It was only when, at the beginning of this last March, Juliana had fallen into complete silence, that, haunted by an increasing sense of her need of him, he wrote frankly from his heart:

'Do you not want me, my child? For a whole year I have felt that you needed the old *parrain*. Well, again, you know where to find him. Or he can come and find you? He is not yet so old, little Juliana, but that he could not make very good haste to your side.'

It was four weeks since that letter had gone; and there was silence still.

Madame Thomas, the excellent *gouvernante* at Mon-Repos, and Prosper, Monsieur le Comte's rustic but most devoted body-servant, both observed with desolation that their master was growing thinner.

'And there was not too much of him, to begin with,' cried Madame Thomas. Prosper had just imparted to her the appalling tidings that M. le Comte now gave more than half his meal to Biribi, the greedy spaniel.

'I misdoubted something,' said Prosper. 'Biribi, who is becoming every day more like a barrel, and Monsieur le Comte more like a skeleton. So I looked through the door chink.'

'Monsieur le Comte would not wound my feelings by leaving my dishes, monsieur, who knows I have my pride in his little dinners! Ah, mon Dieu, and he does not even care for his violin any more!' Madame Thomas wiped her eyes with her apron as she spoke.

The end of April it was. The lilac was all bursting into brown buds around Petit-Repos. The beeches of the park were dream-like in delicate green. Cowslips enamelled the new grass. The birds were having a very orgy of song in treetops and underwood. Except for the vivid, jewel green of young leaf and blade, the flaming of tulip and jonquil, the spring world was drawn in faint tints. A misty blue haze hung over woods and the meadows; the sky was pale azure; pale amethyst were the lines of low hills in the western distance; and to the north, the east, and the south, the great forest was blurred in dim and melting hues, greys and mauves, russet of old wood, olive of young buds.

The intoxicating scent of spring was in the air; mingled with the pungent fragrance of wood smoke. La Roche-Amand inhaled it with that rush of memory which scent, more than any other bodily appeal, brings to the mind, but he could look back on that far past, now, more with tenderness than pain. As far as his own life was concerned, the serenity of evening had fallen upon him.

Yet there was a cloud on the horizon. As he stood upon his terrace and looked out into the divine April afternoon, the thought of Juliana obsessed him with more than usual pertinacity. What was she doing, that poor child? Why was she dumb? It could not be illness, for that would not have been kept a secret. No, he felt the certitude that the trouble was of the soul.

But it is the blessing of the old that they become as children, soothed by little interesting events of the hour. Yonder was a

blackbird, making trills and roulades, sweeter than are ever heard from human throat. Positively there was quite a definite phrase of melody in those liquid notes. It reminded him of a romance which he heard in the Florence days, and he was moved to try if he could recall the inspiration.

And now Madame Thomas, in the kitchen, rejoiced as the violin strains again welled into the house.

'Eh, eh, that goes better,' she said, nodding over her copper pan. 'It comes pat. Just as my little *carré de veau* is turning such a beautiful gold! Monsieur le Comte shall not give it to Biribi to-day. He plays; he will have appetite!'

With a last fond look at the masterpiece, the excellent woman slipped on her clogs and pattered into the potager to select her *petit bouquet*—chives, chervil, parsley, and tarragon—for the green salad that was to escort her roast.

Great was her astonishment, as she was passing the kitchen-garden gate, to behold, coming swiftly across the meadow path towards the terrace, a strange lady, someone Madame Thomas had never seen before. None of the Count's neighbours was the least like this tall, beautiful woman, with her pale face, her long black robes, who walked like a princess, yet moved with an air of eagerness, as if she was coming home. Her hat hung on her arm and the wind played through the ripples of her hair.

The stranger stopped at the gate and looked at Madame Thomas with pleasant eyes, a smile on her lips.

'Is the Comte de la Roche-Amand at home?' she asked.

Madame Thomas rolled her arms under her blue apron and curtseyed.

'*Eh, ma belle dame*——' she began.

But the visitor lifted her gloved hand:

'Nay, I hear, I hear,' she interrupted. 'That is his violin.' She stood a while listening; the bird song and the voice of the violin intermingled very quaintly, all in the perfumed air. 'Don't announce me,' she said, her fingers on the latch of the gate, 'I have come to visit the Count. My chaise is waiting on the road. I want just to walk in on him, straight.'

'But does M. le Comte expect——?'

'He always expects me,' said the stranger, enigmatically.

Madame Thomas gave up trying to work out her astonishment. She trotted in front of the visitor—just as she was, in her cooking apron and sabots. Never was such an adventure! She clumped

into the house and opened the door of the great saloon where M. le Comte was performing a wonderful run upon the strings.

'*Une belle dame pour M. le Comte!*' she cried importantly, and flung the door wide. She drew back, but no further than the threshold; according to her creed of devoted familiar service, she was at least entitled to view the meeting.

La Roche-Amand glanced up from his fiddle, with his bow poised in the middle of a sweep; then he flung the instrument on the couch and came forward, arms extended.

('It must have been as the lady said, that he expected her somehow,' Madame Thomas afterwards informed Prosper. 'For, my faith, M. le Comte did not look surprised, only his eyes shone: you should have seen them shine! And his face, white as my linen, but shining too!')

The old man took his visitor by both hands. Every sound he had drawn in music had been a thought of her: it seemed as if he had evoked her. Neither spoke for a while; then taking her head delicately between his fingers, he kissed her forehead.

'My child, my very dear child . . .'

And here Madame Thomas stepped out of her sabots and, holding them in one hand, padded briskly back to her own domain. By the mercy of the good God, she had a chicken in the larder. There should be a *fricassée* to the square of veal. Prosper was in his pantry. Shrilly she called:

'Despatch, you great good-for-nothing! There's a daughter come to visit M. le Comte, and she's a princess if ever there was one.'

After the kiss of greeting, Comte Spiridion continued to hold Juliana's head with tender hands, while he gazed down into her beloved face. Characteristically, silence was still upon her as the purple eyes looked back into his; and slowly a great tear rose and brimmed down each cheek.

It was the face he had seen in his troubled vision. And lo! in her eyes was what he had feared to find. Love had come to her and with it not happiness.

She disengaged herself quietly, and brushed the moisture from her lashes.

'Behold, *parrain*, I am here, at last. It is so good to see you, and that is why I cry.'

Then Comte Spiridion knew that though she had come to him, the door was not yet to be opened between them.

CHAPTER XIX.

To pass within the high park walls of Mon-Repos was to enter into a bygone century.

The fragrance of a lost courtesy, of an outworn elegance, was in the very air. Some thirty years of savage disruption, of rapine and massacre, of warfare and barbaric conquest, of gross splendour and tragic defeat, had changed royal France; changed from the hearts and faces of her children to the very physiognomy of the land itself. Only in a few outlying, forgotten corners, such as this, lurked the ghosts of ancient days. Two score miles to the south, Paris might still be officially rejoicing in the Restoration of her sovereign; but it was only the semblance of Royalty—a thousand throats might raise the cry of '*Vive le Roy*': but royalty was dead in France, and the spirit that had killed it was living.

At Mon-Repos the scent of the lilies lingered. In spite of the small means of its master, although a mere peasant lad united in his person all the charges that the Mon-Repos of bygone days imperatively required for its service—major-domo, confidential valet, *chasseur* and *laquais d'antichambre*, not to speak of gardener and stableman—the spirit of the grand seigneur, the high tone of the days of old remained supreme and would remain, while a La Roche-Amand ruled. The incommunicable supremacy of his birth clung to the *pair de France* who had been dancing master, as becomingly as did his old-world garments.

'How very splendid you are, *mon parrain*!' said Juliana on their first meeting, the morning after her arrival.

It was in the garden. She had halted in her meditative walk between the rows of jonquils to smile at him as he hurried towards her. Her eyes ran with a tender amusement from the wonderful lace of his ruffle to the sheen of the pearl brocade waistcoat, repeated in the stockings that clung to the fine lean legs. 'In a silk coat, too, and at this hour! My dear godfather, is this Trianon, and are we expecting her Majesty?'

'It is to do you honour, Juliana. I do not expect any other queen.'

'Alas!' she said, 'that all this black of mine should bring such a blot to the picture!'

La Roche-Amand peered searchingly under the shadow of her

hat. Then he touched the black scarf floating on her shoulders with an almost timid finger :

' You were alone, my poor child ? '

She turned her eyes upon him ; and for the first time in all his acquaintance with her, he saw them look hard.

' Once, when I was a little girl, I spoke, in your hearing, evil of one who was dead. And you said to me : " Death claims at least the charity of silence." Those were good words, godfather.'

The kind grey eyes, so astonishingly bright still under the white brows and the powdered hair, became clouded with doubt in which there was also something of pain. This adopted child of his loneliness, how she had grown away from him, how she had put him out of her life ! Was he to know nothing, then ? This pang of lost intimacy, which nearly every parent in the flesh is bound to experience, was not to be spared to his spiritual paternity. All the harder for his delicate soul to bear that the love he lavished had no rights to claim.

Here was new trouble he had not suspected. Whatever the experience might have been that had come into Juliana's life, it had evidently brought with it wide-reaching results. She whom he had left, honouring and honoured, more completely than a union of such disparity would have seemed to warrant, had now upon the first allusion to the dead, an accent of bitterness, a steely flash of glance. There came a heavy pause between them. Then Juliana laid a hand upon his breast :

' Be patient with me, godfather. Oh, dear godfather ; I came to you to tell you everything, to ask your help—— and now that I am with you, I cannot speak ! I have not found myself yet.'

She drew nearer ; and he saw her hand wander to her forehead and then to her breast.

' There is fever, here and here,' she said, rather wildly. ' In a few days, amid this peace, with you, it will be different. Dear father—the only real father I have ever known—let me rest. It is so beautiful in this place, with the flowers and with you.'

The old man trembled as he held her to him, silently. Words seemed too gross to his subtle perception. With a sudden nervous gesture, startlingly unlike the suave repose he had always known in her, she flung her hat from her head, that she might lay her face against his shoulder, like a child. The waves of her wonderful hair, disordered, invited his mute caress. Again a little while they stood dumb. Then, with another mood, she drew herself from him.

He had thought she had been weeping ; but the purple of her eyes was undimmed.

'Oh, the good, peaceful life we are going to have here, we two ! ' she cried. 'Do you know, *parrain*, since you have made yourself so handsome I am going to make myself lovely, just for you ! This black—fie ! with the Easter coming ! This mourning—oh, what a mockery ! Wait for me—I shall be back very quickly.' She took two running steps and halted, looked back at him over her shoulder : 'If you were to amuse yourself by gathering a bouquet —eh, what say you ?—to complete a *toilette de printemps* ! '

She blew a kiss and vanished round the bend of the box-wood hedge.

Comte Spiridion remained standing with eyes fixed on the spot where he had seen the last flutter of the black scarf. Then he sighed and then he smiled.

'Positively coquettish ! *Allons ! C'est bien l'amour qui lui tient au cœur !* . . . Love itself, the capricious boy ! And she so grave, so sedate, even as a child. Who is the man ? Where ? Her soul used to be like a mountain lake, sheltered from all winds. . . . *Hé ! hé !* but love comes sooner or later, and with him the storm, the troubled waters. *Pauvre petite !* She is going to make herself lovely—for the old godfather, of course ! ' And down somewhere in a hidden recess of his wise, patient, tender heart there pricked a small subtle thorn of jealousy.

Rousing himself at last, he turned his thoughts to her behest. Jonquils ? No, too garish. The flowering wistaria ? Exquisite in colour, but over-heavy a blossom. . . . Stay, only last Sunday morning he had noticed how the primroses starred the copse of aspens near the entrance gate. Primroses ! Their scent as sweetly faint as their colour. Against the fine ivory of her skin, their tints would delicately harmonise. Primroses, with their message of hope. . . . That was the posy for Juliana !

There was a light, capricious wind and the sun shone in benign glory between high racing white clouds that never threatened rain, but only cast charming quick shadows on the green of the young meadow. Down in the copse was a dancing fretwork of light and shade. The leafage was far enough advanced to make the trees all sap-green, yet not so far but that every outline of bough and twig remained defined. The aspens quivered, now white, now shadowed ; and as the breeze flustered them, gave out their sound of faint, tremulous laughter. The grass grew sparsely under the trees ;

but there rose a whole spring generation of fern, the fronds still curled like fairy croziers in their unpaintable hue of beryl; and around every bole, in every fold of ground, the primrose faces peering amid their large crinkled foliage. There was a hint of wild hyacinth about the glade; but the primrose ruled—the copse was full of their subtle breath.

The old man stood a moment or two at the entrance of the wood, bathing his soul in the scene; stirred out of its usual placidity, it was invaded by a spreading sense of the beauty and pathos of the spring. Perhaps because he was so utterly apart from it, because life had killed the youth in him more completely than in most men, he seemed to find himself the more able to take in and to understand. Leaping bough, blossom, soaring song, savours of rising sap, heady scents upon the wind, all the life and strife, young vigour and yearning, all these things had no call for his blood; there was nothing in his old frame to respond, but his spirit was moved to immense sympathy.

O Primavera . . . gioventù dell' anno
O Gioventù . . . primavera della vita!

He grew warm in his heart at the thought of the young life now finding shelter yonder under the eaves of his whilom empty house; and he had a sudden, ineffably pleasing vision of little ones running about those empty passages, blooming in those dim spaces; children whose voices should call him *bon papa*. He could not believe it possible that such a woman as Juliana would love unworthily; and he knew it impossible that anyone who had loved her could ever give her up. Therefore—*sursum corda*! After all, the spring had its promise for the old man.

He was smiling as he began to gather the primroses for her bosom. The task was not without some difficulty, for he was a trifle stiff in the joints, and primroses must be stooped for. And then he was very careful in his choice, as serious and important over his task as any child.

There was a fair-sized bunch of the innocent placid-faced things in his hand when he paused.

'And to think it should be the old godfather, who gives her the gage of love, on this morning made for love,' he mused. Who was the man? He must break down this reserve between them, or how could he help her? Yes, delicately, with precautions infinite, he would induce her heart to open to him.

On the spur of the impulse he turned his steps back again

towards the avenue, but suddenly halted in astonishment. Leaning over the iron railings that fenced the wood from the meadowland stood a young man, watching him. After a moment, Comte Spiridion advanced at a quickened pace.

Not till he had come to within a few steps of the stranger did the latter move; then he straightened himself and swept the beaver from his head. The full sunshine blazed on close crisp hair of an unwontedly vivid chestnut hue; on a young face of almost classical chiselling; on a straight, well-knit figure that seemed instinct with a splendid alertness.

'My faith, 'tis a young god a-wander in my woods. . . Apollo himself! But, by Olympus, what seeks he here?' thought La Roche-Amand in his amazement. He laid the primrose bunch against his heart with a sweep, as if it had been the *chapeau-bras* of his Versailles days, and bowed.

'Monsieur?' he began, drawing closer. Then the whimsical fancy took shape on his lips. (Old as one may be, a spring morning is apt to go to the head!) 'And what may young Apollo be seeking in my park?' he inquired.

The delicate faded face was wrinkled with gentle humour. But the god-like youth was smiling no longer. At the last words a fire had leaped to the brown eyes he opened wide upon the questioner. In the most grave voice he answered:

'He is looking for Daphne—Daphne, who has fled from him.'

Spiridion, the primroses still clapped to his heart, contemplated him a moment in silence. Conflicting thoughts were busy in his mind. Here then was the romance he had but even now dreamed of. Romance very handsomely materialised in faith! *Un gentilhomme*, or he was no judge; *et un homme d'esprit*!

'Daphne . . .! Be reassured, O Apollo! There is yet no laurel in these woods,' he pursued after a pause.

'I hope not,' answered the extraordinary young man with the same seriousness. 'I have made swift chase!'

'Mythology aside, my dear sir,' said Spiridion, 'may I request to know what has gained me the honour of your visit?'

'M. le Comte—for I take it you are the Comte de la Roche-Amand,' said the intruder—he spoke a very clear French, but with an accent unmistakably English in its clipping purity of enunciation, 'mythology has already expressed very well the purpose of my visit. I am seeking a lady who, I am given to understand, is at present under your roof. I have the most earnest reasons——'

'Apollo's reason?' interrupted Spiridion, with a twinkle in his eye.

The other made a sudden gesture.

'Sir,' he said, 'I find you gathering flowers. You greet me with an allusion to classic poetry. You have been, sometime in life, I conjecture, on Apollo's business yourself—but——' His eyes flamed at a new turn of thought: 'Daphne . . . *absit omen*!' he cried. 'I'll have no more of Apollo's story in this business. Sir, I am Lord Wroth. I love the lady who is with you—her fine Italian name comes awkwardly to my tongue: I know her best as Juliana. I appeal to you to allow me speech of her.'

La Roche-Amand had not felt so keen an excitement these five-and-twenty years. A red spot began to burn on either withered cheek. It was as if the fire consuming the young man had found its reflection in the old one. After all, it is the best that is left to age, to warm its heart at the fires of youth!—So, it was as he had surmised: had not Juliana come to him from England? And this year of her life-book—closed and sealed against him—had begun, he knew, with a visit to England. Ha! but that had been during her husband's lifetime. His pulses beat a little quicker: in glimmers, he fancied he understood. Plausible theories formed and reformed themselves, chasing each other in his brain.

'Certainly,' he answered, with reserve, 'the lady whose name is Juliana dwells here, as my guest.'

He cast a glance towards the house; and started slightly:

'See, milord, here she comes. If your presence is agreeable to her, I shall be honoured to receive you in my house.'

Wroth's eyes followed. And Spiridion, looking back at him, saw the blood ebb from the countenance he had likened to that of a god; saw the full-cut, passionate lips tremble; saw the hand, ungloved, that lay on the rail, tighten till the bones started.

'*Allons, il est amoureux fou,*' thought La Roche-Amand. And there came again the odd bite of jealousy at his heart.

But a few hours had he had his child to himself, and already they were broken in upon by this storm of youth and love and conquest! The next instant a generous reaction overwhelmed all other feelings. It was right that the old father should make way for the young lover. To bring these two together, these two splendid beings: could his last years be granted a more gracious task? He gently touched the tight-clenched hand of Wroth.

'Look,' he said, on the impulse of his heart. 'She has cast off her mourning. Ah, with what a grace she sways in her lilac silks: such tints have the wisteria blossoms round her windows yonder! *Hé, hé*, milord, how she walks! Does she not mind you of Virgil's fragrant words:

> . . . Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
> Et vera incessu patuit Dea?'

There was a strange mixture of bitter and sweet in Juliana's heart as she came forth into the bright day, clad once more as befitted her own youth and that of the world.

The spring (that had gone even to Comte Spiridion's grey head) had entered into her blood. But in the very potency of its sweetness and the exquisite joy of its promise, the deep-seated misery of her disillusioned love became the more intolerable, and all the youth in her rose in defiance. Why should April be so exquisite, and all not be well with her? Why should the soft spring airs taunt her and suggest such perilous joys when reason, pride, all the innerwoman instincts of dignity forbade them? There came an unknown recklessness over her. She would take from this hour what the spring could give. She found an almost physical pleasure in the challenge of her shimmering silks to mourning and regrets, in the knowledge of her beauty—although no man might ever own it now. The breeze ran to meet her in the garden; the gay life enveloped her. She hastened; she wanted to see the old eyes, at least, rejoice and proclaim her beautiful.

Prosper, very busy at the garden gate, setting shells about a tulip-bed, stared at her.

'O, how magnificent is Madame!' cried he, with the sympathetic familiarity of his kind, and blinked as if the vision dazzled. 'Yes, madame, M. le Comte is down in the little wood.'

He opened the gate for her, clumping in his wooden shoon, and bowed as she sped by.

The sun was in her eyes all the way down the avenue; and she had come bare-headed, for she loved to feel the winds play through her hair. To her the two men, yonder by the fence gate, were but two black figures in the dancing glare. She saw them move and come forward—'Godfather and his *garde-chasse*, or some neighbour,' she thought. It was only when quite close upon them that she halted in her swift undulating walk. Spiridion, keenly watching her face, marked the sudden pallor that swept across it, kindred to that which still lay on the stranger's coun-

tenance. He was full of wise saws, garnered in the course of a life the greater part of which had been spent as a mere observer.

'*Amour qui rougit—fleurette! Amour qui pâlit—drame du cœur!*' he said to himself.

'Godfather . . . !'

Upon the cry Juliana put out her hand blindly. And, as the Comte hastened to her, she swayed a little against him. He took the cold fingers in his.

'My dear daughter,' he said gravely—'this gentleman will not remain an instant with us, should his presence be distressing to you.'

'Shall I go, Juliana?' said Wroth, in a low voice.

The treachery of the spring, of her own youth! She could find no word of dismissal. The blood rushed back from heart to brain. Through the confusion of her thoughts, through the clamour of her pulses, she heard her godfather speaking:

'Milord Wroth,' he was saying, ceremoniously, 'will you do me the honour of remaining to breakfast with me to-day?' And as he spoke, he pressed Juliana's hand.

Wroth bowed acceptance. He too was silent. Even his lids were cast down over eyes perhaps too eloquent. All three turned and moved slowly towards the house.

When they had reached the porch, Spiridion stood a second or two gravely contemplating Juliana. Upon the ivory pallor of her cheeks now bloomed a flower of perfect carmine; brief, wonderful blossom of the wonderful brief hour of young love. He laid his primrose posy in her hand with the ceremony which belonged to the occasion.

'Gathered as bidden, my dear one.' In his heart he was saying to himself: 'To-morrow, it will not be of the old man she will ask flowers.'

As Juliana fastened the bunch at her breast, she felt the eyes of Wroth upon her. The singularly penetrating yet faint breath of the primroses brought her back with a fierce vividness to that hour of passion and misery, when she had picked up Peggie's nosegay to complete the outward semblance of her deception. She was suddenly back in the bare church of the Wells; back in the graveyard. Nausea, almost faintness, came over her, followed by quick revulsion. The hand she had raised to dash the flowers from her kerchief, pressed them to her throat. She bent to draw their scent into herself. Was she not his wife? And he was close, and it was spring!

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN AND THE WHIGS.

'MAMMA, are Tories born wicked, or do they grow wicked afterwards?' 'My dear, they are born wicked, and grow worse.' *Ex oribus parvulorum.*—This was the Shorter Catechism of Whiggery; and by none was it more devoutly believed than by the Ministers who kissed Queen Victoria's hand on the fateful June 20, 1837.

I propose to myself in this paper a twofold object. I wish to trace, in the light of Queen Victoria's recently-published Letters, the attitude of the Crown towards the Whig Ministers and the party who supported them; and to enquire whether Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and their friends represented the historic Whiggery of the eighteenth century.

It is always hazardous to date a belief, a movement, a party, from a particular year, for, no sooner has one done so to one's own satisfaction, than some fresh evidence leaps to light, showing that the belief was held, the movement was set on foot, the party was formed, at some much earlier period than the selected date. But, in spite of this liability to error, we shall not be far wrong if we regard Whiggery as the movement of 1688. 'The Whigs,' says the unimpassioned Haydn in his 'Dictionary of Dates,' 'brought about the Revolution of 1688, and established the Protestant Succession.' In other words, they made the political history of the eighteenth century. As long as Whiggery existed, the year 1688 had a sacred glamour about it, such as attached to no other date in human history; it was toasted with rapture at Whig banquets; and its authority was still invoked by politicians who had very little in common with Somers and Halifax. Thus Lord George Bentinck, when he led the Protectionist Opposition to Sir Robert Peel, delighted to style himself 'a Whig of 1688, modified by all the experience of the present age'; and, within my own time, the stoutest Tory I ever knew—Charles Newdigate Newdegate, M.P. for North Warwickshire—used to describe himself as 'attached to the principles of the Constitution as established in 1688.' More legitimate was Lord John Russell's constant appeal to the same great date, which, indeed, dominated all his political thinking and acting. 'Lord John,' said an illustrious personage, 'would

be better company if he had any other subject besides the Revolution of 1688 and himself.' As in private, so in public. He aspired, as a critic said, to teach politics to the countrymen of Machiavelli; and, when his zeal for constitutional government in Italy incurred a royal rebuke, he promptly replied that he 'could scarcely be expected to abjure the doctrines of the Revolution of 1688.' Though I am a Whig *pur sang*, I can almost sympathise with the asperity which the iteration of those hallowed numerals evoked. 'The Queen cannot make out what the doctrines of the Revolution of 1688 can have to do with her last letter, or how it would necessitate Lord John to abandon them.'

Lord John's last word was contained in a letter to the Queen, written on April 30, 1860:

> Of course, the King of Sardinia has no right to assist the people of the Two Sicilies unless he was asked by them to do so, as the Prince of Orange was asked by the best men of England to overthrow the tyranny of James II.—an attempt which has received the applause of all our great public writers, and is the origin of our present form of government.

So much for the birth-date of Whiggery; and, according to an historical theory which Lord Beaconsfield was never tired of enforcing, its main achievement was to establish a 'Venetian Government' in England.

> The great object of the Whig leaders in England from the first movement under Hampden to the last and most successful one in 1688, was to establish in England a high aristocratic republic on the model of the Venetian, then the study and admiration of all speculative politicians. Read Harrington, turn over Algernon Sydney, and you will see how the minds of the English leaders in the seventeenth century were saturated with the Venetian type. And they at length succeeded. William III. found them out. He told the Whig leaders 'I will not be a Doge.' The reign of Anne was a struggle between the Venetian and the English system. Two great Whig nobles, Argyle and Somerset, worthy of seats in the Council of Ten, forced their sovereign on her deathbed to change her ministry. They accomplished their object. They brought in a new family on their own terms. George I. was a Doge; George II. was a Doge; George III. tried not to be a Doge, but it was impossible materially to resist the deeply-laid combination. He might get rid of the Whig magnificoes, but he could not rid himself of the Venetian Constitution. And a Venetian Constitution did govern England from the accession of the House of Hanover to 1832. [1]

After all due allowance has been made for Disraelian rhetoric, it remains true that 'the great Revolution families,' as Lord Chatham called them, wielded a great and an increasing power from the accession of the House of Hanover to the fall of Fox.

[1] *Coningsby*, Book V.

Their political creed was simple but sufficient. The Hanoverian succession was to be upheld, but the powers of the Crown were to be rigidly circumscribed. The Established Church was to be maintained because it was the best bulwark against Popery, and therefore against the House of Stuart and despotic government, but the widest indulgence was to be accorded to Protestant Dissent. These were the principles of the Revolution of 1688, and they bear the character which attached to the laws of the Medes and Persians. To add a jot to them or to detract a tittle from them was regarded as at once a sacrilege and a treason. But the world moves on, in spite of sacred dates and great Revolution families; and, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the fates which preside over politics were beginning to force some issues for which the Revolution of 1688 afforded no satisfactory solution. As long as the work in hand was merely to defeat the Pretender and to curb the prerogative of the lawful sovereign, the Whigs were of one heart and one soul. They were divided into internal factions by personal likes and dislikes, jealousies, and ambitions, by greed of office, and by rival claims upon the public purse; but, where the principles of the sacred date were at stake, the Bedfords and the Shelburnes and the Rockinghams could make common cause against a common danger. By 1789 the ground had shifted under their feet. The Pretender was dead. George III. was securely established on his throne. Parliamentary and personal freedom had been vindicated, and the nation had just demonstrated its invincible Protestantism. The principles of 1688 had won an absolute though peaceful victory; but the moment was at hand when they were to be tested by blood and fire, and to issue from the testing process in new and sometimes unrecognisable shapes.

July 14, 1789, is one of the epoch-making dates of human history. The capture of the Bastille was an event so startling and so dramatic that it shook even the immobility of Whiggism. Charles Fox wrote, in a transport of enthusiasm, 'How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!' But it was only the first act in the great drama. Before long, men who had been accustomed from their childhood to regard the French monarchy as the type of a powerful, splendid, and enduring polity, saw a National Army constituted in complete independence of the Crown; a representative body assuming absolute power and denying the King's right to dissolve it; the King borne in ignominious triumph to the palace of the municipality;

the summary abolition of the whole Feudal system, which a year before had seemed endowed with perpetual vigour; an insurrection of the peasants against the territorial tyrants, accompanied by pillage, arson, and bloodshed; the beautiful and stately Queen flying half naked from her Court amid the slaughter of her sentinels and courtiers; and the King himself virtually a prisoner in the very palace which, up to that moment, had seemed the ark and sanctuary of absolute government.

These events produced an immediate and natural effect on English politics generally, and upon the fortunes of Whiggery in particular. Enemies of religious establishments took courage from the downfall of established religion in France. Enemies of monarchy rejoiced in the public and formal degradation of a monarch. Those who had been promoting some carefully guarded experiments in parliamentary reform saw their principles carried to their utmost limits and expressed in the most uncompromising terms in the French Declaration of Rights, and practically applied in the constitution of the Sovereign Body. Serious advocates of republican institutions, mere lovers of change and excitement, secret sympathisers with lawlessness and violence, sedentary theorists, reckless adventurers, and local busybodies, associated themselves in the attempt to popularise the French Revolution in England, and to imbue the English mind with congenial sentiments. Over this strangely assorted company some of the great Whigs presided. The Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Stanhope, caught by the popular passion of the moment, forgot all about the principles of 1688, or at any rate gave them so new a garb and so wide an extension that the more steady-going members of the party could scarcely recognise their former oracles. The Duke of Bedford joined the 'Corresponding Society' of the French Revolution; and the aristocratic chiefs of Whiggery held language about the Sovereignty of the People and Universal Suffrage which savoured a good deal more of the French than of the English Revolution. Suddenly, in the midst of all this hurly-burly,

> a voice like the Apocalypse sounded over England, and even echoed in all the courts of Europe. Burke poured the vials of his hoarded vengeance into the agitated heart of Christendom, and stimulated the panic of a world by the pictures of his inspired imagination.

Whether Lord Beaconsfield was right in this implied belief that Burke's fury against the Revolution and the Whigs who supported

it was due to the fact that, after having served the Whig party in opposition with all his glorious powers, he was excluded from a Whig Cabinet, cannot be positively ascertained. But, whatever was the cause, the fact is clear that from the very beginning Burke looked upon the proceedings in France with disapproval and apprehension. 'Every courier who crossed the Channel supplied new material for his contempt and his alarm.' He wrote with horror of 'the old Parisian ferocity.' He opposed, with all the unequalled resources of his genius and eloquence, the French attempt to build up a theoretical constitution on the ruins of tradition, history, and authority. Every fresh act of cruelty and oppression which accompanied the process stirred in him that tremendous indignation against wrong and violence, of which Warren Hastings had felt the intensity and the volume. The execution of the King and Queen supplied the final argument; and 'No Peace with the Regicides' was Burke's dying charge to England. Whether Burke was or was not an effective speaker in Parliament is a question which has often been contested; but no difference of opinion is possible with regard to the splendour and power of his written style. The 'Reflections on the French Revolution' was, as was said long after, 'not so much a book as an event.' In less than twelve months it reached its eleventh edition, and before long thirty thousand copies had been sold. Its effect was instantaneous and immense. It divided the nation into two parties. On both sides it precipitated opinion; and the effect which it produced was enhanced by the 'Appeal from the New to the old Whigs,' and by the 'Letters on a Regicide Peace.' Among other and more important results, this trilogy of anti-French declamation rent the Whig party in twain. The Duke of Portland, Lord FitzWilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord John Cavendish, and Sir George Elliot, followed Burke. Fox, on the other hand, threw himself into the Revolutionary cause with all the ardour which he had displayed in the cause of American Independence, and he was reinforced by Sheridan, Francis, Erskine, and Grey. The final rupture between Fox and the great genius to whose inspiration he had owed so much is one of those Partings of Friends which have altered the course of history. The French Revolution shattered, and rendered ineffectual for a whole generation, the great Whig oligarchy, and destroyed for ever 'the Venetian Constitution.'

The reign of the old Whiggery came to an end when Louis XVI. was put to death, and England plunged into a war of expiation

against revolutionary France. Henceforward, Pitt was master. When, twenty years later, Pitt was in his grave, and the Whigs had emerged again into political importance, it was plain that (like the Bourbons in exile) they had forgotten nothing; but, unlike that doomed race, they had learnt much. They had not forgotten their traditional creed that the Royal Prerogative is a power to be watched and circumscribed, that free institutions require 'perpetual jealousy and frequent renovation,'[1] and that all government must ultimately rest on the consent of the governed. But they had learnt that England does not love republics, nor, indeed, any form of violent change, so that political reform, if it is to succeed in this country, must be cautious, gradual, and well-reasoned. In a word they gave to Whiggery the significance which Lord John Russell had in mind when, half a century later, he said that 'Liberal Conservative' spells in seven syllables what 'Whig' spells in one.

At this period of reawakening Whiggery we first encounter the figure of a man who in his own person linked the new order to the old—Charles, Earl Grey (1764–1843)—and never, in its palmiest days, was the Whig party led more worthily than by—

> That Earl, who forced his compeers to be just,
> And wrought in brave old age what youth had planned.

Charles Greville (who did not like him) describes his 'tall, commanding, and dignified appearance, his flow of language, graceful action, and well-rounded periods,' which made him 'the most finished orator of his day.' To his disciple, Lord Russell, he seemed 'the enlightened lover of his country in all her perils and perplexities.' Lord Beaconsfield, who is said to have proffered his political services in early life to Lord Grey, and to have been snubbed for his pains, drew a less favourable portrait of 'a haughty Whig peer, proud of his order, prouder of his party, freezing with arrogant reserve and condescending politeness.' Combine these various impressions, and you get, I fancy, a picture of the real Lord Grey, who, born in the days of the 'Venetian oligarchy,' and reared in the doctrine of 1688, lived to alter the basis of English Government, and to conduct, as the Duke of Wellington expressed it, 'a revolution by due course of law.'

Lord Grey disappeared from public life in 1834, and in 1835

[1] *The English Government and Constitution*, by John Earl Russell. Chap. xxx.

Lord Melbourne formed the Administration which was in office when Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

It is, I think, possible to trace in the early chapters of the Queen's 'Letters,' some disposition on the part of the Duchess of Kent to bring her daughter into contact with the Whigs. We read in the Princess's letters friendly notices of the 'clever but singular' Whately, the 'agreeable Palmerston,' 'poor little Lord John Russell,' Edward Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), in his Whig days, Sir John Hobhouse, Dr. Lushington, 'old George Byng,' and 'our friend Mr. Hume.' There were, indeed, friendly relations with some Tory houses, such as Lord Liverpool's and Lord Exeter's, and the Princess was fully justified in saying that she

> *never showed* herself, *openly*, to belong to any party, and *did not* belong to any party; but it was a matter of much importance that she was well acquainted with the members of the Whig Government, and had *real* confidence in them, and in particular in Lord Melbourne.

At 9 A.M. on June 20, 1837, Melbourne had his first audience of his new Sovereign.

> He kissed my hand, and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs, and that they could not be in better hands than his.

And so, rather tardily, we reach the topic indicated by the heading of this paper, 'The Queen and the Whigs.' What were the relations between Queen Victoria and the Whig statesmen of her reign?

When Melbourne kissed hands as the Queen's first Prime Minister, he was fifty-eight years old, but remarkably young of his age, and still in the fulness of his social charm. 'He was a man of the world, and at the same time the soul of honour. His temperament was sympathetic, he had a passion for female society, and he had no one of his own to love.' Heretofore, he had been indolent to the point of lethargy, but now he suddenly rose to the height of his new duties, and applied himself with a vigour which astonished his friends to the task of guiding and protecting the girl-Queen. There can be no doubt that the best part of his disposition was aroused by the nature of his task; but it is not uncharitable to surmise that he also saw a unique opportunity of promoting the interests of that political party to which he was sincerely, though languidly, attached. His first step was to fill the Queen's household with ladies on whose loyalty to Whiggism he could con-

fidently rely. The beautiful and majestic Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, became Mistress of the Robes; and the very names of Lady Lansdowne, Lady Tavistock, Lady Durham, and Lady Portman were enough to guarantee the political soundness of the Queen's immediate surroundings. Melbourne's next step was to establish himself as a permanent inmate at Windsor Castle.

Month after month he remains here, submitting to the daily routine. Of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anyone's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright. His free and easy language, interlarded with 'damns,' is carefully guarded, and regulated with the strictest propriety; and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal Circle.

So wrote the watchful and dispassionate Greville. A furious Tory, Lord Londonderry, reported that one of the Whig Ministers had said that 'he would be d——d if they ever would resign, and that Melbourne knew how to please a woman much better than Peel.' Another Tory, the Duke of Buckingham, wrote that 'Melbourne has soon become all-powerful in the Palace.' Samuel Wilberforce, who went everywhere and noticed everything, wrote that Melbourne's behaviour to the Queen was perfect. 'The fullest attentive deference of the subject, with a subdued air of "your father's friend" which was quite fascinating.'

This well-planned campaign of social agreeableness secured the end for which it was designed. Nothing is more conspicuous in the Queen's 'Letters' than the absolute agreement on public questions which subsisted between her and her Premier. In private letters to her friends and kinsfolk, the Queen identifies herself with her Ministry.

The elections, I'm thankful to say, are rather favourable, though not quite so much so as we could wish.

The Session has gone off very satisfactorily, much more so even than any of us could hope. We are going on most prosperously here, and have no fear of any of the questions. The Duke of Wellington is behaving uncommonly well, going *with Ministers*, and behaving like an honest man *should do*.

But before very long this happy relation of Crown and Cabinet was threatened with severance. In May 1839 the Whig Ministry was beaten on a Bill relating to the Government of Jamaica, and resigned. The Queen sent for Sir Robert Peel, and the famous 'Bedchamber Plot' was hatched.

One morning there was an odd whisper in the circle of first initiation. The clubs were crowded even at noon. Everywhere a mysterious bustle and an

awful stir. The world employed the whole of the morning in asking and answering the important question, 'Is it true?' Towards dinner-time it was universally settled in the affirmative, and then the world went out to dine and to ascertain why it was true and how it was true. And now what had really happened? What had happened was what is commonly called 'a hitch.' There was undoubtedly a hitch somewhere and somehow, a hitch in the construction of the new Cabinet. Who could have thought it? The Whig Ministers, it seems, had resigned, but somehow or other had not entirely and completely gone out. What a constitutional dilemma! But soon the oddest rumour in the world got about. It seemed, though of course no one could for a moment credit it, that these rebellious wrong-headed Ministers who would not go out—wore petticoats! And the great Jamaica debate, that had been cooked so long, and the anxiously-expected, yet almost despaired of, defection of the Independent Radical section, were they all to end in this? Was Conservatism, that mighty mystery of the nineteenth century—was it after all to be brained by a fan?

Such was the crisis of May 1839, as it presented itself to the observant gaze of Benjamin Disraeli. Even though the official correspondence between the Queen and Sir Robert Peel represented the young Sovereign as acting on her own responsibility, it was pretty well known that Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell were behind the scenes and guided the hand which held the pen. Lord John used to relate that, when Sir Robert Peel retired worsted from the contest, and the Whig Ministers were reinstated, the Queen said: 'I have stood by you, and now you must stand by me.' The 'Letters' show that she did indeed 'stand by' her Ministers, and consulted them at every stage of her communications with Peel. Thus she writes to Melbourne on May 29:

Sir Robert Peel has behaved very ill, and has insisted on my giving up my ladies, to which I replied that I would never consent; and I never saw a man so frightened. . . . I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and great firmness; the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery. Keep yourself in readiness, for you may soon be wanted.

The 'Bedchamber Plot' was a temporary triumph; but it only averted for two years the change which the Queen so much dreaded.

In June 1841 Parliament was prorogued (with a view to dissolution next day) by the Queen in person. Lord Shaftesbury amiably wrote in his diary that the Whig Ministers thus sought to 'hide their own hoary profligacy under her young virtue'; and there is a letter from Lord Melbourne to the Queen, dated June 16, 1841, which (in spite of an obvious misprint) confirms this impression.

The General Election gave Peel a majority, and Melbourne retired for ever from the Queen's service. 'What the Queen felt when she parted from her dear, kind friend, is better imagined than described.' The lessons which, during the four years of their official connexion, the 'dear, kind friend' had instilled sank deep into a receptive mind, and never were disturbed till, thirty years later, a yet more powerful Minister set himself to replace them with a code of his own. These lessons comprised a sensitive respect for public opinion, a prompt acquiescence in the decisions of Parliaments, and a careful avoidance of anything which might, in the public view, suggest a personal preference for one of the two great parties in the State. I have used the word 'lessons,' but it seems scarcely applicable to the easy, informal, and suggestive methods by which Melbourne, always light in hand, conveyed his notions of the Sovereign's office. Yet, when duty required him to speak directly, no one could be more direct than Melbourne. A memorandum of the Queen, written in 1856, shows that in the earlier part of their married life she had wished to give Prince Albert the title of 'King' by Act of Parliament, and abandoned the notion because the title might be 'productive of more inconveniences than advantages to the individual who bears it.' This exactly corroborates Melbourne's account of the same transaction, as given by himself to Lord Shaftesbury, and by Shaftesbury to me:

> Then I thought it my duty to be very plain with her; and I said, 'For God's sake, ma'am, let's have no more of it. If you once get the English people into a habit of making kings, you may get them into a habit of unmaking them.

We turn now to some other members of the Whig Cabinet. Lord John Russell was not much of a favourite at Court, although in later years the Queen came to regard him as 'a statesman of wide outlook, well informed, and moderate.' A royal criticism on his absorbing devotion to the Revolution of 1688 has already been noticed. His manner, though refined and dignified as befitted one trained at Woburn and Bowood and Holland House, was dry and formal. His shyness made him, as he knew, seem cold and unapproachable. His absolute straightforwardness could never be really acceptable in an atmosphere thick with flattery and toadyism, and his sturdy insistence on the principles of the Sacred Date was always getting him into difficulties. He was accustomed to relate that one day the Queen, perhaps promising herself a little quiet fun, had asked him if it was true that he taught his

political disciples that it was lawful for a subject under certain circumstances to disobey the Sovereign. 'Well, ma'am,' I said, 'speaking to a sovereign of the House of Hanover, I can only answer in the affirmative.' In exactly the same spirit, when in 1860 the Italian people were 'seeking to liberate themselves from a foreign yoke,' Lord John informed the Queen that, according to the doctrines of 1688, supported by Mr. Fox and Lord Grey, 'all power held by sovereigns may be forfeited by misconduct, and each nation is the judge of its own internal government.' And again, 'Whatever may be the consequences, the liberation of the Italian people is an increase of freedom and happiness at which all well-wishers to their kind must rejoice.'

Of the Whig Cabinet which came to an end in 1841, Lord Palmerston was, next to the Prime Minister, the most important member.

He was the man from whose combined force and flexibility of character, the country had confidence that in all their councils there would be no lack of courage, yet tempered with adroit discretion. He had served his apprenticeship under Perceval and Liverpool, and changed his party just in time to become a member of the Cabinet of 1831.

This circumstance did not tend to make him acceptable to the stalwart Whigs, who had borne the burden and heat of long opposition; and, although they were constrained to avail themselves of his ready and flexible abilities, they avenged themselves by saying that he was vulgar. It cannot be denied that, in spite of his titular rank and social success, there was something in his character and bearing which differentiated him from the great gentlemen who had hitherto led the hosts of Whiggery. His demeanour towards the Queen was compared to that of 'a favourite footman on easy terms with his mistress.' His private life was irregular and even scandalous. His whole tone was flippant and bumptious. He was a man of imperious will and masterful habits. He was adroit, and not too scrupulous. He framed his own course and pursued his own policies, without reference to sovereign, premier, or colleagues. In early days, the Queen seems to have felt his social agreeableness, and to have treated him with the same friendship as she extended to all her Ministers; but, as years went on, the friendship seems to have been replaced by suspicion, disapproval, and even detestation; and the most painful passages in the Queen's Letters are those which describe Palmerston's insolent defiance of official propriety, and discreditable suppleness in dodging

—no other word is possible—the consequences of his misconduct. With regard to the remainder of the Cabinet, little need now be said, for it does not appear that the Queen had more than general and official intercourse with any of them. There was Spring Rice, most ineffective of Chancellors of the Exchequer, nicknamed by O'Connell 'The Early Vegetable,' till he became Lord Monteagle, only to be called 'Lord Mount-Kite.' There was Lord Glenelg, who was always at Clapham when he was wanted in Downing Street, and presiding over the Bible Society when he ought to have been looking after the Colonies. There was Lord Howick (afterwards third Earl Grey), whose 'revolutionary language,' held in the very Throne-Room of the Palace, filled Charles Greville with the most horrible apprehensions of civil catastrophe. There was Sir John Hobhouse, chiefly renowned for his friendship with Byron; Lord Holland, who as 'nephew of Fox and friend of Grey' was an inevitable element in a Whig Government; and Lord Minto, whose sole title to fame was the fact that he was father-in-law to Lord John Russell.

We need not reason of these, but regard them and pass on.

My title speaks of 'The Queen and the Whigs,' but so far I have spoken only of the Whig Cabinet. There were Whigs outside the Cabinet, fully as important as those within; and their relations with the Crown were neither few nor unimportant. There was the seventh Duke of Bedford (eldest brother of Lord John Russell), a resolute Whig, of whom the Queen wrote that he 'never was Radical. God knows I wish every man was as little so.' There was the magnificent Duke of Devonshire, whom the Queen delighted to honour and to visit; and the Duke of Sutherland, whose beautiful wife was Mistress of the Robes. There was Lord FitzWilliam, who had inherited, with the estates, the parliamentary influence of Rockingham. And behind these chiefs of Whiggery were ranged in close phalanx a regiment of country gentlemen, bearing some of the most honoured names in England, and owning some of the richest acres; all unalterably pledged to the faith of the Sacred Date. Such was 'Coke of Norfolk,' whose hereditary motto was 'Never trust a Tory'; and such was Sir Francis Burdett, who, disregarding half-way houses, based his whole political career on the principles of *Magna Carta*.

About this period it seems to have dawned upon the minds of critics who, whether they were Tories or Radicals, were not Whigs, that Whiggery was a Family Party. The allegation was in great measure true. From a certain Lord Gower, who flourished in the

earlier half of the eighteenth century, descend all the Russells, Cavendishes, Howards, Levesons, Gowers, and Grosvenors who walk on the face of the earth. When in 1846 Lord John Russell formed his first Administration, those who were not included alleged that it was principally composed of his cousins. 'Lord John's grandmother' became consequently a favourite subject of wit and jest, as the 'Mother Eve' of the whole Cabinet. Ten years later it became necessary for Lord Granville to explain the complicated ramifications of his family, which he did in memorable words. 'I am obliged to admit that some of those who went before me had quivers-ful of daughters who did not die old maids.' In 1858 Lord Derby assured Prince Albert that 'the country was tired of the Whig family clique.' Twenty-five years later this tradition that Whiggery was a matter of relationship was still so strong that Mr. Beresford Hope worked it into a novel, and made capital fun of the 'Sacred Circle of the Great Grandmotherhood.'

But Whiggery, though relationship had a good deal to do with it, meant more than relationship. It meant a firm adhesion to a compact body of political doctrine. Of that doctrine a leading tenet was a jealousy (inherited from 1688) of the Royal Prerogative. As late as 1871 Lord Russell gravely rebuked Mr. Gladstone for having, in order to abolish Purchase in the army, overridden a vote of the House of Lords by an exercise of prerogative. Another tenet was a genuine belief in civil and religious freedom, and in representative government at home and abroad. A third was an intense hostility to any claim on the part of the Established Church to a spiritual character, and a firm resolve to maintain Establishment. 'As long as the Church is established we can kick the parsons; but once disestablish it, and begad! they'll kick us.' That is the Whig doctrine of Church and State in a nutshell.

Again, the Whigs were even savagely tenacious of the rights of property, and, at least in later years, believers in Political Economy and Free Trade. In these cardinal respects the Whigs of Queen Victoria's reign may be said to have fairly represented the men of 1688, whose blood and property they had inherited, and whose memory they revered. But it was noticeable that, as the nineteenth century advanced, the Whigs became more and more averse to political progress. Though they loved liberty, they hated equality. They gloried in past victories of their party over enemies who no longer existed; but, when they were forced to face the

problems of the present and the future, they hesitated and hung back. On the most pressing of political issues—the Reform of Parliament—they were hopelessly divided; and, as they deliberately refused to lead, the forces of democracy pushed them quietly on one side, and Liberalism, now democratised, went on its way without them. 'Whiggery,' wrote Lord Lyndhurst in 1855, 'Whiggery (a real and selfish aristocracy, under the pretence of liberty) is an impudent fraud.' And, if it be urged that Lyndhurst, an ex-Radical and a highly-placed Tory, was no fair judge of a political party equally remote from Radicalism and from Toryism, I will cite the witness of Thackeray, whose Liberalism was beyond reproach:

> To be a Whig you must be a Reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe, not only that the Corn Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be contented, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street. If the people will have reforms, why, of course you can't help it, but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs', and that everything they give us is a blessing. When Lord John Russell the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us how the Whigs had got the Corn Bill for us, I declare I think we all believed it. It wasn't Cobden and Villiers that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *octroyed* the measure for us. They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what Thomas of Finsbury[1] almost blasphemously called 'A Whig Dodge'—and beats all other dodges. I am not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so as to say that I'm not King Pippin in a golden coat, or King Hudson, or Miss Burdett-Coutts)—I'm not a Whig; but, oh, how I should like to be one!

And now to sum up and conclude this attempt to estimate the relations between the Queen and the Whigs. It is obvious to all readers of the 'Letters' that the Queen began her reign with the most enthusiastic admiration for her Whig advisers, and the most profound mistrust of their opponents. Not less obvious is it that these feelings had undergone considerable modification before Prince Albert's death, and that a widening knowledge of men and of affairs had shown the Queen that political wisdom and virtue were distributed between the two parties more equally than she had once supposed. Two quotations may serve to illustrate the alteration which time effected in the Royal point of view. In 1840 the Queen wrote, 'The Whigs are the only safe and loyal people, and the Radicals will also rally round their Queen to protect her from the Tories.' In 1878 she wrote, with reference to the

[1] T. S. Duncombe (1796–1861), Radical M.P. for Finsbury.

last of the Whigs, 'I truly regret an old friend of forty years' standing, whose personal kindness in trying and anxious times I shall ever remember. "Lord John," as I knew him best, was one of my *first* and most *distinguished* Ministers, and his departure recalls many eventful times.'

In this transition from enthusiasm for Whigs in general to temperate praise of the last Whig in particular we may read, perhaps, not only the sobering influence of years, but also a deliberate change in political opinion. Lord Beaconsfield had avenged himself on his ancient foes, and the spell of 1688 was broken.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

THE ALL RED ROUTE.

TRADERS and travellers, sailing or steaming between England and the Antipodes, may go by half a dozen routes. Much merchandise and many passengers are still carried homewards on the long sea-voyage round the point which, with cheerful disregard of Dutch spelling and pronunciation, we call Cape Horn. Considerable, too, is the outward traffic round *the* Cape, that of Good Hope. Voyagers and shippers to New Zealand who rate cheapness above time, invalids who seek or are ordered to try unexciting weeks in the bracing air of the Southern Ocean, families of harassed parents and young children, are always likely to patronise these circuitous roads upon the open ocean, despite their length and monotony. But for passengers bound for Australia, as well as for New Zealanders and tourists who want speed with variety, the choice is limited to one or other of the lines which converge on the Suez Canal, or pass by trans-shipment and railway across North America. They may choose between east and west; hitherto they have more often chosen the east. To a visitor from Mars, knowing nothing of the past history of British trade routes, this would seem not a little strange. The westward voyage enables the traveller to pass across an interesting continent, insures him a pleasant voyage across the Pacific, with glimpses of two very beautiful tropical archipelagos; and takes him to eastern Australia or New Zealand in less time than the way through Suez. The Suez route has its attractions truly. They are great, in some ways unrivalled; but in certain months of the year the Red Sea and Indian Ocean are oppressed by sultry heat or vexed by monsoon winds. Except for those whose destination is Western or South Australia, or for leisurely travellers who wish to turn aside to Egypt or India, the natural claims of the Suez-Fremantle-Adelaide route can scarcely rival those of a fast and comfortable line by way of North America. The Queensland steamers, which, touching at Singapore, reach Brisbane through Torres Straits, may fairly be classed as cargo boats. On the map Australia looks close enough to southern Asia, and a long way, indeed, from North America. But then Australia—the Australia of the white man—turns its back on the

Indian Ocean. Though there are cattle and pearl fisheries in the north and north-west territory; though there are famous gold mines in the western deserts, and agriculture in the oasis round Perth; still, a line drawn across the continent from Cooktown to Spencer Gulf would have but one-fourteenth of the white population to the west and north-west of it. Such a handful are the inhabitants of the two-thirds of the island continent nearest to Asia. To get to the seaports of eastern and south-eastern Australia, and to connect there with the passenger ships for Tasmania and New Zealand, steamers from Suez have to pass half round the not trifling expanse of Australia. This they must do to serve the needs of the four largest of the Australian group, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand, as well as of little Tasmania; all these front on the South Pacific, and are best reached from America. In the same ocean lie the Fijian islands, a backward and as yet disappointing dependency, whose great fertility and remarkable beauty, nevertheless, assure it a future of importance.

A line of communication, then, passing through Canada, Fiji, and New Zealand to the central port of eastern Australia, will thread and connect most of the chief self-governing Colonies of the Empire. Of the advantages and attractions of the route more anon. In this page let me anticipate the question—Why has not a route with these claims already superseded, or, at any rate, rivalled, the noted and popular eastern lines *via* Suez? The answer is simple enough. For many years the Suez route was the only one available. More than half a century ago the enterprise of the Peninsular and Oriental Company brought Australia into steam communication with Europe long before the American railways had pierced or climbed the Rocky Mountains and reached San Francisco. And even when San Francisco was linked with New York, a long interval was to follow before the Canadian Pacific railway financiers succeeded in their apparently desperate enterprise and gained their goal at Vancouver after winding through four ranges of mountains and laying rails across two thousand miles of howling prairie desolation. During that interval Canada was not a possible line of transit. So Antipodean colonists who grasped the importance of the Pacific route had to look to Washington. Thirty-five years ago New South Wales and New Zealand opened negotiations with the American Government for a subsidised mail service. As a result a line of steamers flying the Stars and Stripes plied for many years from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney,

and the ' 'Frisco Mail ' became a household word in Australasia. Fast the steamers—judged by present-day standards—never were. More commodious, not to say luxurious, they might have been. But they, or rather their route, did attract passengers, and, at their best, they enabled London letters to arrive at Auckland in thirty-one days from St. Martin's-le-Grand. Moreover, in the face of the American tariff, they were directly and indirectly the means of fostering a considerable trade between the States and Australasia. The mail steamers did not always carry this trade themselves ; but they carried the men and the letters by which the trade was opened up and pushed on. They carried the American commercial travellers, touts, and wool-buyers who descended on the Trans-Pacific Colonies to buy, and still more to sell. In 1906 the trade between the United States and Australasia had mounted to the respectable figure of 11,000,000*l.* But the American Union, as befitted a community in which Protectionism had reached its high-water mark, conducted its trade with the colonies on the principle of selling as much as possible and buying in return as little as might be. A certain amount of high-class wool and of two natural monopolies, kauri gum and New Zealand hemp, they found it convenient to take. Generally, their object was to conduct a trade with a heavy balance in their own favour. The figures for 1906 show how well they succeeded. At first sight these would seem to show that the Australian Commonwealth exported almost as much to the States as it took from them. The Australian exports amounted to 4,338,000*l.* But of this no less than 2,195,000*l.* came under the heading of ' specie-gold.' Comment is needless. Wool ranked next in value, forming with copper the bulk of the export. As for New Zealand, she sent to the States 640,000*l.* of merchandise, buying in return about 1,400,000*l.* of American goods.

Unpopular as American methods were in Australia and New Zealand, it has only been within the last five years that any retaliation has been attempted. New Zealand led the way with the Preferential Duties Act in 1902, and now Australia is following in her footsteps with a drastic measure. It may be too much to say that this last will destroy trade between America and Australia, but the rapid expansion of that trade is not likely to continue, and it may even find a difficulty in increasing at all.

Australasians, however, found Protectionism not the only unpopular element in the American connexion. Steamers making for North America from the South Pacific have perforce to stop at

Honolulu in the Hawaiian group, to coal. There is no other stopping place and coaling station for a steamer traversing the vast expanse of the North-Eastern Pacific. Now, in the 'nineties, the Government at Washington stretched out a hand and seized the Hawaiian group. There was some excuse for this, inasmuch as the archipelago was in an uneasy state, and a certain amount of American capital had been sunk in it. But the outcome was peculiar and unpleasant for colonial shipping. After a while the American navigation laws were extended to Hawaii. This meant that the great stretch of open ocean, 2800 miles broad, between Honolulu and San Francisco, became legally part of the coastal waters of the United States—that is to say, no foreign vessel was allowed to carry cargo or passengers from one American port to another across it. At the time of this monstrous aggression upon the natural rights of ocean navigators, the San Francisco steam service was being carried on conjointly by an American and a New Zealand Company. In obedience to the overbearing enactment, the New Zealand company had to beat a retreat, leaving the conduct of the service entirely in the hands of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company of San Francisco. This last-named corporation proved, after some years, unequal to the task. Its steamers showed, more and more, signs of wear and tear, and it complained that the subsidy given by the American Government—some £69,000 yearly, though supplemented by certain payments by the Colonies—was insufficient to support a first-class service.

An attempt was made to induce Congress to increase the subsidy, but ocean subsidies have not been popular in the House of Representatives of late years. The attempt failed, and early in 1907 the San Francisco service came to an end. It may be asked why, if the American mail service had grown to be unpopular from a traders', and inconvenient from a passengers' point of view, it had not been supplanted by something better running by way of Vancouver. The answer is that the Colonies were naturally very loth to abandon steam connexion with the United States, or see the decease of a line which as a mail service was excellent, however unsatisfactory it might have been in other respects. Moreover, there was also in its favour the strong argument that it connected with the rapid Atlantic steamers between New York and Liverpool. While the service between Canada and Great Britain remained for many years respectable merely, those great competitors, the Cunard and the North-German Lloyd, were engaged in establishing 'world

records' between the Mersey and Sandy Hook. As late as seven years ago the Canadian liners were in the habit of taking ten days to cross the Atlantic, while in tonnage and splendour they could not stand a moment's comparison with their New York rivals. Within the last few years we have seen considerable progress made. Larger steamers, making a speed of eighteen knots, now make the Canadian Atlantic voyage pleasant enough; but, of course, any improvement thus effected has been thrown into the shade by the gigantic apparitions of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. Nor can it be expected that passengers, to whom time is of more consideration than money, will care to patronise boats making six knots less than these sea monsters.

In the first place, then, the United States route between Great Britain and Australasia had a very long start indeed of any Trans-Canadian project. In the next place, however unsatisfactory on the Pacific side, it had always been much faster and more luxurious on the Atlantic; and lately the British Government itself has paid an enormous subsidy to increase the disproportion of speed between the New York and Canadian routes. The Canadians, after a spirited effort to draw nearer to their rivals, have seen themselves thrown behind almost as far as ever, and have to extract what satisfaction they can from the reflection that this latest handicap is due to British shipbuilding skill, British seamanship, and British public money. Small wonder if, in a recent speech to a Nova Scotian audience, Sir Wilfrid Laurier thus put the case:

> We have the shortest route across the ocean, namely from Liverpool to Halifax. At this moment the *Lusitania* is performing a magnificent service between Liverpool and New York. She was built with British money, paid by the British Government and voted by the British Parliament. What we ask is that the British nation should do as much for Canada as it has been doing for the United States (cheers).

The long delay in urging on the organisation of a fast service with the Antipodes by way of Canada is thus easily explained. In the Atlantic Canada has had to face extraordinary competitors. Even now the three Canadian Atlantic lines of steamboats have to compete with five times as many companies running to and from New York and Boston, between which ports and Britain fifteen passenger steamers ply weekly on an average. Moreover, the two eighteen-knot Canadian boats have to endure comparison with the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. Next, it must be remembered that the

Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed until November 1885, fourteen years after the establishment of the San Francisco service with the Antipodes. Again, stress must be laid on the natural desire of Australia and New Zealand to develop trade with so vast a potential market as the United States. It took many years of patient waiting and hope deferred to teach the colonists that the American tariff-makers will not open the door to British Colonies. Now Australasians, like Canadians, have learned their lesson. The little glimmer of hope, fed by the Wilson tariff, was effectually extinguished by McKinley. The Colonies are left free to act without any tenderness for American feeling, and they are acting accordingly. But in the past there have been valid reasons for disregarding the advantages of the All Red route, reasons which no longer exist. These, and not any insuperable or monstrously costly natural obstacles, have been blocking the way.

Before coming to discuss features and practical details of the proposals now before the English and Colonial Governments, a word is needed to dispose of the Panama bogey. Is it the case that so soon as the Panama Canal is opened, or very shortly afterwards, the All Red route must suffer an eclipse? The answer can be a curt 'no!'—a simple and confident negative. It is true that the distance from Liverpool to Auckland, by way of Colon, is a thousand miles less than by way of Vancouver. But three thousand miles of the Vancouver route will be covered by train at a speed more than double that of any probable Panama steamers. If we allow reasonable time for coaling and canal transit, eighteen-knot boats running *via* Colon would take twenty-seven days between Liverpool and Auckland, New Zealand. Why do I limit the speed to eighteen knots? Because the burden of subsidising the line would mainly fall on New Zealand, and New Zealand for at least a generation to come would not be able to afford to pay for anything faster. As a passenger line the Panama route does not interest Australia. Canada would have nothing to do with it; nor could the mother country be expected to help New Zealand alone to pay for ocean greyhounds. Very little, if any, help could be expected from Central America, Colombia, and Ecuador. They are making progress doubtless, but they are certainly not the most solid and advanced portions of Latin America. Nor is England their mother, or London their commercial Mecca. During certain months of the year a Panama route would be healthy enough, and enjoy very

pleasant weather; during other months its passengers would run the risks of tropical storms and gasp in sweltering heats. In any case it would offer the tourist but one sight—the canal. A worse route for sightseers could hardly be imagined. The Panama Canal is not yet finished. It is not likely to be finished for ten or twelve years. When it is, its opening will not depose the All Red route.

To make the proposed new Imperial line of communication a success, its Atlantic steamers will have to rival the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* in speed, though they need not do so in size. They must be capable of steaming twenty-five knots, and actually will have to make an average of twenty-four. Thirty-eight-thousand-ton leviathans being out of the question, can boats of half that tonnage compass the needful speed? Shipbuilding experts say that there will be no difficulty about that. Whether the new boats would depart from Liverpool or from a west Irish port will be a point to be decided on by the English and Canadian Governments in conference. It is a matter upon which the Imperial Post Office will probably have something to say. Australasians will presumably accept the decision of the Atlantic authorities. All that need be said here and now is that a band of enterprising and reputable English, Irish, and Canadian gentlemen are understood to be willing to become the contractors of the All Red line, provided the British port is Blacksod Bay in Ireland. Their proposals will doubtless receive due consideration. If, on the other hand, Liverpool be the port of departure, it is claimed that steamers thence would reach Halifax in four days and eight hours. Halifax is naturally the Canadian port first thought of. In many respects it would not be easy to find a better, and in the winter months the All Red steamers must always make for it. In summer a direct voyage to Quebec may be preferred. As Sir Thomas O'Shaughnessy has just pointed out, the St. Lawrence route will always be the choice of the tourist. That would occupy four days twenty hours, or five days six hours, and would cost more; but it would take passengers right on to Quebec. The time taken would differ according as the steamers rounded Newfoundland on the northern or southern side.

As Mr. Clifford Sifton, speaking as an experienced envoy, has lately well put it, the three objections usually taken to the passage from England to Canada may be summed up in the words: fog, ice, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is known that the more southern line followed from Liverpool to New York is beset with fogs. The

ordinary passenger, therefore, assumes that the routes to Halifax and Quebec, being further north, must be foggier still. The contrary is the case. The western Atlantic fogs are bred by the contact of the ice and ice-water, drifted from the Arctic, with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Steamers bound for Quebec and Halifax pass to the north of the thickest of these mists. This is no random assertion. As Mr. Sifton pointed out, the Canadian Government has made a full and careful series of scientific observations of the Atlantic fog-enemy. These have furnished as complete a weather chart in this respect as could be required. The result is as interesting as, to most people, unexpected. It shows an average expectancy of 3·12 per cent. of fog for the Canadian passages as against fully 8 per cent. for those to New York. Ice is a more serious difficulty. It will compel the steamers to make for Halifax during the winter months, and will sometimes oblige them, even in the season when they can make Quebec, to take the longer journey round Cape Race instead of the shorter passage through the Straits of Belleisle. The difference between the two is a matter of 168 miles. With the route to Halifax ice does not interfere at all; nor of course do the much exaggerated dangers of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Under this last head Mr. Sifton shows that in seventeen years only five steamers have been stranded there. Three of these accidents were proved to be due to careless navigation; only two to the natural difficulties of the highway. The Gulf of St. Lawrence, one may mention, is no half-known, mysterious, problematical waterway. It carries a very large shipping trade. Every yard of it likely to be passed by All Red steamers is accurately known, and its risks, such as they are, have been greatly diminished by information and scientific precautions. At but one spot, a place about 120 miles below Quebec, has any deepening to be done to enable the largest sized steamboats to pass up at full speed. This improvement is being carried out, and thereafter no obstacle will remain to hinder a twenty-four-knot vessel going at her best pace up to Quebec itself.

The width and depth of the Channel will be ample, and the curves nowhere short enough to be dangerous.

As already stated, the seaway to Halifax is quite unimpeded with ice, nor do shoals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence concern it. Halifax indeed has but one drawback, which is the somewhat unsatisfactory condition of the line of railway linking it with Montreal. This, however, is easily capable of improvement, and we have

the assurance of the Canadian Government that the improvement will be effected without delay. For the rest, the land journey presents no difficulties or drawbacks. It were superfluous to praise the safety, speed, and comfort of this Canadian Pacific Railway system. Nor need I detain the reader with a summary of the attractions of Canada for the tourist who is in no hurry. From one end to the other, from Niagara and the Montmorency Falls to the Takakkaw Falls in the Rockies; from the Rock of Quebec to the glorious coastal scenery of British Columbia, Canada is a land of the picturesque on the grandest scale. The sportsman finds game without the drawback of fever; the invalid gains health without having to endure exile among men of alien speech; the Imperialist cannot spend a day without finding food for study, and, usually, for legitimate pride. As a New Zealander I should know something of natural beauty, especially where lake, mountain, and forest are found in combination. I am bound to confess that for magnificence and extent many Canadian spectacles are not to be surpassed by any land, however romantically lovely.

Once arrived at Vancouver, we begin the second and longer division of the sea-voyage to the Antipodes. This escapes some of the difficulties which beset, or are supposed to beset, the Atlantic system. Ice, shoals, and fogs are things of the past; almost from the moment of leaving Vancouver the traveller is in clear and usually brilliant air. Nor have steamboat contractors in the Pacific to face fierce competition like that of the New York lines. At present, communication between Australasia and North America is frankly of a second-class kind. Australia and Canada subsidise a service carried on between Brisbane and Vancouver, which, owing to some recent improvements, is now expected to attain a speed of fifteen knots. But from this Canada will now withdraw her grant. New Zealand is served by slower lines, the chief object of which is to carry cargo. Obviously, then, there need be no question of demanding twenty-five-knot boats for the Pacific section of the All Red route. Twenty-knot boats would introduce a revolution, and even roomy boats capable of doing nineteen knots would be so vast an improvement on recent conditions as to be thankfully welcomed by all reasonable people. Let us suppose, then, for the present, that the contracting Governments are satisfied to require the actual performance of eighteen knots. Even then we shall be told that the Pacific journey presents especial difficulties. The distance from Vancouver to Auckland is 6330

miles, and to this must be added another 1280 miles to Sydney. To make the voyage attractive, steamers must halt both at Hawaii and Fiji for at least eight hours in each case. As the passengers will demand at least a glimpse of these beautiful spots, the boats must manage to arrive in the morning both at Honolulu and Suva and leave in the evening. Again, even if we assume that boats of eight thousand and nine thousand tons will be large enough—as they probably will—they will need to carry very heavy supplies of coal. A steamer leaving Vancouver might require to have from three thousand to four thousand tons of coal on board, for the coaling arrangements at Honolulu are provokingly primitive. Further supplies could be got at Suva, but time would probably be too precious there to allow more than a few hundred tons to be taken in. At Auckland, of course, the arrangements are good and coal plentiful, while, as for Sydney, nothing better could well be desired. A steamboat actually covering eighteen knots an hour could reach Auckland from Vancouver in sixteen days, after allowing a few hours for mischances.

If we assume that passengers and mails can be carried to Vancouver in eight days and a half from England, it means that Auckland is brought within twenty-four days and a half of the mother country. For a halt there and the voyage to Sydney three days more must be allowed. Yet if Sydney could be reached in twenty-seven days even, Sydney will stand to gain some four days by the All Red route. In the case of New Zealand the gain will be very much greater. For the last nine months New Zealanders have been depending on the Suez liners to Australia for the conveyance of their mails. They do not at all like the change ; whereas formerly their San Francisco mail brought them their letters in thirty-one or thirty-two days, they are now thankful to receive them in from thirty-six to thirty-eight days. For them the All Red route would mean a reduction in their mail time of at least twelve days. In other words, it would reduce their distance from the mother country by the very large proportion of one-third.

I need scarcely add that the smaller colony of Fiji would also stand to gain very greatly. The beauties of Fiji are, perhaps, not so widely famed as those of the Hawaiian archipelago. Indeed, it cannot show the same widely fantastic and terrible volcanic features. But those travellers who know the wooded hills, bright valleys, and sparkling streams of Fiji, its shining beaches and blue bays, surf-beaten reefs and innumerable palmy islets, know that

it is one of the most beautiful groups of the South Seas. Moreover, and that is much to the purpose, it is healthy far above the average of tropical islands. Its natives, though not equal in intellect to the Hawaiians or the Maori of New Zealand, are a bold, finely built, interesting race. At every point, indeed, the voyage across the Pacific to Sydney offers tempting halting-places to the tourist. New Zealand's various attractions are too well known to make any advertisement of them needful here. Enough to mention that the government of that new-made Dominion has of late years organised an active tourist department the object of which is to make smooth the path and pleasant the lot of the visitor to the mountains, lakes, volcanoes, geysers, warm springs, fiords, as well as the cultivated districts of the islands. Once at Sydney, the voyager is not only in the most beautiful harbour of Australia but at the best starting-point for striking out to reach the most characteristic scenery and most interesting colonising work of the continent.

As an imperial mail service the All Red route will be an indubitable advance. It should save the chief cities of Canada two or three days, New Zealand twelve days, and eastern Australia four days. Such a line would be well worth a big subsidy. As a passenger line its advantages should be equally beyond cavil. The Atlantic boats should be up to the best Cunard standard in all but size. The Pacific boats should be able to carry eight hundred passengers, two hundred and fifty of them in the first class. That they would be well filled there is good reason to suppose. Every year a very large number of passengers, English and colonial, take the voyage round the world. To many of these time and variety are of more importance than twenty or thirty pounds more or less. This is not only the case with business men in a hurry, or globe-trotters with well-filled pockets. The number of colonists who in prosperous years manage to find the money for a visit to the old country is very considerable. They may have waited and saved for many years to make the journey 'home'; but when they do manage to get away at last they like to travel comfortably and fast. To save all possible time is of the essence of their scheme; they grudge every day that stands between them and England and Europe. A fortnight more or less consumed on the way sometimes turns the scale and settles their decision to go or stay at home. It is safe, I think, to predict that part of the passenger traffic carried by the All Red steamers will be new. Their speed,

comforts, and the attractions of the route will create business. The rest of the traffic will be diverted from other lines. It may reasonably be assumed that large numbers of travellers and holiday-makers will arrange to go to the Antipodes through Canada, returning by way of Suez, or *vice versa*.

To show how quickly the passenger traffic between England and a prosperous colony will grow, let me compare the intercourse between the United Kingdom and New Zealand in the years 1900 and 1906. In the former year 2314 persons left these shores for New Zealand, while 1254 came hither from the colony; total, 3568. In 1906 the outward-bound passengers numbered 8293, the homeward, 2495; total, 10,780. This year the total should reach 12,000; and if it were possible to check accurately the numbers of all those who pass between New Zealand and Great Britain by way of Australia the totals would be larger. To an even greater extent the vastly larger traffic between Canada and Great Britain suffers by passing through New York and Boston. We know, however, that 11,810 persons of British birth landed in Canadian ports in 1901, and that in the first eight months of 1907 the figures had risen to 107,000.

The population of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand together is now about twelve millions. There are probably nearly seven millions of people in Canada to-day, while Australia and New Zealand contain rather more than five millions. These figures are not gigantic. But all but about 300,000 of the inhabitants of the three colonies are whites, and they represent a quite disproportionate wealth and industry. The imports and exports of the three communities for 1907, when added together, are not likely, I believe, to fall below 260,000,000*l*. That aggregate must seem remarkable, even to eyes accustomed to the huge sums of British Board of Trade statistics. I do not suggest that much of this trade is to be carried by the All Red line. The fast Atlantic boats will only take light and valuable parcels. The slower Pacific boats will take what they can get. They ought soon to get a fair amount of freight. It has been gravely suggested that, because Canada and Australasia are both young countries, chiefly occupied as yet in growing food and raw material, they therefore can have nothing to exchange. If this were true as a general principle, how could the trade between Australia and New Zealand have grown to an annual value of between 4,000,000*l*. and 5,000,000*l*. ? How could the Argentine trade with Africa, or Australasia with the

South Seas ? I venture to believe that the All Red line will not, only carry merchandise, but will create more trade than it carries just as did the San Francisco service across the Pacific. In any case the sea-trade of the British Colonies is convincing evidence of the mobile energy and prosperity of their people, of their claim to be worthy of the best ocean mail and passenger services, and of their ability to give such services increasing support.

W. P. Reeves.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

Pilot, how far from home ?—
Not far, not far to-night :
A flight of spray, a sea-bird's flight,
A flight of tossing foam,
And then, the lights of home.—

And yet again how far ?
Seems you the way so brief ?
Those lights beyond the roaring reef
Were lights of moon and star,
Far, far, none knows how far !

Pilot, how far from home ?—
The great stars pass away
Before Him as a flight of spray,
Moons as a flight of foam !
I see the lights of home.

Alfred Noyes.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

THE MEMOIRS OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

THERE are good reasons why, when an actress promises to give us her memoirs, we should feel an unusual interest and excitement even. She lives before us in many shapes and in many circumstances, the instrument of this passion and of that. Meanwhile, if we choose to remember it, she also sits in passive contemplation some little way withdrawn, in an attitude which we must believe to be one of final significance. It might be urged that it is the presence of this contrast that gives meaning to the most trivial of her actions, and some additional poignancy to the most majestic. We know, too, that each part she plays deposits its own small contribution upon her unseen shape, until it is complete and distinct from its creations at the same time that it inspires them with life. And when she undertakes to show us what manner of woman this has become, should we not feel an exceptional gratitude and an interest that is more than usually complex?

Perhaps no woman now alive could tell us more strange things, of herself and of life, than Sarah Bernhardt. It is true that when she comes to this final act of revelation she makes use of certain conventions, poses herself with greater care than we could wish, before she allows the curtain to rise; but that, too, is characteristic, and, to drop all metaphor, her book surely should do what none of her parts has done, and show us what cannot be shown upon the stage.

She was brought up in the Convent of Grands Champs at Versailles, and her life at once forms itself into separate and brightly coloured beads; they succeed each other, but they scarcely connect. She was so intensely organised even then that there were explosions when she came into contact for the first time with hard things in the world outside her. When she was confronted by the sad walls of the convent, she exclaimed: 'Papa, papa! I won't go to prison. This is a prison, I am sure.' But at that moment a 'little round short woman' came out veiled to the mouth. After she had talked for a time she saw that Sarah was trembling, and with some strange

instinct she raised her veil wholly for a second. 'I then saw the sweetest and merriest face imaginable. . . . I flung myself at once into her arms.' Her actions within the walls were as sudden and as passionate. Her hair, for example, grew thick and curled, and the sister who had to comb it in the early morning tugged callously. 'I flung myself upon her, and with feet, teeth, hands, elbows, head, and indeed all my poor little body, I hit and thumped, yelling at the same time.' The pupils and the sisters came running, they muttered their prayers and waved their holy signs, at a distance, until the Mother Prefect had recourse to a further charm and dashed a spray of holy water over the active devil of Sarah Bernhardt. But after all this spiritual display it was the good Mother Superior, with her sure instinct for effect, who conquered by no more potent charm than 'an expression of pity.' But such tempers were partly the result of the extreme fragility of her health. It is more significant to read how she built up for herself the reputation of a 'personality' among her fellows. She carried about with her little boxes full of adders and crickets and lizards. The lizards generally had their tails broken, for, in order to see whether they were eating, she would lift the lid and let it fall sharply 'red with surprise' at their assurance in rushing forwards. 'And *crac*—— there was nearly always a tail caught.' So, while the sister taught she was fingering the severed tails and wondering how she could fasten them on again. Then she kept spiders, and when a child cut her finger, '"Come at once," I would say, "I have some fresh spider web, and I will wrap your finger in it."' With such strange crafts and passions, for she was never good at her books, she touched the imagination. And of course all this intensity of feeling went, in the convent, to paint some beautiful dramatic picture in which she acted the chief part as the nun who had renounced the world, or the nun who lay dead beneath a heavy black cloth, while the candles flared, and the sisters and pupils cried out in delightful agony. 'You saw, O Lord God,' she prayed, 'that mamma cried, and that it did not affect me!' for 'I adored my mother, but with a touching and fervent desire to leave her . . . to sacrifice her to God.' But a violent escapade which ended in a bad illness finished the religious career that promised so well. She left the convent, and though she still cherished only one ambition, to take the veil, it was decided in the most casual fashion in a remarkable family council to send her to the Conservatoire. Her mother, an indolent charming woman, with mysterious eyes and heart disease and a passion for music,

who was at any rate no ascetic, was in the habit of assembling relations and advisers when any family business had to be transacted. On this occasion there were present a notary, a godfather, an uncle, an aunt, a governess, a friend from the flat above, and a distinguished gentleman, the Duc de Morny. Most of these people Sarah had some reason to hate or to love—' he had red hair planted in his head like couch grass,' ' he called me " ma fil " '—' he was gentle and kind . . . and occupied a high place at Court.' They discussed whether, with the 100,000 francs which her father had left her, it would not be best to find her a husband. But upon this she flew into a passion and cried ' I'll marry the Bon Dieu . . . I will be a nun, I will,' and grew red and confronted her enemies. They murmured and expostulated, and her mother began to talk in a ' clear drawling voice like the sound of a little waterfall.' . . . . Finally the Duc de Morny was bored, and rose to go. ' Do you know what you ought to do with this child ? ' he said. ' You ought to send her to the Conservatoire.'

The words, as we know, were to have tremendous consequences, but it is worth while to consider the whole scene apart from them as an example of that curious gift which gives to so many passages in this autobiography the precision and vitality of coloured and animated photographs. No emotion that could express itself in gesture or action was lost upon her eye, and even though such incidents had nothing to do with the matter in hand, her brain treasured them and could, if necessary, use them to explain something. It is often something quite trivial, but for that reason, perhaps, almost startling in its effect. Thus the little sister was sitting on the floor ' plaiting the fringe of the sofa ' ; Madame Guérard came in ' without a hat ; she was wearing an indoor gown of indienne with a design of little brown leaves.' Later, a little drama is given thus. ' My godfather shrugged his shoulders, and getting up, left the box, banging the door after him. Mamma, losing all patience with me, proceeded to review the house through her opera-glasses. Mdlle. de Brabender passed me her handkerchief, for I had dropped mine and dared not pick it up.' That perhaps may be taken as a simple example of the way in which it is natural for an actress, be she only twelve years old, to see things. It is her business to be able to concentrate all that she feels into some gesture perceptible to the eye, and to receive her impressions of what is going on in the minds of others from the same tokens also. The nature of her gift becomes increasingly obvious as the memoirs

proceed, and the actress matures and takes her station at this point of view. And when, as is here the case, the alien art of letters is used to express a highly developed dramatic genius, some of the effects that it produces are strange and brilliant, and others pass beyond this limit and become grotesque and even painful. On the way back from her examination at the Conservatoire, in which she had been successful, she prepared a scene for her mother. She was to enter with a sad face, and then, when her mother exclaimed 'I told you so,' she was to cry 'I have passed!' But the faithful Madame Guérard spoilt the effect by shouting the true story in the courtyard. 'I must say that the kind woman continued so long as she lived . . . to spoil my effects . . . so that before beginning a story or a game I used to ask her to go out of the room.' Not seldom we find ourselves in the same position as Madame Guérard, although perhaps we might be able to offer an excuse. There are two stories, out of a bewildering variety, which will serve to show how it is that Sarah Bernhardt sometimes crosses the boundary, and becomes either ludicrous or painful—or is it that we, like Madame Guérard, should leave the room?

After her astonishing exertions in the Franco-Prussian war she felt the need of a change, and went accordingly to Brittany. 'I adore the sea and the plain . . . but I neither care for mountains nor for forests . . . they crush me . . . and stifle me.' In Brittany she found horrid precipices, set in the 'infernal noise of the sea,' and rocks to crawl beneath, which had fallen there 'in unknown ages, and were only held in equilibrium by some inexplicable cause.' There was a crevasse also, the Enfer du Plogoff, which she was determined to descend in spite of the mysterious warnings of her guide. Accordingly she was lowered by a rope attached to a belt, in which additional holes had to be pierced, for her waist 'was then but forty-three centimetres.' It was dark, and the sea roared, and there was a din as of cannons and whips and the howling of the damned. At last her feet touched ground, the point of a little rock in a swirl of waters, and she looked fearfully about her. Suddenly she saw that she was observed by two enormous eyes; a little further, and she saw another pair of eyes. 'I saw no body to these beings . . . I thought for a minute that I was losing my senses.' She tugged violently, and was slowly raised; 'the eyes were lifted up also . . . and while I mounted through the air I saw nothing but eyes everywhere—eyes throwing

out long feelers to reach me.' 'Those are the eyes of the shipwrecked ones,' said her guide, crossing himself. 'I knew very well that they were not the eyes of shipwrecked ones . . . but it was only at the hotel that I heard about the octopus.' It might puzzle a scrupulous chronicler to assign their original parts in this drama to the octopus, the fisherman, and to Sarah Bernhardt; for the others it does not matter.

Then, again, 'my dear governess, Mdlle. de Brabender,' was dying, and she went to visit her.

'She had suffered so much that she looked like a different person. She was lying in her little white bed, a little white cap covering her hair; her big nose was drawn with pain, her washed-out eyes seemed to have no colour in them. Her formidable moustache alone bristled up with constant spasms of pain. Besides all this she was so strangely altered that I wondered what had caused the change. I went nearer, and bending down, kissed her gently. I then gazed at her so inquisitively that she understood instinctively. With her eyes she signed to me to look on the table near her, and there in a glass I saw all my dear old friend's teeth.'

There is one quality that most of the stories she tells have in common: they are clearly the productions of a very literal mind. She will accumulate fact upon fact, multiply her octopuses indefinitely, in order to achieve her effect, but she will never invoke any mystical agency. How could one manage 'the souls of the drowned'? All the vast unconscious forces of the world, the width of the sky and the immensity of the sea, she crinkles together into some effective scenery for her solitary figure. It is for this reason that her gaze is so narrow and so penetrating. And although her convictions as an artist hardly enter these pages, it may be guessed that something of her unmatched intensity on the stage comes from the capacity which she shows for keen and sceptical vision where character is concerned; she is under no illusions. 'I had played badly, looked ugly, and been in a bad temper.' One figures her the most practical of women when she chooses, a cheapener of fowls with the best of them, who will only suffer herself to be cheated from the same cynicism with which, no doubt, she would cheat herself if she wished it. For so clear an insight does not seem in her case at least consistent with a very exalted view of her kind; if she had it by nature she may have found that it would not lend itself easily to the resources of her art, that the effects to

be got by it were uncertain, and it is her glory to make any sacrifice that her art demands. Certainly, when you have read some way in the book you become aware of a hardness and limitation in her view, which perhaps may be accounted for by the fact that all these violent scenes are the result of certain well-contrived explosions which serve but to illumine the curious face, so unlike any other face, of the actress. And in a world thus lit for us in lurid bursts of violet and crimson light the one figure in all its poses is always vivid enough, but the others which fall just outside the circle are strangely discoloured. Thus, she saved a lady from falling downstairs on board ship, who murmured 'in a voice that was scarcely audible "I am the widow of President Lincoln" . . . A thrill of anguish ran through me . . . her husband had been assassinated by an actor, and it was an actress who prevented her from joining her beloved husband. I went to my cabin and stayed there two days.' And what was Mrs. Lincoln feeling meanwhile?

Such a multiplication of crude visible objects upon our senses wearies them considerably by the time the book is finished, but what we suffer—it is the final triumph of 'the personality'—is exhaustion and not boredom. Even the stars, when she draws her curtain at night, shine not upon the earth and the sea, but upon 'the new era' which her second volume will reveal to us also.

With our eyes dazzled by this unflinching stare we are urged to say something of the revelation—and vainly, no doubt. For the more you are under the obsession of a book the less of articulate language you have to use concerning it. You creep along after such shocks, like some bewildered animal, whose head, struck by a flying stone, flashes with all manner of sharp lightnings. It is possible, as you read the volume, to feel your chair sink beneath you into undulating crimson vapours, of a strange perfume, which presently rise and enclose you entirely. And then they draw asunder and leave clear spaces, still shot with crimson, in which some vivid conflict goes forward between bright pigmies; the clouds ring with high French voices perfect of accent, though so strangely mannered and so monotonous of tone that you hardly recognise them for the voices of human beings. There is a constant reverberation of applause, chafing all the nerves to action. But where after all does dream end, and where does life begin? For when the buoyant armchair grounds itself at the end of the chapter with a gentle shock that wakes you and the clouds spin round you and disappear, does not the solid room which is suddenly presented

with all its furniture expectant appear too large and gaunt to be submerged again by the thin stream of interest which is all that is left you after your prodigal expense? Yes—one must dine and sleep and register one's life by the dial of the clock, in a pale light, attended only by the irrelevant uproar of cart and carriage, and observed by the universal eye of sun and moon which looks upon us all, we are told, impartially. But is not this a gigantic falsehood? Are we not each in truth the centre of innumerable rays which so strike upon one figure only, and is it not our business to flash them straight and completely back again, and never suffer a single shaft to blunt itself on the far side of us? Sarah Bernhardt at least, by reason of some such concentration, will sparkle for many generations a sinister and enigmatic message; but still she will sparkle, while the rest of us—is the prophecy too arrogant?—lie dissipated among the floods.

VIRGINIA STEPHEN.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.[1]

It was ''leckshun' week, but the ''leckshun' was no General Election, affecting the whole population, leading eventually to White House and other far-off regions of political strife. This ''leckshun' concerned only the coloured people who, with all the happy mimicry of their race, so keenly alive to the effect of pomp and ceremony, were about to follow the example of the white folks and elect a coloured Governor for themselves.

It was a custom not without parallel in many parts of the Southern States, and in this particular district it had held ground for fully a century, so that it was no new untried experiment in legislative play-acting that the dusky electors were called upon to make, but rather a delightful recurrence of an old-established, well-rooted custom that now plunged Humphreysville deep in the throes of a coloured election, with all the zeal, bustle, and commotion befitting such an event.

The following notice had been posted up on the door of the little coloured meeting-house :—

'TENTION! NIEGORS!

On de night ob Wed'sday, September 2nd, dar gwine be a 'leckshun ob de cullud gemmen of Humphreysville ter fill de post ob Guv'ner, wif de ushul percession ter follow.

By Order,
From de Quarters.

This notice, like a lodestone, had attracted all eyes, and dozens of woolly heads devoid of the smallest capacity for reading, had studied it diligently for days past. Such an occasion as the present seldom came oftener than once in a lifetime, owing to unreasonable stretches of longevity on the part of coloured Governors, who were not chosen, like the Popes, for their advanced age, and who seemed to find the elixir of life mingled with their draught of power in a way that completely blocked promotion to other aspirants; so that, although the funeral of the late 'Guv'ner' was of the most solemn description, calculated to rouse the profoundest grief in the hearts of all that witnessed it, the tears of Africa were all too quickly dried on mourners' cheeks in the lively anticipation of electing his

[1] Copyright, 1908, in the United States of America.

successor; so true is it all the world over—'The King is dead; long live the King!'

In the prospective delights of a now possible ''leckshun' it would hardly be reasonable to expect that anyone should unduly prolong their mourning for old Caleb, who for twenty-five years had persistently kept them out of all electoral joys, nor look for inordinate grief at his decease now that he had unblocked the way at last, and lay resting, *ex officio*, in the front row of the little coloured burying-ground upon the hill.

So the coloured community gave itself up unreservedly with no *arrière pensée* to the task before it; and the monotony of the past was soon forgotten in the unwonted excitement of the present. A new 'Guv'ner' was about to be elected with all the enthusiasm that a hundred black heads and a hundred busy tongues were capable of, and that is saying a good deal, since in dusky politics tongues run higher and heads wag freer than in any other sphere of politics known. Bees at swarming-time were not more busy or more oblivious to all but their one great purpose than these clustered groups at cabin doors and windows.

The clusters were thickest and the hum loudest round Black Sambo's door. Black Sambo was the popular candidate—the stump-orator of the place, with so great a gift of the gab that it was commonly believed that if ever his tongue should fail him he could talk with his coat-tails. The plantation was convinced that the President himself could not beat him at oratory, and Sambo more than shared his neighbours' opinion. He had felt the government upon his shoulders long before 'Unc' Caleb' had shuffled off this mortal coil, and now, supremely confident of his own fitness for the office, he had strutted about the Quarters, delivering fine periods of oratory for a whole fortnight of self-appointed holiday; and the overseer, seeking to recall him from these unprofitable heights, got a 'Guv'ner's' bow and the proud rejoinder: 'I ain't got no time ter wuck, 'case ob de duties ob my new perfession.'

No chieftain in his kraal on the far banks of the Congo was more vainglorious than Sambo; and the arguments he used to establish his position were so subtle and so numerous that his less-gifted compatriots went down before him as tamely and as inevitably as the Athenians before Socrates. There had been two or three competitors at the start, but these lesser lights had waned and gone out before the all-powerful beams of Sambo's successful star. His door was besieged day and night by a crowd of dusky supporters

and the human hive buzzed and hummed with so intense a restlessness that work was, to all intents and purposes, at a standstill. So disturbing an element had the 'leckshun' become, that everything on the plantation was more or less deranged by it; and young 'Marse Tom' Humphreys, lenient, like all old Virginian planters, towards the customs and traditions of coloured life, frankly expressed a wish that old Caleb had died at a more convenient season, and not just at the Fall, when every negro was wanted for the field-work and the produce of the year awaited the ministry of black hands to carry it.

Still 'Marse Tom' was a Southerner, and the custom had held good in his father's life-time and his father's before him. Old-time prejudices must be honoured. True, Black Sambo was a wind-bag, and loved words better than work at all times, but the sooner he came into his kingdom, and the plantation settled down to work again, the better. 'Marse Tom' would be only too ready to receive the deputation whenever it should arrive, and, falling in with the spirit of the hour, convey his congratulations to the new 'Guv'ner' in a few words happily combining speech and sermon, not forgetting, moreover, in free-handed colonial fashion, to supply the necessary funds for the inaugural festivities and rejoicings to follow.

For there was a big time coming on the plantation. No one slept the night the 'Guv'ner' was elected, and at the 'leckshun' ball whole families went entire. A babe in arms was no hindrance, and an aged caretaker was provided to look after the row of little woolly-headed sleepers packed away in one corner of the barn, while light-hearted mothers twirled and shuffled over the uneven floor, freed from maternal responsibilities till morning. There was no disorder or drunkenness on these occasions—the 'Guv'ner's' influence made for moderation and good conduct; he was never a King of Misrule.

The custom had some good at bottom of it, and had worked well in 'Unc' Caleb's' day, but the present candidate was not of his type, and there were others 'Marse Tom' would have preferred to see in that position—old favourites such as Jubal the fiddler, Unc' Caleb's son, who, being in the direct line of succession, might have been supposed to have had some chance of support, but whose dreamy unpractical nature had put him out of the running altogether, and whose name it would never have occurred to any dusky elector to propose, any more than one would seriously

propose a three-year-old pickaninny swinging on a gate. With his lean thoughtful face and air of gentle abstraction, he was as good a figure of an idealist as one could meet with of any colour, and the practical issues of life must necessarily pass such a one by. The acknowledged genius of the place, he had 'played down' five other plantations in open competition, but he had no rhetorical powers, and was tongue-tied on every subject but music. On the occasion of the solemn announcement of Unc' Caleb's death to the assembled negroes, an occasion when, by all the laws of nature, a speech had been imperatively required of him, all he had been able to say was, 'My po' ole fader's gone ter glory,' and then, to the horror of his audience, had reseated himself. It was a brevity unheard of within the pale of relationship—it was too abrupt to be filial—the most unrelated negro could have done better. To that voluble race to be short of words was an unpardonable sin, and on the subject of death it was unheard of; for, in negro belief, orations, eulogies, laments, were as necessary to the departed soul as a Catholic mass. The dead must be soothed with many words before the long silence of the grave settles over them for ever; and to allow any among them to pass away into the Speechless Land without a proper supply of these wordy tributes of affection was to defraud the dead of their just rights, and would surely bring its own punishment with it, since the unsatisfied dead were liable to haunt the earth until their dues were fully paid.

All night long Jubal's wife, Maria, had sat up reciting to him all the beautiful death-sentiments her emotional dark nature was capable of, while Jubal sat silent and wet-eyed in a corner. By morning, Jubal had enough material for a dozen orations, and it was not Maria's fault that he failed so signally in his duty towards the dead. All her life she had been coaching him to play his part as heir to his father's authority, and now he had thrown away his chances in a sentence. After that, Maria's tears for Unc' Caleb were more bitter than any on the plantation, nor did her grief find any abatement in the thought of the coming election. In her young days she had been proud to marry the son of the Guv'ner,' but her honours had always been vicarious ones, and with the death of her father-in-law they had ceased altogether. Now, one does not live so near the steps of a throne without acquiring a complete knowledge of the advantages that belong to the position of a throne-holder. Maria's practical mind was not led away by official honours only, though the glamour of these was so

great that, even in Unc' Caleb's day, a modest enough old negro in private life, it was commonly reported that 'Marse Tom lived wif de Guv'ner!'

Maria's mind dwelt rather on the material advantages to be gained thereby—the plot of ground that the 'Guv'ner' would receive for his own cultivation, the extra supplies from the 'big house,' with unlimited tobacco, and the reversion of all 'Marse Tom's' broadcloth suits—'brodclof' and a stove-hat being the only attire etiquette permitted to coloured 'Guv'ners.' Every detail of the case was of necessity so well known to her. She had seen the judicial processes at work all her life—the streams of litigious negroes with their feuds and grievances to be settled, and Unc' Caleb, an infallible figure of sable wisdom, conducting those dusky councils with all the gravity of white folks in Congress. And now the shoulders of his own son were too weak to wear his mantle, and it must go to a stranger. It was doubly bitter, since Jubal might be said to have been born in the purple, and might naturally have been expected to make an hereditary thing of it.

'It most 'nough ter meck yo' po' ole fader rise outen de grave, 'case he ain't neber gwine ter lie quiet down dar when he larn dat no-count Sambo gwine be 'lected in his place. He ain't neber gwine be resignated ter no sech debilmint's dat. I's s'prised at yo', Jubal, de way yo' ack 'gin yo' own fader. He sho ain't gwine ter own yo' fer no son ob his at de 'Rection Day; an' yo' gwine be disgraced fo' de whole Warld den, an' me an' de chilluns we gwine be disgraced too,' and Maria wept at the universal humiliation before her, when that great sorting-up of families should take place, and fathers should find children, and children should find fathers in a glad reunion she might not share.

But Jubal would listen to no reasoning; he refused to respect the feelings of the dead, or the living.

'I ain't got no call ter be de Guv'ner,' he would say in his gentle unambitious way. 'I sho kin catch on ter nuffin' but de musick.'

'De musick! De musick! De musick!' Maria would shriek in a crescendo of baffled rage, 'yo' tink de Warld gwine ter stand still ter listen ter yo' musick. De musick am a fool ting, an' ter tink dat I dun marry a nigger dat's nuffin' better dan a musick-box ob tunes!'

But Maria had learnt from long experience that it was useless to ''spute' with Jubal on that score. Music had always been a stumbling-block in her path. She remembered all the spells she

had made and put upon Jubal, but without avail. Not the most elaborate incantation at the dark of the moon had ever been strong enough to break its power. Music could bewitch people better than any hoodoo. Look what Jubal could accomplish by simply drawing the bow across the strings—there was that couple, Hannibal and Cassy, who quarrelled more than any couple in the Quarters, and had parted from 'discompaterbility ob temperature.' Jubal had played over them, and the instant he had turned into the simple little tune he had played at the baby's burying, they had fallen upon each other's necks in a tearful reconciliation. Then there was Pompey, the coachman's daughter, dying of slow fever, which even miraculous draughts of old Madam's medicine had failed to cure: Jubal had drawn the bow across the strings ever so ightly, and this time it was no tune at all, just the sound of running water, and rivers, and all cool trickling things, and the child had fallen into a temperate sleep, saved by the magic that could draw cool watery sounds out of a fiddle made of dry wood! Then there was that foolish wild boy, Jake, who was continually running away, and being found and brought back again, till Jubal took him in hand, and played the homesickness into his bones so effectually that he never wanted to stir beyond a hundred yards. Then, again, there was Sanders, the free-thinker, the most 'howdacious nigger' on the estate, who even went so far as to argue with 'ole Miss' on the subject of religion, and who went about boasting that 'he warn't gwine ter believe nuffin' he couldn't see wif his own morshal eyes,' thereby raising sceptical doubts in other dusky male minds, till Jubal took his conversion in hand, and played around him with such rollings of thunder-chords, such majesty of firm convicting intervals, such austere and relentless tones, ending with the profoundest *Dies Irae* ever heard, that though the Devil fought hard for Sanders's soul, he lost the day, and Sanders, enveloped in sound mysteries he could not understand, found therein the presence of the Unknown. Terrified and shaken, he bellowed to Jubal 'ter quit fiddlin',' only too thankful to acknowledge in conscience-stricken haste, 'dat de Lawd gotten hold ob me sho this time.' Here was magic of the highest order, for never before had ''ligion' and the fiddle fought side by side, and a musical conversion was unknown even in that revivalistic circle.

Maria had been willing, perforce, to allow music a place in Jubal's life up till now. Just as Prince Hal might be allowed to follow his own vagaries unchecked till he came into his kingdom,

so Jubal might fiddle to everybody's need as long as his father was living; but now, like the prince of history, he should put aside his own inclinations and take upon himself the hereditary duties of his position. But to Maria's horror and dismay he declined to emerge from his position as heir-apparent into the full rôle of kingship, refusing utterly to give up his quondam freedom and seclusion, and openly preferring to remain Jubal the fiddler, rather than take the proud title of Jubal the 'Guv'ner,' which might so easily have been his. Maria felt herself powerless.

'Yo' sho ain't no more count dan de wind in de trees,' she said helplessly. 'Yo's jest a po' two-foot fool; an' dat what dey all sey. Sambo, he sey yo's "a po' fool"; an' ole Miss, she shake her head at me vexed-like, an' sey yo's "a blind fool"; an' Marse Tom he smile dat queer smile ob his, an' he sey yo's a "divine fool," an' dat likely de worsenest fool ob all. Dat musick am yo' curse, Jubal, ef yo' hadenter got dat musick in yo' inside yo'd be a 'sputable member of society.'

'Does dey sey all dat injuriousment ob de musick?' said Jubal with a wounded incredulous look. 'I sho gwine ter teach dem better, honey.'

Maria had moved him at last; she had touched him on the side of his art, but she was too full of her own grievances to perceive how deeply her random shot had gone home. For Maria had more than one bitter pill to swallow. Besides the 'Guv'nership,' there was the subsidiary office of 'Guv'ner's' wife, and Black Sambo's Sue would now fill that long-coveted position, and take precedence of all feminine life upon the plantation. Sue was a 'no-class' negro, picked out from among the field-hands for her glossy good looks, when Sambo was a gay young bachelor with no thoughts of 'pol'tics' under his woolly thatch. She had toiled barefoot, in the sun, when Maria had worn boots in the high service of 'ole Miss,' up at the 'big house'; for Maria had been a house-negro, and was therefore a 'quality' negro, and as such could never associate with the field-hands, between whom and the house-negroes a great gulf was fixed. Maria was quite sure of her own qualifications for the post. Shrewder than most, her judgment had been trained under 'ole Miss' herself, whose charities she had helped to allocate and distribute; and 'ole Miss' had long learnt to rely on Maria's shrewd estimate of her race, and to appeal to her on many points of domestic discipline. It was the last drop in her cup, but what was Maria to do, handicapped by a husband who, though the legiti-

mate heir to power, yet steadfastly turned his back upon it, and spent his time in back corners of the woods crooning to his old fiddle when he should have been spending it marshalling his forces and making his calling and election sure?

As a husband, Maria had nothing to complain of in Jubal; she acknowledged him to be the best father on the estate. All helpless creatures loved him, though helpful people avoided him, dumb animals nosed him out as a friend, and where children were concerned he was as irresistible in his old flapping coat as the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He would walk the floor all night with a little 'teether' in trouble on his shoulder, and his large bony forefinger was as good for cutting a tooth upon as it was for drawing tunes from the fiddle. Sometimes on a return from his lonely wanderings in the woods he would find a cabin divided against itself; hot maternal indignation pouring itself out on young chastised limbs in a scene of youthful discomfiture. He took no apparent heed or part, just took up his fiddle again, his remedy for all things, and peace fell on the troubled domestic waters.

'Dar ain't gwine be no discords 'ceppen we uns meck dem,' he would say, letting a shower of music through the cabin, as he resolved all the angry chords of life into such pleasant harmony that the smallest decimal of the family lifted its head and re-captured its equanimity in the mildness of his atmosphere.

That so 'biddable' a man should set up as a passive resister to his own wife was 'discredible'; and it was amid a tumult of conflicting emotions that the ''leckshun' day at length drew near.

The night had fallen, a silvery September night, and the first stars showed as points of light in a dreamy luminous sky. Low clouds upon the horizon flashed at slow intervals into quiet heat-lightning, which illumined like a tender search-light from heaven the groups of moving figures, stepping briskly along every pathway in one common direction. The whip-poor-wills called clearly through the pale dusk from the flat lands which they haunt, but to-night their melancholy cry is lost in gayer sounds, drowned out by the chatter and laughter of dark throats. It is a packed assembly; by 7 o'clock there is scarcely breathing-space. The women have tucked flowers in hair and belt and bosom, and even the men carry awkward nosegays, which they sniff at in the intervals of waiting; for all love flowers, these mutual children of the sun, and a 'frolic' such as this, which may never recur in the lifetime of the present genera-

tion, is adjudged worthy of the full-dress compliment of floral tributes. Inside the meeting-house, the white walls are in sharp contrast with the shiny black mass upon the floor, and divide the room into two broad stripes as distinct as day from night, and in the black stripe it would be safe to aver that not so much as a mouse could have found standing-room. The hour of his triumph had come, and Black Sambo, already treading in spirit the blissful paths of office, stood upon the platform, shining with success and unctuous with self-congratulatory assurance. Black Sambo's wife, also, looked on with an exalted eye, out of which she cast pitying glances at the other women whose husbands were not Sambos. This public exhibition of feeling on the part of her rival was almost more than Maria could bear, as she sat in the front row of the opposition, deprived of office. She had drawn a blank in the native lottery, and 'no-'count' Sue had drawn the prize. Maria's pride alone kept her from a complete break-down.

'I's glad it gwine out ob de fambly. I's 'bout tired ob niggers' quarrelses,' she loudly proclaimed to hide her smarting feelings. She had a rushing in the head, and heard Black Sambo's speech in a dream that was all nightmare. He was very pompous, very loud, and very fluent; the words ran off his tongue like rain off a cabin-roof; Utopia was coming, or the millennium. His promises were loud and many, his protestations full and complete, as he rolled his eyes and puffed out his cheeks in the face of an admiring constituency. He thanked them for the honour they had done him, which he hoped to hand down to his 'prosperity.' (Sambo meant to found a dynasty, at least.) 'Bruders an' sisters, I's sho got de key ob dis 'leckshun in my pocket. I's de candidate fo' yo'-uns. I see it in yo' eyes, an' I see it in yo' faces. I's de Guv'ner fo' yo'-uns, 'case I know de workin's ob yo' hearts, and de longin's ob yo' breasts. Dar ain't no one knows dis so intimatiously as dis chile. Yo' gotter hab yo' cause upheld, yo' gotter hab yo' wants made known, an' who gwine do dat like me wif de nachul gift ob langwidge dat nuffin' doan tire, dat's neber been beat yet. I ain't a boastin', bruders an' sisters, 'case yo' know I speak de trufe. I war born talkin', an' I argied wif my ole Mammy de fustest time I open my mouf, an' dar ain't any dat ken get de better ob Sambo's tongue, an' dat what yo'-uns want. A man 'thouten words am like a tree 'thouten leaves, eben de birds dey laughin' at him.' And here Black Sambo threw meaning glances of contempt in the direction of the tongue-tied Jubal. 'It am

de 'scrutable way ob Providence, one man kin talk an' anoder be dumb like de ox an' de ass ; an' 'case dey's gotten no power wif de tongue, dey try ter meck up wif dey fool tings liken musick an' fiddlin' an' sech,' still covering Jubal with his eye. 'But dem dat de Lawd gib de gift ob de tongue, dey doan need nuffin' else, 'case dey's full up wif words, an' sinse, an' de comfort ob langwidge. An' now I gwine read my pronouncement ter yo'-alls, dat Marse Tom gwine ter sign dis night,' and Black Sambo drew the important document from his pocket with a flourish, and read as follows :

'I, Black Sambo, ob de nigroes belongin' ter Marse Tom Humphreys, havin' de Honour put on me ter be de Guv'ner ober yo', I gwine do my uttermost endever ter serve yo' in ebery rispect, and hope yo' gwine ter 'bey me 'cordin'ly.

BLACK SAMBO,
Guv'ner ober de Nigroes ob Humphreysville.'

Loud and unanimous applause greeted the conclusion of Sambo's speech. Bounce and bluster are sure of a following, and nowhere more so than among the impressionable children of the desert. They had accepted him at his own valuation, as their leader and spokesman, and now acclaimed him to the skies, with all the credulous faith of their dark natures.

The babel and confusion were at their height, when an unexpected thing happened. Jubal, who had sat listless and absent-minded during Sambo's peroration, now rose to his feet, and stood before them, his placid worn face so like the ex-Governor's, though with all the shrewder lines left out, that even the new party so triumphantly acclaiming his rival could not but feel guiltily conscious of it. He stood alone, without a follower, a Crown Prince without a crown, painfully calling up the tardy words that so plainly failed him at his need. It was no concern of his this babel and fuss, but for one thing, he was an idealist about to defend his ideal.

'I ain't no speaker,' was his first halting phrase, as he looked deprecatingly at his audience still flushed with the new wine of Sambo's eloquence. 'But yo'-all gwine meck one mistake dis night, dat I gwine set right. Dey tell me,' and here Jubal's eyes opened wide with a grieved astonished expression, 'dat de musick ain't no sarvice ter de warld 'tall, dat it cain't help ter govern folks, an' dat me an' pussons liken me am fools, an' soft-headed, an' no good 'tall, 'case ob de musick inside ob us. Dey sey dat de musick am a triflin' no-'count ting, jest fit fer de chilluns, an'

ain't got nuffin' ter do wif de sarious business ob life. Now,' and the gentle-faced speaker gathered wrath as he went along, 'de folks dat sey dat dey lie in dey throats. It am de biggest lie, an' come from de faders ob lies—'case de musick am de powerfullest ting in de warld, bruders and sisters, an' I gwine ter prove it. Kin yo' live 'thouten de musick? Kin yo' die 'thouten de musick? Dis fiddle hab help yo' ter marry yo' wives, an' ter berry yo' faders an' mudders. It hab played in de dark, an' it hab played in de light; it hab been de companion ob yo' joys, an' de companion ob yo' sorrers. It hab been a-comfortin', an' a-rejoicin' wif yo' all de time, an' now it gwine ter warn yo'. I ain't got no power ob de tongue, but it ain't only de tongue dat kin speak. De tongue am de onruliest member, an' I gwine ter leave de tongue alone. Yo' hab heard 'nuff what de tongue kin sey dis evenin', an' now yo' gwine ter hear what de musick kin sey, 'case de musick am de powerfullest ting in de warld, an' I gwine meck it de powerfullest ting in dis room ter night'; and Jubal, with the air of a Moses rebuking the backslidings of his people, swung the instrument to his chin, and the argument began. Jubal was on the defensive at last, but he was defending music, not himself; her reputation was at stake, her rights, not his, were impugned. And the great goddess he had worshipped so faithfully all his life, the supreme beautifier of life, the comforter of men, was surely at his elbow when this new 'Lobgesang,' in praise of Music, fell from his bow.

It was a whole Symphonia Domestica of the dark race that first held his hearers spell-bound, in which birth and bridal and death had a place, a fine commingling of cradle-songs, love-songs, requiems, epithalamiums floating out over the whole range of life, and bringing personal proof to everyone there. For each of his hearers lay so open to attack; their memories were all on Jubal's side, and witnessed against their owners. At festivals, at 'mournin's,' at 'berryin's,' at the departure of the very old, and at the arrival of the very young, Jubal, with his simple art, had used 'motives' as freely and as unerringly as greater musicians than he have done, and there was no phase in coloured history but had its *Leitmotiv* of tenderest melody, its little heralding notes of gladdest joy or saddest sorrow. Each well-known tune, as it was strung on the chain that Jubal was weaving, had a personal application and fitted the life-story of this or that dark brother or sister, and was inextricably bound up with this or that back-chapter of their

history. Here was the gala-tune to which you marched so lightly on your wedding-morn; and here was the tune behind which your feet lagged so heavily as you climbed the slow hill to the burying-ground, and left some lost affection there. Here were gay affirmative tunes, and sad negative ones; tunes for the 'chilluns'; bird-tunes; idle sun-hot summer tunes; quiet dark winter ones. Jubal showed no mercy, like a father-confessor the fiddle knew all the secrets of the human heart, and held them quivering in the air. The instrument Jubal ostensibly played upon was the fiddle 'Marse Tom' had given him, but the instrument he really played upon was the quick-beating hearts of the coloured people heaving and palpitating around him. Back and forth went the bow on its vindicatory mission, and now, after their personal needs had been reached, came a larger note—the Symphonia Politica, the needs of the body-politic. As the notes dropped from the bow, dominions, powers, kings, princes, governors, in one stupendous march of law and order, seemed to pass across the poor meeting-house; great issues, and the feel of history hung in the air, and that goodly company of the kingly ones seemed hovering above those awed black heads. An influence too great to resist swept over them. Black Sambo's shallow utterances faded from their minds—the self-seekers and the place-hunters fell away, their narrow centre lost in the ever-widening horizons the fiddle opened up to them, like desert vistas of African immensity. Sambo had shown them the littleness of power; Jubal was showing them its vastness. They did not understand it any more than the trees understand the music that the wind wrings from their passive branches, but some great revulsion had passed over the room. Bodies rocked, heads swayed, arms were uplifted; only Maria guessed the truth—the great power that had governed her life was governing Jubal's without his knowing it. It was on her side at last; he was playing himself straight into the Governorship; in vindicating music he had found the dominant. Then a wonderful thing happened. Jubal, still drawing those inspired notes from the fiddle, stepped from the platform with an air of exultation, and as he passed down the 'island' of the little meeting-house with head erect, every row fell in behind him in silent order, until not a single member of the gathering remained behind, only Black Sambo and his wife slunk away in the all-merciful darkness, overthrown by the omnipotence of the power they had so lately rejected.

Up at the 'big house,' 'Marse Tom' was sitting over his wine in

the great west parlour with 'ole Miss' by his side. The room was full of old colonial dignity. The lights shone on polished surfaces of uncovered mahogany, on the antique silver of tall candelabras, on fair vessels of service, on book-lined walls, and was finally reflected back again from the beautifully waxed hard-wood floor. The distinct aristocracy of the South looked out of both faces, and you were made subtly aware of its presence in every well-bred movement, and in the tones of their pleasant high-sounding voices. 'Marse Tom' wore an air of fine tolerance and quizzical good-humour as he leaned back in his chair discussing with the manner of a genial satirist the rather personal topic of the coloured election; but 'ole Miss's' cameo-finished face had a cloud of vexation upon it, and her voice had a ring of distinct disapproval.

'I think you should have settled the matter out of hand,' she was saying. 'If you had put up Jubal as your nominee he would have been elected without a murmur. Instead of which you stand aside and let an idle, worthless fellow, who would have been whipped in your father's lifetime, step in and take his place.'

'But how about the freedom of the individual? I believe in representative government, but, if I had put in my own man, where would the representation have come in? I'm sorry for your disappointment, Mother, but I had to hold myself neutral,' said 'Marse Tom' with an affectionate glance downwards, as he dropped his hand lightly over the finely wrinkled one that lay near him.

'I don't agree with all this talk of freedom,' said 'ole Miss' with a turn of her autocratic head; 'the negroes are nothing but children, and need guidance. After all, we know better what is good for them than they do themselves, and Jubal's wife is an excellent woman. She was your nurse as a boy, and the most faithful servant I ever had. Her judgment is as much to be relied upon as any white person's, and she has been the greatest help to me in the management of the women and children.'

'Ah, I see, Mother; Maria is your nominee. She was to have been the *dea ex machina*—the power behind the throne. If I had known your plans, I might have fallen in with them better, but the Salic Law is strong among the primitive races; indeed, it was the primitive races that first brought that law against petticoat-government into existence, if I remember rightly, and you would have had trouble there, Mother.'

'You are always laughing and making fun of me, Tom, and you will never take anything seriously, but you are laying up trouble

for yourself, I am afraid. Old Caleb was a power among his followers, and kept them in order, but no one is going to follow Black Sambo, and you will have all sorts of petty worries and annoyances to contend with, and much more work to do in the management of the people.'

'Well, I am bound to miss old Caleb; a fine old negro in his way; he made an excellent buffer, and saved me a lot of bother and trouble. I expect to sit in the office a good many hours a day before I get his successor into shape. But take comfort, Mother. I promise you Black Sambo shall get no sinecure, and it will knock some of the nonsense out of him. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, you know, and I expect he will wish himself well out of it before long. I have given him full warning. I said, "Sambo, have you realised what a load of hard work you are taking upon those easy-going shoulders of yours, and what an industrious life you will be compelled to lead settling everyone's affairs but your own? Do you feel capable of sacrificing your present enviable life of leisure and ease for the sake of those who will probably repay you with reproaches and ingratitude? Do you feel yourself strong enough for so arduous a post? Better fling away ambition, Sambo, before it is too late." The rascal only grinned slyly in my face, and said, "I's jest bouten's strong's Jubal, Sar," and I could only retire to blush unseen at my own detected partiality; for, of course, I had Jubal in my mind all the time; and after that I determined Black Sambo should have his innings.'

It was this fairness in 'Marse Tom's' character that made him so great a favourite. He had an almost whimsical regard for the feelings of others, and could not have snubbed a dog, much less a negro. In his presence things went at their highest value, and common things looked up. His smile was often inscrutable, but you left your *amour propre* in his hands with perfect confidence. As Black Sambo once said, 'Marse Tom's de only white pusson dat doan mind me I's a nigger.' That liberal manner of his wiped out colour, and there was the gift of freedom in his very eye. He had the trick of the cultured in being able to hold things away from himself, sampling them, and appraising them as so much food for his own mental palate, but this did not detract from his fine qualities as a humanist, nor shut out the appeal which the naïve simplicity of the coloured people continually made upon his heart. Just now the sound of the advancing fiddle and the tramp of feet in the distance was borne in through the open window, and there was

a world of indulgence on 'Marse Tom's' face as he rose and offered his arm ceremoniously to 'ole Miss.'

'There, Mother, they are coming at last. Let us go out into the hall, that we may be ready to welcome his Excellency the Governor! Jubal is playing his rival in with musical honour, I can hear.'

'I wonder Maria lets him—he has no pride at all,' said 'ole Miss' with disapproval.

'Well, Mother, you and I owe something to Jubal. He is like the scapegoat upon whom the sins and shortcomings of others have been laid. When I gave Jubal that old Strad of mine, I sent my own aspirations and ambitions along with him into the wilderness—into that delightful world where dreamers and visionaries have it all their own way, and are called fools by practical people for their pains. Thus I saved my hold on practical life at Jubal's expense, and you have to thank him that your son has as much common-sense as he has; but I always feel a little guilty towards Jubal, just as a rich conscript must feel towards his paid substitute when he gets killed in the battle, or has to bear all the scars and knocks which he himself escapes. By Jove! the beggar plays like one inspired to-night. I should never have made as good a musician as Jubal. It is worth going out into the wilderness to play like that!'

Mother and son passed in stately fashion from the room into the large hall beyond where the chattering house-negroes were already assembled for the impending ceremony, and took up their position at the head of the great steps, under the broad verandah that ran its embracing pillars round the old colonial mansion. The tramp of many feet and the sound of the fiddle gained momentarily upon the ear; the dark heads were advancing nearer and nearer; now the avenue was traversed, and Jubal, the leader, brought the *cortège* to a halt under the wide portico, within a few yards of 'ole Miss,' and let his arm sink to his side for the first time, with a dazed and bewildered look.

'Marse Tom's' eye wandered over the swarming black heads seeking in vain for Black Sambo.

'The rogue is not usually afflicted with modesty; he means to appear with enhanced glory just at the right stage moment, I suppose,' he said in a laughing aside to his mother, expecting each moment the serried ranks to open and disclose the flamboyant figure of the plantation orator. Aloud he said, 'Welcome, friends!

You are here to-night to tell us your decision. I therefore call upon you to name the new Governor.'

Suddenly the summer night was vocal with one great shout, that seemed to shake the firmament, and a hundred black throats opened simultaneously to emit the cry, 'Jubal! Jubal!'

It was a painful awakening for Jubal when he descended from his mood of exultation to find that greatness had been thrust upon him, and that by his own hand. The chains of office were heavy and grievous to him, and the constraints of his high position galled his free spirit. After a week of it, he fled to silent refuges in the woods, leaving Maria as his 'dep'ty' to carry on the management of affairs.

'De Guv'ner sey,' was a formula sweet as honey to her lips, and it prefaced all her administrative efforts. 'De Guv'ner sey dat Caesar gwine hab no sorter berryin' 'tall, an' only three mourners fer de sake ob de widder, 'case he wur de thievingest, good-fer-nuffin'est nigger 'bout de place; de Guv'ner sey dat sister Lindy-Ann can't marry agin till she dun do de dree months mournin' fer her fust husband; de Guv'ner sey dat no chile on dis yer plantation hab got ter go ter hoodoos, ner listen ter devil-talk, by order of "ole Miss."'

After each new stroke of policy, 'Marse Tom' would look at 'ole Miss' with a twinkle in his eye, and say he had never met a better 'Guv'ner' than Maria. And Maria herself, at the zenith of her power, would look at the fiddle as it lay on the dresser in the kitchen with very much the same expression on her beaming face as her ancestors in equatorial Africa may have bestowed upon a favourite fetish.

L. M. Cooke.

THE LATE AMERICAN CRISIS.

'How pleasant it is to speak of the late Monsieur Mordaunt!' So said Porthos when the Three Musketeers landed in France, having finally disposed of their terrible enemy, who had done his best first to prevent their leaving England alive, and then to ensure their being blown into shivers on their way home. It is no less satisfactory to be able at last to apply the word 'late' to the American crisis, which showed itself so extraordinarily tenacious of life during the last two months of 1907, and threatened at various periods in the course of its existence to produce most inconvenient consequences in other countries besides the land of its origin.

In some of its aspects the word late is premature as applied to this crisis. The effect on American commerce of the recent shock to credit and breakdown of financial machinery has yet to make itself fully clear, and the social and political results of the check to commercial activity and wholesale dismissals of workmen may have some still more interesting surprises in store for us. But at least it may be assumed that the worst of the purely financial crisis is over, now that the United States have ceased from importing all the gold that they dared to take from London or from any other place where it could be found, and now that the American banks appear to have partially resumed the first duty of a banker, as we understand it on this side of the water, and to be meeting demands on them in cash.

This part of the crisis, then, being over, is ripe for discussion and consideration, and merits them very well, both by reason of the strange manner in which it arose and the still stranger fashion in which it ran its course, and was dealt with, or rather accepted, as a matter which had better be left to take care of itself, by the American people. The full and true account of it, of course, will not be written just yet, or by any Englishman. Only an American can understand the inner meaning of the matter, for the behaviour of a nation under stress of financial or other circumstances is obviously a question of national temperament. An alien can marvel and surmise, but, not being inside an American skin, he cannot really account for what is, at bottom, a phase of American

feeling. And even an American would probably prefer to let this strange wood recede a little further into the background of history before he would care to begin a final and exact picture of the trees that were in it. All that can be done, here and now, is to give a very impressionist and blurred sketch of the American crisis as it appeared to observers on this side, who were, of necessity, inadequately informed concerning much that was essential to its true comprehension.

The crisis was an American afterthought in a process of financial liquidation, which was world-wide, and seemed to have gone far in the direction of comfortable completion. And this liquidation was the result of too much prosperity, too much commercial activity, too much expansion, and too much production. As most of the readers of the CORNHILL are, happily, unfamiliar with the jargon of the market-place, it is perhaps desirable to explain that liquidation means a general selling up of commodities and securities and a reduction of their prices to a level at which they will be taken off the hands of speculators, and go to those who are prepared to pay for them, and consume them if they are commodities, and hold them if they are securities. Such liquidations are periodical, but they generally arise from bad trade and a slackening demand for goods and services. The liquidation of 1906 and 1907 was peculiar, in that it arose, as has been said, from trade that was too good and expansion that was too rapid.

Good trade and rapid expansion require more and more money to finance them, and, if they are continued long enough, reach a point at which the monetary pump runs dry, and trader and adventurer can get no more, pump they never so vigorously. As the production and distribution of commodities is largely conducted by means of money borrowed until they reach the final consumer, it is obvious that a great increase in the output and turnover of goods makes an increasing call on credit facilities; and this is still more so, when this same activity of trade and improvement in distribution is accompanied by a still more rapidly growing demand which causes a rise in the prices of goods, especially of raw articles of industry. At first sight it seems absurd for active production to go together with rising prices, since its obvious effect is to make things cheaper by multiplying their quantity. Nevertheless it is easy enough to see how this apparent paradox may become an inevitable truism. If, for example, a large number of manufacturers are making big profits by buying wool and weaving

it into cloth, and if at the same time other industries are so prosperous that their employees can buy more and more cloth as it is turned out, then many others will try their hands at cloth-weaving, and existing weavers will increase their plants, and so the demand for wool will go on growing; and in the meantime speculators will see a chance in the wool market and buy for the purpose of a profitable resale, and so the game goes on merrily, rolling up the demand for more money to play it with, like an accumulating snowball.

The effect of active expansion and development is still more marked, for these processes do not tend to an immediate, or even an early, return of the money put into them. They imply the opening up of new country, laying down of new railways, and the hundred and one forms of expenditure involved when adventurers see that the demand for products can only be satisfied by the development of new areas for their production; and as this process necessarily takes time, a large amount of capital becomes locked up until it has been completed.

At the same time the buoyancy and optimism produced by all this ferment in commerce and development stimulate speculation in securities; all the companies engaged in producing and handling the increasing trade product and in preparing new territories for production are earning big profits, or are thought to be doing so or to be going to do so; consequently their prices are expected to go up, and speculators, quick-witted but lean in purse, want to buy them, and want to borrow money to buy them with.

Thus all these processes tend to an increasing clamour for money, on the part of traders, adventurers, and speculators. And money is a commodity of which the supply cannot be indefinitely expanded. The money of commerce does not, of course, consist of coins, or it would be very easy to see that its expansion would soon be overtaken by a growing demand. It consists of paper, in the form of notes, cheques, bills of exchange, &c., and so it can be multiplied freely as long as bankers are prepared to make loans to their customers; and, in good times, credit thus becomes blown out, or inflated as the City more politely phrases it, to meet the greater number of goods and securities that come into being to serve as a basis for these loans. But bankers always have to keep a careful eye on this blowing-out process, and to see that the paper money which they thus create does not become too heavy for its ultimate foundation, which is, the gold which they have

in their tills or the credits that they have with the central bank of their country, if there be one. Consequently they charge higher and higher rates for the loans that they grant, as the demand increases, and at a point they begin to refuse loans and to call their money in again. And then liquidation, or general selling up and realisation, has to begin.

The pressure for money, which we have seen to be the inevitable result of active trade and vigorous expansion, had for some time been a marked symptom. Every autumn, when the world's biggest crops are moved and the demand for cash so becomes most acute, high rates for money had been a regular feature for some years, until in 1906 the fact that the Bank of England raised its rate to 6 per cent. drew general attention to the facts of the monetary position even among those classes which give least heed to fluctuations in the value of money. Their attention was also called to the same fact by a different phenomenon, which is only another way of expressing the same thing, namely, a fall in the prices of securities. For when trade is so active that it eats up all the capital that is to be had and asks for more, a fall in the price of stocks, which have a fixed yield attached to them and so cannot become more valuable owing to big trade profits, is a foregone conclusion. Hence it is that when trade is boiling with activity in the industrial centres it is usual to find London, which is a centre of finance rather than of trade, listless, idle, and depressed. For such a season is bad for purely financial operations, since the most active money-making classes are putting all the money that they can get hold of into their own businesses, and there is none left for the financier to work with.

It had, then, been evident for some time that the supply of money was inadequate for the activity and expansion that was proceeding, and the process of liquidation had already been going on for some time, as was made apparent by the rapid dwindling in the prices of securities and the beginning of a reaction in the prices of commodities, when the United States intervened with one of their staggering spectacular displays. They had already suffered from one or two very severe spasms during the autumn of 1906 and last spring, and it was evident enough that the liquidation process, which was uncomfortable and depressing enough everywhere, was causing acute internal pains in New York and elsewhere in America. This also was natural enough, because in their case activity and expansion had been conducted with all the boyish

optimism that is one of the most attractive features of the collective American character, and also because it had been accompanied by speculation in commodities and securities, organised on a truly gigantic scale, and by the creation of new securities by railroad and other companies which wanted money for expansive purposes, at a rate which would have sufficed by itself to gorge the money market into a condition of nauseated surfeit. But though contortions and convulsions were thus clearly indicated as symptoms that must mark the course of the malady, there seemed to be good reason to hope that it might proceed to a successful conclusion without producing any alarming disturbance.

These hopeful calculations, however, were upset by a com bination of unfortunate circumstances, chief among which were the American currency system, the discredit into which American finance had fallen in the eyes of its own public owing to revelations in connexion with insurance and other scandals, the close connexion between this thus discredited finance and the American banking system, and finally, perhaps, the efforts of the American executive to curb the power and ambitions of the great trusts and corporations, which were alleged to be binding the country hand and foot in the gyves of despotic monopoly.

The American currency system is admitted to be the most inefficient that was ever submitted to by a businesslike people. Legal tender currency, apart from actual coin, is provided partly by the Government and partly by the banks. The Government notes consist of the old greenbacks issued during the Civil War, and kept alive ever since out of sentimental considerations, and certificates issued against gold and silver. The Treasury appears to have no power, at present, to increase the currency for which it is responsible, except by the printing of certificates against gold deposited, and as the gold deposited would do just as well if coined and circulated, this power has little practical value. The banks issue notes, but only against Government bonds as security, with the result that the supply of notes is strictly limited by the supply of Government bonds, so that in their case also expansion is impossible, unless the Treasury can be induced to increase its debt and issue more bonds, in order to supply the basis for fresh currency. This delightfully absurd device has, as we shall see, actually been put into execution during the course of the late crisis, when the Government borrowed an enormous sum that it did not in the least want, in order to enable the banks to issue more notes against

the bonds so created. If Alice had reported such a financial expedient as being adopted in Wonderland, she would have been reproved for overstepping the bounds which should be observed by the most whimsically fantastic humour.

From this want of elasticity in the currency system, it results that in the autumn, when cash is wanted in the country districts to finance the harvesting and moving of the cotton and cereal crops, money is taken away from New York, which regularly experiences more or less strain at this period. Another unsatisfactory feature is the fact that the Government continually absorbs an enormous revenue, owing to the preference of the United States for trying to tax themselves into prosperity by means of high tariff duties, and that this revenue accumulates in the hands of the Government, and so causes still further stringency, until the Treasury is obliged to come to the relief of the Money Market and deposit some of its funds with the banks, which are thus enabled to lend them to their customers. But as it can only make these deposits against approved security, and as the class of security that will be approved appears to vary according to the needs of the occasion and the view of the Secretary to the Treasury, there is always an element of uncertainty and caprice about these deposits, and the New York Money Market never knows how far, or for how long, it can count on them. When it is added that the inelasticity of the currency in expansion is equally apparent in contraction, the law having especially provided that only a certain number of notes may be redeemed in one month, it will be apparent that the system has been ingeniously devised for inefficiency at every possible point.

As to the discredit of American finance, there is no need to cite examples or summon witnesses. Ever since the insurance scandals there has been an unsavoury procession of revelations and disclosures showing how those responsible for the management of American companies have used their funds to gamble with securities in Wall Street, to purchase control of other systems, and generally to carry out all kinds of interesting and profitable enterprises which were wholly beyond the province of their office, and left the interests of the proprietors out of consideration. Now that a campaign against the great corporations, and the money power in general, has become a matter of politics in the United States, it is perhaps as well to take statements with regard to financial morality on the other side of the water with caution. But, all due allowance for

political exaggeration being made, one is forced to the conclusion that the standard of ordinary decency in business affairs is not exacting. A striking example was afforded in the last Presidential Message, in the course of which Mr. Roosevelt, who is generally regarded as a Quixotic champion of commercial reform, mildly suggested to Congress that it might discuss the question whether it was desirable that a bank manager should borrow money from the till of his own bank.

This discredit unfortunately included American banking, because it was well known that many of the banks were controlled by the big financiers, their small capitals having made it easy to acquire a controlling interest in one, borrow on the shares held for this purpose, use the money borrowed to buy the control in another, and so on until a chain of banks, controlled by a group and prepared to finance its ventures, appears to be a regular part of up-to-date organisation in Wall Street.

These facts—the bad currency system, the discredit of finance, and its reflection on the banks—in themselves provided a fine mass of inflammable material which was only waiting for a spark. What the spark was, and who applied it, are questions which will probably provide food for argument as long as anyone takes any interest in the matter. Harried American financiers, whose wrong-doings and shortcomings had been in their view exaggerated, if not created, by the imagination of the President for the purposes of political campaigning, maintained that all the responsibility for the crisis lay at Mr. Roosevelt's door. On the other hand, another theory attributed it to these very 'magnates,' whom it accused of organising panic to frighten the executive out of its ardour for reform, and then being swept off their feet by the panic, which rapidly outran their intentions. Probably enough the crisis began by the sheer momentum of preceding events, none of which can be selected as the specially efficient cause. When asked whether President Roosevelt had destroyed public confidence, Mr. Dooley, that profound observer and economist, replied that he had only given it a shove as it fell off the roof.

However that may have been, the first overt appearance of anything like financial panic was an old-fashioned run, not on a bank, but a trust company, known as the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York. It had been immediately preceded by a very ugly event—namely, the removal of the chief officials of a New York bank by the Clearing House Committee; but this action

was taken by the banking hierarchy, and was a welcome indication of a desire to check irregularities; also it was followed by reassuring statements to the effect that the trouble had been confined within a ring fence, &c., and though it must have given depositors in other banks matter for serious thought, and must certainly have contributed to the mistrust of their bankers which set the American public hoarding, it did not arise from, or immediately provoke, panic-stricken action among the general body of depositors.

The run on the trust company was a different matter. For it was an open declaration by the public of want of confidence in an important depository of the public's money, and of a consequent desire to get the said money out of the trust company's hands, a desire which was so persistent that it finally forced the company, after a very gallant stand, to put up its shutters and own itself insolvent. It should be noted that an American trust company is quite different both from an English trust company and from an American trust. An English trust company is chiefly concerned with investing its shareholders' money, claiming to be able to earn them better rates of interest than they can get on their own account, by means of its expert knowledge and the large scale on which it operates. An American trust may be defined roughly as a combination of businesses with a view to diminishing competition and establishing monopoly; but an American trust company appears to be chiefly a bank, calling itself by another name in order to evade the severe restrictions imposed by the American banking laws. It does not issue notes, which is perhaps the most important of a bank's functions from the American point of view; but it does everything that we mean by banking on this side, that is to say, it takes money on deposit, lends it out again, and, when solvent, meets cheques drawn on it, and pays cash on demand.

The strictness of the American banking law, which compels the banks to keep a reserve of cash equal to 25 per cent. of their deposits, and makes them liable at any time to inspection by a Government official to see that they have got it, and also restricts them in the matter of investing funds in real property, imposed galling fetters on the soaring spirit of American enterprise, which tends to unfit those in whom it is strongly developed for performing the humdrum functions of banking. And American enterprise, in very characteristic fashion, exclaimed, with Falstaff, 'Shall resolution be thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the law?' and proceeded to evade old Father Antick by

developing banks under the name of trust companies. Being less restricted, the latter were able to compete with the banks with much apparent success, and it is likely enough that when the run on the Knickerbocker Trust set in, and all the other trust companies began to take measures for mutual protection, the New York bankers felt a certain satisfaction in the misfortunes of their insidious rivals, and would have welcomed the crisis if it would only have exposed the weakness of the trust companies and the dangers of allowing depositories of public money to invest it except under strict regulation, and then stopped.

But the crisis was not so obliging and discerning. The run on the Knickerbocker Trust lent itself to headlines and the picturesque fancy of the descriptive reporter, and all over the Union the fact was very loudly proclaimed that in the centre of American finance a large number of depositors preferred to take care of their own money instead of leaving it with an institution which had, till then, borne a high reputation. And the disease was immediately pronounced to be highly infectious. The run spread to the banks, and spread all over the country, and in a very short time the legal minimum of 25 per cent. of cash to deposits had been encroached upon. The financiers made reassuring statements and uttered the most optimistic sentiments in interviews, but in vain; pulpit eloquence was invoked in order to allay apprehension and stop the run, but depositors thought they knew more about banking stability than their spiritual pastors and masters, and continued to take their money out of their bankers' hands and put it away in safe deposits or under the domestic mattress.

The banks resorted first of all to the old plan, tried in former crises, of issuing Clearing House certificates—that is to say, of paying their debts to one another in paper, thus setting free their whole stock of currency to meet their customers' demands, and it was hoped that this measure would suffice to tide matters over until public confidence was restored. But public confidence refused to be restored, and as the crisis had arisen—after the manner of crises—at the most inconvenient moment that it could have chosen, at the time when the normal demands for currency for moving the crops made money scarce, and as the arrangements of the American currency system made it impossible to expand the supply, and as the Government did nothing for some time to relieve the situation, the banks finally adopted the simple but very effective expedient of refusing to part with cash except as, and in what

quantities, seemed good to them. And a premium on currency was thus established—that is to say, if anyone wished to be paid in legal tender cash, instead of in bankers' cheques on the Clearing House, he had to take so much less than the face-value of his demand. In other words, the whole American banking system went into a state of temporary default. The whole machinery of exchange broke down, defaults and receiverships were rife all over the country, and the United States relapsed into a condition of economic savagery, such as existed in the days when banking was not.

In the meantime the American executive had taken no step that indicated any appreciation of the gravity of the crisis. The Secretary to the Treasury had, it is true, deposited all his funds that could be spared with the banks, in order to assist them; but this power, as we have seen, was normally exercised in times of ordinary pressure, and nothing was done in the direction of any extraordinary measure to provide for an extraordinary emergency. In fact it may be said that the American Government, and the whole American people, sat down quietly and tamely under a state of affairs in which the custodians of the people's cash calmly refused to part with it when asked for it by its rightful owners. It is a truly astonishing spectacle, and one that can only be explained and interpreted by an American. After a time the executive did at last decide that something ought to be done, and made that famous issue of bonds, borrowing money that it did not want, so that the banks might have a bigger basis for note issue; but even then it soon repented itself, and stopped the operation before it was half completed. The President also made an appeal to the people which might have had some effect if it had been uttered a few weeks earlier; but, as it was, fell as flat as the magnates' interviews and ghostly counsel from the pulpit. And so the crisis was left to drift along to its conclusion; and now the telegrams, from the jerky and disconnected statements of which most of our information about the crisis has to be derived, say that the American banks have had a very prosperous half-year, and are expected to declare high dividends. This profitable result of general default is a pleasing finishing touch to an episode which has been humorous in many of its aspects.

Exigencies of space prevent any description of the effect of the American crisis on the money markets of the world, all of which it strained with more or less severity. The United States, having

abandoned banking for the time being, consequently required an inordinate amount of pocket money, and the premium on currency made it a profitable transaction to import enormous amounts of gold. London, as the great free market in gold, was pulled on to an extent which forced it to raise its Bank rate to 7 per cent., and the result of this measure was that gold poured into it from other centres, and at the end of the crisis the Bank of England's reserve was stronger than at its beginning. It was a remarkable and very gratifying demonstration of London's power and predominance in the international money market. The fall in the prices of securities which accompanied the consequent stringency was quite moderate, thanks to the drastic thoroughness of previous liquidation, and provided a favourable opportunity for investors, which was readily taken by those who were fortunate enough to have any spare cash available.

HARTLEY WITHERS.

FISHERMEN'S SORROWS.

Our fisherfolk are a race apart, their character scarcely intelligible to those of us who have lived among them, and to the average seaside visitor as obscure as that of the okapi. They are commonly represented, by those whose knowledge of them is limited to the encounters of a summer holiday, as more eloquent grumblers than even the farmer. I have known the latter rail eternally at the skies, though to him a week of drought may mean later ripeness in the orchards and a night of rain may mean an acre or two of spoilt crops. The fisherman, to whom a week of calm may mean starvation and a night of storm death by drowning, rarely grumbles at the weather at all. Not his is the impatience of poverty that marks the landsmen of all trades, but rather the equal mind which inspires a dumb and dogged patience that the wise and wayward alike laugh at in those who fish to pass the time, but that even fools are moved to admire in those who fish to feed their young.

We are also told that these fishermen are thriftless, never laying by for a rainy day. Thriftless! Many a Cornishman of my acquaintance earns an average weekly wage through the year of thirteen shillings. On this dole he may have to keep a family of six children, hale, hearty, and growing almost visibly out of their raiment. The whole sum is handed over every week-end to the goodwife, who, with a knowledge of finance that would not disgrace a Chancellor of the Exchequer, pinches and contrives to such purpose as to feed and clothe them all, pay the rent, keep the breadwinner's pipe alight, and avoid falling into debt. How in the name of Samuel Smiles she does so much on so little, let those who call her thriftless explain. The truth is that extravagance is for those who know happiness. The thriftless man is he who comes easily by his means, and the agonies of the fisherman's toil leave no relish for dissipation.

The fisherman is exactly what his environment has made him. Only the pauperising interference of the philanthropist, or the cheaper charity of trippers, can mould his character on other lines; sap his spirit of independence, and undermine the fearless honesty of his nature. Life is a cruel riddle for him, so he is dour. He is

brought face to face with storms in the night, so he is God-fearing, ay, and a little superstitious. Matthew Arnold's definition of religion as 'morality touched by emotion,' which always seems to me applicable rather to the middle-class devotion of Bayswater, has no more to do with his godliness than with the fanaticism of the Mohammedan. So, too, the fisherman is honest, for he lacks the landsman's temptation to be otherwise. Lastly, he is resourceful, for, unequal to emergency, he would surely drown. He is a fatalist: who would not be with death ever staring him rudely out of countenance? Of his domestic morals I have nothing to say. Writers of minor fiction have, with singular want of intuition, told us all about them, but for the men of midnight oil in cities to judge the domestic relations of a fishing cove is for the Head of the Jesuits in his college to judge the Sultan of Turkey in his harem.

All that is good and all that is bad in the fisherman is born out of singularly hard circumstances. The unending battle with wind and wave has written its sign manual on his rugged brow, yet he himself would count the dangers and discomforts of the sea life the least factor in the winter of his discontent. At all times of the year, in the chilling blizzard of winter and in the summer fog, in which death may stalk even nearer to his deck, he takes the enmity of the elements for granted and asks no quarter. He never gives death a thought. In all probability he cannot swim, and even if he could he would be fatally handicapped by the waterlogged sea-boots and clinging oilskins which he is bound to wear if he is not to be crippled with rheumatism. If the wind rises, it may carry away his sails. If it falls, he may be unable to get back to market before his catch is spoilt. Yet, for aught he recks of his struggles with wind and wave, his life's labour might be one long sensuous dream of moonlight fishing in summer seas like that described by Mr. Hichens in his latest story.

No; if we would understand what the fishermen really have to grumble at, if, in our quest, analysis need go further than the giving of a twelvemonth's toil for a pittance of 33*l.* 16*s.*, we must look beyond the risk of drowning and the certainty of discomfort.

The reasons for such small earnings are not far to seek. In the first place, much of what they catch is wasted. Cuttlefish, starfish, small crabs, and other backboneless vermin are of no account. In this country, moreover, we eat no more than forty or fifty kinds of fish at the outside, a strange contrast with the five or six hundred that may at one season or another be found on

sale in the markets of Japan. Thus, he will catch abundance of dogfish, wrasses, and other kinds of fish that fetch no price and rob him of bait to no profit.

The public also wants most of its fish exceedingly cheap. It is a cruel irony that the fish that command the highest prices, salmon and red mullet, are caught without risk to life and limb. The salmon is caught in seine-nets worked in estuaries, in tidal reaches, or in the open sea within a stone's throw of the beach. The red mullet catches itself in the pockets of trammels set among the rocks and left to trap the fish at night. Yet such easily plucked fruits of the sea fetch, weight for weight, ten times as much as the haddock, for which trawlers have to spend weeks on remote fishing-grounds out of sight of land.

If the price paid to the West End fishmonger is small, what shall be said of the dole that remains for the fisherman on the beach, between whom and the consumer living in London are erected many barriers of intermediate profits, including landing-dues, two or three middlemen, a railway company, and a landlord who expects a high rent on the nail! Allowing for all these unavoidable taxes, a fresh herring may sell for one penny in Hampstead or for three in Bond Street, but in either case the fisherman can obviously get very little for merely gathering the fish from the sea.

Much is written of the exorbitant freights charged by railway companies for the carriage of fish, but to the unbiassed eye these seem in many cases reasonable enough. As an example, the Great Eastern Railway Company undertakes to carry five tons of fresh herrings from Yarmouth to London, a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles, at the rate of 12*s*. 8*d*. a ton. This is surely an irreducible minimum for a carrying company not conducted on the lines of a charitable institution. Where remedy might be possible is in some readjustment of the strangely complicated arrangement by which it seems necessary that fish landed on the shores of the Bristol Channel shall be despatched forthwith to Billingsgate, meeting another train laden with ice-kept fish from the North Sea for the use of consumers in the West Country. Much of this seemingly antiquated retail system is no doubt inevitable, owing to the demand for certain classes of fish in localities remote from the port of landing, but it is carried too far, with grievous loss to the fishermen. Billingsgate remains by tradition the dumping-ground of most of our fish, and prices consequently

fall very low in times of plenty. Cornish fishermen occasionally get better money from the 'jowters,' who hawk fresh fish round the farmhouses and villages of a district indifferently served by the railroad, but the practice is of only limited operation.

This cost of communication with the central market is a common source of loss to all fishermen alike. Yet, in considering their troubles, we must not regard them as a homogeneous class. Some catch their fish in nets, others on hook and line. Some fish by day, others by night. Some fish for a few hours daily in sight of their own cottages, and others make voyages of many weeks' duration from Lowestoft to Mount's Bay, from Hull to Iceland, from Plymouth to Portugal. Some work for a fixed wage, others on a division of profits, and a few for their own hand. Some depend on the caprices of fishes which move in vast shoals over wide sea areas, others catch only those kinds which inhabit fixed grounds easily located by those who know the bearings. From all of these, we may be sure that the sea takes more than ever it gives.

The hookers fish with long lines, on which are many hundreds of hooks, or with handlines carrying only two or three. The nets are of various patterns. The trawl sweeps the sea-bed of both flat fish and round. The drift-net is a floating snare dragged across the path of moving shoals. The seine encloses these shoals when they come close inshore. The trammel is a wall of cotton *culs-de-sac* erected among the rocks. Such brief differentiation of their methods may suffice to explain the grievances of each class. The trawler works by steam or sail, and the troubles of the steam-trawler are practically restricted to the aforementioned operation of railway rates and intermediate profits on low prices at the coast. As to the hardships that beset smaller craft, the steam-trawler is not only immune, but is, justly or otherwise, regarded as in great measure causative. Excluded by the by-laws of fishery districts from fishing within the three-miles limit, and operating as a rule far from territorial waters, he is, unlike the smacks and other craft, subjected to no inconvenience by Admiralty schemes for erecting permanent firing ranges in the bays, nor does he share the resentment of the smacksmen when inlets like the Moray Firth are closed to trawling. The Fishery Board for Scotland has for some years excluded British trawlers from the Firth on the assumption that it is a nursery for young flat fish. Unfortunately, much of its area, which is not far short of 2,000 acres, lies outside the territorial limit, so that foreigners of several nationalities are free

to exploit grounds closed to Scotch and English vessels, to the not unreasonable discontent of the latter.

The hooker regards any trawler operating on his grounds as the Evil One *en pêcheur*. In terms unscientific, but also unequivocal, he execrates him as the slayer of immature flatfish, the disturber of spawning grounds, the dumper of *débris* on favourite fishing areas, and the ruthless destroyer of long lines, trammels, crab-pots and all manner of fixed engines that lie in his erratic path. In this complex indictment, there is some truth and more hyperbole, but the trawler remains the thorn in the side of all other classes of fishermen. It is easy to understand that these are chagrined by the contrast in bulk between his catches and their own, but the fact remains that, obnoxious as he may be to his rivals, the trawler is indispensable if the markets are to be kept regularly supplied with cheap fish. Were he debarred, the poor would soon be restricted to herrings and sprats.

The smaller folk have many sorrows in which the trawler has no part. The hooker complains bitterly when he finds the corks of sunken trammels dancing over his favourite pollack-ground. Class legislation between such factions would run the risk of robbing Peter to pay Paul, a principle that can rarely be good law, but where legislation fails, the unwritten law of local custom is often efficacious. Thus it is tacitly understood that, in summer and autumn, the pilchard-drivers on the south coast of Cornwall have the freedom of the sea at nights, so that all trawling must be done by day and even crab-pots must be removed out of mischief. At St. Ives, in like manner, the seiners have the right of way over all other gear during the brief autumn season of their activity. When smouldering grievances burst forth in actual rioting, as when Newlyn raged against the Sunday fishing of the men from Lowestoft, or when Grimsby fought for less work and more wage, the police courts deal at once with the ringleaders, and arbitration then revises at leisure the causes of discontent.

The hookers and crabbers also suffer sorely at times from the expense and difficulty of getting bait. Our netsmen do not, like the French sardine-fishermen, use bait to attract the shoals to the meshes, but the rest have always to be supplied with bait. I have known of small Plymouth hookers spending as much as 100*l.* a year in this way. Milford has to procure its bait from either Cork or Yarmouth, and the crabbers of Selsey, in Sussex, are often compelled to telegraph for theirs to Grimsby.

There is another grave aspect of the fisherman's sorrows. Innumerable beasts, birds, and fishes prey rapaciously on sea-fish, and the porpoises, seals, cormorants, sharks, dogfish, and octopus are in this sense his dreaded rivals, not merely consuming the fish, but also getting entangled in his nets, which they ruin in their struggles to escape. The cost and labour of repressing this miscellaneous vermin are left to the men themselves. In France, gunboats are sent to wage war on the cetaceans that plague the sardine-grounds, and in Finland there is a small but adequate Government reward in the form of bounties similar to those paid by some of our salmon-boards for the shooting of cormorants. It is the pride of the British nation to leave all and sundry matters to private enterprise. This impatience of State aid may, since what is everybody's business is also nobody's business, explain why some other nations, less prejudiced, are going ahead in the race.

The dogfish are the fisherman's worst enemies. To such an extent have they swarmed on the fishing-grounds in the Plymouth district during the past few winters that the fishermen, fearing the loss of their gear, have thought it expedient to remain idle ashore for days together. An attempt has been made to create a market for dogfish as a cheap and wholesome article of food. Public banquets were held at Plymouth with a view to popularising it, and since, in spite of the poet, there is much in a name, it was even proposed to offer it for sale as 'flake.' It must be confessed that only a very moderate success has so far crowned these praiseworthy attempts to turn the enemy to account. Here indeed is an opportunity for some philanthropist anxious at once to feed the poor of London slums and benefit a great industry. In the year 1818, it is on record in the archives of Bristol that skate and rays, then regarded as offal, were distributed free to the poor of that city three times a week. Let some charitable friend of London's slums pay for huge freights of dogfish to be distributed during the winter months. He would certainly alleviate immediate distress and might also create a permanent demand. There is no reason why, if not perhaps the most delicate of our fishes, these small members of the shark tribe should not be regarded as wholesome food, for they themselves feed, not, as is commonly supposed, on the bodies of folks drowned at sea, but on pilchards, whiting, and other excellent and clean food. Unless a market be created for their flesh, or possibly for the skins (for which I had an inquiry last summer from a large Midland firm of umbrella manufacturers),

there can be no remedy for the dogfish plague. So immense are their hordes that they cannot be driven away from the fishing-grounds, but must be caught, if possible, for sale.

At irregular intervals, the octopus is another expensive enemy of the fishermen. The hostility of the rest is of small account. Cormorants may damage the limited resources of a trout-stream, but their drafts on the balance of the sea are insignificant. There are men who even pretend to regard gulls as active enemies of the fishermen, but not of these are the fishermen themselves, at any rate in Cornwall, where they rely on these birds to keep their harbours clean, averting epidemic and removing a reproach that would soon banish summer visitors over-sensitive to such impressions. Of all the untrue bills found from time to time against the seagulls, perhaps the most plausible was that of a Fellow of the Royal Society who, three years ago, blandly declared, on some audacious hypothesis best known to himself, that the number of these birds on our coasts could be placed at 2,000,000, and that the annual damage done by them to the herring fisheries represented a sum of 24,000,000*l*. Here of a truth is a mathematical feat to which the quadrature of the circle should be child's play.

Porpoises must consume vast quantities of fish, but being constantly on the move and not haunting the same grounds for weeks like dogfish, their inroads are less felt and the damage more distributed. They may, moreover, be unrecognised benefactors of the fishermen, since Shetlanders so regard their cousins, the whales, which they say not only drive the herring shoals towards the coast, but also guide the fleets to their whereabouts. For this reason they bitterly resent the recent revival in the whale fishery by Norwegian and Scotch capitalists.

Of minor fishermen's sorrows, dependent on local conditions, the name is legion. Sennen men have been threatened with loss of their grey mullet because the rocks were stripped bare of seaweed to manure the neighbouring farms. The cockle-fishermen of Leigh have been brought to the verge of starvation because those shellfish are suspected (probably with reason) by Dr. Klein and other authorities of transmitting the bacillus of typhoid. A similar scare was launched in the press not long ago in respect of Thames 'whitebait,' but without so far having any serious consequences for the fishery. These are cases of ruin from purely natural causes. Now and then high politics and fiscal juggling step in to take away the fisherman's source of livelihood. Brighton trawlers

have lost the once profitable direct trade with Paris, *via* Newhaven, because of prohibitive taxation by the French Government, and the re-imposition of a similar tax on cured pilchards imported into Italy now threatens to bring starvation to many Cornish homes.

The sorrows of the fisherman might be swelled to a much longer list, but even from what has been said the reader will have little difficulty in appreciating the hardships of his life. The difficulty is rather in understanding how new generations of these toilers can be found to replace the old. As a matter of fact, if inquiries were made at Brixham and other ports in which the apprentice still plays a part, it would be found that there is a growing tendency on the part of the younger stock not indeed to stay on the land, where there is no room even for those bred to the plough, but to emigrate to America or go to sea in other capacities. The Navy has of late years held out greater inducements than it did in the old days of crimping and the 'cat,' and masters of smacks find increasing difficulty in enlisting willing and efficient apprentices.

Yet there will always be a supply of such labour. The call of the sea is in their blood, and the knowledge of fishing in their bone. The *soyez plutôt maçon si c'est votre talent* mandate rules on the water as well as on the land, and adaptability is not among the fisherman's virtues. Natural and political forces conspire to crush them, but they persist. It is their fate. We pity them, and, handicapped by the poverty of our idiom, we call theirs a dog's life and think that we have said the worst. Dog's life? The most persecuted pariah of a Moorish village basks by comparison in the lap of luxury!

F. G. Aflalo.

INDEXES.

To enjoy making an index may seem a strange taste, and yet men of parts have taken a pleasure in such work, and have done it, for a book in which they were interested, without fee or reward. There is, indeed, a great advantage in making the index to a book which the indexer has often to consult. A lady who was commissioned to index an important work was afterwards gently reproached by a friend for the absence of references to numerous topics. 'Of course, I did not put in anything in which I was not interested,' she explained simple-heartedly, and the mere possibility of getting paper and print provided for an index compiled entirely from one's own standpoint is in some cases good consideration for the trouble of making it. Yet, although an index may be made as explanatory of aims and standpoints as a preface, and in far greater detail, most authors scorn to index their own books, and there is sufficient indexing work to be had to have created a class of trained professional indexers. The professional index seldom pleases me. It is mostly very bulky, and pervaded by what may be called (to borrow a phrase from logic) *ignoratio elenchi*, a tendency to emphasise mere casual remarks, and to send students for new information to pages where the author has but repeated a commonplace. Of course there is a set off. The trained indexer should make a better choice of words and work more neatly. But unless she (it is mostly she) knows enough of the subject to act as an honest broker between author and reader, divining what the reader wants, and making the most of the help which the book gives, no technical skill will save the index from being a failure.

Until printing had been invented for some generations there was little room for the professional indexer, trained or untrained; but some of the early indexes which were made as a labour of love are surprisingly good. The first indexer of a printed book whose name is known to me was a person of some distinction, Thomas Dorniberg, of Memmingen, a doctor of canon law, who, in 1472, was piously moved to index the 'De Quattuor Virtutibus,' of Henricus Ariminensis, 'to the glory and honour of the most high and undivided Trinity, and of the immaculate birthgiver of the

Incarnate Word, the most glorious Virgin Mary; and of all the heavenly court of citizens on high, and to the profit and use of all who desire to advance in virtuous living.' In the preface, which begins with this dedication, Dorniberg shows clearly the use to which he meant his index to be put. The appetite for sermons in the fifteenth century seems to have severely taxed the powers of the parochial clergy, and numerous attempts were made to help them, both by the publication of ready-made sermons, and by providing quarries out of which the sermon-writer might hew at will the *exempla*, or stories, with which to point his morals and keep his audience awake. In his preface, Dorniberg, knowing the purpose for which his index would be used, explains that, although the *exempla* are not separately indexed, they will always be found at the end of the chapter to which they refer.

> Thus, if we take the subject of any chapter, or part of it, from the title of this a beautiful example is immediately found, answering to the same subject. For instance, from the letter A we take the entry 'Acceptation of gifts works four ill effects,' of which the first is that justice is bartered for a petty price. This is treated in Tract ii., chapter 5, section viii. There you have a beautiful example on your subject, showing how King Cambyses caused the skin of a certain bad judge, a lover of gifts, to be stripped from his body and stretched upon the seat of judgment. Upon this seat he commanded the man's son to sit, giving him to understand that he should judge others justly, lest he be condemned to a like punishment. And thus, through the whole book, at least one beautiful example will be found in illustration of every authority, quotation, and title.

'Acceptation' does not seem a very good heading for this story. A modern indexer would probably enter it under Justice, or Bribery, or Gifts. But in the fifteenth century an index was supposed to be read and studied, not merely consulted in a hurry for a single entry, and its alphabetical form was only given it to facilitate subsequent reference by those who had duly perused it from beginning to end. The entries, in fact, were just the old entries of the 'Tabula Materiarum,' or Table of Contents, which followed the order of the book, shuffled into alphabetical sequence, without any great effort to begin with the right word.

If index-making was as yet defective in the choice of words, we can see from Dorniberg's preface that much thought had been given to the form of the reference. The numbering of leaves was only very slowly coming into use, and no one had as yet thought of numbering them on both sides, or pages. Hence the text was divided and subdivided, as much as possible, into books, chapters, and sections, and where the text did not lend itself to formal sub-

division on this plan, it was divided into artificial lengths or paragraphs, marked with the successive letters of the alphabet. When leaves came to be numbered, symbols were invented, showing to which side of the leaf, and to which column on a page the reference applied. Dorniberg was quite interested in such points as these, and gives elaborate explanations of his method of shortening a reference partly identical with that for the previous entry.

The index to the ' De Quattuor Virtutibus ' seems to have been appreciated, and within less than a year Dorniberg had been moved ' by the prayers of many studious clerks ' to compile another. The work chosen this time was the ' Compendium Theologicae Veritatis.' This ' Compendium of Theological Truth ' he considered ' useful and necessary, not only to those having the care of souls, but to all ecclesiastics of whatever order, dignity, or rank. To all such persons it should be the principal and most familiar of books as embracing briefly, concisely, and authoritatively the foundations and principles of the whole Catholic theology and faith, without knowledge of which no one deserves to be called a clerk, or hardly even a Christian.' Having this high opinion of the book, Dorniberg set to work to reduce its chief topics to alphabetical order and compile a duly arranged index. This he finished on the vigil of St. Bartholomew (August 23), 1473, and brought his task to a close with the words ' Here ends the Register. Thanks be to God.'

Elsewhere, in his preface to his second index, Dorniberg speaks of it as a ' tabula remissoria,' a table of references, but *Registrum* seems to have been the ordinary name in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and it is the English form of this word that enters into Chaucer's verse in the passage in the ' Knightes Tale,' where he disclaims all knowledge of Arcite's fate after death. The poet's real reason for this reticence was that he had already, in his ' Troilus,' used the fine passage from Boccaccio's ' Teseide ' as to Arcite looking down from the spheres, amazed at the littleness of the world which had seemed to him so great. The passage applies much more effectively to Troilus than to Arcite, but now that Chaucer was refashioning the ' Teseide ' in his own way, here was a purple patch gone, so he wickedly leapt over the gap with the gibe :

> I nam no divynistre :
> Of soules ' find I nought in this registre :

i.e. I can find no entry ' concerning souls ' in my index, and so

have nothing to say about them. The word *index* itself, in this sense, does not appear to have come into general use till the seventeenth century.

Some of the indexes in early printed books go back to earlier days than Chaucer. The 'Auctoritates utriusque Testamenti,' which is practically a subject-index to the Bible, is attributed to St. Bonaventura, and it is only necessary to look at the huge medieval law-books to realise that, without some guide to their contents, they would have been useless.

Real wants usually evoke a remedy, and Dorniberg was not without imitators. Calvin's 'Institution of a Christian Man' was to the Protestants of the sixteenth century far more than even the 'Compendium Theologicae Veritatis' had been to the Catholics of the fifteenth. It was the armoury from which every controversialist drew his weapons, and that the weapons might be ready for use at any moment, a good index was a necessity. Accordingly, at the end of the text, we find 'A Table of the Matters entreated of in this booke disposed in form of common places, wherein is briefly rehearsed the summe of the Doctrine concerning every point taught in the booke before at large, collected by the Author.'

Probably no fuller index of its kind has ever been compiled, for here is an epitome of Calvin's teaching on every point of doctrine from predestination downwards, an epitome sufficiently full to be understood by itself, but with references to the fuller exposition of each point in the text. In the references a notice tells us 'the first number signifieth the booke, the second the chapter, the third the section,' and so the index, once made, adapted itself to every edition automatically, in contrast to most modern indexes, in which every page-reference has to be verified and adapted whenever the text is set up in a new form.

A year or two after the first appearance of Calvin's 'Manual,' Augustine Marlorat, a scholar of some standing, compiled an elaborate index to its very numerous Biblical quotations, thus enabling preachers to discover with a minimum of trouble all the doctrinal applications to which any text could be put. Besides these two chief indexes the book was also supplied with a less pretentious one, giving ordinary references to places and persons, etc.

Thus in the middle of the sixteenth century, if the inducement were sufficient, it was possible for a book to be more elaborately indexed than at the present day. But by this time the perfunctory index was also coming into existence, compiled, no doubt, for a

few shillings at the instance of the publisher. A good example of an index of this kind is that provided to a late English edition of a very old book:

Regimen Sanitatis Salerni. The School of Salerne's most learned and iuditious Directorie or Methodicall Instructions, for the guide and governing the health of man. Dedicated and sent by them to the High and mighty King of England, and published (by consent of Learned and Skilfull Physitions) for the good and benefite of all in generall. Perused and corrected from many great and grosse imperfections, committed in former impressions. With the Comment and all the Latin verses reduced into English, and ordered in their apt and due places. London, Imprinted by Barnard Alsop, and are to be sold by Iohn Barnes, at his shop in Hosier Lane, 1617.

The first entry in the index to this work is *A Light Supper*, and we are prepared at once for the sort of arrangement which follows. Apparently the compiler was not quite happy as to the wisdom of putting this entry under A, as he duplicates it under *Light Supper*. But under *Supper* entry there is none. Later we find, each arranged under its initial letter, such entries as

Be not too neere in observing custome.
How grapes should bee eaten.
Many good things come by drinking of wine soberly.
Man may live by the smell of hot bread.
What things should be eaten first.
Why divines love to drinke good wine.
Why nuts are the last service in Lent.

An entry *To rise early* is followed by *To kill wormes*, but as the references are not to the same page, there is no allusion to the proverb that it is the early worm that is caught by the bird. No fewer than eighteen entries begin with *The*, and the index-maker was strangely fascinated by numerals. Thus we find *Two knowledges touching the choyse of fish* and six other entries under 'two'; *Three inconveniences engendred by dulce and sweet foods* and six other entries under 'three'; *Four things that mollifie* and one other entry under 'four'; and *Five bounties of wine moderately drunke* and six other entries under 'five.' This, however, was nearly the limit, for there is no entry under 'six,' only one under 'seven' ('seaven doctrines to choose wine'), and none under any higher numbers. It is evident, of course, that we are back at the stage when the indexer simply took the phrases which would have served appropriately enough as headings to sections, and arranged them alphabetically by their first letter, without any thought of finding the word under which any one would be likely to look for a particular piece of information.

As an example of a trade index to a much weightier and more elaborate book, we may take that appended to Raleigh's 'History of the World' (1614). This is quite a useful production. It gives references not only to the leaf, but also to the line on which the information is to be found, and the great majority of its entries are excellent in form. On the other hand, it is imperfectly alphabetised, the editor not troubling himself as to anything beyond the second letter, so that Abraham comes before Abacuc and Agenor before Agamemnon. Moreover, a sprinkling of indefensible entries will be found on every page. Here are some :

Against the inexcusable excuses of this latter time.

All Kings called Iupiters by the ancient.

An Indian, presented to Solyman the Turkes Generall in Anno 1570, who had outliued three hundred yeares. [No entry under Indian, Solyman, Age, Life, or Longevity.]

Before the beginning there was neither primarie matter to bee informed, nor forme to informe; nor any Being, but Eternall.

Coniectures on the time of Deucalions floud and Phaetons conflagration.

Confidence in signes instead of the substance.

Difference of Authours concerning the mountaines of Ararat.

Diuers [i.e. various people] repaired from Age to Youth.

Diuers appellations of the Red Sea.

From the same place where Man had his beginning, from thence againe had Men their increase. [This should come under 'Paradise,' but does not.]

Great slaughter of the Israelites. [An early anticipation of the placards to an evening newspaper, but not of much use in an index.]

How the appointed number of creatures to be saved might have place in the Arke.

In whos time it was that Moses led Israel out of Egypt.

One of the Pillars, erected by Seth, the third from Adam, was by Iosephus testimonie to be seene in his daies.

Strange execution of the citizens of Gadara, committed on themselves.

That the floud made no such alteration as is generally receiued.

The meanes that Daniel grew rich by.

Vanitie of opinions concerning the rape of Helen. [No entry under Helen.]

What might be the cause of Iehosaphats taking his sonne to be partner in his kingdome.

Whence the report came, that oysters grow on trees in India.

Why the Babylonians gave a doue in their ensignes.

Both these last entries are briefly duplicated; the former as 'Oysters growing on trees,' the latter as 'Babylonians Doue.' But as a rule one entry to one paragraph seems to have been the indexer's maximum, and this made extravagance in unnecessary directions rather a serious matter. All the same, there is a certain charm in these eccentric entries, which must be our excuse for having quoted so many of them. They seem often to have been

inspired by the more remarkable paragraphs of the text, and set forth the attractions of these with a broad journalistic touch, which comes as an amusing surprise in their sober surroundings.

It is a pity that more seventeenth-century books were not indexed. Florio's 'Montaigne' cried aloud for such an addition. But the task would have tried the indexer's mettle, and apparently no volunteer or hireling was forthcoming. This is the more discreditable, inasmuch as the French edition contains a most admirable triple index extending over some seventy-four pages. It is headed:

> Les Pages du Sieur de Montaigne. Où sont contenues les plus rares remarques de son liure, à sçavoir les exemples des vertus & des vices, les plus graues sentences, similitudes & comparaisons, auec vn recueil des loix anciennes, des peuples & nations. Plus la vie de l'Autheur par remarques principales & precises sur son propre liure, le tout en forme de lieux communs.

No book abounds more in 'lieux communs' than Montaigne's, and substantial justice is done to them in the index, the headings in which are well chosen and well arranged. The biographical index is a little disappointing in form, though extremely useful. The first entry is printed across the page in large type, so as to form a kind of heading:

> Vie de Michel de Montaigne tirée de ses Essais, premierement comme dès le berceau son père l'envoya nourrir à vn pauure village des siens & combien de temps il y fut. 1145.

The rest of this index is in the usual small type and double columns. At first we are encouraged to expect some kind of chronological or other orderly arrangement, for it begins 'De ses parrins—de son enfance rude—son education à Rome—sa bourgeoisie Romaine.' But though the next paragraph starts with the author's youth, we soon find ourselves being led at haphazard; his death is indexed in the third of the six columns, the next entry relates to his marriage, while his mayoralty of Bordeaux is some eight or nine paragraphs further on. Nevertheless, access to this index to the edition of 1602 has probably lightened the task of many writers on Montaigne, enabling them to show an intimate acquaintance with the personal references in the 'Essais' at a pleasantly small cost of time and trouble.

Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' in its original form is another book which seems to have daunted the English indexer, as might well be the case, since an exhaustive index to the 'Anatomy' was

no light task to face. In subsequent editions a few pages of references were added, but these are very far indeed from being exhaustive. Their main defect is their meagreness, but it may be noted that we still find such positive faults as entries under 'Against,' 'All,' 'The,' 'What,' 'Who,' and 'Why,' and the old affection for numerical headings reappears in 'One love drives out another' and 'Three degrees of melancholy symptomes.'

Good indexes and bad have continued to grow together down to the present day. Though the best of the old indexes are difficult to beat, experience has made the average a good deal higher than formerly, and the worst examples not nearly so bad. The improvement in bad indexes is perhaps rather treacherous. We no longer take it for granted that an index must be read through, and so the bad indexer who puts half the entries as to a subject under one heading and half under another, if each set of entries is formally correct may easily escape detection.

The errors in modern indexes seldom reach even to the not very high level of fun attained by examination blunders or misprints. But from time to time indexes have been seasoned with a certain amount of conscious humour, sometimes lighthearted, sometimes malicious. Gay made a humorous index to his 'Trivia,' and Shenstone to his 'Schoolmistress,' and the indexes to the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' caught some of the playfulness of the papers themselves: witness such a little bunch of consecutive entries as this from the index to the first four volumes of the 'Spectator':

Handkerchief, the great Machine for moving Pity in a Tragedy.
Handsome People, generally fantastical—The *Spectator's* List of some handsome Ladies—
Happiness, true, an Enemy to Pomp and Noise—
Hardness of Heart in Parents towards their Children most inexcusable—
Hard Words ought not to be pronounced right by well-bred Ladies—
Harry Tersett and his Lady, their Way of Living—
Hate, why a Man ought not to hate even his Enemies—
Head-dress, the most variable Thing in Nature—extravagantly high in the 14th Century—With what Success attack'd by a Monk of that Age.

Amusing indexes are still occasionally made. A yachting party have lately published the log of their voyages, with an index enlivened by such entries as 'Breakages, *see* Cabinboy.' The malicious index was the invention of the witty Dr. William King, and it is not much to be regretted that it died with him. The idea of it was to provide a gratuitous index to your enemy's book so contrived as to bring into prominence any banalities or faults of taste

that could be discovered in it. The trick was played on the great Dr. Bentley in connexion with the controversy over the Letters of Phalaris, but with no great success. The entries are too bludgeonly to be convincing—e.g. 'His Collection of Asinine Proverbs with an addition—, His familiar acquaintance with Books that he never saw—, His modesty and decency in contradicting great men (the list begins with Plato and ends with "Everybody")—, His happiness in confident assertions for want of Reading—of Judgement—of Sincerity,' &c. King succeeded better in an attack on William Bromley when the latter was a candidate for the Speakership of the House of Commons in 1705. Fourteen years earlier, Bromley, with innocent vanity, had published, in the manner of his day, 'Remarks in the Grand Tour of France and Italy. Performed by a Person of Quality.' Copyright in 1705 being in a very hazy state, a 'Second edition' of this was now printed, with the seemingly harmless note on the title-page 'To which is added A Table of the Principall Matters.' This Table occupies seven pages at the end of the book, arranged not alphabetically, but in the order of the narrative, so as to tempt the reader to believe that it presents a synopsis of every topic of interest in the text. The first entry runs, 'Chatham, where and how situated, viz. on the other side Rochester Bridge, though commonly reported to be on this side.' Among other banalities made fun of we find :

> Eight Pictures take up less Room than Sixteen of the same Size,—
> February an ill Season to see a Garden in,—
> A Door shut up, and clos'd to the Middle with Brick, not pass'd through since,—
> The Author observes that Mr. Lassels (who wrote before him) has superseded the endeavours of all coming after him,—
> The English Jesuites Colledge at Rome may be made larger than 'tis by uniting other buildings to it.—

These seeming absurdities can just be justified from the text on an unfavourable construction. It certainly says much for the power of ridicule in the days of Queen Anne, that such a very mildly amusing and distinctly unfair skit seriously damaged Bromley's candidature, so that he had to wait for the Speakership till another Parliament.

A modern index divorced from the text on which it is based would convey but little information, however much it might promise. But the index to Calvin's 'Institutes,' to which we have referred, really gives an epitome of the whole book arranged under

alphabetical headings. Hence indexes were skimmed, as cautious or indolent folk now skim reviews, either to gain an idea as to whether a book be worth reading, or to pick up enough information about its contents to be able to talk about it without the pain of perusal. 'Index-learning' of this kind came in for a good many scoffs, and perhaps the fear of providing too easy a substitute for the book itself may have had something to do with the shorter form which indexes now usually take. Critics, however, have always insisted on the necessity that every book should be indexed, and John Baynes, the reputed author of the 'Archæological Epistle' on the poems of Rowley, invented the pleasing anathema 'that the man who published a book without an index ought to be damned ten miles beyond Hell, where the Devil himself could not get for stinging-nettles.' This, at least, sounds ferocious, though a devil who could be daunted by stinging-nettles would not have been thought much of in the days of Dr. Faustus. Lord Campbell's proposal 'No index, no copyright,' if it had been carried, would have been more efficacious than any curse. It would, also, have fostered some new kinds of indexes—to novels and poems, for instance—the possibilities of which have never yet been fully developed. Assuredly an index to 'Vanity Fair,' including references to all Thackeray's *obiter dicta*, would make a very interesting appendix to the next new edition of it.

The literature of indexes is not large. The only two books on them of which I have personal knowledge are a useful technical treatise by Mr. Archibald Clarke, and a little volume by Mr. H. B. Wheatley with the severely technical title 'How to Make an Index.' Mr. Wheatley, however, is a past-master in the art of mixing *utile dulci*, and his historical introduction gives an interesting account of indexes and indexing from the sixteenth century to our own day. In his technical remarks, moreover, he offers the soundest possible advice to all index-makers, when he insists on the necessity of allowing themselves plenty of paper on which to make their entries. But I cannot help suspecting that he has not himself fully learnt his own lesson, else why should he write: 'When the alphabetical arrangement is completed so far as the indexer considers necessary for his purpose, it is time to think of the pasting down of the slips?' Elsewhere he mentions the danger of slips being lost, even of their being blown away! I misdoubt me that these slips, which are endangered by a puff of wind and which need to be pasted down (a dreadful operation!), can be but snippets

after all. If the index entries are made on half-sheets of note-paper, they will run little risk of being lost or blown away, and there will be no need to dabble with paste. The half-sheets of note-paper can be arranged, edited, numbered, and sent to the printer, and unless he be more cantankerous than any printer I have ever met, they will be accepted without a murmur, and speedily come back in all the beauty of print.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

A STRAGGLER FROM A FORGOTTEN FIGHT.

Off Charlton, near Greenwich, the dismantled hulk of an old three-decker is lying. A few months ago, with her three tiers of empty but frowning ports, she was still massive and stately, although it is a century since she was launched; but now the ship breakers have done their work too well. Now she is a broken skeleton, a sorry tragic sight for those who have sympathy with fallen greatness.

The grey mist cloaks all distance. Looking up stream or down you may not guess where sky and river meet; even the harsh reeking chimneys upon the distant bank are softened by the tender clinging haze. Everything is grey, dull grey; the wheeling gulls are the only gleams of white in all the sombre world. Seen very near at hand the water has a sickly yellow tinge, but at a little distance it fades into the hopeless grey of the damp leaden skies. Sometimes, as the breeze strikes them, the burly ripples gleam like steel, but there is no hint of sunshine. Rather is there something of melancholy and wildness about all that meets your eyes; it seems a fitting setting for the tragedy that is being enacted as you watch.

They call her the *Caledonia* now, but she was known as the *Impregnable* in her hot youth. They are tearing her piecemeal, the clank of their hammers is steady as a toll of bells. It is her only dirge, and perhaps in its grimness it is one not inappropriate to the passing of a brave old warrior whom the years have beaten to her knees.

The grey old river swings past her, as she lies old and scarred and weary, and upon its bosom sweep ships that still are living actors upon a busy stage. Ships not all brisk and young, old ships perhaps and middle-aged, but able still for a while to play their parts. She seems to watch them with tired eyes, envying their strength, but knowing well that for these also a day draws on of doom and weakness. It is the Law, the one unchanging Law that governs all the world. She herself is but a shadow now, a weary ghost, a straggler from braver days; she knows that soon enough these others must join her in a world of shadows.

Many of these luckier ships go by as the hammers clang, for winter or summer the traffic of the Thames goes on. Far away down the bend there is the blur of a tug's smoke, and behind it lofty slender spars. A Norwegian barque is being towed up river, and through the hazy distance she is beautiful as a ship of dreams. Slowly she comes along, a fairy ship moving in stately fashion through the fairy mist, and as she comes she seems to roll the years away. For here is a worthy handmaid for the old wounded Amazon who watches her go by, here is a right dainty lady who has outlived the lovely fantastic days that will not come again.

There is a raucous hoot from the heart of the mists, and, with a white curl of foam before her bows, a long blue iron tramp snorts up the river. Speed she has, and economy, and splendid strength, but not the gracious beauty of old vanished days. She swaggers past the *Caledonia* with the scornful pride of youth, and the veteran seems to watch her unmoved with something almost of pity in those haggard eyes. 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' But the new order will be old—one day.

It is perhaps difficult to suggest what could have been done with her, and yet, even in these prosaic days, one fancies that she has deserved a less dreary fate. England is generally ungrateful to those who have given of their best for her. Our old soldiers eat out their hearts in the workhouse, and no one heeds them if they have sufficient delicacy and good taste to be silent. We breed a Gordon once in a hundred years, and leave him 'to die amid dry sand.' The *Caledonia* was great once, and there is something unnecessarily cruel about such an end as this. It would have been better to have towed her into blue water, and made her a practice target for the guns of her children's children. That would have been a swift end at least, although certainly a few priceless pounds would have been sacrificed. As it is, she is dying slowly amid harsh squalor, near to the reeking chimneys and the unsightly raffle of the river bank, and yet, ninety-one years ago, she did work that was not unworthy of Nelson's *Victory*, or of Nelson's self.

It was in 1816. Nelson had been sleeping for years in St. Paul's, and the splendour of his end and his last victory have cast into the shade the work of those who followed him. And yet the Bombardment of Algiers is worthy of remembrance, is worthy to bear comparison with anything in our long annals of the sea. And in one respect at least it was work in accordance with England's best traditions, for it was undertaken with no selfish motives, but

rather to free the helpless captives of all nations, and to deliver the seas from their blackest curse and peril.

Algiers for many centuries had been a nest of pirates, a dark spot of cruelty and wickedness upon the general greyness of the world. And yet as seen from the sea it was a goodly city, very clean and stainless to the eye. It was (then as now) built upon the side of a mountain, with the flat-roofed houses rising gradually from the very shore in the form of an amphitheatre. The town in those days contained about a hundred thousand inhabitants, its walls were about a mile and a half in circumference, and there was a pier that extended some five hundred paces to a small rocky fortified island, called the Lantern. For the rest, it was a white city, gleaming cool and spotless beneath the blinding sun.

So it appeared from the sea, but within it was a festering plague-spot of filth and vice and misery. Within its walls thousands of Christian slaves toiled ceaselessly in chains upon scanty food, or rotted from disease when not even the whip could drive them to their labours. The Algerines themselves were frankly thieves and pirates by profession. It is recorded that one of their Deys, in answer to a remonstrance by the British Consul against his lawlessness, said coolly 'My good friend, what avails this long story? The Algerines are thieves, and I am their Captain!' And for centuries they had made such bold words good, and their name a terror to every peaceful merchantman.

The Code of Algiers, framed with the object of promoting piracy, was distinctly striking. Every corsair paid a percentage of her plunder into the common stock, and if she was lost or taken her owner was forced to build another. Every Algerine taken prisoner was considered dead, and no ransom was offered for his release. The owner of a house in the town that had been damaged by bombardment was compelled to rebuild it, or all that he had was confiscated.

Their fleets of corsairs swarmed upon the seas, and returned constantly to the city laden with plunder and unhappy prisoners. Into the fate of the women and children who were captured it is not good to enter, but that of the male captives was crude and simple. They were sold in the public market without delay, and those who were not lucky enough to find private masters were set upon the public works. In the Bagnio, where they were confined at night, only those with money were allowed the luxury of a bed, the others slept upon the foul earth of the floor. They worked in heavy chains, and their food consisted of two black loaves, half-a-pound each, a day. Those in the wretched hospital, maintained by

Spanish generosity, and those engaged in special work upon the harbour, received an additional daily pittance of ten olives. Upon this fare it may be imagined that a prisoner soon collapsed, employed as he was upon arduous work beneath a southern sun. Upon Fridays the slaves were locked up for the day in the Bagnio, and as they did no work upon that day the authorities did not perceive the necessity of supplying them with any food. However, each seems to have received one black loaf from private charity. The Bagnio was compared by an eye-witness to the dens in which the West Indian negroes kept their pigs—save only that it was darker.

Europe had endured this crying disgrace for centuries without effective intervention, and then England was at last moved to action by the atrocities of Bona. Three hundred and fifty-seven Christian slaves had been landed at that port from two Algerine corsairs, and had been driven like cattle to Algiers. Fifty-nine died on the journey, and many others from exhaustion when the city was reached. Something of a stir was caused through all careless Europe by this outrage, and Lord Exmouth, having sent a sloop of war to Algiers to confirm the rumour, reported the news to the authorities at home. England occasionally moves swiftly when she is deeply stirred, and with astonishingly little delay Lord Exmouth was despatched with a strong fleet to demand full atonement from the pirate city. The Dey of Algiers was not without warning of the approaching peril, nor wanting in energy with which to meet it. He hurried down forty thousand men from the interior, and called in all the janissaries from distant garrisons to aid in the defence. Every available man, free or bond, was set to work upon the fortifications, and Captain Dashwood, who had been sent in advance of the fleet with the *Prometheus*, was received with insolence. He had come to remove the British Consul, whose position was most unenviable, but in this he was unsuccessful. He did succeed in getting off his wife and daughter, disguised as midshipmen, but the Consul himself was closely confined, and the Dey refused to give him up or even to promise his personal safety. The last boat of the *Prometheus* waited for the surgeon, who was bringing down the Consul's infant child in a basket. We are told that 'the surgeon thought he had composed the baby,' but unhappily it cried in the gateway, and its bearer and the boat's crew were captured. Lord Exmouth reports, as a solitary instance of the Dey's humanity, that the baby was sent off next morning to the *Prometheus*, but the surgeon, three midshipmen, and fourteen seamen were thrown into

Upon August 27, 1816, the British fleet, accompanied by a small Dutch squadron under Vice-Admiral Van Cappellen, came within sight of Algiers. Lord Exmouth sent ashore a boat under a flag of truce carrying the terms which he had been directed to enforce. They were: The abolition for ever of Christian slavery. The delivery of all Christian slaves in the Dey's dominions. The return of all money received by the Dey for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of that year. Reparation to the British Consul for the losses he had sustained in confinement, and a public apology to be made to him by the Dey, in the presence of his ministers and officers, for his imprisonment. It was scarcely likely that such humiliating demands would meet with the approval of a proud barbarian, confident in the strength of his forts and contemptuous of the weak forbearance of the world. For three hours Lord Exmouth waited, and then at two o'clock, as no answer had been returned, he signalled to the fleet to bear up to the appointed stations. The wind was very light but favourable. The picture must have been sufficiently impressive, as the Admiral in the *Queen Charlotte* slowly led his stately towering giants against the white glittering city. The flagship anchored fifty yards from the entrance to the mole, and as she secured her position three shots were fired from the shore, where the white-robed pirates were swarming about their guns. The *Queen Charlotte* promptly answered with her broadside, and in a moment the firing became general.

But it is with the other horn of the crescent that we are more chiefly concerned. Here, opposite the Castle, the *Impregnable*, as the *Caledonia* was then named, had taken up her station, sharing with the *Queen Charlotte* the greatest honour and the hottest fire. This was only fitting, for she carried the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir David Milne, the second-in-command, who had long been a byword through the Navy for brilliant daring. It was in '95 that he had first made his name, as second-lieutenant of the *Blanche*. After a bloodily protracted duel she had compelled *La Pique* to strike, and, as all the boats were useless, Lieutenant Milne had swum with ten men to take possession of the dismasted, shattered prize. Later in 1800, when in command of the frigate *Seine*, he took *La Vengeance*, of equal strength, after a long night action which has been described as the prettiest frigate engagement of the war. Now he had brought the *Impregnable* within pistol shot of the Castle, and was finding the work as hot as even he could wish.

The action had begun at a quarter to three, and it was continued without intermission until after nine. The Algerines fought like

men with ropes round their necks. The Dey proved himself a gallant leader, moving from post to post in an open boat under the hottest fire, and urging on his men to desperate efforts. They were seen to drop upon their knees and to kiss the skirts of his robes, as he passed through their midst. Their guns were well served and handled, and as men fell around them others pressed bravely forward to take their places. Within the mole four frigates, five corvettes, and a swarm of smaller craft were lying, and for a time their guns did much mischief to the English.

But their time was short. Behind the first line a flotilla of mortar and Congreve-rocket boats was ranged, and their explosives were deftly thrown above the English ships to fall with deadly effect within the mole. One of the Algerine frigates was boarded and carried by the *Queen Charlotte*'s boats, but every other craft in the harbour was soon on fire. The flames extended over the whole arsenal, and in a little while the entire range of storehouses was destroyed. But a heavy price was being exacted from the English for their success.

The *Queen Charlotte* before the mole and the *Leander* were suffering heavily, but it was the *Impregnable* that bore the sternest brunt. She was opposite the heaviest batteries, and, although the forts were crumbling before her guns, yet her own losses were frightful. During the whole action she received two hundred and thirty-three shots in her hull, many of them between wind and water, and about sunset Sir David Milne was compelled to send a message to Lord Exmouth informing him that he had already one hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, and requesting that if possible a frigate might be sent to divert the fire. The *Glasgow* immediately weighed anchor, but the light wind had been driven away by the cannonade and she was forced to anchor again. However, even more effective assistance was sent. An explosion vessel splendidly handled was blown up under the batteries before the *Impregnable*, and their fire was materially checked. It was fully time.

All through the brief twilight and through the swift falling darkness the fight went on. Lord Exmouth reports that the English fought in unbroken silence, and that their guns were handled with a precision that the Algerines were not likely to forget. By ten o'clock the fierce yells of the enemy had died away, and all their batteries were silenced except one fort upon the upper angle of the city. The English fire slackened, for the shipping of Algiers was destroyed, her defences were splintered ruins, and it appeared that

even the fierce hearts of her children had been cowed. At half-past eleven the light land wind sprang up, and with its aid the allied fleets were warped and towed out of gunshot of the broken town. At two o'clock they anchored, after twelve hours of work that had been sufficiently exacting even for Dutch and British seamen.

And then it remained only to count the cost. One does not care to picture the cockpits and the decks of the two flagships that, with the *Leander*, had borne the chief burden of the day. Upon the *Queen Charlotte* seven men had been killed, and one hundred and thirty-one wounded. This is a heavy butcher's bill, but it is light beside that of the *Impregnable*. She had had one officer, thirty-seven seamen, ten marines, and two boys killed; and two officers, one hundred and eleven seamen, twenty-one marines, nine sappers and miners, and seventeen boys wounded. That is to say that two hundred and ten of her crew were out of action. When it is added that the total casualties in the English fleet were one hundred and twenty-eight killed, and six hundred and ninety wounded, and in the Dutch squadron thirteen killed and fifty-two wounded, it will be seen what a stern part was played in the bombardment by the grim old ship that they are breaking up at Charlton. There would be well-earned wine and triumph for her officers assembled behind that line of stern windows which you could lately see; there would be rest for her weary men, who would sleep where they dropped upon her reddened decks; but there would be little rest for the surgeons, each doing the work of ten until the glowing dawn, or triumph for the wounded who must chew their bullets grimly beneath the knife.

And yet, if the price was high, the work was good and complete; worthy of England, worthy of the man who had given his touch and his tradition to English seamen. Four large forty-four gun frigates, five large corvettes of from twenty-four to thirty guns, thirty mortar and gunboats, several merchant brigs and schooners, and a multitude of smaller craft, would work no more mischief upon the seas. All the pontoons and lighters, the storehouses and the arsenal, with gun carriages, mortar-beds, timber and ship's stores of all descriptions had been destroyed. And Algiers lay fenceless and humbled, with her vicious sting extracted for a time at least. Upon the morrow Lord Exmouth sent in his ultimatum once more. His terms were unaltered, and his fleet would re-open fire if they were not submitted to within three hours. The Dey was still sullen and defiant, but his city was in no state for a renewal of the struggle. Six or seven thousand of his men are said to have been

killed or wounded, and his guns were dismounted or naked to the English fire. After a short delay he swallowed his stubborn pride, and three guns were fired from the town as a signal that all the demands would be complied with. There would be joy, incredulous, almost crazy joy, in the hearts of three thousand sun-scorched, half-naked slaves, and in as many homes throughout the world, when the news of that night's work was known. An increased stability would be given to trade, and there would be one red peril the less for every honest merchant ship. Once again, and not for the last time, England had done the world's work with cleanness.

Sir David Milne sailed the battered *Impregnable* back to England, carrying Lord Exmouth's despatches announcing the completeness of his victory. They are pleasant reading, those same despatches. Through them there runs a very pardonable vein of complacency for the success of the writer's plans and tactics, but he certainly does not fail to do generous justice to his subordinates. There had not been room for the Dutch squadron in the first fighting line, but Lord Exmouth states that Admiral Van Cappellen and his ships did excellent work in shielding his flank from the enemy's fire. No one who is aware of the splendid record upon the seas of our old foes and allies would doubt the value of their services. It would seem as though the god of battles decided that the *Impregnable* had won a sufficiency of honour, for the rest of her active service was useful rather than brilliant. She had the distinction of carrying that Duke of Clarence who was to become William IV. of England, and also the Tsar and the King of Prussia when they visited this country. She has borne three names in her time, and has done good work as a training ship. And now she swings off Charlton, gutted and dismantled, with even the glories of her one great battle half-forgotten.

As I saw her last, a gaunt, haggard skeleton looming through the raw, wintry river mist, it was a little painful to think of that summer night ninety-one years ago. That night when the quiet careless stars looked down upon death and hate and pain ; that night when the velvet darkness was torn by the flash of guns and lit by the flames of burning forts ; that night when the *Impregnable*, within pistol range of heavy batteries, with her scuppers dribbling blood, reeled and quivered as her half-naked sailors worked her heated guns. And one can but hope that the *Caledonia* is too old for memory or regret !

JOHN BARNETT.

AT LARGE.[1]

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

VIII.

THE DRAMATIC SENSE.

THE other day I was walking along a road at Cambridge, engulfed in a torrent of cloth-capped and coated young men all flowing one way—going to see or, as it is now called, to 'watch' a match. We met a little girl walking with her governess in the opposite direction. There was a baleful light of intellect in the child's eye, and a preponderance of forehead combined with a certain lankness of hair betrayed, I fancy, an ingenuous academical origin. The girl was looking round her with an unholy sense of superiority, and as we passed she said to her governess in a clear-cut, complacent tone, 'We're quite exceptional, aren't we?' To which the governess replied briskly, 'Laura, don't be ridiculous!' To which exhortation Laura replied with self-satisfied pertinacity, 'No, but we *are* exceptional, aren't we?'

Ah, Miss Laura, I thought to myself, you are one of those people with a dramatic sense of your own importance. It will probably make you a very happy, and an absolutely insufferable person! I have little doubt that the tiny prig was saying to herself, 'I daresay that all these men are wondering who is the clever-looking little girl who is walking in the opposite direction to the match, and has probably something better to do than to look on at matches.' It is a great question whether one ought to wish people to nourish illusions about themselves, or whether one ought to desire such illusions to be dispelled. They certainly add immensely to people's happiness, but on the other hand, if life is an educative progress, and if the aim of human beings is or ought to be the attainment of moral perfection, then the sooner that these illusions are dispelled the better. It is one of the many questions which depend upon the great fact as to whether our identity is prolonged after death. If identity is not prolonged,

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then one would wish people to maintain every illusion which makes life happier; and there is certainly no illusion which brings people such supreme and unfailing contentment as the sense of their own significance in the world. This illusion rises superior to all failures and disappointments. It makes the smallest and simplest act seem momentous. The world for such persons is merely a theatre of gazers in which they discharge their part appropriately and successfully. I know several people who have the sense very strongly, who are conscious from morning to night, in all that they do or say, of an admiring audience; and who, even if their circle is wholly indifferent, find food for delight in the consciousness of how skilfully and satisfactorily they discharge their duties. I remember once hearing a worthy clergyman, of no particular force, begin a speech at a missionary meeting by saying that people had often asked him what was the secret of his smile; and that he had always replied that he was unaware that his smile had any special quality; but that if it indeed was so, and it would be idle to pretend that a good many people had not noticed it, it was that he imported a resolute cheerfulness into all that he did. The man, as I have said, was not in any way distinguished, but there can be no doubt that the thought of his heavenly smile was a very sustaining one, and that the sense of responsibility that the possession of such a characteristic gave him, undoubtedly made him endeavour to smile like the Cheshire Cat, when he did not feel particularly cheerful.

It is not, however, common to find people make such a frank and candid confession of their superiority. The feeling is generally kept for more or less private consumption. The underlying self-satisfaction generally manifests itself, for instance, with people who have no real illusions, say, about their personal appearance, in leading them to feel, after a chance glance at themselves in a mirror, that they really do not look so bad in certain lights. A dull preacher will repeat to himself, with a private relish, a sentence out of a very commonplace discourse of his own, and think that that was really an original thought and that he gave it an impressive emphasis; or a student will make a very unimportant discovery, press it upon the attention of some great authority on the subject, extort a half-hearted assent, and will then go about saying, 'I mentioned my discovery to Professor A——; he was quite excited about it, and urged the immediate publication of it.' Or a commonplace woman will give a tea-party, and plume

herself upon the *éclat* with which it went off. The materials are ready to hand in any life; the quality is not the same as priggishness, though it is closely akin to it; it no doubt exists in the minds of many really successful people, and if it is not flagrantly betrayed, it is often an important constituent of their success. But the happy part of it is that the dramatic sense is often freely bestowed upon the most inconspicuous and unintelligent persons, and fills their lives with a consciousness of romance and joy. It concerns itself mostly with public appearances upon however minute a scale, and thus it is a rich source of consolation and self-congratulation. Even if it falls upon one who has no social gifts whatever, whose circle of friends tends to diminish as life goes on, whose invitations tend to decrease, it still frequently survives in a consciousness of being profoundly interesting, and consoles itself by believing that under different circumstances and in a more perceptive society the fact would have received a wider recognition.

But, after all, as with many things, much depends upon the way that illusions are cherished. When this dramatic sense is bestowed upon a heavy-handed, imperceptive, egotistical person, it becomes a terrible affliction to other people, unless indeed the onlooker possesses the humorous spectatorial curiosity; when it becomes a matter of delight to find a person behaving characteristically, striking the hour punctually, and being, as Mr. Bennet thought of Mr. Collins, fully as absurd as one had hoped. It then becomes a pleasure, and not necessarily an unkind one, because it gives the deepest satisfaction to the victim, to tickle the egotist as one might tickle a trout, to draw him on by innocent questions, to induce him to unfold and wave his flag high in the air. I had once a worthy acquaintance whose occasional visits were to me a source of infinite pleasure—and I may add that I have no doubt that they gave him a pleasure quite as acute—because he only required the simplest fly to be dropped on the pool, when he came heavily to the top and swallowed it. I have heard him deplore the vast size of his correspondence, the endless claims made upon him for counsel. I have heard him say with a fatuous smile that there were literally hundreds of people who day by day brought their pitcher of self-pity to be filled at his pump of sympathy: that he wished he could have a little rest, but that he supposed that it was a plain duty for him to minister thus to human needs, though it took it out of him terribly. I suppose that some sort of experience must have lain behind this confession, for my friend was a decidedly moral man,

and would not tell a deliberate untruth; the only difficulty was that I could not conceive where he kept his stores of sympathy, because I had never heard him speak of any subject except himself, and I suppose that his method of consolation, if he was consulted, was to relate some striking instance out of his own experience in which grace triumphed over nature.

Sometimes, again, the dramatic sense takes the form of an exaggerated self-depreciation. I was reading the other day the life of a very devoted clergyman, who said on his death-bed to one standing by him, 'If anything is done in memory of me, let a plain slab be placed on my grave with my initials and the date, and the words "the unworthy priest of this parish"—that must be all.'

The man's modesty was absolutely sincere; yet what a strange confusion of modesty and vanity after all! If the humility had been *perfectly* unaffected, he would have felt that the man who really merited such a description deserved no memorial at all; or again, if he had had no sense of credit, he would have left the choice of a memorial to any who might wish to commemorate him. If one analyses the feeling underneath the words, it will be seen to consist of a desire to be remembered, a hope almost amounting to a belief that his work was worthy of commemoration, coupled with a sincere desire not to exaggerate its value. And yet silence would have attested his humility far more effectually than any calculated speech!

The dramatic sense is not a thing which necessarily increases as life goes on; some people have it from the very beginning. I have an elderly friend who is engaged on a very special sort of scientific research of a wholly unimportant kind. He is just as incapable as my sympathetic friend of talking about anything except his own interests; 'You don't mind my speaking about my work?' he says with a brilliant smile; 'you see it means so much to me.' And then, after explaining some highly technical detail, he will add: 'Of course this seems to you very minute, but it is work that has got to be done by someone; it is only laying a little stone in the temple of science. Of course I often feel I should like to spread my wings and take a wider flight, but I do seem to have a special faculty for this kind of work, and I suppose it is my duty to stick to it.' And he will pass his hand wearily over his brow, and expound another technical detail. He apologises ceaselessly for dwelling on his own work; but in no place or company have I ever heard him do otherwise; and he is certainly one of the happiest people I know.

But, on the other hand, it is a rather charming quality to find in combination with a certain balance of mind. Unless a man is interesting to himself he cannot easily be interesting to others; there is a youthful and ingenuous sense of romance and drama which can exist side by side with both modesty and sympathy, rather akin to the habit common to imaginative children of telling themselves long stories in which they are the heroes of the tale. But people who have this faculty are generally mildly ashamed of it; they do not believe that their fantastic adventures are likely to happen. They only think how pleasant it would be if things arranged themselves so. It all depends whether such dramatisation is looked upon in the light of an amusement, or whether it is applied in a heavy-handed manner to real life. Imaginative children, who have true sympathy and affection as well, generally end by finding the real world, as they grow up into it, such an astonishing and interesting place, that their horizon extends and they apply to other people, to their relationships and meetings, the zest and interest that they formerly applied only to themselves. The kind of temperament that falls a helpless victim to dramatic egotism is generally the priggish and self-satisfied man, who has a fervent belief in his own influence and the duty of exercising it on others. Most of us, one may say gratefully, are kept humble by our failures and even by our sins. If the path of the transgressor is hard, the path of the righteous man is often harder. If a man is born free from grosser temptations, vigorous, active, robust, the chances are ten to one that he falls into the snare of self-righteousness and moral complacency. He passes judgment on others, he compares himself favourably with them. A spice of unpopularity gives him a still more fatal bias, because he thinks that he is persecuted for his goodness, when he is only disliked for his superiority. He becomes content to warn people, and if they reject his advice and get into difficulties, he is not wholly ill-pleased. Whereas the diffident person, who tremblingly assumes the responsibility for someone else's life, is beset by miserable regrets if his penitent escapes him, and attributes it to his own mismanagement. The truth is that moral indignation is a luxury that very few people can afford to indulge in. And if it is true that a rich man can with difficulty enter the kingdom of heaven, it is also true that the dramatic man finds it still more difficult. He is impervious to criticism, because he bears it with meekness. He has so good a conscience that he cannot believe himself in the wrong. If he

makes an egregious blunder, he says to himself with infinite solemnity that it is right that his self-satisfaction should be tenderly purged away, and glories in his own humility. A far wholesomer frame of mind is that of the philosopher who said, when complimented on the mellowness that advancing years had brought him, that he still reserved to himself the right of damning things in general. Because the truth is that the things which really discipline us are the painful, dreary, intolerable things of life, the results of one's own meanness, stupidity, and weakness, or the black catastrophes which sometimes overwhelm us, and not the things which we piously and cheerfully accept as ministering to our consciousness of worth and virtue.

If I say that the dramatic failing is apt to be more common among the clergy than among ordinary mortals, it is because the clerical vocation is one that tempts men who have this temperament strongly developed to enter it, and afterwards provides a good deal of sustenance to the particular form of vanity that lies behind the temptation. The dramatic sense loves public appearances and trappings, processions and ceremonies. The instinctive dramatist, who is also a clergyman, tends to think of himself as moving to his place in the sanctuary in a solemn progress, with a worn spiritual aspect, robed as a son of Aaron. He likes to picture himself as standing in the pulpit pale with emotion, his eye gathering fire as he bears witness to the truth or testifies against sin. He likes to believe that his words and intonations have a thrilling quality, a fire or a delicacy, as the case may be, which scorch or penetrate the sin-burdened heart. It may be thought that this criticism is unduly severe ; I do not for a moment say that the attitude is universal, but it is commoner, I am sure, than one would like to believe ; and neither do I say that it is inconsistent with deep earnestness and vital seriousness. I would go further, and maintain that such a dramatic consciousness is a valuable quality for men who have to sustain at all a spectacular part. It very often lends impressiveness to a man, and convinces those who hear and see him of his sincerity ; while a man who thinks nothing of appearances often fails to convince his audience that he cares more for his message than for the fact that he is the mouthpiece of it. I find it very difficult to say whether it is well for people who cherish such illusions about their personal impressiveness to get rid of such illusions, when personal impressiveness is a real factor in their success. To do a thing really well it is essential

to have a substantial confidence in one's aptitude for the task. And undoubtedly diffidence and humility, however sincere, are a bad outfit for a man in a public position. I am inclined to think that self-confidence, and a certain degree of self-satisfaction, are valuable assets, so long as a man believes primarily in the importance of what he has to say and do, and only secondarily in his own power of, and fitness for, saying and doing it.

There is an interesting story—I do not vouch for the truth of it—that used to be told of Cardinal Manning, who undoubtedly had a strong sense of dramatic effect. He was putting on his robes one evening in the sacristy of the Cathedral at Westminster, when a noise was heard at the door, as of one who was determined on forcing an entrance in spite of the remonstrances of the attendants. In a moment a big, strongly-built person, looking like a prosperous man of business, labouring under a vehement and passionate emotion, came quickly in, looked about him, and advancing to Manning poured out a series of indignant reproaches. 'You have got hold of my boy,' he said, 'with your hypocritical and sneaking methods; you have made him a Roman Catholic; you have ruined the happiness and peace of our home, you have broken his mother's heart and overwhelmed us in misery.' He went on in this strain at some length. Manning, who was standing in his cassock, drew himself up in an attitude of majestic dignity, and waited until the intruder's eloquence had exhausted itself, and had ended with threatening gestures. Some of those present would have intervened, but Manning with an air of command waved them back, and then, pointing his hand at the man, he said: 'Now, Sir, I have allowed you to have your say, and you shall hear me in reply. You have traduced Holy Church, you have broken in upon the Sanctuary, you have uttered vile and abominable slanders against the Faith; and I tell you,' he added, pausing for an instant with flashing eyes and marble visage, 'I tell you that within three months you will be a Catholic yourself.' He then turned sharply on his heel and went on with his preparations. The man was utterly discomfited; he made as though he would speak, but was unable to find words; he looked round, and eventually slunk out of the sacristy in silence.

One of those present ventured to ask Manning afterwards about the strange scene. 'Had the Cardinal,' he inquired, 'any sudden premonition that the man himself would adopt the Faith in so short a time?' Manning smiled indulgently, putting his hand on the other's shoulder, and said: 'Ah, my dear friend, who shall

say? You see, it was a very awkward moment, and I had to deal with the situation as I best could.'

That was an instance of supreme presence of mind and great dramatic force; but one is not sure whether it was a wholly apostolical method of handling the position.

But to transfer the question from the ecclesiastical region into the region of common life, it is undoubtedly true that if a man or a woman has a strong sense of moral issues, a deep feeling of responsibility and sympathy, an anxious desire to help things forward, then a dramatic sense of the value of manner, speech, gesture, and demeanour is a highly effective instrument. It is often said that people who wield a great personal influence have the gift of making the individual with whom they are dealing feel that his case is the most interesting and important with which they have ever come in contact, and of inspiring and maintaining a special kind of relationship between themselves and their petitioner. That is no doubt a very encouraging thing for the applicant to feel, even though he is sensible enough to realise that his case is only one among many with which his adviser is dealing, and probably not the most significant. Upon such a quality as this the success of statesmen, lawyers, physicians, largely depends. But where the dramatic sense is combined with egotism, selfishness, and indifference to the claims of others, it is a terrible inheritance. It ministers, as I have said before, to its possessor's self-satisfaction; but on the other hand it is a failing which goes so deep and which permeates so intimately the whole moral nature, that its cure is almost impossible without the gift of what the Scripture calls 'a new heart.' Such self-complacency is a fearful shield against criticism, and particularly so because it gives as a rule so few opportunities for any outside person, however intimate, to expose the obliquity of such a temperament. The dramatic egotist is careful as a rule not to let his egotism appear, but to profess to be, and even to believe that he is, guided by the highest motives in all his actions and words. A candid remonstrance is met by a calm tolerance, and by the reply that the critic does not understand the situation, and is trying to hinder rather than to help the development of beneficent designs.

I used to know a man of this type, who was insatiably greedy of influence and recognition. It is true that he was ready to help other people with money or advice. He was wealthy, and of a good position; and he would take a great deal of trouble to obtain

appointments for friends who appealed to him, or to unravel a difficult situation; though the object of his diligence was not to help his applicants, but to obtain credit and power for himself. He did not desire that they should be helped, but that they should depend upon him for help. Nothing could undeceive him as to his own motive, because he gave his time and his money freely; yet the result was that most of the people whom he helped tended to resent it in the end, because he demanded services in return, and was jealous of any other interference. Chateaubriand says that it is not true gratitude to wish to repay favours promptly; and still less is it true benevolence to wish to retain a hold over those whom one has benefited.

Sometimes indeed the two strains are almost inextricably intertwined, real and vital sympathy with others, combined with an overwhelming sense of personal significance; and then the problem is an inconceivably complicated one. For I suppose it must be frankly confessed that the basis of the dramatic sense is not a very wholesome one; it is, of course, a strong form of individualism. But while it is true that we suffer from taking ourselves too seriously, it is also possible to suffer from not taking ourselves seriously enough. If effectiveness is the end of life, there is no question that a strong sense of what we like to call responsibility, which is generally nothing more than a sense of one's own importance, decorously framed and glazed, is an immense factor in success. I myself cherish the heresy that effectiveness is very far from being the end of life, and that the only effectiveness that is worth anything is unintentional effectiveness. I believe that a man or woman who is humble and sincere, who loves and is loved, is higher on the steps of heaven than the adroitest lobbyist; but it may be that the world's criterion of what it admires and respects is the right one; and indeed it is hard to see how so strong an instinct is implanted in the human race, the instinct to value strength and success above everything, unless it is put there by our Maker. At the same time one cherishes the hope that there is a better criterion somewhere, in the Divine Mind, in the fruitful future, the criterion that it is not what a man effects that matters, but what he makes of the resources that are given him to work with.

The effectiveness of the dramatic sense is beyond question. One can see a supreme instance of it in the case of the Christian Science movement, in which a woman of strong personality, by lighting upon an idea latent in a large number of minds, an idea

moreover of real and practical vitality, and by putting it in a form which has all the definiteness required by brains of a hazy and emotional order, has contrived to effect an immense amount of good, besides amassing a colossal fortune, and assuming almost Divine pretensions, without being widely discredited. The human race is, speaking generally, so anxious for any leading that it can get, that if a man or woman can persuade themselves that they have a mission to humanity, and maintain a pontifical air, they will generally be able to attract a band of devoted adherents, whose faith, rising superior to both intelligence and common sense, will endorse almost any claim that the prophet or prophetess likes to advance.

But the danger for the prophet himself is great. Arrogance, complacency, self-confidence, all the Pharisaical vices flourish briskly in such a soil. He loses all sense of proportion, all sense of dependence. Instead of being a humble learner in a mysterious world, he expects to find everything made after the pattern revealed to him in the Mount. The good that he does may be permanent and fruitful; but in some dark valley of humiliation and despair he will have to learn that God tolerates us and uses us; He does not need us, 'He delighteth not in any man's legs,' as the Psalmist said with homely vigour. To save others and be oneself a castaway is the terrible fate of which St. Paul saw so clearly the possibility; and thus anyone who is conscious of the dramatic sense, or even dimly suspects that it is there, ought to pray very humbly to be delivered from it, as he would from any other darling bosom-sin. He ought to eschew diplomacy and practise frankness, he ought to welcome failure and to rejoice when he makes humiliating mistakes. He ought to be grateful even for palpable faults and weaknesses and sins and physical disabilities. For if we have the hope that God is educating us, is moulding a fair statue out of the frail and sordid clay, such a faith forbids us to reject any experience, however disagreeable, however painful, however self-revealing it may be, as of no import; and thus we can grow into a truer sense of proportion, till at last we may come

> to learn that Man
> Is small, and not forget that Man is great.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.[1]

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER III.

'I MUST apologise for being obliged to receive you in my bedroom, my dear Catherine,' said old Lady Sarah, 'but I gathered from your note that you wanted to talk to me alone, and this is the only spot in the house where we may be sure of a comfortable chat without interruption from Augusta. When I arrive (and she has the bad taste, if you will believe me, to give me a different room in my old home every time I come) my first care, like the governor of a besieged castle, is to survey my fortifications, and decide how best to strengthen them. You will perceive I have had the fourposter moved in front of the main entrance, so that even Augusta would find it difficult to burst in upon me that way.'

'She would indeed,' said Catherine, observing the carven pillars of the seventeenth-century couch.

'And Tailer sits on guard in the dressing-room, with my sweet little Mumbo Jumbo, who has orders to bite every intruder except you, my love.'

'You are very kind to make me the exception,' said Catherine, smiling.

She had intended to consult Lady Sarah, and pondered how best she could approach the subject of Philippa; but Lady Sarah had a way of forestalling confidences which was almost disconcerting in its suddenness.

'Well, my love, so here is Philippa a woman, and you in difficulties, as I always said you would be, when you chose to bring up the sole hope of the Adelstanes in the back kitchen of a labourer's cottage.'

'If I had but known she was to be the sole hope of the Adelstanes,' said Catherine, rather sadly, 'I do not think I would have brought her up here at all.'

'You might have known, my love, for I always told you Augusta would never give Cecil an heir. She has never been known to do

[1] Copyright, 1908, in the United States of America, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

anything useful in her life that I am aware of. And so Philippa is discontented and rebellious, and you can do nothing with her and are at your wits' end.'

'It is not so bad as that, I hope,' said Catherine, colouring.

'Augusta makes it out quite as bad as that,' said Lady Sarah, rather maliciously.

'Augusta can know nothing—nothing,' cried Catherine warmly, 'of anything between my Phil and me. Why, she has hardly been here since Philippa was twelve years old. I have not breathed a word to her, and I am sure Phil wouldn't. She may have her faults, but disloyalty is not one of them.'

'I am never sure of anything except that where Augusta is concerned mischief will hatch itself,' said Lady Sarah cheerfully. 'I can assure you that when I was foolish enough to invite her to my nutshell in Curzon Street, because her own house was unavailable for some cause or other, she spent at least six hours a day during her visit scribbling every detail of my household concerns and my disreputable doings and sayings to all her dearest friends. Bless me, how quickly I turned my spare room into a lumber closet after I found her out. I shall like to see her face, my love, when I tell her that I have inquired into your differences with Philippa, of which she was kind enough to inform me, and that I find there is not a word of truth in the report from beginning to end.'

'But there is a word of truth in it,' said Catherine, her cheeks flushed and her eyes filled with tears; she drew her low chair closer to Lady Sarah's fauteuil.

'Did I not tell you Augusta was a dangerous friend?' said Lady Sarah nodding. 'It is the word of truth that makes her dangerous. There is no detail of fact which she cannot interpret to your disadvantage if she wishes to do so; and yet, do you know, Catherine, astonishing as it seems, I don't believe she means it.'

'I am quite sure she does not,' said Catherine. 'I blame myself often for being hard upon her in my thoughts, though I am not so——'

'Prejudiced?' suggested Lady Sarah.

'Well, perhaps, not so prejudiced as you are,' said Catherine, smiling apologetically.

'Augusta has a kind of surface good nature which imposes upon—people in general,' said Lady Sarah, nodding again.

'Philippa has taken one of her violent fancies for Augusta,' said Catherine, with a rather melancholy laugh. 'I dare say it will not

last. She is always wild about someone now. I don't know what to make of it.'

'Philippa is exactly like I was at her age, a headstrong young woman, uncommonly fond of her own way, and you have spoilt her excessively, my love. Dear me, what battles I had with my poor mother; but I never got the better of her, I must own. She was a very determined person, and not at all like you, my sweet Catherine. As for Philippa, she will get over all these preliminary adorations the first time she falls in love. Pray Heaven it may be the right man. When I fell in love it was head over ears, and I should have married poor Philip whether he liked it or not, I can assure you. Indeed, I have never been so very certain that he *did* like it. However, Philippa is not likely to marry anyone against his will, for she is not so clever as I was, my dear, and is in fact a thorough Adelstane at heart, in spite of her resemblance to her poor old grand-dame. It is certain that the Adelstane ice will gradually freeze the warm blood of the Walderseas, which flows in her veins and mine. And no one has ever accused an Adelstane of cleverness so far as I am aware. However, they are good-looking and remarkably healthy; you can't have everything,' said Lady Sarah, indulgently.

'Cecil is very wise in his way. I know no one whose judgment I rely on more,' said Catherine, loyally.

'Just so, and clever people are hardly ever wise. That is why I am thankful that my descendants turned out dull. Though it is very odd that they should,' said Lady Sarah, with a frisky laugh. 'Far better for me than if I had had the misfortune to bring forth a genius, who would probably have revenged himself for my maternal devotion by revealing eventually to the world his full impressions of the mistakes I made in his education, with comments upon all my little weaknesses thrown in.'

'Oh, Lady Sarah.'

'Well, my love, I am supposing my genius to be a writer; and what is an author, after all, but an indiscreet person who can't keep his thoughts to himself? If he were any other kind of genius it would be even worse, for then his friends would certainly set to work to write his biography, and scratch up or invent the most unpleasant details to make it as spicy as possible. But however, as I was saying, my sons were anything but geniuses. They had the good luck to be as wise as they were dull, which is saying a great deal. The wise man, you see, my love, does not drink nor

gamble, nor live beyond his income, nor run away with his neighbour's wife; and the clever man is by no means exempt from these possibilities. I was more clever than wise, so I got into not a few scrapes in my day. However, if my wits led me into them, they always got me out of them. I dare say Augusta has told you the most shocking histories, my love.'

'Do you think I would listen if she did?'

'Poor Cecil has had to listen, willy-nilly. He has never had the same respect for me since he married. Nor for anyone else, so far as that goes. She has stripped away every illusion he may ever have cherished regarding the members of his own family, or of hers, long since. But to return to our muttons, or in this case our little ewe lamb—without accusing *her* of dulness'—Lady Sarah's bright eyes twinkled—'though she is a trifle spoilt, she has not the kind of cleverness, my love, which leads a girl into mischief, and so you can be quite easy about her.'

This assurance neither gratified nor convinced Philippa's mother.

'And therefore,' said Lady Sarah, very coolly, 'I am much inclined, Catherine, to advise you to give the child her way. Let her accept this invitation, and go up to town with Augusta for a few weeks.'

'With Augusta! You advise me to confide my child to her, after——'

'After all the abuse I have been showering upon her, you would like to say? But, my dear Catherine, as you remarked just now, I am perhaps prejudiced against Cecil's wife,' said Lady Sarah, adroitly.

'One may be unprejudiced, and yet unable to respect Augusta's methods,' said Catherine, almost angrily, 'and my Philippa—who is as open as the day—how could she——'

'But that is one of my principal reasons, my love. Mothers are so very short-sighted. If you want our beloved Philippa to find out *your* merits, let her toddle off under Augusta's care. An ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory. It will do her no harm to be let out of leading strings, for, as I tell you, she is an Adelstane at heart, and she will bore Augusta to death in a week. A girl of that age, full of high-flown illusions, embarrasses herself and everybody else,' said Lady Sarah, chuckling. 'She will be *reléguée* to the back drawing-room in a day or two, if I'm not mistaken, and be glad enough to come home, and to make her *début*

next year, under your wing, with my assistance; though Augusta very kindly hints to me that I am becoming a trifle superannuated.'

'I had always hoped you would help me; but must it be next year?' said Catherine, dismally. 'She is only sixteen.'

'When I was her age,' said Lady Sarah, rather contemptuously, 'I had refused an excellent offer of marriage already, and though my godmother left me a fortune I was no such heiress as Philippa will be. I fell in love only six months after with Philip Adelstane and married him on the spot. My grandmother, Lady Jane Waldersea, was married at fifteen, had twelve children, and lived to be a hundred years old. I do not agree at all with these namby-pamby modern notions of prolonging a girl's childhood indefinitely. Philippa is none of your nervous anæmic blue-stockings, grown round-shouldered and short-sighted with poring over her lessons.'

'No, indeed,' said Catherine. 'My only fear is that I have thought, if anything, too much of her health and too little of her education. But she dislikes books, has no taste for drawing, and no ear for music. What was I to do?'

'Why must every female creature be bound to thump a pianoforte? In my opinion, if women want to get on in life the less they learn the better. A learned woman is like Cain, every man's hand is against her,' said Lady Sarah, chuckling. 'Philippa can read and write, and speak English like a lady, and French like an Englishwoman. She can play games and ride straight to hounds, and has a good disposition. She is a fine strapping, healthy creature, formed by nature to be the mother of fine, healthy, beautiful children. What more do you want? What more need any man ask for, I should like to know? She ought to come out next year and marry in her first season, as I did. Pray, am I one penny the worse for it? And if this preliminary canter makes her less *farouche* or, if you will excuse me, my sweet Catherine, knocks a little of the family priggishness out of her, we shall have every reason to be thankful to Augusta.'

'And I said I would be guided by you,' said Catherine despairingly; 'Oh, Lady Sarah, do—do be serious. Think that I have only Philippa in the world.'

'And how much longer do you expect to keep her all to yourself, pray?'

'At least till she marries, and I need not lose her altogether then.'

'To be sure. Yes, yes. I can see the son-in-law you have in

your mind's eye,' said Lady Sarah derisively. 'Not too old, and not too young. A serious careful person to whom you can confide your opinion of the careful treatment her health and disposition require, and who can be trusted to look after her like any old woman, and see that she does not get her feet wet in summer, or leave off her warm vests in winter. Mothers are perfect fools, my dear Catherine. Philippa will live her own life, and buy her own experience as dearly as possible, and her husband will do just what she chooses, and will never discuss her with anyone, least of all with her Mamma. Bless me, my love, how warm it is! I believe I shall have to go downstairs and sit under the trees on the lawn. Augusta purposely chose me a room with a western aspect (a thing I can't bear) to force me out of it every afternoon.'

Catherine was obliged to accept this somewhat decisive hint that her interview with Lady Sarah was at an end. She had wished for advice and had received it, and found it as unpalatable as advice must always be when it clashes with the seeker's own inclinations.

But there was no one else to whom she felt inclined to turn for counsel. George Chilcott, it is true, managed her business affairs, and gave her sage and excellent directions concerning them, but she could never speak to him from her heart. He was but a kind, honest dullard, whose converse was strictly limited to what he would have termed the practical realities of existence. Of the life of the spirit, the thoughts and ideas which survive through the ages whilst men and matter alike perish, he knew and cared nothing at all. The things he could see were real to him, the rest did not exist. He went to church regularly, and tried to keep his reverent attention fixed on words which bored him very much, though he would have died sooner than admit this even to himself; and he did his duty to the best of his ability as a brave, clean, honest man, imbued with the best English public school and army traditions. Catherine found him more practical and better informed on gardening and farming subjects than Sir Cecil, but there her companionship with him ended. There was no one—there had never been anyone—to whom she had spoken her inmost thoughts. Not Philippa—whom she loved best in the world, for whom she would have laid down her life without a sigh. In the midst of her idolatry for her only child, Catherine had wistfully recognised the absence of the higher and finer perceptions in Philippa. Some-

times she tried to persuade herself that these would develop with advancing age ; but memories of her own childhood secretly nullified the hope.

It needed not the satirical comments of Lady Sarah to show her that her child was modelled upon the Adelstane type—when Sir Cecil, embodiment of all that was best in the race, was constantly before her eyes. Handsome and distinguished in feature, tall and dignified in person, with a manner perfectly well bred, courteous, and reserved—he had grown to resemble exactly, in the eyes of the world, his late uncle, Sir Philip.

But Lady Sarah never allowed this, and Catherine was passionately grateful to her for her obstinacy in the matter.

'So is a clay model like a marble statue. Philip was made of finer stuff,' said the old lady.

Catherine looked back through the mist of years to the noble figure which had dominated the imagination of her girlhood, and with all her might clung to her early ideal, and agreed with Lady Sarah, conquering that sad clearness of vision which creeps upon middle-age and destroys so many loved illusions.

When Philippa was born, Catherine looked no less eagerly into the future, and beheld already in her dreams the companion into which that human chrysalis would develop. She fancied herself singing songs and telling stories to an eager childish listener, and felt already little arms about her neck, and saw beautiful eyes looking intelligently into hers with answering fondness and understanding. But she did not realise that the little being of whom she thought was the ghost of her own childhood, and not the substantial living Philippa who lay sleeping in her cot ; in whom the germs of the Adelstane character were already thriving healthily, and who would be neither a dreamer nor a sentimentalist, as Catherine had been, nor endowed with a spark of her mother's gentle humour.

Catherine, confounding imagination with reality, had thus let Philippa too soon into the temple of her early and sacred memories. She had since had many a pained vision of the child flitting carelessly through that holy place, overthrowing idols, peering into dim recesses, and setting the door open for the sunlight of common sense to stream in and extinguish the shadowy twilight of fancy. Philippa dispersed all Catherine's tender expectations with lighthearted unconsciousness, being naturally altogether unaware of that imaginary self of hers—that little dream-child with serious

face and pathetic eyes, who never was and never could be Philippa Adelstane.

Old Miss Dulcinea was a kind creature, gentle if rather foolish of disposition, but Catherine had long since discovered that the confidences of her friends formed the staple theme of Miss Dulcinea's conversation with anyone who cared to listen; nor did they lose in the telling, for the kind old lady's loving embroideries of speech decorated, so to speak, the solid hours of many a *tête-à-tête* in shabby old drawing-rooms or stuffy cottage parlours, brightening dull lives, and not, perhaps, doing much harm to anyone.

The knowledge of Miss Chilcott's weakness weighed upon Catherine, however, with a heaviness that might appear disproportionate save to those who have endured a similar minor trial of life. She was aware that, through this incessant leakage in her household, her most intimate concerns and smallest doings must needs be babbled about an entire neighbourhood; but reproaches, though they wounded poor Miss Dulcinea's gentle heart, could not cure her; and Catherine could only retire into herself, guard her conversation, and be careful never to comment upon Philippa's shortcomings nor reprove her in Miss Dulcinea's presence; hiding the disappointment and anxiety which her child almost daily caused her as best she could. She learnt to *commune with her own heart* indeed, but to *be still*—how infinitely more difficult was that! To wait patiently for developments—to trust God and live in the present, instead of fretting over the possible troubles of an unknown future.

CHAPTER IV.

In these early days of a backward June, Nature had withheld the fulfilment of her yearly promise, only to pour it out the more lavishly at last.

The homestead at Shepherd's Rest was embowered in blossom.

The scented honeysuckle hung trails of yellow trumpets over the west corner of the porch; the east was heavily curtained by the Montana clematis, studded with white stars.

The open window of Catherine's bedroom was framed with early roses—the faint coppery hue of the *Idéal* soaring ever upward as though seeking to bear its burden of flower as near heaven as possible; and the clusters of the little innocent-faced Banksia, content to clothe itself in beauty from stem to point.

A sturdy wistaria embraced the north wall, flung its purple bunches over the roof, and dangled them around the eaves; no ruthless gardener was here permitted to prune its natural luxuriance or lop its graceful growth.

On the edge of the little wood which sheltered the garden from the east, the laburnum swung golden drops in the light summer wind over the tall foxgloves; above the laburnum rose the dark fir-trees, but spring had tipped the myriad points of their sombre foliage with delicate new pale green.

In the open meadows and orchard lands which lay to the west the hedges were white with may, and the air was filled with the fragrance of it; the red Devon cattle, motionless and drowsy, dropped their heads among the seeding grasses; the buttercups glowed in the sunshine, and the wild hyacinths made the shadows yet more purple beneath the branching apple trees.

Gaily the tulips and the painted pansies bloomed in the little garden, where the turquoise blue of a cloudless sky was reflected in whole forests of forget-me-not, springing round the stems of the standard rose trees.

The oak parlour of the cottage, cool, rose-scented, was shaded by outside blinds from the blinding sunshine.

Here the hands of David and Catherine met and clasped; they looked curiously at each other across the experience of half a life-time.

The first thought of each was that the other had changed very greatly. Catherine perceived that the merry careless boy had developed into a strong and splendid manhood.

Colonel Moore was obviously fitted by nature to be a leader of men; tall and powerful of build, alert and steady of glance, with the clear eyes that bore witness to a temperate life, as his lean muscular figure argued an active one.

'He is quick, and generous and sympathetic as Delia,' thought Catherine, and her heart beat pleasantly with quickened interest.

David saw only the soft and gentle face of a woman whose youth was past; brown hair with silver threads in it, parted above a low, broad brow; a sweet mouth rather humorous, and hazel eyes rather wistful. The quiet, grey-clad figure of a woman whose best days of love and life had departed—whilst his were yet to come; the dearest friend of his dead sister's bright youth; the widow of Sir Philip Adelstane—a personage he had once regarded with awe—and the mother of Philippa.

But though their thoughts were many, their greetings were commonplace.

'So we meet again.'

'How good of you to come so soon.'

'I haven't seen you, Catherine, since you were—well—about the age your pretty daughter is now.'

'No,' said Catherine gently. 'I was always sorry you did not come down here when you were last in England.'

'I spent my leave in London with—Delia. She was never fond of the country.'

'No, never. But she wished George to live here.'

'Because she knew his heart was in his home. It was a pity George gave up the service when she died; but I suppose his duty lay here.'

'Oh, David, it is the life he is best fitted for,' said Catherine. 'When they used to come down here for a few days from town, it was pitiful to see how his heart was set on the place; he used to ramp and rage like an angry lion, Delia told me, over his mother's mismanagement. And yet he wouldn't hear of Delia's giving up London and coming here altogether.'

'No, no, he couldn't go back on his word like that,' said David. 'Delia had always stipulated for London; what could *she* have done down here. And, after all, they were very happy while it lasted—happier than most couples. The pity of it is that it should have lasted so short a time. Hardly seven years.'

Catherine thought of her own happiness, which had lasted a shorter time yet, and sighed.

'Are you down there much?' said David abruptly.

He moved restlessly about the little oak-panelled room, taking two chairs from their proper places and resting in neither. His dark head almost touched the heavy centre beam which crossed the parlour.

'Not very much,' said Catherine. Then, as though excusing herself: 'It is not far as the crow flies, but it's a steep climb, and I am always busy. Phil runs up and down a good deal, and little Lily finds her way up here when she is allowed, which, to be sure, is not very often.'

'That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I don't think old Mrs. Chilcott's influence is good for little Lily,' said David, and he settled himself at last, with an air of relief, in an armchair, and looked expectantly at Catherine. There was an eager certainty

of sympathy in his sunshiny, orange-brown eyes that reminded her sadly, yet pleasureably, of her lost beloved friend; so that she could not feel him to be a stranger; and she prepared herself unconsciously to give him all the sympathy he needed.

A whole-hearted, spontaneous unreserve with those whom she loved or trusted, or with whom she found herself in sympathy, had been one of Delia's most charming characteristics. The instinctive choice of a *confidante* counts for much with such natures, and Delia had not often been betrayed; David perhaps never, though his was the simpler nature, the greater heart, of the two.

'She wanted George to come back, because she knew he would find his only consolation when she was gone in Bridescombe,' he said. 'But she hadn't time to think of everything——'

'Ah, she was so quick—so quick of thought; she *had* time,' Catherine just breathed the words, with a little shake of her head.

'You wrote to me—it was very good of you—and told me all poor old George couldn't say,' he responded instantly, leaning forward. 'But tell me now again, by word of mouth; one can say so much more than in a letter.'

'There were but three days after Lily was born,' said Catherine. 'But when she knew she had to go—she was as brave as——'

'As Delia would be,' he said proudly, with the unshed tears glittering in the brown eyes fixed on Catherine's moved face.

'In her quick way she made up her mind that little Lily would be herself over again, and had no fears for leaving her; she thought more of Hector, whom she worshipped. "My boy will be at school," she said, "and his Granny won't have much of a chance to bully him, and he's not the sort to care if she did. But she won't, he's too like George. And *my* daughter"—I can hear her laugh now—"will be able to hold her own. George could never bear to live in London alone, and the country will be better for the children. They must go back." She thought, too, that her death and having her grandchildren all to herself would soften old Mrs. Chilcott.'

'Well, it hasn't,' said David shortly. 'And the other woman, Clara, is intolerable. Between them they make the child's life a burden to her.'

'Is it so bad as that?' said Catherine, with startled eyes. 'Oh, surely no.'

'Yes, it is as bad as that.'

'And George hasn't found it out?'

David's glance rested on her with an expression of mingled scorn, affection, and amusement. 'George!' he said.

'I know she is a quiet little thing,' said Catherine humbly, 'but many children are quiet. I have always thought little Lily just the child—I should have liked. She follows me about with her great black eyes questioning; always gentle and serious.'

'I should like to take her away,' said David, half angrily. 'She has no business to be serious at ten years old.'

'Oh, David,' said Catherine, almost tearfully, 'is it possible that you in a few days have found out that Delia's little girl is unhappy; and that I, a woman and a mother too, have been so selfish, so thoughtless as not to find it out.'

'Oh, well, it is natural you should be absorbed in your own child,' he said apologetically. 'And besides, you haven't stayed in the house with her. I have, even if only for a few days.'

'I will confess the truth,' said Catherine, and her lip trembled. 'I *do* avoid going to Bridescombe, I—I—have said nothing about it to anyone.'

'Much better speak out,' said David, unceremoniously.

'But each time I go there I vow to myself it shall be the last.'

'That old woman's tongue would make anyone feel the same,' said David, grimly, 'but I shan't leave till I've got the better of her so far as my little Lily is concerned. I don't see, though, how anything she says can affect *you*.'

'If I were not foolish and weak, I suppose it would not,' said Catherine, vehemently accusing herself. 'But I will own to you, David, that I come back after an interview with her shaking in every limb. I can't sleep at night for thinking of what she said and how she said it. The bad motives she imputes to everyone. The—the way she scoffs at the things one thought one was doing of wise and sensible.' Catherine's English was apt, in moments of excitement, to recur to the translations of her Anglo-French childhood. 'She makes one's peaceful, busy life seem somehow only futile and silly, and one loses confidence in oneself and one's plans. Perhaps you, being a man, can hardly understand such weakness, and yet I think you can, and do—for you are very like Delia. Oh, David, I miss her still, after all these years, for I never had a friend before, and I shall never have one again.'

A tear fell on to Catherine's little slender hands, clasped in the lap of her grey gown. She wore always grey or black, with soft blendings of white, very dainty and spotless, and perhaps the

simplicity of her gowns helped to keep some shadow of her lost youth about her still.

Hers was not a face that had ever been beautiful, save for a pair of fine hazel eyes, and a certain purity of colouring. It was not beautiful now, but the serene and healthful life she had led in the mild air of the Devon hills had stolen but little of her early freshness of tint, though the face was paler, and the regard perhaps less bright.

The eyes of middle age are often but ghosts of their former selves; robbed of their brilliance, of their curved and pointed length of lashes, of their clear blue whites, and their setting of smooth brow and glowing cheek; the little windows of the soul grow dimmer with the passing of the years. But at five and thirty Catherine's hazel eyes were yet beautiful enough, and the soul looked forth from them with the almost childish gentleness and wistfulness that David remembered in the charming maiden who had gone primrosing with him on that far-off April day.

'You have a friend in me, now and always. I think you know that,' he answered her, as impulsively as Delia herself would have spoken and with as little self-consciousness. 'And if *you* miss Delia, what about me? You see,' he went on unsteadily, 'there were only us two, and when she went—I knew there wasn't a soul on earth who *really* cared what became of me. I don't mean I haven't plenty of friends, but that's not the same thing. One's success or failure, one's sickness or one's health, isn't a matter of life or death to one's friends, however devoted they are. There wasn't anything left for me—but work.'

'You have done so splendidly,' cried Catherine. 'Oh, David, often and often I have thought—if Delia could only have heard this—if she could only have read that——'

'Aye, so have I,' said David, simply enough. 'But there it is. I'd nobody to telegraph my good news to; nobody whose pleasure in the show was the real thing one cared most about. But it's no use thinking of that,' he went on more cheerfully. 'I suppose there are any amount of old people, and not a few middle-aged ones, who know the sadness of a success when there's no one left to be pleased about it.'

Catherine looked into her past, and found no one there to whom her success or failure had ever been a matter of life or death. But her sympathy was none the less with David, for she knew his

sister had idolised him beyond everyone and everything in the world.

'That's the worst of putting all one's eggs in one basket,' he said, trying to laugh. 'Ah, Catherine, you don't know what the blank of mail-day was to me, for years after Delia died. I don't believe she ever missed a mail, God bless her. Fellows who have lived ten years out of England at a stretch know what that means.'

'Did the thought of her children comfort you a little?'

'I can't say it did,' he returned frankly. 'If anything, I felt a grudge against the poor atom who had been the innocent cause of—but now I've seen her, a little living reminder of Delia, of course it's different. Coming home has brought it all back, though, worse than I thought; and especially seeing poor George so miserable.'

'He has never got over it,' said Catherine, sympathetically.

'It isn't that,' he said briefly.

She waited.

'Catherine, there's only one thing for George to do—he ought to marry again.'

'*You* say that!'

'I am the only person who can say it, because I'm the only person who sees things as Delia would have seen them. George knows that.'

'I can't help feeling—I am sure he would feel—that it would be unfaithful,' she faltered.

'The dead cannot share our lives with us, however dear their memories are,' said David. 'One would become morbid and cowardly if one didn't fight one's sorrow and put it in the background of work and existence.' He stopped short, for the wistful questioning in poor Catherine's eyes reminded him that she, too, was in something of the same position as George. He leant forward and took her hand gently. 'It is very different for you. A woman's sorrow is a very sacred and beautiful thing,' he said, with emotion. 'But George is a man, and has to live a man's life and do a man's work.'

He released the little soft hand, and rose from his chair, once more restlessly pacing the low room.

'I can see what sort of an existence George has been leading for some years past. He came back listless and broken-hearted, and let his mother and sister say and do what they would. Old Aunt

Lydia rules the house with a rod of iron, and Clara is her blind and stupid mouthpiece. If the child shows a flash of her mother's spirit, she is snubbed, and whatever she does or does not do she is nagged at from morning till night by Clara, who has kindly undertaken her education, and imagines herself the most devoted aunt in the world.'

'Have you said anything?'

'I am too wise to waste my words. In their eyes, you know, I am still the presumptuous young man who ventured into the army when he ought to have looked for a three-legged stool in an office. I shall be a poor relation in the estimation of Aunt Lydia to the end of the chapter, just as George will always be a fashionable young Guardsman.'

Catherine could not help a little low laugh.

'That is it, exactly. So am I a poor relation, though of course it is a hundred times more ridiculous in your case,' she said, with her customary and quite unaffected humility.

'I don't see that.'

'You don't see yourself,' said Catherine, smiling. 'But I am sure Aunt Lydia must be proud of you in her heart. I wish you had heard her boasting of you during the war to poor Mrs. Bell, whose son was a humble trooper in the yeomanry. She laid down the law so about the latest victories, and contradicted the newspaper accounts so flatly, that we thought she must be really quoting your letters.'

'I never wrote to her from South Africa but once,' said David, grimly, 'to thank her for the one letter she wrote me.'

'When you got your V.C.?'

'No, no. When I was taken prisoner,' said David, smiling. 'She wrote to tell me how very unlucky it was, and how they all felt for my mortification, and how much she hoped I had not been too severely blamed by the authorities.'

'Why,' cried Catherine, indignantly, 'the papers were full of praise—you were dangerously wounded—you——'

'Oh, that was all right,' said David. 'I wrote from hospital, and thanked her kindly, and said I hoped I might live it down in time. The composition of that letter helped me and my friend Pollock—who lost his leg, poor chap, in the same action—through a weary time. You see, condolences are more in Aunt Lydia's line than congratulations. When I inherited my old uncle's little fortune, she was as mum as a stockfish; and I remember poor Delia

writing that neither Aunt Lydia nor Clara could rest at night for anxiety lest my unexpected good luck should turn my head.'

'But how glad Delia was. She was always saying, "Now David can exchange into the cavalry; now he can keep polo ponies; now he can rise as high as he will—if only he doesn't get married" —and you didn't get married,' said Catherine.

'No, no, I am not a marrying man,' said David, colouring and laughing. 'It is George who ought to find a wife. I want to get him to come up to town with me, directly I've found rooms and got into harness at the War Office. Once there, it will be easy enough. There must be plenty of pretty young ladies about, and George knows lots of people, though I don't.'

Catherine smiled; but, quick as he was, David did not divine the cause of her smile.

'Are you sure that for little Lily it would not be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire? Why should an unknown step-mother be better for her than Clara?'

'Anybody would be better than Clara,' said David, decidedly, 'anybody young and nice and sympathetic.'

'Suppose he caught a tartar?'

'That would be unfortunate, certainly.'

'You know George does rather lend himself to—I don't mean he isn't manly enough,' said Catherine, hesitating, 'but—Delia did just what she liked with him.'

'Oh, I know he's one of those good-natured fellows who are always led by the nose by some woman or other,' said David. 'That's why it's so obvious he ought to marry. It's more natural that a wife should boss him than his mamma and sister; and then they could be off to Cheltenham or Bath and leave him in peace. That was to have been the programme eventually if poor Delia had lived. And perhaps then, Catherine,' his brown eyes softened, 'they would spare little Lily to me now and then. She's the only creature in the world who seems to me a little bit like Delia. I don't feel drawn to Hector in the same way, though he's a fine lad. I went to see him at Eton.'

'He and Philippa are just of an age.'

'A boy is one thing and a girl is another. Philippa is ten years older than that young cub for all practical purposes.'

'Did you think her pretty?' asked Catherine, timidly.

'Pretty! I have seen nothing half so beautiful for many a long day.'

Catherine's heart warmed with this unaccustomed enthusiasm.

'It must be very dull for her in this out of the way place, though,' said David. 'How much longer are you going to keep her mewed up here?'

'Why, that is the question,' said Catherine, and she tried to laugh, but her eyes grew misty. 'She thinks it very hard she should be mewed up here at all.'

'So it is. She ought to see something of the world, and it's high time she began. It's not fair to a pretty girl to let her grow rustic and awkward by keeping her out of everyone's way.'

'Augusta wants to take her to London when she returns.'

'An excellent plan.'

'But I'm not sure that I care to trust her with Augusta,' said Catherine, uneasily.

'Why, what harm could come to her in Lady Adelstane's hands? She's a good-natured creature, surely? And Cecil Adelstane is a kind of pillar of the British Constitution.'

'I know I'm foolish—but I—I never have been parted from her yet,' said Catherine, wistfully. 'She's all I've got.'

'I see,' said David, gently. 'Well, but why not go up to town with her yourself?'

She hesitated and stammered. How could she tell David that it was Philippa who did not wish her mother to come?

Catherine, looking at Delia's brother, thought that here was the friend she had unconsciously sought, full of sympathy and understanding and gentleness. She felt a great longing to confide in David. But Philippa was sacred—she could not speak of her. She thought to herself, however, that if David were really like Delia he would understand her trouble without words, so far as a man could understand; she made this reservation timidly, as one whose experience of mankind had been very limited.

'Of course I would prefer to take her myself to London,' she faltered, 'but ——'

'I expect you feel you've dropped out of it all—living here in seclusion for so many years,' he said kindly.

'It's not that altogether. I never was in it,' said Catherine, very honestly. 'I went where they took me, of course—my husband and Lady Sarah. But it was among *their* friends and acquaintances; they never really became mine. If I had been'—she smiled—'as beautiful as a houri, as witty as a geisha, and as

faultless as an angel, I doubt if they would ever have been interested in me.'

'Wouldn't they!' said David, laughing, 'that is—I am not sure about the angel!'

'No—for there was something in me that wouldn't let me be interested in them. Interest must be mutual. I always longed to creep away into a corner. I suppose it is some defect in my constitution. I think I have always liked things better than people. Things real or abstract. Work and dreaming and books and out of doors always pleased me best. I always longed for a little life of my own—and here I am, you see, living it.'

'But that is rather hard on Philippa.'

'Yes,' said Catherine, blankly, 'I suppose it is—rather hard on Philippa.'

There was a pause.

'Of course, I know I must make an effort one day to take her out in London—however unsuited I am,' said Catherine, almost faintly. 'But since she is only sixteen, and such a baby—*such* a baby—for her age.'

'She looks twenty; and it won't be any easier to begin a year or two hence than it is now,' said David, drily.

'What would *you* advise me to do?' said Catherine, suddenly.

He considered.

'Perhaps it is not fair to ask you to take the responsibility of advising me,' she faltered.

He looked at her in amused surprise.

'I don't mind accepting the responsibility. A man can only give the best advice in his power. I think you ought to let your daughter go. Why should she suffer because you have chosen to live in seclusion all these years? No doubt the Adelstanes can give her many advantages; they know everybody—and are, after all, her nearest relations. But of course if there is any reason why you should not think it advisable to trust her to Lady Adelstane—it would be far better to take her yourself.'

Catherine hesitated. 'No, there is nothing—I can't say there is anything. Augusta is perhaps—not a very sincere person.'

'Women seldom are very sincere, I suppose,' said David, calmly.

Catherine did not agree with him, but she was not in the habit of contradicting the superior sex, and he took her meek silence for consent.

'I think you take it rather seriously,' he said, cheerfully. 'After

all, if you feel it so much as all that, it would certainly be best to go up with her yourself.'

'I would like to,' said Catherine, 'but ——' she faltered again. She could not tell David that in Philippa's eyes all the charm of the expedition would vanish if her mother accompanied her; that the child had grown restless and discontented under her perpetual tender supervision.

But as she hesitated Philippa herself opened the door of the parlour, and innocently saved Catherine all further trouble of explanation. Her handsome face was flushed and heated, and her bright hair ruffled as usual, about her ears. She wore a plain blue linen frock, which defined her tall, full, slender figure, and fell just below her ankles in rather scanty folds.

She looked so fair and noble, with her straight features and brilliant colouring, all lit up, as it were, with sunshine and youth and gladness, that Catherine stole a glance at David, full of pride and pleasure, wondering whether he too would be affected by the beauty of this radiant vision.

With the quickness of childhood, Philippa detected her mother's embarrassment, and divined the cause.

'You have been asking Cousin David's advice, mamma,' she said eagerly. 'Oh, Cousin David, do, *do* beg her not to spoil all my fun by coming up to London, and stopping in a poky lodging or a horrid hotel, just to keep an eye on me. You know she's far happier here, and I do so long to try just for once in a way what it would be like to go and pay a visit all by myself, like any other girl, and to stay with dear, dear, kind Cousin Augusta.'

Catherine looked anxiously at David to see how he would take this revelation, to her so tragic, of Philippa's wish to leave her; but she perceived only laughter and admiration in his brown eyes.

Colonel Moore thought it the most natural thing in the world that a pretty girl should pine for a little freedom and pleasure, and a taste of the gaieties suitable to her age.

Catherine realised instantly with a curious pang of mingled surprise, pain, and amusement that though David was of her own generation, he was nevertheless both by sympathy and instinct not on her side but Philippa's in this matter.

CHAPTER V.

Though Lady Sarah Adelstane had called her grandson Cecil a wise man, and though he was undoubtedly a rich one, he was nevertheless living beyond his income; and the fact made him irritable in the daytime and wakeful at night.

Like many men who have married women with fortunes, he personally benefited very little from his wife's wealth, whilst she made it a perpetual excuse for getting everything she wanted.

Since he had entered upon his inheritance of his uncle's fortune, Welwysbere Abbey had been put into perfect order and repair; modern drainage and electric lighting had been installed, and elaborate new stabling had been erected. Reflecting upon the largeness of his wife's income, he had paid off every mortgage upon the property out of his own capital, rebuilt farms and cottages, and bought coveted adjacent land.

All these works being accomplished—and they were the happy occupation of years—Sir Cecil found his remaining income not more than sufficient to support the army of dependents requisite for the maintenance of his splendid residence, and he naturally turned to his wife for that assistance which her fortune rendered her able to afford. At first all had gone very well, but, as the owner of a country house who entertains is generally obliged to discover, expenses are apt to multiply with years, as dependents rather incline to increase than to dwindle in numbers. Lady Adelstane had never been accustomed to spend much time in the country, and when she grew tired of her husband's West Country Paradise she discovered that it hurt her health to remain there. She found small difficulty in persuading her physician to back her opinion; Sir Cecil was told that the Abbey was damp and the climate depressing, and that it would be highly prejudicial to his wife's health to remain there against her will. Had arguments been wanting, the fact that Augusta attributed her failure to produce an heir entirely to the relaxing qualities of the West Country air would have convinced her husband of the necessity for leaving it. In spite of the constantly increasing population of the village, he was willing to believe his wife and the doctors, and travelled with her all over Europe in search of the fecundity which nature had denied.

During the intervals of travel, Lady Adelstane entertained

her friends in town very lavishly, for she had purchased a fine house in Belgrave Square; but as she not only paid for the lease but for the plenishing of this mansion, she pointed out to her husband that in common fairness he should buy the yacht upon which she had set her heart. Sir Cecil was conscious of imprudence, but instead of reminding his wife that he had neither desired nor advised the purchase of a town house, he complied with her request, making the less demur because he was passionately fond of the sea.

This life afforded Lady Adelstane the perpetual distraction for which her soul craved. Being continuously hospitable at home and abroad, she and her husband became a very popular couple. If Sir Cecil were intimate with no one, he had innumerable acquaintances and was respected by them all; and if Augusta's violent friendships lasted but a short time—why, a woman in her position can afford to be capricious, and new friends succeeded old ones with obliging facility, nor did the supply show any signs of being likely to fail.

Her perpetual amiability, her infantile dimples, her extravagant attire, and incessant babble rendered her rather attractive for a short time; and though her selfishness must become evident upon closer acquaintance, it readily escaped notice in a world which is only too willing to take people as it finds them on the surface.

But whilst his wife's cherubic countenance remained smooth in spite of the passing of years, Sir Cecil's handsome face acquired a careworn and harassed expression.

Beyond all earthly things he loved the Abbey; but he sometimes wondered painfully whether it were worth while to maintain an establishment so costly for the sake of a few weeks' occasional residence at Welwysbere, whilst his actual existence was spent in London, Scotland, and the Mediterranean. A secret consolation dawned upon him when he perceived that Philippa shared his love for the Abbey, and his pride in the estate that had been in the possession of the Adelstanes for so many generations.

Catherine had desired that her child should not be informed of the possibility of her succession to the ownership of Welwysbere, and Sir Cecil had scrupulously respected this desire; but now that the possibility had become a probability, and that Philippa was so nearly grown up, it was tacitly understood that it was well she should be brought to a sense of her future responsibilities, and

Augusta talked openly of the festivities that must be organised for Philippa's coming of age.

Catherine feared her daughter might be led to think too much of her own importance, and strove by private warnings of her own to modify Philippa's expectations.

'You know, darling, nothing is certain in this world.'

'Why, mamma, I am the last of the Adelstanes. Of course I know it won't be for years and years—I hope not. But the Abbey must belong to me some day, or to my children,' added Miss Philippa calmly.

'Your cousin Cecil is quite a young man,' then, as Philippa smiled, 'well, middle-aged. A thousand things might happen; he may yet have heirs of his own——'

'Oh, mamma, they have been married eighteen years. Roper says it's *most* improbable.'

'Roper had no business to mention such things to you.'

'I'm not a baby,' said Philippa, pouting. 'Everyone but you knows that, mamma, and people talk quite differently to me when you're not listening. I know why you're afraid, mamma; you think the notion of the Abbey being my very own will turn my head, and make me want it whilst Cousin Cecil is still alive. But you're quite wrong. I don't want to settle down there a bit until I'm quite old and have been all over the world, and enjoyed myself for years. Though, of course, I like to know it *will* be mine; and so it ought, for, after all, it belonged to my father, and if it hadn't been for the horrid old entail you and I would be living there now.'

'I would far rather be living here,' said Catherine.

'I wouldn't, then. I love the Abbey and this is horrid in some ways. I always feel ashamed when callers come and there is no proper drawing-room,' said Philippa, who was conventional to her finger-tips. 'Of course I don't mean,' she added relenting, 'that I'm not fond of this place, and don't know it's pretty and all that, but I don't like to live in a farmhouse, and I feel much more at home in the Abbey.'

'But it isn't your home, Phil, and I hope you will keep before you the possibility that you may never inherit at all. Even if Augusta has no children, she might not live for ever—I don't like to say such things, but I must—Cousin Cecil might marry again, and have sons——'

'Of course, I know *that*,' said Philippa, impatiently. 'I might

die myself, all sorts of things *might* happen. You always throw cold water on everything, mamma,' she said in an injured tone.

Catherine abandoned her arguments in despair.

Now that the owners had returned to the Abbey for Whitsuntide, both mother and daughter were constantly invited there; for Augusta appealed to Catherine to assist her in the entertainment of Lady Sarah, whilst Philippa asked nothing better than to follow Augusta wherever she went.

'Between grandmamma's age and her eccentricity, it is growing frightfully difficult to know what to do with her,' Augusta complained to Catherine. 'I got Lord John down on purpose to amuse her, for really he is a man I care nothing about and one of the dullest people in the world, thinking of nothing but eating and drinking; so I thought they would potter about together. But no such thing; he has taken to going round the golf links with Grace Trumoin; so that I scarcely get a word with her, though you know what chums we are.'

'She is very charming,' said Catherine.

'I am so glad you like her; I am quite devoted to her,' said Augusta, beaming. 'She and I have so much in common. We both adore yachting, and we have some mutual friends we can't bear. I always think that a great bond. Well, I see next to nothing of her, what with her golfing all day and bridging all night. And there is really no excuse for her taking any notice of Lord John, for everyone knows he hasn't a penny in the world.'

'Still, you have your sister,' said Catherine, soothingly.

'I don't want to say anything against Blanche,' said Augusta, discontentedly, 'but you know how it is with one's family. One can never please them, do what one will. As I always say, scratch a relation and find an enemy.'

'You can't expect your relations to like being scratched,' said Catherine, laughing outright. 'And you must own she is very good-natured, Augusta.'

'I don't say she isn't,' said Augusta, resignedly, 'I am sure the way she humours poor Bob Ralt is quite touching. Such a fifth-rate man as he turned out to be after all, with quite impossible relations. It is really a little hard on one for one's sister to make such a marriage. What she saw in him I never could make out, except that he has a very fine property, but Blanche is far too senseless to be influenced by a solid reason like that for liking a

man. Besides, his income was much exaggerated. All she could say for him was that he'd got a good leg for a boot, and the best seat on a horse she'd ever seen. And yet now they've given up horses and taken to motors, they seem as devoted as ever, which is absurd.'

'Well, if they are happy——'

'I don't see how anybody can be happy with such a man. He is the soul of tactlessness; the sort of person who reminds you afterwards in cold blood of indiscreet confidences which you wish you hadn't told him, and who shouts your Christian name after you if you meet him in the street. He slapped my back once in a room full of strangers,' said Augusta, swelling with ruffled dignity. 'Imagine how I felt! Such things are *not done*! I always apologise to Cecil for having him here at all; he is so shockingly ill-bred.'

'He has a very good heart,' said Catherine, 'and one gets used to his little ways.'

'I do not see that a good heart is an excuse for slapping a lady on the back,' said Augusta reprovingly. 'I am sure you would not have liked it yourself.'

Catherine owned that she would not have liked it, and the admission mollified Augusta.

'Luckily this rage for motoring keeps him out of Lady Sarah's way,' she said. 'I suppose it is better she should be dull than annoyed, and she cannot endure the sight of him. It is the only point we have in common. Would you believe it, he asked her the other day how old she was! It was most unlucky Blanche should have proposed herself just now, as she practically did.'

'Perhaps I had better go and find Lady Sarah now,' said Catherine, growing tired of the recital of Augusta's grievances.

'Don't hurry away just when I want to talk to you,' cried Augusta. 'I particularly asked you to come early this morning. Grandmamma always comes down soon after twelve and takes a turn before luncheon. Surely it will be time enough for you to see her then.'

Augusta was seated in a garden-tent, open on both sides, and looking on to a stretch of turf, which the gardeners were now busily engaged in mowing and rolling, winding their way in and out of the brilliant variegated beds.

Beyond the light palings which bounded the lawns on the one side, the deer were couched in the shade of the oaks, for the midday sun was very powerful. On the other side, close to the

house, stretched the tennis courts, where Catherine could see Philippa's light form running to and fro, and her bright hair blowing in the wind.

'Philippa takes no care of her complexion,' said Augusta, following Catherine's gaze. 'She left her hat here on the table in spite of all I could say. Girls are always like that. I wonder you let her play singles, Catherine, it is very hard work when a man plays so well as Colonel Moore, let him give her as many points as he will.'

'I don't think he would let her overtire herself,' said Catherine, anxiously. 'He is very careful of her.'

'He is quite a dear,' said Augusta sentimentally. 'That is exactly my idea of a man, you know. Rather domineering and very clever, with a delightful history of battles and things in the background. Really if I had met him instead of poor Cecil, there is no saying, but I suppose it was not to be. However, I have begged him to come over here whenever he likes; and he plays bridge, which is such a comfort, as Cecil won't and George Chilcott can't. So he is most useful in the evening, sings like a bird and quite a godsend. I am glad he is going to the War Office. He will be so handy for the opera. I am so fond of tame cats, and he is just the kind of tame cat I really like.'

Here Lady Sarah was to be seen slowly moving across the lawn, leaning on her gold-headed cane, and followed by Tailer, carrying Mumbo Jumbo, a basket of crochet, a little bag without which Lady Sarah never stirred, and two or three novels.

Augusta and Catherine hastened to meet this procession, and to assist Tailer in establishing their aged relative comfortably beneath the awning of the tent.

'Well, my love,' said the old lady. 'Here I am, you see, prepared to share the open air cure for an hour or so before lunch. That will do, Tailer, you can put down all the things you have brought, and go back and fetch all the things you have forgotten. Where is Mumbo Jumbo's biscuit, pray?'

Lady Sarah was contriving to pass the time at Welwysbere agreeably enough, between bullying Tailer and squabbling with Augusta, and the latter's apprehensions of her visitor's dulness were quite unfounded.

'I will leave Catherine to entertain you, Grandmamma. I have a good deal to do and was only waiting till you came out,' said Augusta.

'Never think about me, my love,' said Lady Sarah indulgently. 'Give me a book or a needle and I am always perfectly happy. Pray continue your usual morning occupations.'

Augusta rustled away across the lawn, in her blue muslin and Leghorn hat, looking something like an overblown Dresden china shepherdess.

'My appearance is always the signal for Augusta's household duties to begin,' said Lady Sarah, very cheerfully to Catherine. 'Well, my love, have you decided to take my advice about Philippa?'

'I suppose I had better,' said Catherine rather sadly. 'David Moore said just the same.'

'Oh, you asked *him*, did you. He is a fine fellow, your David Moore. We had the dullest of dinner parties last night, and your Colonel was pleased to sing to us. I enjoyed it vastly, for I heard every word of the 'Leather Bottel' and all my old favourites. Mr. Bob Ralt thinks old English ballads vulgar. That sums the man up in a word, and Miss Clara Chilcott thought fit to agree with him. She also confided to me that she did not think it looked well for a man to play the piano.'

'Clara is of the *nil admirari* order,' said Catherine.

'That class of person usually is, my love. After all, it is only in proportion to their own cultivation that people can even feel, much less express, appreciation. However, I dare say Colonel Moore gets plenty of flattery, one way or the other; and no doubt he is a selfish creature, as any man must be who lives to five-and-thirty without getting married. So he is your cousin, my love! But very unlike your Chilcott relations.'

'I only met him once—it was before my marriage. He came to Bridescombe. I remember we went primrosing together. It was the first time I ever went primrosing in my life.'

'One is apt to remember that sort of occasion,' said Lady Sarah, busying herself with her crochet, but perfectly aware that the colour had deepened in Catherine's soft cheeks.

'I didn't mean—anything more than I said,' said Catherine; her sincere and gentle regard met Lady Sarah's shrewd glance with perfect candour.

'My dear, you look five-and-twenty when you blush,' said Lady Sarah, in a tone of compliment. 'Not a day more. It is a most becoming habit. Though one I was never able to acquire,' she added, regretfully. 'Well, well. It will make poor Cecil happy

to have Philippa in town. He needs cheering. I tottered round the gardens with him yesterday, and he was obliged to take me to the old parterre, as we used to call it. A fine mess Augusta has made of it. In my day herbaceous borders were kept in the kitchen garden. I never pretended to much horticultural knowledge, my love, but I hope I know a trifle more than Augusta. To hear her quoting seedsmen's catalogues to Grace Trumoin makes me positively ill. She is a Cockney from head to heel, and could not distinguish a turnip-top from a cabbage. Well, there is not a quiet green corner left in the old place but some hedgerow bramble or other with a new name must be popped into it. My favourite copper beech cut down to let more light in on her roses, so that she can walk round and reel a string of names off a row of labels. And such names! In my young days when we wished to be thought botanists we quoted Latin as elegantly as possible. *Climbing Bessie Johnson* indeed! It may make Augusta think of a rose, but my imagination being stronger than my eyesight, it conveys nothing to me but the vision of a vulgar hoyden scrambling over a wall,' said Lady Sarah resentfully.

'Talking of hoydens,' said Catherine, smiling, 'Philippa has finished her set, and is coming here for her hat.'

Philippa came across the lawn, tall and handsome and serious, carrying her tennis racket, and followed by David, who looked leaner and browner than ever in his flannels.

Lady Sarah, sitting upright in her wicker chair, with her Mechlin head-dress, and white curls crowning her beautiful old face, soft and cool, delicate as a wrinkled roseleaf, looked up sharply as Philippa stooped her bright head to kiss her grandmother.

'Well, my sweet Philippa, I suppose you are in the seventh heaven of delight.'

'Why, he beat me,' said Philippa, opening her blue eyes in wonder, 'though he gave me points. I could beat Hector's head off if *he* gave me points, for I'm nearly even with him as it is.'

'Pshaw. I was not thinking of your games.'

'She doesn't know,' interposed Catherine.

'Bless me, how indiscreet I am, but you can't grudge her poor old granny the pleasure of telling her,' said Lady Sarah, mischievously hurrying out her news lest anyone should forestall her, 'that she's to go to London after all.'

'Truly,' cried Philippa in breathless joy. 'Do you mean by myself—with Cousin Augusta?'

Her mother's look answered her, half-fond, half-reproachfully.

'Was it granny who persuaded you, mother?' she cried.

'I understand we divide that responsibility, Colonel Moore,' said Lady Sarah, glancing at the tall soldier who stood in the entrance of the tent, watching Philippa's ecstasy with an amused smile.

'What a fuss to make about a trip to town,' thought David, 'and what a dull life the poor girl must have led to be so excited over such a trifle.'

'I'm quite willing to acknowledge my share of the responsibility, Lady Sarah,' he said gaily.

(To be continued.)

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WROTH.[1]

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XX.

MADAME THOMAS tossed an omelette—such a one as she alone could toss. And there was a Navarin of veal—*je ne vous dis que ça!* She twitched about her kitchen with a flame of scarlet on either sallow cheek. She popped the butter into the pan with an imperial hand; here were days, indeed, for Mon-Repos! Already in the last twenty-four hours she had sent up viands which in ordinary times would have lasted M. le Comte's house a week; but she did not regret it, far from that. The credit of the house was in her keeping, she would uphold it to the last egg. Not only a princess—in spite of Mrs. Panton's elaborate explanations in broken French, Madame Thomas clung to her first impression—but an English milord now to provide for! Yet it was worth it. Had Prosper seen M. le Comte this morning? Beautiful as the day, he was! *Hein?*

In the long, cool, faded dining-room, however, it was only Comte Spiridion himself who did justice to the housekeeper's excellent dishes. Wroth and Juliana, held in a dreamy spell, could not bring their thoughts to material entities. Scarce were they conscious of surroundings, only of each other. There was a wine that had lain buried in the cellars of Mon-Repos through the death struggle of the last monarchy, through the triumph of the populace, through the glories of the Empire, maturing in silence

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and darkness its secret essences. It sang now out of the dingy bottle into the glass: golden, insidious, captivating. Spiridion looked with wise tender eyes at his young guests, and ever and anon silently toasted them. He had kept at heart the guilelessness of a child, in spite of experiences such as come to few men. He thought to know the tale of these lovers—yea, to the last jot. And, after all, he found it a very simple one. They had met in England, while Juliana was not yet free, and even then had loved each other. Of this the wise Spiridion was very sure. Sure, too, that his little Juliana *avait été très sage*, had kept herself very good. As for the other, as for the man—Spiridion's glance rested critically on that fine pale face, instinct even now under its air of marble repose with a fire of passion. He noted the quiver of the high-cut nostril, the line of the full lips. No, milord, he had not been good at all! And faith, Spiridion was not astonished; nay, with that stirring of the old Adam in him which dies not in the most detached until his own death, he would have been disappointed had it been otherwise.

He was positive about it: this Englishman, with the face of a Greek god and the barbaric name, had been the very opposite of virtuous. And when they met again, after Juliana's release, it was the memory of the error of an intemperate passion (which, in her heart, secretly she had shared) that kept the chaste, the high-minded woman from yielding to the happiness that offered itself to her. So La Roche-Amand diagnosed the case. Spread out like a picture before him, he could see it all at a single glance. These dear children, these two beautiful, rare beings, it was his happy lot to bring them together! But how gradually, how delicately this must be done—he alone who knew the exquisite sensibility of her nature could comprehend.

He turned his look from Wroth to Juliana; doubt still dwelt on her face, a tremulous emotion, that was not all joy. Nothing must be hurried, nothing urged. A woman's soul, a woman's heart, must be captured but never grasped.

So the meal proceeded in a wonderful silence that had no awkwardness in it, nay, was eloquent. Through the open window came the busy calls of the birds, the occasional rumbling and squeaking of the wheelbarrow in the garden as Jeannot, from the farm, fulfilled the duties of Prosper—now all-important butler; or a distant thundergrowl in the kitchen, where Madame Thomas' coffee-mill was being ground with zeal by Lolotte, from the village.

'But, milord, you drink nothing,' said Spiridion at last, pointing to the full glasses in front of his guest. ('What the devil,' he said to himself, 'your true lover never eats, everyone knows that; but, faith, a lover drinks, by authority of every poet since Anacreon and Catullus.')

Wroth started, turned to his host with a bow and a smile that gave to his features, hitherto set in abstracted gravity, an extraordinary youthful charm. He lifted a glass, opened his eyes full on Juliana's face, until the magnetic attraction of his gaze drew hers, then drank. Setting down the empty crystal, he again compelled her eye. She looked, and it seemed to her as if he were drawing her soul from her keeping; as if she were losing herself in that mere yielding of her glance.

She was glad that the tension was broken by the passing in of Madame Thomas' steaming coffee; that she could rise with the pretext of understanding best how the Count liked his cup—'A great deal of coffee, that it may admit of a great deal of sugar'—as he announced, with a happy laugh.

But, after all, it entailed her preparing some for Wroth also. And though she kept her eyes under ward as she handed it to him, she could not prevent their fingers from meeting as he took the cup from her. Again the sense of her own weakness rushed intolerably upon her, more anguish than joy.

'Will you permit me to retire?' she said to her godfather. 'This first spring heat sets my head aching.'

'Go, my child, go,' said the old man, with a little secret laugh. 'Milord will understand.'

Wroth, in his silence, moved to the door. She paused, almost imperceptibly, as she passed out. He bowed deeply, without attempting either to take her hand or to speak. And it was this omission on his part that, biting at her heart like a serpent, ached in Juliana all the rest of the day.

She ordered the wooden shutters to be closed in her room, banning the blue and green day, and lay, throbbing in all the passion of her glorious youth and strength, torturing herself with vain questions, suppositions, doubts, and self-searchings. Panton crept in and out with whispered suggestions for the alleviation of the pretended headache. Juliana was mute to sullenness. But Mrs. Panton, tiptoeing back to the bare room, where she sat most of her hours, in high British superiority to the 'foreign trash' below stairs, had ever and anon a knowing wag of the head.

The young nobleman had come after them, straight. He was the lover after her own heart.

'Yes, my young friend,' said La Roche-Amand, as Wroth took seat again at the round table, 'you do well. We must go slowly, very slowly——'

Wroth shot a look at his host. The word 'we' was pleasant in his ears; his spirits began to mount. Here was an unexpected ally; this quaint personage who seemed to have stepped out of an already forgotten century, with his formality of language, his deliberate gesture, his airs of ceremony, which in anyone less unmistakably *grand seigneur* might have seemed pomposity. The lover told himself his star was high. Yes, he felt strong enough to go slow, to wait. Juliana's pallor, her silence, her sudden withdrawal after her exquisite moment of yielding at the gate, were to his swift perceptions but the signs of his own power. In spite of his believing himself bound to another, the lawlessness of his passion troubled him not at all. The tide that carried him was so strong, it was so clean, so pure in its very absoluteness, that he could not feel that he was wronging her by it. That marriage of his, freak of fate, was mockery, and in its emptiness could hold no man's honour. Union with Juliana was the foredestined sacred one. What were forms and ceremonies compared to this right of soul to soul?

While these thoughts surged through Wroth's mind, Comte Spiridion continued speaking; with his thin musician's hands emphasising his words by delicate and varied finger gesture:

'The soul of a woman is fitly compared to the butterfly,—to Psyche. Grasp the exquisite, beautiful, fluttering thing with a grasp of rude desire, and behold: what of its bloom, what of the very beauty for which you yearn? O youth, let love be as a rose that its perfume may draw, may enfold, may capture! Do not scare it, young Apollo, and there will still be no laurel in these woods.'

He ran from metaphor to metaphor, his eyes smiling on the young man's brooding face.

'All in that physiognomy is noble,' thought Spiridion, explaining his own precipitance to himself. 'There is genius too, somewhere about that brow. And, O divine goodness, what a glorious thing is youth!'

Suddenly Wroth flung his hand across the table towards his host. The gesture was one of boyish appeal.

'When, sir, and how, shall I come again?'

Spiridion gave a pleased laugh. Had he been the finest diplomatist, Wroth could not have found a surer way to confirm himself in the favour that his gallant air had already won. His tone of deference (so fragrant to age from strong youth), withal his uncontrollable eagerness; his claim for help. The old man would not be excluded, then, from the romance. He was wanted; he was part of it, he, whose ancient heart had still so much love to give! He raised a finger to his forehead in profound thought. There was a deep excitement about this innocent plotting.

'It will not do to be in too great a hurry,' he said, at last, 'but, if towards five o'clock to-morrow evening you were to stroll this way—stay, I have it!' He clapped his head and a cloud of scented powder flew. 'You are amateur of music—I know. With that line of brow and eyelid you are certainly fond of music. I have told you I play the violin. You wish to hear it, what more natural? I promise to gratify you. Come at five to-morrow; I will make you some music, and our good curé will likewise come. He thinks he adores music—he takes his little nap while I play. So, that is arranged. Excellent. Impossible to find anything more delicate.'

Comte Spiridion tried to look profoundly sly; but only succeeded in conveying a sense of guileless self-satisfaction. Wroth got up and bowed over the benevolent hand extended to him.

'I am inexpressibly grateful,' he said; 'indeed, nothing could be more delicate, or more kind.'

Spiridion accompanied him to the porch. 'You have halted at Compiègne?' he queried.

'At the "Écu de France,"' answered Wroth.

'Though it is the best in the town, you will be ill-lodged, milord; worse fed,' said Spiridion, and ruminated a little while. 'In a day or two—it will seem quite natural that you should come here for your meals at least—when our intimacy has a little progressed. I shall see how to lead the conversation to the subject, once or twice, without insistence. We must always remember how sensitive a thing is a woman's reputation. We must not give substance for a breath of gossip, even in this quiet corner, dear milord. You see, it takes grey hairs to devise these prudential subterfuges.'

The old man's smile of triumph at the subtlety of his own diplomacy was the memory that Wroth carried away with him of

his host. There was a new tenderness in the lover's soul as he walked down the avenue. His dealings with his fellow-men, up to now, had mainly been unfortunate; but there was that in his misguided nature which leaped to all good things. He would have been very proud of such a father.

Juliana came down to dinner, and in pursuance of his plan of action the godfather was exceedingly off-hand on the subject of the young Englishman, speaking of him with elaborate unconcern, as an accidental acquaintance likely to enliven their rural seclusion.

'It appears that he raves of music, so I have actually promised him a little concert to-morrow, if you will hold the piano, my cherished one.'

Juliana thought the sudden spring of her heart must have been visible under her kerchief. But the old man was carefully looking away from her.

He became exceedingly conversational, and very learned on the subject of the newest music and that rising composer Gioacchino Rossini. He hummed the air of Tancredi, and desired her opinion on it. If her dear head allowed it, they might have a little practice that evening—which desire was, in due time, carried out. Juliana was a trifle absent-minded; the musician was particular, and chided and taxed her with having given up the charming art.

This kept them well occupied till ten o'clock, when he tucked his Amati lovingly back in its case.

Juliana approached to bid good-night. But instead of the usual lifting of her forehead for his kiss, she flung both arms round his neck and pressed her burning cheek against his face.

'My very dear one,' said he; and then he blessed her, a ceremony usually reserved for their greater partings.

Mrs. Panton was awaiting her mistress, wearing an air of more than usual importance. Juliana, with eyes that shone, with that new bloom on her cheek, could no longer allege indisposition; yet never had she seemed more averse to conversation, more wrapt in reserve.

'I have had a walk down to the town,' began the tirewoman tentatively.

'Indeed,' said Juliana, who had not heard a word.

'I came across, quite by accident, his lordship's valet.'

Juliana, unfastening the clasp at her breast, paused.

'Meaning Lord Wroth, of course,' said Mrs. Panton, satisfied that she had struck her mark. 'Your ladyship would never believe the way they've tracked us.'

Her ladyship drew her brows together and dropped her eyelids. Panton could see how those released laces at her bosom rose and fell. She proceeded with increased gusto:

'After us to Dover, he went, poor young nobleman, the very night we left the Wells. Mr. Picard—a nice young man he is, that's his lordship's French valet, your ladyship—says the groom who met them by order, with the curricle, told him it was such a race as never was. One horse breaks down, and his lordship rides the other, on, on, bare-backed, only to find the ship out to sea. And when I think of that ship—' said the good woman parenthetically, 'I can feel the heaving yet.'

Juliana still stood, the brooch paused in mid-air, eyes downcast, listening.

'Though, indeed,' cried Panton, drawing in breath with a sucking action, 'if it had not been for what I can only describe as that day of terror on the waves, your ladyship, I should not have been poorly on landing at Calais, and your ladyship might not have halted at Mr. Dessein's Hotel, and his lordship might have sought our trail in vain.'

Mrs. Panton's head inclined sentimentally sideways at the thought of this tragic possibility. Juliana turned and laid the brooch on the table. Perceiving that she must speak quickly if she were to put in the end of her story, the woman ran on:

'As things turned out, it was back to London with his lordship. He picks up Mr. Picard at his London rooms, and off again post haste, post haste. He charters a boat—too early for the packet. Guineas pouring, as Mr. Picard says, on every side, and everywhere he asks for news of your ladyship. Dark lady with a fat maid (that's Mr. Picard's joke, your ladyship) and a foreign courier. At Calais pier he asks—guinea—Dessein, they say. On to Dessein's with them! And at Dessein's they tell him how your ladyship took post for Paris, and how luckily the postillion who drove her is just back with the horses. Then it's up with the postillion to my lord's room, and out with my lord's gold again. And the fellow's tongue wags willingly enough, since there never was a Frenchman yet who was not fond of the sound of his own chatter. And it's on with my lord again, and he has not slept a night in bed since the day of the marriage!'

Mrs. Panton broke off abruptly. Juliana flashed upon her a look that commanded silence, and turned back to her table again. But in the mirror the maid caught a glimpse of her mistress's face, and saw it pale now and tremulous.

'Feeding on boiled stuff they are, with a muck of cabbage soup. And the insult those inn-fellows keep heaping on Mr. Picard's master as an Englishman, calling him behind his back unmentionable names — Goddem — and flinging Waterloo at him!'

'Panton,' said Juliana, 'that is quite enough; you can leave me.' Her tone was all decision. But Panton halted and hesitated at the door, and in her old nurse's tones:

'Lord Wroth, my lamb——' she insinuated.

'I do not wish for any more conversation to-night,' interrupted Juliana imperiously.

'Then, good-night, my lady,' said the abigail in sudden dudgeon.

Juliana sat by the dressing-table, leaned her head on her hand, and pondered. Was ever woman so tossed upon conflicting seas? Panton's rambling talk had brought all the memories of that marriage day, with its audacious hopes and hideous humiliation, back upon her like a slap in the face.

Out in the sunshine, this morning, her heart had turned traitor to her pride. She had not had the strength to send him from her; and the poignant joy of his presence had followed her ever since. Yet his very presence, his pursuit, the love he dared offer her, was an outrage on his part. And yet again, by the freak of fate, no outrage since she was his wife. One word from her—she shuddered from the thought with a two-fold apprehension—what ecstasy might be hers, or what irretrievable shame! The very name of wife, he had said, is enough to kill love. Aye, but a little later, in what accents of passion had he not reproached her for what he called her betrayal? But then he deemed he had lost her. In this wild undisciplined nature, what could she trust? She had made her great cast and failed. Now, before risking again, she must see for herself, test, study, be certain.

So Juliana resolved to keep the strange secret still close, resolved, too, that she would not oppose the plans for their meeting which sprang from Count Spiridion's innocent match-making.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE fell rain the whole of the next afternoon; the good rain that, sinking into the earth, draws life and beauty out of its heart. In the salon, except for Count Spiridion's music, it was a very quiet party. The curé comfortably absorbed, in his special arm-chair, closed his eyes—to have no distractions—and thereafter slumbered frankly and almost noiselessly. He only woke up at intervals to say:

'Ah, heaven, how fine!' Or, 'Music! how beautiful she is!'

He was a charming listener.

Spiridion was deep in diplomacy; all to his instrument, all to the business of the moment. When Juliana, sitting at the old harpsichord—sweet and faint and full of the echoes of ancient days—lost her place in the accompaniment, the violinist carried it through with most convincing airs of indifference. Nobody should guess that he knew why she had faltered; that he had intercepted the long, ardent glances which milord, in his corner, cast upon her—Milord Apollo, this afternoon, with a cloud over his head, no brilliancy about him, no speech on his lips, only the fire in his eyes.

The long room, with its polished floor, reflected the little group and the sparse furniture as in an amber mirror, dimly. The scent of the smouldering red logs on the hearth mingled with that of the wet garden creeping in mistily through the open window. Ever and anon little airs would set the brocade curtains moving with slight, ghost-like rustle. From the further end of the room the brilliant youth and loveliness of Cyprienne, Comtesse de la Roche-Amand smiled down upon them from the faded gold frame. She had been Spiridion's mother, and the rosy babe on her knee, naked save for a little odd lace cap tied under his chin, had been Spiridion himself! He had a bow in his hand—he was Cupid. She, in powdered hair and blue ribands—Venus. Cupid, now grey-haired, wielded the fiddle-bow and played sad melodies. Venus, where was she? But, in this room, regret itself seemed fragrant as the *pot pourri* in the great jars.

Juliana's face, in serious beauty under the black wings of her hair, was cut, cameo-like, against the shadows as she sat apart and pressed the ivory notes. She wore some garment of grey satin, and the fire-light caught the folds of it rosily, but never reached

the white oval of her cheek. It was no wonder Wroth brooded upon her.

After the music there was a little conversation between Spiridion and the curé on purely local subjects. Juliana and Wroth had no words for each other; but, at parting, he took her hand.

That was all. Never had there been an afternoon with so little in it; but to the end of his days it remained one of the most perfumed memories in Wroth's heart. That day he had looked on peace, as a man may upon a cool lake from the distance. A hot and stormy road lay between him and it, but he had looked on it.

Count Spiridion called formally on the English traveller at his hotel, in Compiègne. He conducted conversation with ease and decorum, touching the present state of politics, the unfortunate reaction, the Holy Alliance and England's wise opposition to it. . . . From Paris, and the coming departure of the allies from French soil, he arrived by easy transition to the state of the roads for tourists, to the charm of the forest of Compiègne. He had a secret smile for the young man's spasmodic efforts at response; for the unquiet glance with its perpetual question. It was only when he rose to make his *congé* that the real purpose of the ceremonial visit became revealed.

'It is to-morrow a little feast with us here. My habit, since my return to France, is to gather the children of the neighbourhood about me at this time of year, when we have some innocent rejoicing . . . a sylvan meal, under the beeches, after which the little ones look for hidden treasures in the glades. Perhaps scarcely the kind of entertainment for a young man of fashion; but——'

'May I indeed come?' interrupted Wroth, the tell-tale colour rushing to his face.

'We begin at three o'clock,' said Spiridion, smiling. Then, he added, as he turned for his cane: 'It is my god-daughter who is to be mistress of the games to-morrow; we are like two children ourselves in our anticipations. *Au revoir*, then, milord.'

His hand was gripped with a silent eagerness.

'*Hé, hé, hé!*' said Comte Spiridion to himself, playing with his bruised fingers not without satisfaction, as he strolled pensively back towards his Mon-Repos along the familiar short cut through the Royal Park.

A beech glade in the spring; the young green on the old trees, the wonderful grey of their boles; the primrose stars everywhere,

and a sheet of bluebells breaking into blossom in the dells, ethereal as a fairy lake ; the vistas into interminable woodland, with here and there the fire of young larch ; the flicker and dance of the whole sylvan world, and she, Juliana, in the middle of a band of shouting, happy children—the whole scene went straight to the poet side of Wroth ; while, all lover as he was, in her presence culminated all its beauty, all its ineffable message.

She wore bright flowers at her breast, and the gay mauve of her scarf fluttered flower-like itself as she ran with the players ; or stood, the centre of a dancing circle ; or sat to console a toddler that had come to grief in its play.

As before, Wroth and she had scarce speech with each other. Yet he could not feel that she wished him away. It was hardly so much avoidance, it seemed to him, as an exquisite waiting reserve.

The curé and Spiridion smiled, benevolent genii, upon the feast. Juliana was all to the children. After the repast they had the games ; and after the games a rustic dance for which a youth, bronzed and black-haired as any Sicilian shepherd, piped reedy, sweet, flourishing rhythms on the flageolet. Juliana sat down at last, laughing, on the moss :

'Enough, enough ! I am tired.'

Her hair was loosened, her cheek flushed ; she had not a glance towards him who watched her, motionless, from the shadow of the great beech-tree ; yet he knew she felt his gaze upon her.

'The final game, *colin-maillard*,' ordered the curé. The children jubilated. The spring riot began afresh, strained to its highest pitch of joy. Toto, the miller's son, the wag of the young party, flung himself, design or accident, against the milord. Though he stood aside and seemingly so haughty, the children had no fear of him : like animals they never mistake their friends. There was no help for it ; the fastidious English lord, the noted 'blood' about town, the Corinthian, hard-living scapegrace—he was caught into the whirl of the infantile game.

It was Juliana's handkerchief that bound his eyes. It had circled two or three small rustic heads already ; but it had not lost its fragrance of her. And, as it touched his lids, from the heart of this forest of Compiègne he was suddenly brought back to the Abbey ; to the night when he had knelt so close beside her. He made a swift step : he had the vision of her though his eyes were blinded, and he caught her in his arms. Yet, no sooner had his embrace

closed upon her, than it fell away. His heart stood still instantly upon a delight too great for it.

There was a shriek that brought him to his senses; '*Colin-Maillard* has let his prisoner go! A forfeit, a forfeit!' Already the urchins were tired of the game; they clamoured for the fresh amusement; it was the time for forfeits. No one but Spiridion should pronounce the forfeits—that was an established custom.

The old seigneur took seat solemnly on the grey root of a tree; and Juliana, beside him, pale now, with shadowed eyes cast down, held up, one after another, the small pledges—Toto's red tie, Mathilde's sabot, Petit Jerome's new cap. Spiridion, blindfolded in his turn, pronounced judgment. He had a most humorous and varied assortment of penalties. They were duly carried out and with great zest. At length Juliana held up a grey buckskin glove.

'Here is a thing, and a very fine thing, and what shall the owner of this fine thing do?'

Did her voice falter as it ran through the oft-repeated formula? Or was La Roche-Amand cheating and could he see under these fine-scented folds? He had a moment's hesitation. Then his fiat rang out judicially:

'He must bow to the fairest and kiss her whom he loves best.'

There was a moment's silence. Something held the children breathless. Then the voice of Toto, the irrepressible, rose. He liked to show everyone the way to do things:

'*Il faut embrasser la belle dame, M'sieu le milord.*'

It was the last forfeit. Spiridion uncovered his face, finely drawn into smiles. Juliana sat close to him, her very stillness a self-betrayal for one who had the delicate instinct to understand.

'Eh, there is my young man with his pallor again. Mon Dieu, these two lovers—if I were not there to help them!'

Wroth took a step forward and bowed low before Juliana. Then again there fell the odd pause. Toto, hopping frantically from one foot to another, shrieked out his indispensable direction:

'*Si c'est que vous aimez la belle dame, faut l'embrasser aussi, M'sieu le milord.*'

Wroth fell on one knee and took Juliana's hand in his. He bent forward; she raised her eyes. Then he sprang to his feet.

'He has not kissed her,' cried Toto, disgusted.

'Not even her hand,' thought Spiridion, equally disappointed. He rose stiffly from the seat of judgment.

'Well, well, my children, the *fête* is over.'

The sunshine had gone, the wind was suddenly cold. Even the curé, rubbing his hands and smiling to the last, felt the flatness. These English with their priggish ways! He collected his young parishioners, to march them homewards.

Wroth had gone; some misty glade of the forest had swallowed him. Juliana and her godfather set off for Mon-Repos in silence; she leaned on his arm, moving as one very tired.

And so ended that day.

The next morning Juliana was filling a jar with the purple plumes of iris, when Wroth appeared on the threshold of the salon.

'I come, uninvited,' he said. Juliana turned with a start.

It was another day borrowed from coming summer; the green shutters were half-closed before the open windows. Prosper was cutting the grass plot in which the sundial stood. And the sighing of the scythe with the scent of the sappy young grass filled the air. Spiridion was out, making the round of his woods with the keeper. Juliana felt singularly unprotected, singularly at the mercy of the spring tenderness, of her stormy wooer and her own weakness. It seemed to her all too soon for the great surrender. A thousand virginal repugnances woke within her at the mere thought. Should she speak now: like Juliet she could have no joy of the contract.

And yet she had had a wakeful night from sheer happiness that he had not paid the forfeit in that childish play which was so serious for those two; that, with that flame in his eye, he had spared her. But at her first glance at him, as he came up to her table and halted opposite to her, she was aware that the bad mood was upon him. The look that had driven her from the very air he breathed, that had haunted her in her flight, was again in his eye; the twist of his evil smile was on his lip. Wroth's good angel had departed; about him was the shadow of dark wings.

Her strength seemed suddenly to give way; she fell into a chair. He took one facing her. All his movements were marked with deliberation; he had closed the door behind him as he entered; his voice was steady, so were his hands as he slowly ungloved them.

'You have not wished me good-morning,' said Juliana, as the tension of the silence grew unbearable to her.

'No,' he replied, 'I have another greeting for you, as you for me. You know what you owe me since yesterday. I have waited all through the interminable night for this respectable, conventional hour. Have I not been patient?'

Juliana felt the blood rush to her temples, and as quickly back

to her heart. The sense of helplessness increased upon her. If he now took from her lips the kiss that was to be sacred seal to her revelation, she must indeed speak; but it would be in shame, with inexpressible reluctance. It must be to bid him leave the wife, since he had failed to honour the woman.

He rose abruptly and stood close to her. Her eyelids fell from the sight of him. Yet, even as in the beech glade, she did not turn her head nor droop it from him.

'Oh,' he cried, fury in his voice. 'Juliana, you drive me mad! You are not fair to me, you are not fair to me, Juliana. These weary hours I have thought of nothing but your lips—and now, as you sit there, I could as soon touch them as strike a child. Oh, in truth, love has not come your way!' Backwards and forwards he paced, as he stormed. 'I might have known it. Cold, cold as ice, you stood and taunted me when I had lost you. Aye, when I had lost you!'

Juliana followed him with her eyes, great with unshed tears.

'Heaven preserve me from a good woman!' he went on acridly. 'Oh, you had a man's soul in your hands, and you flung him to perdition upon this icy prudery. What are those tears for? There is no help in tears for us; I want your smiles, aye, and your kisses, your kisses, my only love! Cold saint, what have I to do with you? I will have the woman of the Abbey, with her deep gaze of tenderness. You drew me into your soul, that night. But to-day, this day of spring, this day made for us, you sit as stone, and offer me what? Tears! And all because of some mummery, some words muttered between two whose hearts mocked the promise they made, because of a blessing mumbled to order! Ye Gods, I am the married man on that! And fie, cries virtue, approach me not!'

'You are speaking very loud, milord,' said Spiridion's grave voice.

He came in upon them through the open French window. Juliana turned her head, but could not speak; her lip quivered piteously. The tears that had been slowly welling suddenly fell down the pale cheeks. At the sight Spiridion's heart leaped.

'Milord,' he went on, trembling with anger, 'I have not heard much of what you were saying so hotly and my ear is unfamiliar with your speech, but my dear one's face is eloquent: you have pained her, milord. Perhaps, *Dieu me pardonne*, insulted her! What gross mistake have I been making here, sir?'

'I beg you, dear Godfather——' faltered Juliana.

The young man stood, looking from one to the other with hard eyes.

'Let Madame explain how it stands between her and me,' he said brutally. 'Ah,' he cried, with his bad laugh, 'she has told you nothing, then? She has allowed you to bring us together, for which, *mon cher Comte*, I am deeply obliged.' He bowed ironically. Then his eyes flared back upon the woman: 'You were not such adamant but that you wanted at least to see me again. Oh, Juliana, I am patient. I can wait. I shall wait!'

He threw his hand out at her with a gesture of intolerable mastery, intolerable menace. There was a triumph about him that was almost that of a madman. The chivalric Comte de la Roche-Amand suffocated. He took two steps to place himself between them.

'Milord——' he began huskily.

But here his voice was drowned and his purpose confused by loud crunching sounds on the gravel of the terrace. Wheels, of which they had been all too much absorbed to notice the approach, were rolling up to the very door.

'Milord,' resumed the old Count then, with his air of antique dignity, 'there arrives to me, it seems, an unexpected visit. We must speak together later. My dear daughter, would you not prefer to retire? Yes? Let me conduct you to your room.'

Juliana, rising, mechanically placed her hand in his. But ere she had taken a step, she paused. The sound of a high, defiant voice from the hall struck her ear.

'Announce Lady Wroth—Miladi Wroth,' it was commanding in broken French.

Juliana felt Spiridion's convulsive start. Her eyes sought Wroth's—nothing could have kept their gaze from commingling at that moment. No surprise was on his countenance—nothing but a livid rage, and in his eyes the evil fire. Those eyes said: 'All this is nothing to me. Let her come; you are mine.'

Strength came back to her with a stab of outraged pride.

'You are right, Godfather, bring me away from this,' she said determinedly. On the threshold she swept past Peggie (for it was Peggie, fair and flaunting, with an insolent smile, yet a shifting and uneasy, inquiring glance), gave her but one hard, commanding look, and moved away, leaning upon Spiridion's arm.

But at the foot of the stairs she paused and shuddered ; Wroth's laugh—the laugh of his wedding feast—pursued her.

CHAPTER XXII.

In the execution of her mad freak Peggie had evidently come prepared for more than one eventuality, but hardly for that of finding herself face to face with Juliana at the very outset of her interview with Wroth. And her heart began to beat heavily against her fair bosom.

But her foster-sister's imperious look, the whole expression of her attitude as she had silently passed by, was more than sufficient to convince the girl, with the quick-wittedness that served her in lieu of deeper judgment, that Juliana was still unpacified and still bent upon keeping her secret.

The situation seemed to Peggie as silly as it was incomprehensible ; but it suited her game. For some time longer, then, she, Peggie, was still to be Lady Wroth ; she saw her way clear, at any rate, for the moment.

In her best theatrical manner she acknowledged the grave, almost hostile, bow that the Comte de la Roche-Amand had made to her before passing out ; then she entered the salon.

She turned then upon Wroth with a magnificent swoop of silks. His greeting would have brought confirmation of her quick surmises, had confirmation been required.

'Lady Wroth—Lady Wroth!' He ground the words between his teeth. 'I might have known it! I have been dogged by curses ever since I was born.'

Peggie stood a moment silent, then closed the door with an affectation of ease and came forward, eager, expectant—though of what she hardly knew herself. She was alone with the man she loved, in the most extraordinary of situations. If the fates inspired her to play her cards well, what a hand she held! She flounced into a seat as much because her knees were trembling under her, as because of the greater dignity she felt it would give to her attitude.

He stood by the window, his back now towards her ; the shafts of sunlight piercing through the laths of the shutters were striping his broad shoulders. Her eyes rested on him admiringly. Then she began, her heart beating into her voice. Yet it was with a

taunt she began. Peggie, like most of her class, knew no better way of challenging the masculine interest.

'You are not particularly polite, my lord and husband, are you?' She tittered nervously and gasped for breath. 'Nor very consistent. I'm not to run away with any other man; I'm not to come after you. A kind of dog-in-the-manger situation, this, isn't it?'

Still the averted head; still the turned shoulder. She thought, vaguely, that his hair was like fire in that bar of sunshine. And then, with a fresh gasp and titter, she shot her second arrow:

'Yes, indeed, I think you're scarcely gallant, Lord Wroth. When a lady takes the trouble to come all the way from England to see you, and that lady happens to be your wife, by your own choice, it would be prettier manners not to stand there with your back to her! If you did not want to be found out, dear George!' —she said the word with a new affectation—'you should not let your servants sell your secrets so cheap. I got the address for a crown—'pon honour—at your lordship's London rooms. And, indeed,' she repeated, as Wroth's silence and immobility began to provoke her out of the tremulous emotion into which his presence had cast her—'indeed, when you are in pursuit of another lady, a lady who'—her tongue tripped—'whom, I mean, you did not select to wed, my lord, why, a little more discretion in your proceedings might have been becoming. Eh, my lord—dear George, have you nothing to say to me?' Here fury all at once seized her. Her voice broke shrilly. 'And so it's the prude, the fine countess, the good woman, who's keeping another body's husband from her!'

Even as she spoke, Peggie, in her histrionic excitability, was overcome by the conviction that she was deeply injured. But the next phrase of vituperation that came leaping to her lips was strangled by sheer terror as he wheeled round upon her at last, a dark figure against the barred sunlight of the window. With slow step he swung up to her and halted; and then she saw that his face was extraordinarily pale even for him. 'He looks like the devil himself,' she thought, and cringed, then tried to stiffen her courage.

He folded his arms, as if to keep himself from touching her, and she saw that they trembled. 'For two pins he'd throttle me!' flashed through her head. His voice, however, was very low as he spoke; and very few were the words he said. But they were charged with loathing;

'The bargain was that you were to keep out of my way—not to venture within my presence. You know what you married me for—well, you got it. If you come under my eyes again, you lose it; take that as my last warning. Begone out of this house. How dare you sit in her chair—begone, I say!'

He flung out one hand, pointing to the door with a gesture of indescribable fierceness. She gave a kind of sobbing scream and subsided at his feet, half in real, half in theatrical anguish.

'George, George, you're cruel! What bargain? I made no bargain.'

He started back from her touch.

'God! woman, don't you see I am capable of murder——'

She heard the door open, and through her dishevelled hair (an artful touch or two had wrought disorder into that wealth of yellow curls) she saw the grey-headed gentleman stand looking in upon them with anger and disdain. Then she crouched again picturesquely on the floor and broke into wild weeping.

'Milord,' said Spiridion, 'this passes all bounds! I pray you make no scandal in my house. For me, an old man, it is of little consequence. But I have a guest, and her I will protect. I must beg you, since it seems this is milady, your wife, to take her away with you. This instant. Her carriage still waits.'

Wroth stood glaring at the speaker a second; cast then a look at Peggie on the floor, turned from her and with a quick stealthy leap, sprang from the window into the garden. His running steps were heard for a moment, crunching on the path, and were lost.

'Milady,' said the distressed old Count, laying his hand on Peggie's heaving shoulder, 'pray, allow me—let me assist you to rise.'

She lifted her streaming face. 'Heavens,' she moaned, 'he is my husband, and I love him!' Then she marked the severity of his gaze; and dimmed with tears though her eyes were, they were able to read inexorable dismissal. She had no notion of relinquishing her post of vantage in the house of her enemy. So, seeing that there was nothing for it but a swoon, she swooned.

In the sitting-room which opened off her apartment, Juliana sat at her table, deliberately absorbed in a business letter to her Italian factor, when Spiridion knocked at the door and entered upon her.

'Well, is she gone?'

She had not turned from her task; her tone was dry. The Comte gazed in a bewildered way for a moment at the knot of dense black hair surmounting the nape of her neck, warm ivory against the escaping dark tendrils. He had lost his bearings completely—poor old matchmaker! What an incomprehensible business was this! Had Juliana known of her lover's marriage? Had she but learned it this morning, when he had found her pale and with tearful eyes in that scene in which milord had talked so loud and which had left him in such bitter anger? Certain it was that Juliana had displayed none of the anguish with which the entrance of Lady Wroth must have overwhelmed her; had she hitherto been unaware of her existence?

Juliana wheeled round as if impatient at his silence.

'That woman, has she gone?' she repeated.

'It is noticeable,' thought Spiridion, 'that it is not his departure she demands.' And he felt strangely embarrassed before this Juliana he did not know, wanting the smallest clue to her story, painfully conscious of the irritation and scorn written on her countenance; conscious also that the news he was bringing would but serve to increase them.

'My child——' He hesitated. 'The lady, the stranger—she is taken ill. Overcome by distress. A woman in distress, in a fainting condition, dear Juliana——'

Juliana rose sharply to her feet; a quiver ran through her as she poised herself. The pansy eyes turned steel.

'You have not kept her here?'

'My dear,' said the old man gravely, 'I could not turn her out. Have you not understood? She is ill.'

'Oh, she—ill!'

Juliana sat down again as abruptly as she had risen. She beat the back of her chair, once or twice; then she spoke again, more quietly, yet with that hard quality of voice that, coming from her lips, caused positive suffering to the listener.

'Your roof cannot shelter both of us, *parrain*.'

'My beloved,' he protested, haggard with the distress of thwarting her, 'my little Juliana, but I tell you she is prostrate. Madame Thomas is in attendance upon her. I have placed her away in the west wing. In common humanity—my daughter. Think. Abandoned by her husband——'

A singular smile passed over her lips. Spiridion had never thought of seeing such a smile on them.

'Her husband has abandoned her, has he?' she asked.

'He jumped out of the window, like a madman. When I came into the room the poor young creature was at his feet, in tears.'

'The whole thing sickens me!' cried Juliana with sudden violence. 'I will hear no more—let me finish my letter.'

She turned back on her chair again. The Comte de la Roche-Amand stood a moment longer, gazing upon her. From its expression of anxious doubt, his face settled into lines of sternness. Without another word he left the room.

Juliana went on writing steadily till she had finished her letter. It was concluded, however, with a sentence that its opening had not forecast: 'I will myself be in Florence within a week after you receive this. Have all in readiness.' Then she rang sharply for Panton. As the woman entered, all bustle and indignation, with yet a twinkle of humour in her flushed countenance, her mistress forestalled her, repressively:

'Panton, that creature is here. I don't want your views of the matter. I want you to pack.'

The twinkle vanished from Panton's eye. Dismay took its place.

'Your ladyship——'

'That is enough; we leave to-morrow morning. Warn Annibale.'

''Pon my word, your ladyship, what with packing and unpacking, running after and running away, it's a very queer business your ladyship is making of it all. I will speak, I must, my lady!' said the woman, stoutly, planting her physical as well as her moral amplitude determinedly before her mistress. 'It's high time your ladyship should tell the poor young nobleman what's what. As to that trollop there—no more ill than I am, my lady, but just taking in the old gentleman and that Frenchwoman of his, with her sobs and her swounds—it's high time my lord should know she's as much his wife as I am. You're acting against the Bible and against nature, your ladyship, and mischief will come of it. Would not anybody be glad to have such a fine young man as her husband? What if his hair's red? your ladyship liked him well enough to go all the way back to England after him. It was your ladyship's done it, you should remember that.'

'Go and pack, Panton,' said Juliana.

(To be continued.)

HIS NINETIETH YEAR.

SCENE I.—*On the Via Sacra.*

[PATER *and* FILIUS *are driving in a tightly-closed brougham to Buckingham Palace. Both have got their best clothes on. The old artist looks beautifully clean and spruce, and on each cheek has a little patch of pink, the colour of an excited child going to his first pantomime.*]

PATER (*peers out*). Whereabouts are we ?

FILIUS. Bottom of Sloane Street. Do you know what that is ?

PATER. What ?

FILIUS. That new stone building there, where the scaffolding is.

PATER. No. What is it ?

FILIUS. Christian Scientists' Church. I'm told they've spent no end of money on it.

PATER (*drily*). Have they ! Wonder where they got it from.

FILIUS. Supporters. Rich supporters.

PATER. Gr-racious heavens ! What a lot of fools there are in the world, still. (*Half to himself*) And, s'far as I can see, the biggest and most dangerous fool of all is generally the most highly educated. (*Panic-struck, as the brougham stops in Sloane Square behind a huge, somnolent dray*) I say, why doesn't he get on ? We shall be late.

FILIUS. Not we. Plenty of time. You're not summoned till half-past eleven. Feel nervous ?

PATER. Not the least. What's there to feel nervous about ? (*Nervously*) I suppose I shall have to take my gloves off, shan't I ?

FILIUS. Of course. (*As* PATER *begins to unbutton smart new gloves*) No, not yet ; not till you get inside.

PATER (*anxiously*). But I shall have to take them off, shan't I, to shake hands ?

FILIUS. Rather ! Unless you want to be sent to the Tower.

PATER (*laughs*). No ; but where are we now ?

FILIUS. Just going through Eaton Square. Look, there's the time ; quarter-past eleven. We're all right. By the way, how long is it since you've seen His Majesty ?

PATER. Not since I painted him in '63. Not to speak to.

FILIUS. But you've been to Buckingham Palace ?

PATER. Never, that I remember. I've been to St. James's.

FILIUS. When was that ?

PATER (*ruminating*). When was that ? That was in '35 or '36. My uncle knew one of the Court pages, a man named Hulse, who took us both in. I saw William IV., or rather I saw his head ; odd-shaped head, with white hair on it. I saw O'Connell there the same day. Some one came up and asked him for a frank, and I had a good look at him as he sat down and wrote it out.

FILIUS. What was O'Connell doing in St. James's Palace ?

PATER (*simply*). Hanged if I know, but I most certainly saw him there. (*Peers out*) Where are we ? Is that the Palace ?

FILIUS. Stables.

PATER. What's the time ?

FILIUS. Twenty past eleven.

PATER. Then I think I'd better begin taking my gloves off. (*Shivers slightly.*) I say ! it's cold.

FILIUS. You feel cold, my boy, 'cos you're in such a dooce and all of a funk.

PATER (*stoutly*). Not a bit of a funk ! (*Annoyed.*) Now, isn't it like that confounded glove, to go sticking just when I'm in a hurry.

FILIUS (*soothingly*). No hurry whatever. Here, let me. (*Assists him with gloves.*) Now mind you behave nicely, and for heaven's sake don't you speak unless you're spoken to. (*Solemnly*) It ain't etiquette.

PATER. Etiquette be —— !

FILIUS. Father ! on such a day ?

PATER (*laughs*). Well, surely I can ask where my picture of the ' Royal Wedding ' is ?

FILIUS. Better not. You'll only get yourself into trouble. Hullo ! here we are.

[*Puts head out to policeman who stops carriage at Palace gates.* ' *Yes, it's for an Investiture.*'—' *All right.*'—' *Yes, I know.*' —' *We're going to the Privy Purse Office.*']

PATER. What's he say ?

FILIUS. He wants us to go to the Grand Entrance. I've told him we're going to the Secretary's room. I've no doubt he'll let us wait there by the fire, till you're sent for.

PATER (*nervously, as carriage drives through Palace courtyard*). You're coming too, aren't you ?

FILIUS. Only as far as the Secretary's room.

PATER. No further?

FILIUS. I'm afraid they won't let me. You'll be all right alone. It can't be far. (*As carriage stops at Privy Purse entrance*) Here we are. Capital good time. Now then!

PATER (*unpacks himself and gets out*). Now for it! (*Chatters.*) Good Lord!

[*Scene closes as* PATER *and* FILIUS *disappear within Palace, arm-in-arm.*]

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—SECRETARY *to Privy Purse's Office, and elsewhere in the Palace, towards The Presence.*

[PATER *is helped out of fur coat, and gradually regains warmth and confidence in front of a magnificent fire. He even hums a little. Meantime messengers and officials come and go with documents and messages.* FILIUS *covertly watches* PATER, *and notes with satisfaction that the pink colour is returning to the cheeks that went so white as the carriage stopped.*]

FILIUS (*aside to him*). Feeling warmer?

PATER (*with the haughty coolness of a man who has lived in palaces all his life*). Much warmer.

FILIUS. And not a bit nervous, eh?

PATER. Not a bit. But I hope they won't be long. It's the waiting that's so trying. Like the dentist. Wish I hadn't taken my gloves off; something to do.

[*Balances himself on his heels, and hums, with coat tails up in front of fire. To whom, in the interval of business, courteous* SECRETARY *comes to explain that if there is any delay it is because his Majesty has another investiture to make; that it is, in fact, a regular Investiture Day; that the Lord Chamberlain, he understands, will be present; that, in short, it will not be altogether the private and informal affair* PATER *was comforting himself with. Also, that by not coming in at the Grand Entrance, half the Palace will have to be traversed by him before reaching The Presence. Consternation of* FILIUS, *who has visions of* PATER *being carried thither by royal footmen.*]

PATER (*to* SECRETARY, *to show he doesn't care*). I suppose you can't tell me now where my picture of the 'Royal Wedding' is?

SECRETARY. Isn't it at Windsor?

PATER (*vexed*). That's just what I want to know. (*With some severity*) And where's 'Ramsgate Sands'?

SECRETARY. At Windsor, too, I think, in the private rooms.

FILIUS (*to pass the time*). That's the picture the Queen bought on the private view day, isn't it?

PATER (*brightening*). That's it. I'll tell you. But it wasn't on the private view day, it was the day before, when the royalties usually come. I had to be there because I was on the Council, and I saw Eastlake come into the big room at Trafalgar Square with the Queen and the Prince Consort, and stop in front of my picture. Then Eastlake came up to me to ask if the thing was sold, because if not her Majesty was anxious to buy it. I told him it was unfortunately already disposed of to Lloyd, the picture dealer, who'd given me a thousand guineas for it. I can see now the way the Queen shrugged her shoulders when Eastlake went back and reported what I'd said; as much as to say, 'Oh, picture dealer! Outrageous profit wanted, of course.' However—(*as gigantic royal footman enters to announce the time has come*) What's he say? Well, just let me finish. Lloyd's people had the sense to give the picture up for the same price, on the understanding they should have the loan of it after the exhibition for three years, for engraving. (*Continues while* FILIUS *and* SECRETARY *exchange hurried asides*) Sharp engraved it, beautifully, and as the Art Union paid 3000*l.* for the plate, Lloyd must have done pretty well out of it. It was called in the catalogue 'Life at the Seaside,' y'know, not 'Ramsgate Sands.'—Well, what is it? Must we go?

FILIUS (*takes his arm*). Yes, come along. I'm going to be allowed to take you as far as the Equerry, just to see you don't go astray. I'm told it's a long way round, and there are a few stairs. Now then! We shall be back again directly; sooner than you think for.

[*And so they go out, following gigantic footman in scarlet swallow-tail coat and black trousers, who marches ahead of them with a curious lounging, solemn, processional sort of gait. Very impressive. At any rate it impresses* FILIUS, *though not apparently to the same extent his* PATER. *Arm-in-arm they go, round sharp corners and along corridors whereof one side is all glass, opening on to an interior court, and the other hung with innumerable pictures, of all shapes and sizes—pictures that rather convey the impres-*

sion of having been sent there to be out of the way. PATER *comments on them fearlessly as he passes : 'That's a beastly thing!'—'Wonder who did that? Not bad?'—'Oh, Lord! What did they want to hang that for?' Then round more sharp corners, down a few steps, along electric-lighted passages strangely narrow for a palace, oddly enough recalling the ways below deck of some great Atlantic liner with the cabin doors facing each other on either hand. Then a few steps up, always at the same highly impressive rate of speed, neither slow, nor fast, but a progression* sui generis ; *the rate at which the Empire advances, without ever looking back, towards complete fruition. And as he thinks of that Empire and the great heart and head of it they are so steadily and solemnly approaching,* FILIUS' *eyes feel a smarting tendency towards saltness, while* PATER *plods pluckily along beside him, taking great care of his feet—where he plants them—as he goes down stairs, occasionally murmuring his thankfulness that* FILIUS *was permitted to accompany him. Never would have managed it by himself. Never! Then he pulls up short alongside of a large picture, full of figures, hung in one of the corridors they are passing through.*]

PATER. Hullo! What's this? Half a moment; let's have a look.

FILIUS (*who catches sight of artist's name 'Haydon' on the frame, and is fearful of losing sight of gigantic footman always walking on ahead and never turning to look back*). No, we'll see it on our way back. It's Haydon's picture of the 'Mock Election.' You remember; George IV. bought it; gave him 500 guineas for it.

PATER. No? (*Wonderfully interested*) Oh, we must have a look at that; if we ever get back alive. Now, don't forget. Why, I remember little Solomon Hart telling me a funny story about that.

FILIUS (*anything to keep him going*). What was it?

PATER (*as they go along*). Why, poor Haydon was in the Fleet, you know, imprisoned for debt, and painted it there. They were nearly all portraits of his fellow-prisoners, and he was anxious to add Hart's father to the collection. Solomon Hart wasn't exactly pretty, but his old father was an ancient Hebrew of the most repulsive type. So Hart, who was a most devoted son, wrote off

in a fury to Haydon, as of course he knew the old gentleman was only wanted in a scene of that kind because of his typical ugliness.

FILIUS. And there it ended?

PATER (*chuckles*). Not quite. Haydon wrote back a most repentant letter, and as a token of forgiveness begged Solomon to allow his good old father to come and breakfast with him one Sunday morning in the Fleet. The old gentleman went, and then, on reflection, Solomon thought he might as well look in and see what they were doing. You see, he knew his father's rather weak nature, and he also knew R. B. Haydon. Sure enough, he found Haydon hard at work, just finishing a wonderful likeness of the old man swearing in a dandy on a piece of burnt stick. (*Laughs*) Wasn't it like him?

FILIUS. Look out! Here we are! Mustn't laugh.

PATER (*chatters*). Good Lord!

[*For suddenly a long and broad corridor opens out before them; it is very evenly warmed* (*as though no such thing as a draught had ever been known there*) *and very strangely still and lifeless, and yet half-way down it a group of human beings, men, are evidently awaiting* PATER *and* FILIUS *as arm-in-arm they paddle along towards them—they, 'whose footfalls tinkle on the tufted floor'—past pictures, pigeon-breasted Winterhalters, and glacial groups of sculpture by Lough* (*one guesses*) *or Macdowell, in complete and for the moment awestruck silence. The royal footman has somehow disappeared, though no man saw him vanish, and the group of men, some in black coat and some in scarlet, and one resplendent in Equerry's uniform with white kid gloves, face up the corridor in impassive silence and the not-unstately immobility of a group of waxwork, evidently closely watching* PATER *and* FILIUS *as gradually they draw nearer, afflicted with both alarm and diffidence. Clearly, these are the guardians of the last avenue and approach to The Presence, and they are so still, so deathly quiet, because from time immemorial they have been schooled never to disturb the triumphal music, the drumming of the man's heart, the blithe fifeing in the ears of the hero; of him, in short, whose long exposure on the battlefield or in the councils of the tropics, guarding either the outposts of Empire or toiling for its welfare at home, has at last brought him hither to receive his reward at the hands of his Sovereign. 'This is*

your day,' they seem to say, 'And we are instructed neither to speak nor to move, nor almost even to breathe, for fear of ruffling the divine atmosphere of it.'

So it seems at least to FILIUS, *and yet after all it may only be the mere boredom of a Court they all express so statuesquely. And the next moment the dream gauzes are rent, shifting like the film of a cinematograph, for the splendid Equerry steps forward and bows, and* PATER, *who seems for the moment to have shrunk, is produced from off and under* FILIUS' *arm and duly presented.*]

FILIUS (*for the first time alarmed at his temerity*). I thought it best just to accompany my father. The fact is—the Secretary thought—

EQUERRY (*most splendid and handsome and courteously reassuring*). You did quite right. We will come in here, please, and wait. His Majesty is for the moment engaged.

[*Introductions to Lord-in-waiting, bows and salutations, and they all pass from the corridor into an ample, pillared, semicircular hall looking out on the Palace gardens at the back and the lake.* PATER *makes immediately for the fire, but refuses to sit. He touches up his hair at the sides, to bring it forward a little more becomingly over each ear, and listens deferentially to the Lord-in-waiting's final instructions as to his behaviour in the royal presence. But not having heard one word of the courtly, subdued utterance, he begs* FILIUS *to repeat it.*]

PATER. What does he say?

FILIUS (*dares not bawl, but hisses*). His Majesty is graciously pleased to excuse you from kneeling at your investiture. On account of your age. You need not kneel.

PATER. I wasn't going to.

FILIUS. No, but you must bow when His Majesty gives you his hand, and I am to tell you that it would be as well if you were to kiss it.

PATER. Do what?

FILIUS. Kiss it.

PATER. Anything's better than kneeling. They'd never have got me up again, if I'd had to kneel. (*Scratches left whisker and hums.*)

[*Meantime, the* EQUERRY *slightly opens a door on their right, quite an ordinary door that might lead into any Queen's*

Gate Gardens dining-room, but does lead, FILIUS *instinctively feels, into The Presence. The* EQUERRY *opens it and peeps in, doubtless to see if the destined moment has arrived; but recognising it has yet to come, closes the door and with soldierly tread lounges the whole length of the hall, his white kid gloves clasped behind him and his eyes fixed on the carpet.*

PATER *hums, rather louder; not exactly a tune, but a series of high and low notes; an easy, unconstrained succession of ah-ha's, as he thoughtfully caresses his whisker.* EQUERRY *returns and re-opens fateful door, enters, and disappears.*]

PATER (*half aside*). I wonder what's become of the decorations Edwin Landseer told me he and Etty painted in the summer-house in the grounds here. I believe they were the Seasons; something of that kind. I know Etty's was the usual nymph business, so I suppose he did Summer. Edwin said the Prince Consort was not at all pleased when he saw it; wanted it crossed out. (*Chuckles as* EQUERRY *suddenly returns.*)

EQUERRY (*advances to* PATER, *with charming smile*). Now, sir, if you'll kindly come in. (*With radiance, to* FILIUS) And His Majesty wishes your son to accompany you.

[PATER *squares shoulders and advances stoutly, alone.* FILIUS *follows, tottering, and somehow, though in what order he knows not, they all enter The Presence.*]

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—*The Investiture.*

[*A room, of which the alarmed and partially paralysed* FILIUS *can only remember a fireplace where a gentleman stands smiling at them as they enter, a window on the left, and a large round table with a highly polished surface at the R.C. As* FILIUS' *panic gradually subsides he sees that, though the gentleman who stands there smiling is not His Majesty but evidently another Equerry, still His Majesty is there, smiling, too, most graciously, and advancing to* PATER *with outstretched hand.* PATER *returns the royal hand-shake with what looks like equal warmth, but makes no attempt at osculation. Afterwards, he point-blank denied having ever received any such instruction. First he ever heard of it.*]

THE KING. How do you do, Mr. Frith? I am very glad to see you. I hope you are quite well?

PATER (*in rather a high and quavering voice*). Quite well, sir, thank you.

THE KING. I understand you enter to-day on your ninetieth year?

PATER. Yes, sir, I do.

THE KING. I am very glad to mark so auspicious a day, and at the same time to show my appreciation of your long service to the cause of British Art, by presenting you with the Victorian Order. The Commandership of the Victorian Order.

PATER (*his voice growing stronger*). I am much obliged to your Majesty.

THE KING (*takes case containing Cross and Ribbon of the Order from Equerry*). I hope, Mr. Frith, you will live for many years to wear and enjoy it.

PATER (*simply*). Thank you, sir, very much.

[*His Majesty hands the open case, and* PATER *takes it with a low courtly bow. His Majesty smiles;* PATER *smiles. Everyone smiles. A slight pause.*]

THE KING (*graciously to* FILIUS). Your father looks very well.

FILIUS (*inaudibly*). Yes, your Majesty.

[*It is, by the way, on the tip of his tongue to say 'So does your Majesty!' when there flashes on him the recollection of the interview between Dr. Johnson and George III. at Norfolk House, and of how Dr. Johnson said, 'Who was I that I should bandy compliments with my Sovereign?' So he contents himself with mumbling 'Yes, your Majesty,' and so low a bow that he very nearly topples over on his head.*]

THE KING. And where do you live now, Mr. Frith? In the country?

FILIUS (*aside*). Good heavens! Now we shall have a long account of Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood.

PATER. No, your Majesty; I live in London, in St. John's Wood.

THE KING. And you still paint, I understand.

PATER. Yes, your Majesty.

THE KING. I hope, Mr. Frith, you will continue to paint and to enjoy good health for many years to come.

[*And again His Majesty shakes hands with great cordiality. Evidently it is all over. And now we must all go out*

backwards, FILIUS *supposes. He backs towards the door which the Equerry has opened, and through which* PATER *stalks unconcernedly in the usual manner, as if leaving the Queen's Gate Gardens dining-room and by no means The Presence. He clutches tight the case containing his Cross and Ribbon, and orders* FILIUS *not to touch it when he attempts to relieve him of it.*]

FILIUS. Well, that's all over. It wasn't so very alarming, after all, was it?

PATER. Not in the least alarming. I enjoyed it.

FILIUS. Come along, then; let's get back to the brougham again as fast as we can. Remember, you've got to dine out to-night.

PATER (*coolly*). What of it? Must dine somewhere.

[*They shake hands with the Equerry and the Lord-in-Waiting, and re-pass the corridor, which is by now quite deserted. A gentleman suddenly strikes in upon them from a side passage with a book and pencil for all particulars for next day's 'Court Circular,' while ahead walks a royal footman, another, not quite so gigantic, nor so processional in his gait. And* PATER *talks the whole while, forgetting all about poor Haydon's picture and even making the royal footman laugh a little as he describes how he fell downstairs, only the other day at home, and doesn't propose to repeat the operation in Buckingham Palace.*]

PATER. You see, I was standing at the head of the stairs looking at the ladies coming up, and I was trying to make out who they were. So I wasn't looking where I put my feet, and down I fell and made my nose bleed. No, I won't do it again.

FILIUS. Well, this has been a great day. Aren't you glad it's all so well over?

PATER (*patronisingly*). Very glad. By the way, directly I get home I mustn't forget to send a long account of it to Jane.

FILIUS (*severely*). Jane? Who's Jane?

PATER. Why, you know Jane. My old sister, of course. Your aunt. I promised I'd write at once.

[*They disappear round a sharp corner, past Haydon's picture, arm-in-arm, talking and laughing.*]

(*Curtain.*)

WALTER FRITH.

JENA PAST AND PRESENT; OR, THE ATHENS OF THE SAALE.

'No other place in Germany could ever be to me what Jena and its surroundings are, for I am convinced that nowhere else is to be found such perfect rational freedom and so many distinguished men gathered together in so small a space.' So wrote the poet Schiller of the little town which has been often called the 'Athens of the Saale.'

A quaint old town is Jena, with crooked streets, red-tiled old houses, a fifteenth-century church with peasant women sitting on the steps selling the charmingly glazed blue and yellow pots which give the kitchens of Jena the air of an art-studio, a market-place with the statues of the founder of the university and of Martin Luther, and many unexpected narrow passages, with sudden and curious odours of cabbages, herrings, pickled cucumbers, the smoke of sausages roasted in the open air, and cheese quickening into stirring life. In addition to these characteristic features, Jena has a romantic past, a prosperous present, and a rosy future. Its prosperity is obvious to the merest stranger, for new red villas are breaking out all over the hillsides, quaint gables and carved balconies are vanishing off the face of the earth, narrow and cobbled streets are being swept away, and new-paved streets with roomy ventilated buildings are taking their places, a magnificent new 'Volkshaus,' unique in Germany, stands in finished and dignified grandeur, and a new university is arising in a suitable situation. The old castle of the Thuringian dukes and the old house where Schiller gave his first lecture have been razed to the ground to make way for it, for progress means bitter farewells to old memories, however confident we may be of the new future.

Jena lies in a beautiful valley at the meeting of the river Saale and the Leutra, though the latter river, which babbled joyously to Goethe and Schiller, is now almost dried up. The town is surrounded on all sides by romantic hills dotted over with tiny red villages, and often crowned with towers and ruined castles. The old students' songs describe the town in a few characteristic words:

Auf den Bergen die Burgen,
Im Thale die Saale,
Die Mädchen im Städchen,
Einst alles wie heut;

and

An der Saale hellem Strande
Stehen Burgen stolz und kühn.

Schiller was made a professor in Jena in 1789, and so great was the number of students at his first lecture that the auditorium overflowed, and the largest hall in the town was hastily secured to accommodate the eager crowd. For ten years Schiller lived and worked in Jena, in those charmed days when Carl August reigned in Weimar, patronising art and letters, and swaying beneficently the destinies of the Jena University. Intellectually, this period was the blossoming time in the history of Jena, when great men of the earth congregated here teaching and attracting crowds of keen disciples. Schiller lived in pleasant companionship with Fichte, Schelling, the two Schlegels, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and later Goethe, and it is small wonder that he found the society of Jena stimulating. Interesting to the Schiller pilgrim are the little old church in Wenigenjena where Schiller married Charlotte, and his country garden where he wrote 'Wallenstein.' The old stone table still stands in a shady spot in the garden, and the inscription gladdens the heart of the pilgrim: 'At this old stone table Goethe and Schiller often sat, exchanging great and good words with each other.' Eckermann is responsible for the statement, though Goethe himself in his letters speaks with tenderness of the peaceful hours spent in Schiller's garden, the twain listening to the glad rushing of the Leutra.

Schiller's friendship was to Goethe a stimulating influence, and he says he owes to it 'a second youth.' Jena and its surroundings affected him favourably. He writes: 'Ever am I in Jena a happy being, for I owe to no other place so many productive moments.' In one of these happy moments he wrote the 'Erl König' in a crude wayside inn in Wenigenjena, near the church where Schiller married Charlotte. The story was told him in the inn, of the Kunitz peasant bearing his child home through the elf-haunted meadows, and finding him dead on his arrival. Goethe was so affected that he wrote the poem on the spot over his German beer-mug. The road to Kunitz lies along the Saale, through meadows thick with purple crocuses and fringed with alders,

willows, and barberry-bushes burning crimson with autumn berries. In the silver moonlight one catches sounds of far-off strains of music 'sad as death,' and then one knows that the elves are abroad. Enticingly fair are these elves, as the sirens luring the Greek mariners, with eyes like stars, hair like spun gold and shining raiment, but inwardly they 'are hollow as the bread-trough,' and they love to lure mortals, particularly bridegrooms, to destruction. Goethe's ballad weaves all the lore of the place into the pathos of the story; and as one walks through these meadows on a dark night one realises the whole situation, for—

> The Erl King's daughter dances still
> When moonbeams and music play on the hill.

And when the moon rises you may see the ghostly Erl König himself, with his beard and crown, standing with startling distinctness among the grey alders, for the lore-loving Jena folk have carved him out of white marble and set him on the hillside in memory of Goethe's ballad. In another productive moment Goethe wrote 'Hermann und Dorothea' in the old castle, now, alas! destroyed to make space for the new university. Students' myths have gathered around the great name of Goethe to distinguish him as a giant among men. One story runs that he strode into Jena one day from Dornburg, very much athirst intellectually, and, tipping back the roof of the old university like the lid of a German beer-mug, he raised the building to his lips, blew off the foam (the *Privatdocenten*, lecturing in the top storey), quaffed the contents at a draught, including the professors and all their learning, and then, rubbing an *echten deutschen Salamander* to the 'eternally feminine,' which shook the old market-place and made the statue of the founder of the university tremble, he strode off again to Dornburg, and returned after many days with the second part of 'Faust' completed.

The castle at Dornburg is on the Saale, some distance beyond Kunitz; it is a country house of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and was constantly used by Goethe in the old Weimar days. The castle is surrounded by briars and bushes, and the peasants say it is situated on the very spot where the Sleeping Beauty slept her long sleep; and they are surely to be believed, for Grimm himself took down many of his stories from the lips of these Thuringian peasants, and if one cannot credit original sources, history would indeed become an unworthy fiction.

To see Goethe (says Heine) was to study Greek art as from the antique. His eye, even in advanced old age, was as divine as in his youth. His head, too, though whitened with the snows of age, remained erect to the last. He always carried his head high, and when he spoke he seemed to grow taller and statelier, and when he stretched out his hand it was as though by pointing with his finger he could prescribe to the stars their courses in heaven.

Heine, in describing a visit to him, writes :

I involuntarily took a side-glance to see whether the eagle was not there with the thunderbolt in his beak. I was on the point of addressing him in Greek, but observing that he understood German I remarked to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were excellent. Long winter evenings had I spent in dreaming of all the profound things I would say to Goethe if ever I saw him ! and when, at last, I did see him, I told him that Saxon plums were delicious. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and so many other princesses or simple nymphs.

Jena was famous for philosophy, and Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling all at one time taught in the university ; but philosophy rarely brings an adequate material reward, and we find Goethe writing to a friend : ' I suppose poor Hegel is short of cash, as usual. You may send him on my behalf ten thalers.' Educational theories, too, have been born in Jena. A visionary youth named Frederick Froebel, from a remote parsonage in Thuringia, came here to visit his brother like David of old, and the longing within him induced him to remain to study ; but having no money to pay his very modest expenses, he was thrown into the students' prison, where, instead of languishing, he proceeded to master the books of Euclid, and all that is mathematical in the gifts and occupations of the Kindergarten system probably dates from Froebel's incarceration in the Jena prison.

Another youth, named Herbart, attracted by the idealism of Fichte, neglected his legitimate law studies, and followed philosophy in Jena. In a fit of youthful remorse over his neglected duties he went down to the Saale to drown himself, but, recollecting in time some trifling debts, and being a youth of rectitude, he returned to discharge them, and, following out a train of educational ideas on the way, he remained to complete them, and so forgot his suicide for ever, for he spent the rest of his life in maturing his educational theories. His follower, Professor Rein, who for the last twenty years has been Professor of Education in the university, kept his sixtieth birthday in Jena this year, and received congratulations and addresses from teachers of various European nationalities who were students of these same theories.

The university was founded in 1558 by the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, who had forfeited Wittenberg to Charles V. and founded the Jena University in its stead; and his statue stands in the market-place looking for ever on the market-women selling their flowers, fruit, and fowls, and on the students drinking their beer and going about their business. The freedom of the Jena University has always been the proud boast of all connected with it. The students' drinking-songs refer to it.

Stosst an, Jena soll leben, hurrah hoch!

with the rousing chorus—

Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch,

is an example, and it is probably true that Jena is more tolerant and independent than any other part of Germany.

In Jena's glorious days, during the eighteenth century, the number of students reached 3,000. This number steadily decreased during the nineteenth century until there were barely 400 students, and even ten years ago there were only about 600; but with the dawn of the twentieth century the numbers began steadily to increase. In 1904 the thousandth student was entered, and the host of the Weimar Hof offered him free board and meals during his university career to celebrate the citizens' joy in the prosperity of the university. In the present year, 1906–7, there were over sixteen hundred students in Jena, including sixty-four women. The decrease of students during the nineteenth century is explained by the fact that other new universities were founded at the beginning of the century, and also that the German Government was suspicious of the independent and democratic views held in Jena. But the university was not without distinction even when the numbers ran low, for the smaller universities have obvious advantages which the larger universities cannot hope to emulate. Hundreds of students, it is true, may be stimulated by oral lectures if the professor has the power of touching humanity in the mass, but, if not, the hundreds may go to sleep. Modern university teaching no longer depends on lecturing to masses. Practical work, hospital work, laboratory work, experimental teaching, outdoor work, and discussions form an important part, and with small numbers this kind of work is more effective. In spite of the liberal ideas of Jena, the attitude towards women students was for many years retrograde. Jena was one of the last of the German universities

to admit women. The old Grand Duke of Weimar, the official head of the Jena University, was opposed to women students, and in spite of more than one appeal from English and American women who begged leave to study in Jena he remained obstinate to the end. The professors, however, were more cordial, and they welcomed women, and gave them such facilities as was possible outside the university. Fifteen years ago, some of us attended philosophical lectures held in the lunatic asylum by a distinguished professor, who wished to admit women to his classes and could not offer them the hospitality of the university lecture-rooms. After the death of the old duke, women were admitted on the same terms as men.

The atmosphere of the place exercises the same exhilaration as in the old days; a surprisingly fresh intellectual life pulsates within the town, and when you find yourself in the charmed Jena circle, desires at once awake, and you set yourself to write, to paint, to create, or, if you cannot do these things yourself, you teach others to do them.

The students' songs seek to express the satisfaction of life in Jena:

> Und in Jena lebt sich bene,
> Und in Jena lebt sich gut.

Many picturesque bits of old Jena still remain in spite of the progress, with its inevitable destruction. The most characteristic is the Johannesthor, with a glimpse through the old archway of the ancient Burgkeller. The Fürstengraben is the glory of Jena. Here are the old university buildings, and the botanical gardens where the ever-industrious Goethe pursued his botanical studies. The Fürstengraben is broad, shaded with trees, and adorned with the busts of great men who once taught in the university. The university library and the famous Black Bear where Luther stayed when he fled from the Wartburg, and where Bismarck also dwelt, are situated on the Fürstengraben, and the new university on the site of the old castle is opposite the Black Bear. The formal opening will take place in July 1908, just 350 years after the foundation of the university. One portion, on the site of the house where Schiller gave his first lecture, is already completed, and a tablet is set up announcing 'Hier hielt Schiller 1789 seine erste Vorlesung.' Ideas have changed concerning the building of universities since many of them were founded. The new building in Jena is simple and beautifully proportioned, with archways and Norman

pillars, cloistered quadrangle and quaintly pitched roof of red tiles. It is built of grey stone. The inside of the finished portion is, as a Jena professor said to me, ' of a style quite original.' On entering, one finds oneself in a delightful corridor, with white walls, exquisitely moulded ceiling, red-tiled floor, and a deep dado of soft blue tiles. The handsome doors to the various lecture-rooms are of oak with brass decorations, and a local grey marble from Wenigenjena is used for the stairways and balustrades ; and one is pleased to see that women as well as men are expected as future students. The new university is largely the gift of the ' Carl Zeiss Stiftung ' —a somewhat unique endowment—though the inhabitants of Jena, the Municipality of Jena, and the Government of Saxe-Weimar have contributed their respective shares.

One of the most remarkable buildings in Jena is the *Volkshaus und Lesehalle* (people's house and library), which was entirely built out of the same munificent endowment. This noble building is said to be unique in Europe. There is a magnificent hall, capable of holding 3000 people, and a fine organ ; a newspaper-room where one may find daily newspapers of all nations ; a magazine-room with about 360 magazines of various countries ; and certain rooms set apart for scientific, statistical, political and social, weekly, monthly, and quarterly papers culled from all the countries of the world. In addition to this current literature, there is a richly filled library, and also a room devoted to children's magazines and literature, where children are freely admitted. Rooms are provided for those who wish to smoke, studios for those who wish to paint, and darkrooms for those who wish to photograph. Collections of pictures are occasionally brought from Berlin, Munich, and other places to bring Art to the people ; and, in the winter, concerts and organ recitals are given. There are, also, numbers of roomy and well-fitted class-rooms for winter classes in various subjects, a physical laboratory, and museum of physical apparatus. An adequate sum is provided out of the same endowment for the upkeep of this remarkable institution. The whole of the place is open to the people of Jena, from early in the morning until late in the evening, without any fee whatever. This unique gift to the town was made by Ernst Abbe in memory of his friend and partner Carl Zeiss. The history of Jena during the latter half of the nineteenth century cannot be written without mention of these two great and good men. Carl Zeiss was a simple workman, who in 1846 established in Jena a modest workshop for the making of optical instruments. In

1866 Ernst Abbe, a young lecturer in the university, and afterwards professor of physics, entered into partnership with him. Abbe put his whole energy and specific knowledge into the business, which afterwards became the world-renowned firm for optical instruments. Zeiss was the practical man and Abbe the theorist; and it is difficult to say which to admire most in this partnership, the kindly tact of the experienced man towards the young professor, or the behaviour of the scientific scholar, with his rich ideas, towards the modest practical man. There are chapters in the history of practical optics, tragic in their ending, the result of misunderstandings between the practical and theoretical persons concerned; but Zeiss and Abbe give us a refreshing example of the unclouded success of such co-operation. Zeiss, the real founder of the firm, had character, personality, and intelligence, and Abbe, great on the human side, well knowing how to make his intellectual superiority serviceable to the common cause, was the founder in a higher sense, in that his scientific knowledge enabled the firm to produce work unrivalled in the world of practical optics. The goodness and greatness of both men have left in Jena an example of restraint, unselfishness, and nobility of character as rare in Germany as elsewhere. Abbe was a thoughtful and consistent Socialist, and after the death of Zeiss in 1888 he pondered on the problem of absolute justice in the disposal of the vast wealth at his command, for he regarded the business not as a private possession to enrich the individual, but as a sacred trust which he held for the benefit of the community.

The workmen, both of the optical-instrument factory and of the glass-works in connection with it, were happily situated. They enjoyed an eight-hours day, which after various experiments was concluded to be reasonable, and a share of the profits as well as other emoluments. Abbe's problem was twofold—first, the disposal of the vast wealth with strict justice, so that all concerned in the accumulation of it should be duly rewarded; and, secondly, the arrangements whereby the prosperous and ever-increasing business should be placed on a permanent basis for the benefit of all concerned.

The exclusive claims of capital on the one hand, and labour on the other, he regarded as altogether unreasonable. Both masters and workmen were entitled to maintenance, reward, a share of the profits, and provision for sickness and old age in a varying degree. In addition, he considered there were two impersonal factors equally concerned in the production of the wealth, and equally meriting

reward—science, and the circumstances in which the business had arisen. Science was represented by the university, and the circumstances by the people of Jena : hence the generous gifts to the university and to the townsfolk of Jena. Ernst Abbe died in 1905 as consistent a Socialist as he lived. Simple was his manner of living, and simple was his provision for his family. Five thousand pounds each was all that he left to his widow and his two daughters. This he claimed as his own maintenance and reward. The name of Zeiss he attached to the institution and the endowment which had contributed so much to the prosperity and welfare of the university and the town. The economist, interested in the manner of the disposal of the property, may read an illuminating little work, 'Das Zeisswerk und die Carl-Zeiss-Stiftung in Jena,' by Professor Auerbach. The writer has revealed to us Ernst Abbe as a Socialistic thinker and a large-hearted man. Wise and generous regulations are made for the continuation of the business, the aim being to further practical optics, and not to make a large personal profit. New branches may be opened up elsewhere, but the main business must remain in Jena; new enterprises may be embarked upon, but they must bear on the main business—the making of optical instruments. A committee of from two to four members manages the institution and its endowments, and one must be selected from the staff of the instrument-factory and another from the staff of the glass-works. The State is made responsible for seeing that the regulations are carried out. It is represented by a Government official paid by the institution, who may in no way interfere with the business, but must see that the original statutes are carried out.

It would be pleasant to tell of the walks on the hills around Jena, of the flowers that grow there, of the yellow cornfields reddened with poppies, of the wild clematis rioting with the stately purple monkshood, of the blue haze lying over the valley and the town, with the sun raining white rays upon it seen through a shimmer as elusive as the rainbow colours on a fly's wing, of the beech-leaves turning a tawny orange, and the maples shooting out red arms, of the deep peace in the pine-woods and the unexpected things one meets in one's rambles—a blue-garbed peasant-woman, for instance, with a deep basket on her back from which issued soft grunts and little complaining squeals. 'What have you in the basket?' you ask, and the woman smiles and says 'Schweinchen,' and shows you two trembling pink baby pigs. Or it may be, if the time is

in mid August, you may meet Orlando pinning verses on the trees, and reciting in laboured English, paying more attention to his pronunciation than his passion—

> Carve on every tree,
> Ze fair, ze chaste, ze unexpressive she;

and while you marvel what it is all about, you come upon an open space in the pine-wood, pierced by shafts of sunlight, and there are the whole company pretending to 'live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.' There is a perfectly delightful Touchstone with a face like a benediction and a tawny red beard, a stolid German Audrey, and an English Rosalind, and every one of the company carries a cheap copy of 'As You Like It' and either reads or follows with patient precision. When the scene was read, with a setting that made up in appropriateness for what the reading lacked in intonation and accent, Rosalind told them the end of the story. 'In comedy,' she concluded, 'everybody marries happily and everybody repents.'

'Zat is perhaps ze reason of the title "As You Like It,"' remarked Touchstone approvingly, and in the discussion which followed on the locality of the Forest of Arden Rosalind shamelessly gave her opinion that it might have been in this very spot, for Shakespeare could not have found one more suitable in the wide world. If you care to inquire further, you will learn that the party belonged to the English class of the University Summer Extension Meeting, and they attended English lectures in the morning and roamed the hills and forests towards sunset with their teacher, reading their Shakespeare when they found their Forest of Arden.

CATHERINE I. DODD.

THE DRUM ECCLESIASTIC.

'Glory for all, and Heaven for those who bleed.'

'THREE ha'pence and tuppence, three ha'pence and tuppence,' hammered a horse's hoofs, faint, yet distinct and monotonous on the rough metalled road that wound down the Kundar Valley, in the frontier province of Yaghistan. An orderly cantering apace on a frontier road was no new thing, but there was a tired sound in the cadence that echoed harmony to the ideas floating unspoken in the minds of two British officers leaning over the rampart of the frontier post of Sinjabi.

It was late summer in '97, that fateful year in India when the fiery cross flew round the border, when the Amir of Kabul almost openly preached *Jihad*[1] and a Crescentade, and tribe after tribe, where least expected, rushed to arms and attacked the nearest British posts that fringed their frontier for close on a thousand miles.

To bang the drum ecclesiastic, even in Europe, is to raise such trouble that no man knows where it will end. In India, of all places, will the echo rise and fall—north, south, east, and west—and from the viceroy's palace to the law-courts, and from the regimental lines to the merchant's office, the heart of the Mussulman beats in response. The native assistant-commissioner or sessions judge, immersed in law and regulation and troubles of a county twice the size of Yorkshire, hears the drum roll, pauses amidst the pleader's wrangling, and dreams of the brave days of old, and how Mahmud of Ghuzni swept the land for the glory of God and His Prophet; of how fat Brahmins fell to the believer's sword or accepted the painful rite of conversion; how the faithful felled the idols and ruled the land to their great advantage, when Hindu pleaders who wasted a judge's time would have received short shrift from a sharp sword instead of wearing stand-up collars and spring-side shoes. And here the judge perhaps looked at his own English shoes, and the neat English notes he had made on the case before him, and awoke once more to the flowing periods

[1] A religious war.

of the 'barishtar-at-law,' thought of his salary, and decided to wait awhile. But the heart had beat in time to the tune, 'La Allah ha, illah Allah ho, o Muhammad rasul al Allah.'[1]

In the merchant's office in Calcutta the doorkeeper also heard the drum, and remembered his Afghan forebears, and the old green sash packed away with the silver bangles beside the illuminated Quoran, and talked to the police sergeant of the hereditary officers of the Great Moghul, and whether the old families would ever come to their own, and the faithful rule the Hindu (and incidentally the British) as in the good days gone; while from the mosque rang out the cry of the muezzin, 'Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep.'

In fanatical Patna the drum had beat to some purpose. A steady stream of rupees had set towards the church militant, and thin-lipped, high-browed men, with thin moustaches and ragged beards, slipped daily into the third-class carriages that rolled them to the Northern Provinces. In the Panjab unrest was even more manifest. Young men had disappeared from the peaceful Indus villages; open sedition was preached in the big towns. Had not the Turk, the army of the Khalif, actually beaten in war the Christian Greeks, in defiance of Christian Europe? Old officials spoke of the unrest that had stirred when the Maiwand defeat and the trouble at Sherpur had aroused echoes throughout Hindustan, and of the Mahdi's rise.

Every hill road poured a stream of tongas bringing officers back from leave in the Himalayas, hurrying to rejoin their regiments. Fortunately the fiery cross on the border and the roll of the priestly drum could not travel against the good electric telegraph. On the border the storm had burst in the centre, and again away in the north—everywhere where least expected.

In the native army war had a pleasant prospect: it meant amusement and excitement, honours and rewards, and the old fighting spirit to the fore again; but for the Muhammadan soldiery there was a skeleton at the feast. The rumour had spread that this war was no kicking against the pricks, no goading at the tax-master, but *Jihad*, a solemn religious war, conversion by the sword, the overthrow of the Cross and the triumph of the Crescent and the Prophet. Loyalty to their officers and to their oaths dragged one way, backed by the habit of discipline; their religion, in its re-echo to conquering tradition, the other. Sons of the

[1] 'There is but one God, and Muhammad is His Prophet.'

Crescent and yet ruled by the Cross—here was the disturbing thought. Wisdom said 'Tarry,' and the drum said 'Come.'

Away at the frontier post of Sinjabi, in the Kundar Valley, the effects of the drum had not been realised. The two British officers on the rampart knew that the tribes were flickering into rebellion all the border round, and that trouble might come their way too. That very day, while the relief of the Malakand was in progress, a telegram had reported an actual tribal inroad in the Peshawur Valley, and homesteads sacked and burnt; and at any moment the flame might burst out in the Kundar Valley. Up that very valley a small force of four hundred rifles and two guns was making a tour as escort to a political agent who controlled the tribes, and the lull in the Kundar seemed all the more suspicious in the light of the fire on the more northern border.

Down below the rampart, in the barracks in the horn-work, mighty influences were at work. Sinjabi was the headquarters of the Kundar militia, a purely Muhammadan corps largely enlisted from across the border—set a thief to catch a thief—like the old Black Watch on that other lawless Highland border a century and a half ago.

Three British officers kept twelve hundred wild men together in some imitation of the discipline of a regular corps. After the trio came their friend and zealous coadjutor Subahdar-major Allahdad Khan Tiwana, a native of the Panjab Salt Range, and senior native officer of the corps. He, having served through seven campaigns from trooper to rissaldar in Christie's Silladar Horse, had now come as senior native officer to the newly formed militia with the express purpose of training the mounted portion of that corps. In five years he had gained immense influence over the men of the corps. Afridis, Mahsuds, Turis, Khataks, and men of similar hard-bitten races all bowed to the influence of the strong and upright horse-soldier from the Salt Range. To his British officers he was a true comrade, on the terms of most affectionate equality, yet never forgot his position as subordinate to the least of the masters at whose hands influence and honour had come to him.

It was not altogether his prowess as a soldier or the prestige of his position that gave him his ascendency, nor the two deep scars on his forehead that told of the rough-and-tumble charge into the Duranis in the Chardeh Valley, nor yet his skill with sword and rifle. Allahdad Khan was an upright man, who feared God and His Prophet, kept the law, and read the Quoran nightly,

expounding the same at times in his village mosque and in the musjid by the barrack gate. Therefore it was that all men looked up to him as a leader not only in his corps, but in every garrison and every village where he was known—and that meant three parts of the Panjab border.

Never before had Allahdad Khan heard the drum ecclesiastic beaten in *Jihad*; and now, for ten days past and more, letters had been pouring in to him from half the cantonments in Upper India and many a Salt Range village besides. And the question asked was this: 'Was this really a *Jihad*? Was it the Crescent against the Cross? Was it time for all Mussulman soldiery to desert the Sirkar they had served so long, and join in the wild rush for faith, and it might be loot, against the unbeliever? Could the good old times be returning?'

And Allahdad Khan was much perplexed, and a glance at his face will give the clue. Clear blue eyes, unfaded with age, looked from under a brow beetling with strength of character and straight purpose; but a long thin nose, a sparse grey moustache with the lower hairs shaved, and thin tight-closing lips denoted the religious fanatical spirit, at rest perhaps, but present. It was the face of the earnest, relentless Jesuit priest, even of the martyr at the stake. At the back of the man's every-day character, and from behind the blue eyes, shone out the religious fervour which at any time could swamp all other traits.

His father had ridden in the Derajat with Herbert Edwardes, and later to Delhi with Cureton's Horse. The army of Hindustan, Hindus and Mussulmans both, had risen against their masters, but there had been no recognised cry of *Jihad*, and the Mussulmans of the Panjab had helped the masters to recover their own. This was a different case. At his beck nine-tenths of the militia corps would join the enemy. There should be no actual mutiny; the men would melt away to join the rightful side. At his answering advice half the corps in Upper India would do the same, and many a village send its lads, ay, and its old men too, for the matter of that, to the holy war. But then, what about his sahibs, true soldier comrades to him? Ah, well, perhaps it would be enough if he went himself, and was killed for the sake of his faith. But then had not God given him influence to bring his co-religionists to the path of duty? But which duty? Was ever man so perplexed? Heaven and hell, love and duty, old association and the lust of power that haunts true men, all pulling in different directions

and dulling the instinct of faith to 'the salt.' That very day a telegram from a Muhammadan centre had reached him, asking for early reply to their letter; and a well-known moulvi had written much in the words of the Scripture, 'If the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall the salt be salted?' Ay, and yet the salt had *not* lost its savour. Had not he and the sahib upstairs ridden together in a 'Todtenritt' once already? Should he be untrue to his salt, he whom only last year the great war lord had shaken by the hand and called brother?

And so the Subahdar-major paced up and down the small verandah of his quarter, as many a man so placed has done before; and above, the two sahibs listened with apprehension to the rise and fall of the tired cadence on the metalled road, that now rose clearer across the ford—'Three ha'pence and tuppence, three ha'pence and tuppence.' Outside the fort gate the two pipers of the corps were playing the sun down behind the great snow-peak to the west, to an air learned from a Highland regiment at Peshawur. In the barracks the men were all wondering what Allahdad Khan thought of this disturbing cry of *Jihad*. With a last wild skirl the 'Barren Rocks' on the pipes gave way to the Afghan *dole* and *surnai* (drum and chaunter); and the march of the corps, the well-known lawless Kabul love-song of 'Zakhmi dil,'[1] lilted over the fort to the upper ramparts and the officers' quarters, and a weary horseman dropped from his horse at the gateway and demanded the sahib. Something had happened, that was evident to the men loitering in the square; but the newcomer was a Sikh, and therefore sworn enemy of all frontier Muhammadans, despite the bond of the British, and silently and stiffly followed the non-commissioned officer of the guard to the keep, handing a draggled note to Major Allard, who commanded. 'Sahib,' said he, stolid though weary, 'there has been a big fight, and many sahibs are killed.'

'Talk to him, Caunter, while I read,' said Allard to his companion. And the note read as follows:

DEAR ALLARD,—We were attacked while halted at midday to-day, at a Zilli Khel village, by several hundred tribesmen, after the political agent had held a *jirga*[2] of local chiefs. Bourne and Carstairs and Jones the doctor have been killed, and poor Ellis is wounded and left out. I am too badly hit to ride or walk. We have lost one gun, and fired away nearly all our ammunition. A lot of men have been killed. About half the party are here with me. We have got

[1] 'The Bleeding Heart.' [2] Tribal assembly.

back about four miles, and are too done to go any further, and are entrenching this village. We can't get any further without help and ammunition. Subahdar Sher Singh commands, as I can't. The men are behaving splendidly.—Yours,

A. E. CAMPBELL.

Pai Khel village. 5 P.M.

'Read that,' said Allard to Caunter, turning to the Sikh. 'How far off is the sahib?'

'Eleven miles,' said the man. 'At Pai Khel village they have water, but very little ammunition. I rode Campbell sahib's pony.'

Men who live on the border marches don't take long to make up their minds, and the north-west frontier of India is as good a school for the rough-and-tumble form of soldiering as is to be found in this empire of ours. Three minutes sufficed for Allard.

'Caunter, we must start at once. Your two guns will come, and as many men as I can get together. Subahdar-major,' shouted he to the yard below, 'come up here at once, please.' There was a rasp in his voice that brought that dreaming old soldier to his bearings at once.

'Sahib,' replied he; and came up the steps two at a time.

'Allahdad Khan, there is trouble beyond Kundar. The Zilli Khel have "chappaoed"[1] Major Carstairs' force, and many have been killed. I shall start in two hours' time to bring in the remnant, who are with Campbell sahib at Pai Khel. How many men are now in the post?'

'Five hundred and twenty, sahib, and fifty troopers.'

'Very well, I will take four hundred rifles and forty sabres. Subahdar Shera Khan will command the post in my absence. We take two days' rations, one hundred rounds a man, and twenty boxes of ammunition. The doctor babu must come with two panniers. Thirty-five troopers are to go off at once and occupy the Tangdarra Pass till we come up.' The old man repeated his orders, saluted, and swung down the steps, mullahs and *Jihads* safely stowed away at the back of his busy brain for the time being. 'Now, Caunter, come and get some grub.' And the two sat down to a meal that would be their last for many hours.

Allard was too old a soldier to get on the telegraph line till his nerves had settled, though there was an office in the room below him; and the meal, and Caunter's version of the trouble

[1] Ambushed.

as obtained from the Sikh, gave him time to view matters in their proper proportion.

'Campbell seems all right till we get there,' said he. 'I won't push on to Pai Khel till daylight unless we hear firing. We can hang up at that open *kach* by Spinwam, two miles this side of it, and send a couple of Afridis to try and get through. Strikes me the whole of this flaming frontier is going pop. Allahdad Khan has been a bit queer for the last week, but the prospect of a row has brightened him up. We shall get to Spinwam by three or four o'clock with luck. These noblemen round here will hardly be up yet, and they know the brigade from Asni can be here in a couple of days. If there is a *Jihad* the fat will be in the fire; but it's all in the day's pay, Caunter, old bird.'

He did not add, what he knew full well, that if there was a *Jihad* half and more of his own men would desert; that also was included in the pay. Besides, who cares to speak of his lady's shame? And Allard held his corps in very high esteem, for all its faults.

Major James Allard, who had now commanded the Kundar militia for close on five years, was one of the very best type of officers that the old frontier force, that premier school of rough-and-ready soldiers, had turned out. Tall and spare, with close-cropped reddish hair and closely trimmed moustache, a grey eye and a weather-beaten face, he looked what he was, a straight-dealing, resourceful soldier, of perhaps thirty-five years of age. There are plenty such who serve in India from father to son, father to son, doing work that money cannot buy, and each generation poorer in their country's service than the one before; but they never fail in the hour of need.

'Caunter, old bird,' was a senior subaltern of Mountain Artillery, that branch of the Royal Regiment whose work begins where that of the Field Artillery ends, at the foot of jagged ridge and knife-edge spur. His chief characteristics were his love for his equipment and the selected mules that carried it, and his skill with a Castle Connell rod in any waters, and more especially those of the Kundar. The prospect of loosing off his pug pieces at the bad man pleased him exceedingly, and his keen face wore an expression of some content as, after a hurried meal, he went off to see that all was ready in his mud-floored gun-park.

Allard followed him to indite a telegram to the nearest military commander, the brigadier at Asni, six-and-thirty miles down the

Kundar, repeating it to the chief civil authority, under whom he, as a militiaman, actually was. It ran as follows:

Carstairs' escort with Ellis at Muhammad Kot, in Zilli Khel country, treacherously attacked at a *jirga* (*stop*). Most officers killed; Campebll with remnant have escaped to Pai Khel, eleven miles from here (*stop*). I am going out at once with forty sowars four hundred rifles and two guns (*stop*). Anticipate no difficulty in bringing them in (*stop*). The Ubar Khel round here seem quiet; suggest movable column coming here at once. Addressed G.O.C. Asni; repeated Commissioner.

'That will stir them up without starting a panic,' quoth he, and busied himself with getting out maps and preparing his personal equipment, finally going to the lines to see if all was in train to turn out.

The time he had allowed would barely suffice for preparation and the evening meal, and, as he knew, would leave little opportunity for discussing the news. Action of some kind was imperative, and the Afridi companies he had already discovered to be restless. Fortunately Allard was a shrewd observer, and a man of sympathy besides. The religious side of Allahdad Khan's character he had understood and appreciated, and had also realised that there must be some trouble in the old man's head. That was why he had decided to take him, rather than leave him in the important charge of the attenuated garrison of Sinjabi. As for Allahdad himself, the thin lips had relapsed from their grip; and now he was much concerned with issuing orders, so that the noise of the drum ecclesiastic was drowned for the time. Action is always a sound stimulant.

On the narrow parade ground at ten p.m. the militia companies were rapidly forming as Allard stepped out of the gate, while the regular artillery were filing out of the horn-work, in the light of the waning moon. In ten minutes' time Allahdad Khan reported all ready, and, in less than two hours from the arrival of the bad news, four hundred rifles and two mountain guns had responded to the demand for help, as the policeman answers to the whistle.

As he gave the order to march, a 'clear-the-line' telegram was put into his hand from the brigadier-general at Asni: 'Good luck; have full confidence in you; movable column will reach Sinjabi to-morrow night.' It is well to receive hearty support, and as Allard showed Caunter the message he said, 'Good old boy, General Brownlow; does not stick his toes in.'

Down from the post swung the party along the graded zigzag

to the river below, and the thin mist rising in the bright moonlight, silent but for the jink of the mountain gun mules, with rifle barrels glinting, to disappear in the dark shadow by the ford.

After crossing the ford the party settled down into a steady, silent tramp, no advanced guard, but a half company in single file, then a half company in file, and then the main body all in close touch, with no chance of losing connection, and no vulnerable head. Thirty troopers had slipped on ahead an hour earlier to hold a narrow gorge through which the column must pass, and so long as no bad news came from them there was not much to fear.

The little force tramped on steadily past ricefield and rocky stream bed and tribal tower, past the old Græco-Bactrian post and town that Basileus Menandros had failed to hold against just such tribes as the Zilli Khel of other days, with an unchanging thresh and swish. Allahdad Khan had dropped back half-way down the column, and, away from Allard's influence and whispered conversation, the echo of the drum had once more forced its way from the back to the front of his brain. As the troops had been turning out, and the news of the trouble had passed round, one man, a Eusufzai, had shouted 'Din! Din! Fatteh Muhammad!' [1] and had been seized by the throat by the Subahdar-major, and half throttled, half cuffed into silence. Whatever his own feelings might be, Allahdad Khan would allow no one to lead him—and he had not made up his mind. But the disciplined tramp of the men, Allard's quiet and confident air, the jink and stamp of the highly trained artillery had all appealed to the old soldier's instinct of discipline and memory of war. As he stepped out to the swing of his men and brooded, he made high resolve that his religious feelings should not bring the corps he had helped to shape so well to shame and disgrace in the eyes of the masters. He would slip away himself, and die a martyr's death for the faith if need be . . . and yet what better faith for a soldier than to follow blind the cause of a race that produced such men as Allard sahib, and Barton sahib, his old colonel in Christie's Horse; or Lurard sahib his adjutant, who had ridden beside him in the charge down the Chardeh Valley? And then the drum rolled again, and he thought of the moulvi's letter, 'If the salt has lost its savour,' and of all the true Moslims who had asked his advice. Should he lead the whole militia to glory and Paradise—'Glory for all, and Heaven for him who bleeds'—and advise all Mussulman soldiers to do the

[1] 'The true faith, and victory to Muhammad.'

same? 'There is no God but God, and Muhammad is His Prophet,' and a young sahib in a kilted regiment at Peshawur had called him a dog on the railway platform only the other day! Had the salt lost its savour?

'Subahdar-major sahib! ohe Khan Jee! Major sahib ap ko bula te hain!'[1] came down the ranks. Allard had noticed that the old man had left him, and he particularly did not want him left alone. A man whose chief companions in life were a scatter-gun, a spaniel bitch, and a foul bubbly pipe, he had wandered much alone, while peering at mankind from under his deep-set eyebrows; and, as has been said, he had some shrewd inkling of what might be the trouble in his old comrade's head. So he had passed the word down the column for him; and the old man scrambled on his horse and jogged up to the front, to be engaged in constant talk that distracted his attention all night, carefully calculated to that end.

Six miles from Sinjabi they came to the *Gat* of Kairu, where two troopers sprang up from the silent shadow of overhanging rock to say that all was well and the defile secured, while three wayfarers had been stopped pending the *Huzur's* orders. Through the pass, the force halted, to close up and rest a moment.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and the waning moon stood high overhead; yet in the clear crisp air the stars shone bright, and Antares flickered red in Scorpio in sympathy with the red scene of yesterday. Five miles to Spinwam still remained, and then a halt till dawn in that comparatively open space; for it is ill approaching a friendly force at night, especially when that force has had its nerves rudely shaken. It was close on four o'clock, and the false dawn faintly showing, when Allard finally brought his little force to a halt in the *kach* of Spinwam, after swiftly surrounding two tribal loopholed towers that guarded the standing corn. The towers once occupied, the inhabitants secured and picquets posted, the force lay down to doze, as best it could, all save Allard and the Subahdar-major, who paced up and down listening for any sound of firing. Rifle shots echo far in the small hours.

At the first fair glimmer of dawn Allard roused his men. Pai Khel was a mile and a half on, three-quarters through open fields, closing in to a gorge where the stream had cut a conglomerate range for a quarter of a mile, and again out into the open *kach* in which stood Pai Khel. The fanatic Ghazi likes to die, if

[1] 'The major is calling you.'

die he must, with the rising sun in his eyes, and an attack on the remnant in that village might take place at any moment. So the whole force advanced at a jog trot, and as they emerged from the gorge a shot rang out, followed by a ragged volley.

'Timed it nicely,' muttered Allard, as they instinctively came to a halt, while the village of Pai Khel could be clearly seen vomiting flashes from every corner, to answering flashes from the rock and scrub around. Suddenly from a hollow a couple of hundred yards off the village, a knot of some fifty swordsmen advanced on the village at a run. Not much time for thinking. 'Cut those Ghazis off with the cavalry, Allahdad; get to the right of them, while I clear the nullah bank!'

So intent were the tribesmen on mopping up the remnant that had escaped them yesterday that Allard's arrival had not been noticed. Allard himself, leading two companies at a double, had made for the left nullah bank and gained cover. Caunter, escorted by two companies, had got his guns on to a small kopje eight hundred yards from the village, and promptly dropped a couple of fleecy shrapnel among the Ghazis, who broke, to be chased by Allahdad Khan, in whom desire for action now beat fiercer than the drum of religion, his father's sword in his hand, and his men in open order at his heels.

As soon as Allard had seen the red flash of Caunter's guns he led his men from the cover he had taken, at a run, against the hostile riflemen lining the river bank opposite the village. As they topped the rise that hid them from view, he had shouted to his piper, 'Skirl, you devil, skirl like blazes!' and the pipes and *surnai* shrieked, and the drummer banged the drum military, and with yells of delight the militia advanced at the double against the enemy, who fled without waiting for impact. Broken at the surprise, many fell from the steady file firing that ensued, and as they made for the spurs of the adjacent hills Caunter's shrapnel spattered among them.

From Pai Khel across the river bed rose a feeble cheer, and as it came down on the wind the big snow peak of Ekbai caught glint of the rising sun in answer, and the dying Ghazi had his wish, his last moment spoilt, however, by the growing strength of the cheer. To change from the set teeth of the last ditch to the joy and shout of victory is a revulsion that few can experience, and to those that have there is no sensation left worth feeling. To the men of the relieving militia the satisfaction at being on the

winning side had stifled for the time the religious feeling, and relievers and relieved fraternised heartily.

It is ill catching tribesmen on the run in their own hills, and the remnant of Ghazis and the bulk of the riflemen had got beyond the reach of the sabre. So the militia amused themselves with fancy firing at the disappearing specks, and the piper strutted in front of the village blowing 'Hey, Johnnie Cope' for all he was worth, without a thought of the meaning, though he thoroughly understood the humour of the situation. And all the while from the kopje Caunter's shrapnel roared and hummed to the spurs and gullies up which the bad men tried to efface themselves. The effect may have been little, but it added tone to the victory, which had at present cost but seven men wounded, so vast is the difference between attacking and being attacked, especially east of Suez.

And now Allard found time to go to the village, to find poor Campbell in his dooly and see the remnant. And a sturdy remnant he found them too, despite their heavy losses, Sikh and Dogra and Afridi, all of the Third Panjab Infantry, and the one saved gun. The story was a pitiful tale of treachery and over-confidence, with some considerable want of proper precaution on the part of the officer in command, whose life had paid in part for his error. It is always pardonable to be defeated, but never to be surprised.

Three miles up the valley from Pai Khel it had happened, some eighteen hours before, and though several of the wounded had been brought in by the remnant, alas! some few must have remained out, and all the dead. The doctor had been the first killed; and poor Bourne, commanding the guns, had been twice hit, and his native farrier had held the ends of a severed artery while he fought his guns with case and inverted shrapnel, till the farrier too was badly hit, when Bourne, as loss of blood wore him out, ordered his guns back. . . . A fine tale, my masters, as many will remember. One gun had lain where its mule had fallen, but the wheels and carriage had been brought in. Then, after the first wild hurly-burly and the fall of most of the officers, the remnant had shaken themselves together under a Dogra Subahdar of the staunch old Third Panjab Infantry, and had suddenly fallen back, bearing with them Campbell badly wounded and poor Jones's body, for they had but two doolies. They had rallied, and fought from bluff to spur for over three miles, and then, weary but defiant, had pulled up in Pai Khel, the Alisherzai village, having been left alone the last half mile in. A fine tale again, as is still remembered in the

Kundar Valley, a tale of the English who live to make mistakes and die to retrieve, as they ever will, till they do it once too often, 'or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain.' But if it is a fine tale of the English, it is a finer one of those they had taught to follow them.

Allard's plan soon crystallised. He had won a victory, and the tribes were shaken for the nonce. Up that valley he would go, horse, foot, and artillery, and bury his dead, and bring in the English bodies and the missing pug of war that had been lost with its dead gun mule. Perhaps, too, some wounded straggler might be hiding, but there would be no wounded left lying in the open—the swordsmen would have made sure of that. The native hospital assistant had tied up Campbell's wounds, and he and the rest of the wounded would remain at Pai Khel with a company of militia till Allard returned. The rest of the remnant, who pined for vengeance, should come with him as they had petitioned, and off he would go at once now that his men were rested, before the tribal courage should creep back to the tribal finger-tips.

And here Allahdad Khan rode up swearing inordinately, a red sabre hanging from his wrist while he bandaged a cut in his right fore-arm. The fanatical expression left his face whenever he opened his lips, and now he was nothing more than a soldier flushed with victory, that wine of finest bouquet. Habit and discipline and tradition, camaraderie and the lust of red blood have often trampled on more insistent emotions than the still small voice.

Little time was he given for his vein to change, for it was 'Up the valley, Allahdad, with your horsemen; number one company advanced guard and picquets. You've done jolly well, old soldier; rattle 'em again.' And off rode the old man, and off swung the companies, up the heights the picquets, and over the flat the advanced guard points.

As Allahdad Khan rode over the flats he passed the corpse of one of the tribesmen, a Snider bullet through the back for his pains, and round his head was a green turban, the sign of those that die for the faith. 'Glory for all, and Heaven for those who bleed.' Then once again the daddy-mammy roll of that infernal drum came to his mind—'Heaven for those who bleed.' But only for a moment, as from somewhere on the heights a rifle bullet whistled shrill past his ear, 'All flesh is grass.' 'God smite your soul to the nethermost hell,' swore the affronted sirdar, and the drumming died away from his brain.

The mounted men pushed up the valley at a steady canter, followed by those on foot. A mile and a half on Allahdad passed the dead body of a Sikh gunner, a short sword in his hand, but stripped and lying on his back horribly mutilated. The sirdar bit his lip. But—a Sikh and an Afghan—— Well, well, war is war and race hatred knows no limits, and he rode on. Half a mile on, behind a rough stone wall by a field of buckwheat, three more corpses lay, the last of a fight for life; one Mussulman gunner and two Afridis of the Third Panjab Infantry, stripped too, by Allah, and—horror of horrors!—savagely mutilated as had been the Sikh. But what is sauce for a Sikh is *not* sauce for a Moslim. Moslim may fight with Moslim all the world over, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as in the law of Moses; but for a true believer to *mutilate* the righteous dead! . . . And the scales fell away once and for all from the eyes of Allahdad Khan the Salt Ranger, and he knew that this war could be no *Jihad*. Men who could act as the Zilli Khel had acted could be but robbers and murderers turning against law and order; and he bitterly thought of the folly he had gone near to committing.

At this moment half a dozen of the enemy, who had been hunted by a flanking patrol from a lurking-place up on the hillside, and had fled down a spur to cross the valley, descended into the open, to which they stood committed, before they saw the Subahdar-major and his party. 'Talk about *Jihads*, eh,' muttered he, 'you misbegotten sons of burnt fathers'; and, forming line instinctively, the leading troop dashed at the confiding tribesmen. They too had seen the mutilated corpses, and all thought of religious war had left their minds. One old man of strong Jewish features and flowing beard threw away his long sharp knife and begged for quarter, but little he got. 'Fie, fie! Greybeards must die!' and die he did, as better men than he the noon previous. Up and down that open *kach* the remaining five Pathans were hunted, squealing before the sabre point—a tooth for a tooth again—and three fell to the wounded sword-arm of the Subahdar-major of militia, whilom rissaldar of Christie's Horse. . . . And thus was a hole kicked in the head of drum ecclesiastic.

Little remains to be told. Those six tribesmen were the last enemy that came within reach of avenging sword or rifle that day. The column soon reached the scene of the main conflict of yesterday.

If you had seen Dewetsdorp heights after the surrender, or the

mimosa slopes before Magersfontein kopjes, you would know what the ground looked like. If not, what good to describe it? But it may be remembered that troops were not allowed to see the veldt at Isandlana after that disaster, and the field was not tidied till many months later.

The poor hacked corpses were hastily buried, and the English *sahibs'* bodies brought home. The treacherous villages were left in flames; and it was seven that night and the dew falling before a weary but contented force returned to Pai Khel, bearing also the lost gun.

Allahdad Khan rode through at once to Sinjabi, with a telegram to the brigadier; and another message too flashed that night the length and breadth of the Panjab, to village and mullah and corps of the line, 'From Allahdad Khan, greeting. The *Jihad* is false.'

And thus was the war drum of Islam silenced for the time being; and yet it is to be doubted if to this day the British Government knows why the expected trouble fizzled out, or the effect on politics that resulted from the rough-hewing of the tribes on the corpses of their co-religionist. Allard alone had a shrewd idea, but, being a wise man, kept it to himself. Neither his nor his comrade's services were overlooked by Government.

G. F. MacMunn.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

'FATHER AND SON.'

THAT very remarkable work 'Father and Son' has been presented to the world as 'a document, a record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return,' and further, as 'the diagnosis of a dying Puritanism.' We may also, if we are so inclined, read the work more simply as 'the record of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and two epochs.' Wise readers will probably confine their attention to the latter aspect of the book, to the dramatic conflict between religious fanaticism and a temperament driven by equally imperative instincts to rule its tolerant course through life by 'æsthetic junctures.' No one who has read 'Father and Son' will need to be reminded of the exquisite touch with which the author has unfolded a story tragic in its essence, though humour predominates on the surface. The drama, to be candid, is more satisfying than the 'diagnosis,' which concerns itself chiefly with obvious symptoms rather than with any deep underlying cause. One can partly sympathise with this procedure, for the symptoms of the mental disease under consideration are undeniably picturesque, as indeed they have already been very generally recognised to be, in many fields of literature.

The author, in a few words of apology at the outset, guards himself against misunderstanding with regard to the element of humour contained in his presentment of a dying Puritanism. The precaution seems unnecessary. There must be few now who have not been taught to recognise absurdity in Puritanism, and perhaps to recognise in it little else. The Puritanism of early and mid Victorian days is as much out of fashion as the horsehair sofa against which this father and son of the early 'sixties knelt seeking enlightenment as to whether it was or was not the Lord's will that the younger petitioner should attend the Browns' party. Puritanism of this kind, and perhaps of all kinds, has long been in the trough of discredit; indeed, we are not yet wholly recovered

from some of the effects attending violent reaction, as more than one page of this book unconsciously testifies.

The faculty of private judgment seems to have been developed to an abnormal degree in both the author's parents. One by one every organised form of Protestant religion came under the ban of their disapproval, until at length they subsided into the little community of extreme Calvinists known to the world at large as the 'Plymouth Brethren.' By occupation and repute both belonged to the literary world, but were immeasurably removed from it in aims and ambitions and by the rigours of their creed. 'My parents,' says the author, 'lived in an intellectual cell bounded at its sides by the walls of their own house, but open above to the very heart of the uttermost heavens.' Such were the surroundings of the only child of the marriage, whose nature from the first prompted him to examine the rational walls of the intellectual cell rather than to explore the heart of the uttermost heavens. Very early we hear of searching questions on delicate points of theological doctrine. The five-year-old son of the house has been taught that we should pray for the things we need, and he will demand good reasons why he should not pray for a certain humming-top, since he is confident he needs the humming-top far more than the conversion of the heathen or the restitution of Jerusalem to the Jews. Or he will put to a practical test the 'jealousy' of his parents' God by the solemn invocation of an image of wood, composed of a chair hoisted on to one of the drawing-room tables. 'Oh, how I do hate that Law!' is the angry exclamation at a later date after reading in a certain chapter of Hebrews.

Obviously a child of this disposition will be far from comfortable under a 'dedication' sealing him from birth to the peculiar service of the Lord. That no open revolt took place until childhood had already passed, may, one supposes, be attributed on the one side to a genuine fatherly tenderness underlying the spiritual severities and apparent inhumanity of his home life, and, on the other, to a passion for imitation which succeeded the child's early instinctive revolt against the Law and the Prophets. At this point in the story, the author—in a passage which reminds one that spiritual tyrannies have given place to other arbitrary demands on youthful nature of which not the least oppressive is: 'Thou shalt be original'—pauses to explain that originality in early youth shows itself most clearly by close imitation of things said and done near at hand. This child at all events evinced his originality in an

orthodox manner by sedulous imitation not only of his father's scientific monographs and drawings, but of the sentiments and phraseology of the Saints, so that we find him in his eleventh year, with monitory vigour and effect, cross-examining his parent as to the religious standing of the lady who is coming to be his step-mother: 'Is she one of the Lord's children? Has she taken up her cross in baptism? Papa, don't tell me that she is a Pædobaptist!' It is hardly surprising that a little boy capable of discoursing in so edifying a manner should have already been made, as one by circumstances and nature peculiarly elect, an 'adult' member of the 'Brethren.' The public baptism which celebrated this event was the central point of the author's childhood. 'Everything since the earliest dawn of consciousness seemed to have been leading up to it. Everything afterwards seemed to be leading down and away from it.' The author's first experiences of fiction, of secular poetry, of the wonders of Greek art (the last occasion drawing from parental authority the ruthless dictum that there is 'nothing in the legends of these gods or rather devils that it is not better for a Christian not to know'), his first taste of liberty in the London world, these were the steps which led rapidly and inevitably to the final parting between two natures holding incompatible points of view.

One man derives his inspiration from supernatural sources alone, another is 'dependent upon the company of friends for the very pulse of moral life.' To one the Browns' party is the Browns' party and nothing more, to another it is a momentous occasion involving issues of spiritual life and death. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred sleep in confident expectation of awaking to a prosaic and familiar to-morrow; the hundredth, drunk with eternity, will bid his companion good-night, saying, 'with a sparkling rapture in his eyes, "Who knows? We may meet next in the air, with all the cohorts of God's saints!"' Between souls already worlds apart in thought it is sometimes well to put material space also, though there may be pain in the process. The pain in the instance recorded here is not likely to be overlooked, because of a certain grotesque comedy in the outward circumstances.

No one will grudge the author the plain-speaking in the end to which, he pleads, his long patience and forbearance entitle him. Whether the plain-speaking is precisely to the purpose is another matter. It would be difficult, one imagines, to support by historical proof the author's singular theory that the inclusion of philanthropic

activity in the category of saintliness is a comparatively late invention. Much also might be said on the characteristically modern assumption that philanthropy's concern is with the finite needs only of human nature; and on the doubtful justice of including that great motive force of philanthropic effort, Evangelicalism, in a sweeping condemnation of 'religion in a violent form,' which engages in the barren pursuit of 'vain chimerical ideals.' Plain-speaking, however, as an expression of personal opinion has always its value. 'It often amazed me, and I am still unable to account for the fact, that my father, through his long life, or till nearly the close of it, continued to take an eager pleasure in the text of the Bible,' writes the author in his epilogue, and the remark may be taken to sum up the limitations implied in the sub-title of the book.

Hardly less remarkable than the central figures in this drama of culture and fanaticism is the background against which they stand. That Puritanism has a fine flower as well as a bitter fruit is shown in the author's mother, who moves through the early chapters, a presence severe but lovely, Puritan in grain, of an inflexible, daring spirit, but gentle in speech and ways, sometimes even 'extremely gay, laughing with a soft merry sound.' Later, in the remote Devonshire village, we have an incongruous medley of human beings united by a common spiritual need. There is Mary Grace Burmington, the crippled spinster, who plays benevolence to the author's childhood, 'a very charming person.' There is James Sheridan Knowles, ex-comedian and poet, ending his days as a Baptist minister; there is Mrs. Jones, who sees Hell open beneath her feet at the wash-tub and the Devil holding out a long scroll inscribed with the record of her sins; there is a sprinkling of retired professional men, an Admiral even (what is the subtle connection between Puritanism and the sea?), and pious rustics, artisans, domestic servants, mostly in feeble health. Finally, at the very base of the little community of rigid sectarians, rests a tradition of certain storm-driven, soul-hungry Cornish fishermen, a romance of youth and beauty and religion, haunting the mind with its strange pathos like some old Irish saga.

All these things the author describes with inimitable skill and a quiet amused curiosity, such as might have been brought by an intelligent layman to a survey of the minute sea-creatures which in those days lined the tidal pools on the Devonshire coast, but have now long since vanished beneath the prying fingers of science and the conscientious collector. No less odd, no less insignificant,

and no less ephemeral are the fragments of humanity gathered together on an obscure spot inland. Strange, frail, and on the whole harmless manifestations of a vagary of the human mind, which, growing rank, swells sometimes into 'religion in a violent form,' a thing dreadfully disturbing to the domestic amenities and the comfort of small boys, dreadfully harassing to young men about to embark on the business of life. That is one way of looking at it. Or shall we see in these ignorant villagers, with their uncouth beliefs, a moral fervour, a strong sense of human obligation to the infinite and of the power of will over circumstance, which the world will not easily do without? By their 'oddities' these peasants have become significant, valuable, part of the main stream —linked also in a way, strangely enough, to the matters of that mythology which contains 'nothing that it is not better for a Christian not to know.' Puritanism is perhaps not altogether vanished like the rare sea anemones of the English sea-coast, or at least, unlike those relics of the past, may return in another shape. Perhaps also in the final estimate of nineteenth-century Puritanism something more will be found to say for it than that it exercised a destructive influence on the faith of a younger generation.

ELEANOR CECIL.

A STERNER FROISSART.

Here beneath resteth Sir George Chastellain of noble memory, who, after journeying in many lands and fighting in them all, came in the flower of his manhood into the service of the victorious Philip Duke of Burgundy, to be his pantler [1] and privy councillor, and thereafter chose, in the time of his age, the glorious task of commemorating the acts of this our late illustrious Sovereign, a task which he performed with such diligence and wisdom that every gallant gentleman who readeth his chronicles must keep in perpetual memory the deeds recorded therein. May his spirit live and reign in eternal felicity! Having finished seventy years he left this world on the twentieth day of March one thousand four hundred and seventy four. Pray ye the Most High for his soul.

SUCH was the epitaph, or rather such is my rude translation of the epitaph, which was placed over the tomb of one whom his contemporaries, knowing nothing of Tacitus, were fond of comparing to Virgil. It was perhaps the composition of Chastellain's disciple and continuator, Molinet. It was placed on a pillar 'on the left side as you enter' the Church of Notre Dame de la Salle-le-Comte, in the old palace of the Counts of Hainault in the city of Valenciennes. It was not an inappropriate place for the grave of the great historian; for Valenciennes had seen the birth of Froissart, and within the space of the lives of the two men was comprised all that was most worthy of commemoration in the story of the Low Countries. Church and palace alike disappeared (probably to make room for a new barrack) at the time of the Revolution, an event of which Sir George would have disapproved almost more than he disapproved of King Louis XI.

Chastellain was born at Alost in 1405, and was the offspring of two ancient but somewhat decayed families which had been famous in the time of the Crusades. He received an excellent education, and was still at the University of Louvain in his twenty-fifth year. From thence he set out on his travels, and his experiences gained him the surname of 'the Adventurous.' He certainly saw service in the Franco-English wars, and certainly in Italy; probably also in the conflict between Czech and Teuton, known as the Hussite War. He spoke and wrote quite good Italian; and, though Flamand was his native tongue, he wrote some of the most virile and

[1] *Panetier*, bread-bearer; hence our 'pantry.'

picturesque French ever put on paper. He was a diligent student of such Latin classics as were available, but even to the lettered Court of Philip the Good Greek had not penetrated during his lifetime. We gather that his 'travels and fighting in many lands' had resulted in little more than profound disappointment and disgust with the ways of men, and especially with the want of faith and honour in princes. Probably his services had been as often diplomatic as military, for we constantly find him employed upon missions, both open and secret, even after he had settled down in the service of his own sovereign. Anyhow, he came back from abroad very much of a pessimist; when he finds a man of truth and loyalty, such as his friend Peter de Brézé, successively Seneschal of Poitou and Normandy for Charles VII. and Louis XI., and champion and protector of the unfortunate Queen Margaret of England, he spares no pains to paint his character in the brightest colours. But he found few such; it was a bad age of bad men, and Chastellain did not scruple to say so.

It was in 1446 that he finally quitted the profession of arms and received his office of 'pantler' at the Burgundian Court. I do not think he actually carried a bread-basket, though his wages were only seven sous a day. Oliver de la Marche, another famous chronicler of that Court, was also an 'escuyer panetier,' and his wages were even lower—three-halfpence a day. Both were, in fact, professional diplomatists, and the sous were only a retaining fee, supplemented by constant 'tips' of a much more substantial kind. In 1455 Chastellain received the office of Historiographer (Indiciaire), a lodging in the old palace of Valenciennes above mentioned, and a salary of six hundred and fifty-seven livres a year. The Court of Philip the Good was then at the height of its splendour; the cities of Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, and Artois at the height of their prosperity. The object of the Dukes of Burgundy, who by various titles had become masters of all this splendid inheritance, was practically to create a 'middle kingdom' between France and Germany, not unlike that which the wisdom of Pitt afterwards marked out in the last great treaty made before his death; a kingdom which was actually realised between 1815 and 1830, but overthrown in the latter year by a quite unnecessary revolution, and which may one day again come to be realised as the only possible solution of the state of tension between France and Germany.

In the fifteenth century it was too late or too early for such

a kingdom. The great and growing fact of the age was the French monarchy. Even in her deepest degradation, during the Hundred Years' War with England, France had bitten off and swallowed large pieces of what had once been territory of the Holy Roman Empire; and she would have bitten off much more had not one of her kings (John, of Poitiers fame) endowed one of his younger children with the appanage of the Duchy of Burgundy. Chastellain's Duke Philip was the grandson of this younger son of France. His father had been murdered by Charles VII., when the latter was Dauphin, and the murder had thrown Philip into the arms of the English, on whose side he fought against his French cousins till 1435. Hence came the unpopularity of the Burgundians among the French people. 'Ugh! You stink of herrings,' the Parisians would shout in the early days after the Peace of 1435, when they saw a Low Country man in the street. But Philip had always been uneasy about his English alliance, and Chastellain, who is so much of a Frenchman that England is always to him 'the enemy,' constantly protests that in his latter years his Duke desired nothing so much as to undo the mischief done in his youth, and to live as a dutiful French prince. Much as Chastellain admires the masculine virtues and sobriety of the victor of Agincourt, he sees, as Froissart never saw, the utter wickedness of the English attacks on France: 'Henry V. was either a tyrant, let loose on God's people, or a just claimant of his own title; I leave to God to decide which'; but it is not difficult to see what the writer's real opinion is. When he comes to tell the story of Henry's death, he brings up a 'holy hermit,' who had predicted that death to the King a year before, unless he would stop from his 'cruel treatment of this Christian people of France, whose cries under thy flail have gone up to God's throne.' But the King held the words of the hermit to be *mere gas* ('tint les paroles de l'hermite à gas'[1]). The French kings, 'from their constant distrust,' thinks the chronicler (from their natural desire, as we now see, to repair the damage done by King John), made the loyalty of Duke Philip a very difficult thing, and that of Philip's son and successor, Duke Charles the Bold, almost an impossible thing.

Chastellain, then, as 'Historiographer-ducal,' set out to write

[1] This is, so far as I know, the earliest use of the word which in modern French has become 'gaz.' Both Dr. Murray and Littré say the word was invented by the seventeenth-century chemist Van Helmont, the former saying that it was modelled on 'chaos' and the latter on 'geist.' Lettenhove has a note on the word as it occurs in the above passage, in which he translates it by 'moquerie.''

the deeds of Duke Philip from the date of his accession on his father's murder (1419), and of Duke Charles after him; and there is every reason to suppose that the 'Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne,' as its final title must have been, ran continuously from that date to the chronicler's own death. He wrote a great many other things, both in prose and verse; but the 'Chronique' is the only one that concerns us now.

He had no doubt been collecting materials for many years, and possibly some part of the work was composed before his official appointment. He knew everybody; from the King of France and the Queen of England down to the humblest diplomatic agent everyone supplied him with materials; and his work was eagerly read in manuscript by everyone as soon as the sheets appeared. In prose and in verse his contemporaries constantly describe him as a writer unparalleled since the great days of antiquity. Finally as a crown of his labours he was knighted in the last year of his life by Charles the Bold, at a Chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Yet the astonishing thing is that this chronicle was never printed, and that all trace of it was lost until the year 1825. And this is the more remarkable from the fact that the author had evidently heard of the art of printing; for in one passage he prophesies the rapid multiplication of books and his own immortality by that means.

What is the reason of this curious neglect? It seems to lie in the subsequent history of his country. Chastellain might write the most exquisite French, he might protest, as he constantly does, his love of France, he might live and die in the service of a prince of the French blood-royal; but at heart he remained a Fleming. There is a passage in which he contrasts with the tyranny of the French kings the excellent 'guaranteed' government of the Low Countries; he speaks of the attachment of all classes there to their ancient charters, privileges, and institutions, and of the proud loyalty of the Flemish noblesse, 'la plus féable du monde.' Readers of Goethe's splendid tragedy of 'Egmont' will recall the fact that even a German, in an age when Germans despised patriotism as an 'heroic weakness,'[1] could appreciate and record that loyalty as it existed as late as the third quarter of the sixteenth century. And, indeed, Chastellain might well be proud of the contrast he describes. In his early years the peace and prosperity of the Burgundian dominions, contrasted with the desolation and misery of France,

[1] 'Eine heroische Schwachheit, davon ich mich gern entbehre' (Lessing).

ruined by the English wars, were in the same ratio as is the condition of modern England to that of modern Turkey. Yet Flemish patriotism was shortly to go to the wall. It died very hard indeed. Duke Charles's only daughter carried her inheritance, or at least so much of her inheritance as the French kings did not immediately grab, on her father's death, to an Austrian; and that Austrian's grandson, Charles V., carried it to the dead cold hand of Spain. The historian himself had foreseen something of danger; he tells Duke Charles, in a passage remarkable for its frankness, how artificial is the basis on which his dominion rests. 'You have,' he says, 'the burden of the honour of the world in your hands; you can make or unmake your own fortune. Take great care how you handle this ancient State, which your fathers founded. They believed they were building for eternity; pray God you do not frustrate their design for lack of understanding your position ("par petit y entendre").' There follows a noble exhortation to just and righteous government, and a perfect love-poem, though in prose, to the glories of the Flemish cities during the centuries that have gone by.

What did Austrians care about these glories? Nothing at all: they could squeeze money out of their provinces perhaps; but within half a century or so the new geographical discoveries had ruined their trade, and even money could no longer be squeezed out. What did Spaniards care? Even less; it was Charles V., Fleming born as he was, who began to stub up in blood and fire those noble old privileges and liberties of Flanders; a stubbing which was to lead to the foundation of the Dutch republic, and to cost the race of Charles so dear. Followed Philip II., with his Alva and his blood-baths; the story is too sad to continue. But did France care either? Alas, no. The task of French kings was to swallow, swallow, until they reached the limits of Old Gaul. But notice how things stood then. The Burgundian Court had produced another chronicler, whom it is perhaps little exaggeration to say 'everyone' reads. Sir Walter read him, and gave us as the result the immortal romance of Quentin Durward of Glen Houlakin. Had the manuscript of Chastellain, instead of the printed works of Philip de Comines, been in that 'ruined turret of the library of the Marquis de Hautlieu' I believe Quentin would have been even a finer fellow than he is. Now Philip de Comines had none of Chastellain's nobleness of soul, none of his patriotism. He saw how things were going, and, like a wise rat, he deserted the sinking ship of

Burgundy, and ' passed ' into the service of King Louis of France. The world is the richer for Comines' treachery; for he and Louis were formed to understand each other. No doubt he helped the architect of a far nobler edifice than Flanders could ever have grown into; but the French monarchy was built with very questionable tools and materials. Chastellain would never have stooped to cheat and lie, even for the most patriotic of his native princes, as Comines stooped to do for his adopted sovereign.

Chastellain's name and book, then, died with his country. But in 1825, M. Buchon, editor of the first collected edition of old French Chronicles, was rummaging for fourteenth-century documents in that great Paris library which has been Imperial, Royal, and National by so many turns, and there he found, under a false title, the first fragment of the lost Chronicle. He describes, in his preface to it, with great humour and pathos, his emotions during the search. He bethought him of turning to the next manuscript on the shelf, and lo! it was a continuation of the first, with a table of contents of the whole Chronicle. These two manuscripts contained, with many lacunæ, the story of the years 1461–1470, and were called ' sixth and seventh books.' The table indicated the contents of the earlier books. Such as it was, M. Buchon in 1827 gave this fragment to the world, with the title of ' Chronique des derniers Ducs de Bourgogne.' Three years later he ransacked the libraries of Picardy and Belgium in the search for more Chastellain; and in that of the old abbey of St. Vaast, in Arras, he met with the opening chapters of the Chronicle, containing the story of the years 1419–1422. Spurred by this find, the good man next ran against a volume with the title ' Histoire de France par G. Repreuve ou Le Preuve ': ' strange,' thought he, ' that he had never heard of a gentleman with such a weird name.' The catalogues of the Abbey library had been made by a Benedictine monk in the blighting days of Spanish misrule, when the Church had turned her back on the sun of the Renaissance. Buchon read on till he came to the heading of Chapter XXIX., which ran, ' Comment Georges[1] repreuve avoir faict l'introit de ce sixiesme volume.' The wretched cataloguer had mistaken the verb for the author's name; to make it clearer, he had altered ' avoir ' into ' avoit,' and had gone the length of underlining the word ' repreuve ' and adding in his own monkish scrawl ' le nom de l'auteur.' It proved to be another most valuable fragment of Chastellain's sixth book. A story like this opens a

[1] Chastellain always speaks of himself as ' Georges.'

wider field for speculation as to the fate of our materials for history. Having ransacked Arras, our indefatigable friend went on to draw a fresh covert at Brussels. 'Bring me,' said he, 'all your fifteenth-century MSS.—nothing but fifteenth-century MSS.' Among these he found a volume, magnificently bound for the Imperial Library at Paris, probably plundered from Brussels by some *sansculotte* in Danton's train, and sent back to its owners after the Peace of 1815. It was called 'Roman moral et allégorique': it proved to be, not, indeed, a portion of the Chronicle, but a *Mémoire* addressed by Chastellain to King Charles VII. in defence of some conduct of his which had offended that monarch; and it contained as well a complete list of Chastellain's works.

Since M. Buchon's death several other fragments of the Chronicle have been discovered; and all that exists has been carefully edited by M. le Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. Two manuscripts were found at Florence, and the Baron sagaciously guesses that they may have gone thither with Duke Francis Stephen of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany and Emperor, husband of Maria Theresa. If so, they were probably taken from Vienna; and it is in Vienna or in Madrid (for the Hapsburg cousins, who ruled Spain and Austria, frequently interchanged books) that scholars are most likely to come upon traces of the remainder. This is confirmed by the known fact that in 1524 Chastellain's only son sold for 120 livres a complete copy of the book to Charles V.'s sister, once Regent in the Netherlands. She probably carried it with her to Spain, where she died. One of the Florentine manuscripts is of surpassing interest, for it contains the years 1429–31, and describes the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece by Duke Philip, and the capture and trial of Joan of Arc. A fragment of Book III. (1451–2), and the whole of Book IV. (1454–8) have been also unearthed. Book V. is wholly lost, and Books VI. and VII. are still very fragmentary. There is, therefore, a pleasing task and an incentive to all persons who can read French and who have access to old manuscripts; for, although Madrid is perhaps a more likely hunting-ground than any other, such things may be found almost anywhere; the romances of the finding of the Thurloe Papers and of the Verney Papers are well known.

In recounting the fortunes of the manuscript, I have left myself little space for the more pleasing task of giving some illustrations from the Chronicle itself, but I now add a few.

Chastellain's hatred of heresy was only equalled by his contempt

for 'ecclesiastical statesmen.' When the Bishop of Tournay wanted to persuade Philip to fulfil his promise to go on a crusade (after the death of Pius II., the last Pope who tried to stir up European princes for that purpose), the chronicler sees clearly that the whole thing was moonshine, and that the Duke's business was to stay at home and look after his own people. 'These great theologians and devout men know nothing of the affairs of the world, they are perfectly useless in the councils of princes—their judgment is all in the air, and of the earth they have no foothold.' But heresy is 'infernal poison,' and it is interesting to see the snares which the devil is able to lay. Apparently in order to produce the Bohemian heresy of John Huss and others, his Satanic Majesty began by prompting the ladies of Prague to cut off their hair: 'for in that rich and beautiful city there was a famous abbey of monks, the most pious and devout you could think of; and all the townspeople of both sexes reposed the fullest confidence in them: so much that the ladies used to go at all hours of the night to service at their church'; and afterwards to pass an hour or two (in devout conversation, *bien entendu*) 'chascune avec son chascun.' And lest the abbot, who went his rounds pretty regularly and looked in on the cells, should discover that anything was wrong, these ladies shaved their heads to the monkish tonsure and dressed in monks' dress. So when the abbot saw two shaven heads in each cell, in close proximity to each other, and said, 'Whom have you got there?' the monk was able to reply, 'Such and such a novice, so please your grace.' 'And this went on a long time, and each of the good monks taught "his each" to sing versicles at matins and tierce and nones, and sometimes at other canonical hours according to the state of the calendar and the demands of the saints' days,' until the thing became a scandal. No doubt, thinks the chronicler, the wicked seized hold of this and other stories against holy Church, and hence men began to question dogma.

Almost the only case of partiality which one can allege against Chastellain is his treatment of Joan of Arc's case. Here, curiously enough, his French patriotism utterly failed him, and his Burgundian patriotism led him astray. He attributes to the Maid, 'of whom the French made an idol,' the death of Captain Franquet of Arras, who had been taken captive, whereas it is known that she pleaded hard for the life of this man. At her trial she is merely a 'pestilent and obstinate heretic' directly influenced by the devil; and this is the more remarkable because our author tells us that Duke

Philip was uneasy about her; that he had visited her several times at Beaurevoir after her capture and held private talk with her, 'the substance of which, try as I would, I have never been able to discover.' If Philip had not been disquieted in his conscience, he would certainly in later years have told Chastellain his opinion of the Maid. Moreover, we learn from a sixteenth-century quotation from one of the lost passages of the Chronicle that 'Georges bears witness that he several times saw the Maid himself.' Two such bright spirits were well formed to understand each other, had not the evil word 'heresy' stood in Chastellain's way.

The origin of 'stories' in English history is always a delightful thing to hunt up. By 'stories' I mean illustrations of those touches of human nature which even kings and queens are liable to display when they are excited. Many of these stories unfortunately turn out to be fictions of later date. I was grieved to discover the other day that Elizabeth never did write to a bishop the famous letter: 'Proud Prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are: if you do not instantly comply with my command, by God, I will unfrock you.' But I am sure that William Rufus did say to his chaplain 'Bring me some expensive boots'; that Edward I. (not otherwise a jocular sovereign) did present his day-old baby to the Welshmen as their 'prince who could speak no English.' And happily in Chastellain we have the undoubted origin of one of the best of all stories, that of 'Queen Margaret and the Robber.' He had this tale from the Duchess of Bourbon a few days after Margaret, in her flight (when the last desperate effort of the Lancastrians in the North had failed), had landed at Sluys, and had met the Duchess at Saint-Pol. How, then, my reader will ask, if Chastellain was unknown till 1827, is this story in every child's history of England? Answer: it does not occur in contemporary English history, such as William of Worcester, or Gregory of London, nor even in Holinshed or Hall. All these know of Queen Margaret being robbed of her baggage, and Gregory adds that the robber 'put her in doubt of her life and of her son's life also'; but none tell how, with the true instinct of a Queen, she turned to the robber and said 'Save the son of your King.' That first appears (in an English book) in the ponderous 1747 folio of Thomas Carte, who was the first real 'researcher-historian'; and Carte gives as his authority Monstrelet. Monstrelet, however, died in 1453, and the real authority is Monstrelet's continuator, John du Clerc, Lord of Beauvoir-en-Ternois, who lived at Arras as a subject of Duke

Philip, and who doubtless got the story directly from Chastellain, to whom all his contemporaries went as the fountain-head of information. The story is well told by Miss Strickland in her 'Lives of the Queens of England'; but the cocked hat she puts on its head and the stick she puts in its hand are nothing like so picturesque as the details given by Chastellain. Margaret, in fact, we learn from him, gave the robber a long lecture on the wickedness of his profession, and pointed out what a splendid chance of redeeming his evil deeds was here afforded him. The same authority (which is, in fact, Margaret herself speaking, red-hot with passion from her terrible adventures) tells us how for five days she and King Henry VI. and their boy had lived on one herring; and how, finding herself at Mass one day, 'without a single black penny to offer' (non ayant ung noir denier pour offrir), she had to beg a Scottish Archer to lend her one, and how he pulled out of his purse a 'Scots groat' and gave it her.

Perhaps the finest description ever written of a popular tumult is Chastellain's of the riot in Ghent, when Duke Charles made his 'Joyeuse Entrée' to that city on his accession (1467). I have only space to recall the principal touches. The Duke 'entered' on the vigil of the patron saint of the Gantois, Saint Liévin, whose body was carried about in procession all day. All went well at first, though the Gantois were known to have their grievances against the Government, and in particular against the collectors of a tax called the *Cueillotte*, who had enriched themselves, and, as Chastellain sorrowfully confesses, bribed the Court to be allowed to do so. The trade guilds of the city were all drawn up in their ranks along the streets as Charles rode in:

> rough young fellows and mutinous hearts among them, one may well believe, and they showed it the next day as you shall hear. However, the Duke's heart was full of goodwill towards his people, who had served and loved him at his need;[1] and they paid him such reverence as one would hardly make to God. And at the hour of tierce he went to breakfast.

The chronicler does not tell us what Charles did after breakfast, nor where or how he dined; but

> as the day wore on to evening, the crowd in the streets grew greater, and every tavern and cabaret was full; till in the night the hooligans (*garchonaille*), who had been dancing round the holy body (of St. Liévin) all day, when they saw

[1] That is during a quarrel with his father, when he had taken refuge in Ghent. Comines says 'the Gantois love the heir of their prince always, their prince himself never.'

that they had the keys of the field and no one to correct them, began to break out in evil speech (eating and drinking the while), and into hissings, and swearing inhuman oaths of the marvels they would do, and how they would make men talk of them, and how every valley should be exalted and every mountain and hill made low. Yes, in a little while they would brew such a broth that he who sniffed it would have a good pain in his nose. Then these fellows fell to plundering shops; and, whether by accident or design, they got hold of a lot of toy armour such as one gives to children, and dressed themselves in it and went about vowing that these toys should soon become real steel. Then, in their bestial and rabid fury, they pulled down the toll-house where the *cueillotte* was collected, and rushed all over the town hunting for the collectors, crying out, 'Where are these robbers of God and the world? Slay! slay!'

Charles, who apparently had really meant to abolish this odious tax, was horrified when he heard of the riot. All night he and his few personal friends stood to their arms in the palace; and in the morning he sent one of his nobles (a great friend of Chastellain's called Gruthuse) to see what it was all about. The rioters do not seem to have gone to bed at all; and all the next morning the danger increased. Gruthuse did his best to calm the mob; but he knew his men, he knew Charles's hot temper, and he feared the worst. He saw the only thing to be done was to get Charles to come in person to the Market Square and promise redress. Charles came most unwillingly, and on his way he unfortunately used his stick to force his path through the mob, to which he also used rough words:

He hit one fellow with his stick, who immediately swore blood and wounds, and ran at the Duke with a pike, and spoke fell-ly and fiercely without reverence. Gruthuse, with great adroitness, rebuked his sovereign sharply: 'Do you want us all to be killed because you can't keep your temper? Where do you think you are? Don't you see that your life and ours hangs by a silk thread? 'Sdeath, Sir, if you want to die, I don't; but die we shall, unless you can use gentle words to these poor sheep of yours. Come; up with you to the balcony of the town hall, and show yourself a man of sense, and all may be well yet.'

Then the men of three of the better trade-guilds shouldered their way through the mob—to wit, the pilots and butchers and fishmongers—and made a human wall to protect the Duke's life; and so he got up to the window of the town hall; and the better classes cried, 'Hée! Wille-comme! Wille-comme! bienviegnez, bienviegnez, bienviegnez, monseigneur!' Charles, however, could not bring his pride into subjection sufficiently to speak softly to them; and Gruthuse had to do it for him: whereon there was loud cheering, and the mob might have dispersed. The best was yet to come:

Suddenly a rude outrageous villain began to swarm up towards the window perhaps by a lamp iron], and, when he reached it, knocked on it with a stee gauntlet; and then cried with a loud voice to his friends below, 'Don't you want to have the traitors who have robbed us punished?' 'Yea, yea,' cried all below. 'And the *cueillotte* abolished?' 'Yea, yea.' 'And your other old privileges restored to you?' 'Yea, yea.' And then the villain turned to the Duke and said, 'My Lord, that is in brief the reason why these people are assembled there below; and they are here in order to *see that you do it.* And I, in the name of them all, declare that you have been told their needs.' 'Oh, glorious Majesty of God!' (says the chronicler) 'here was an outrageous and intolerable villainy for such a vile wretch to come and almost touch the flanks of his prince.'

Yet Charles was in such danger that he had to put up with it.

Gruthuse had the right word. 'Friend,' said he to the fellow, 'there was no need for you to climb up here, which is the place of your prince and his nobles; down there is your place. My Lord could have answered you just as well if you had been below; and, without having you for an advocate, he will do what his people wishes. You're a humorous fellow, but you had better climb down and disperse your friends.'

Charles had to abolish the tax to save his life. Chastellain concludes the story by pointing out that there were many excuses for the rioters, for the tax was a most iniquitous one.

He is never weary of pointing out the faults of princes, even of his favourite Duke Philip, though he reserves his most scathing criticism for the cruelties and treacheries of Louis XI. While he applauds that King's devotion to business and his determination to see and know every place and event in his kingdom, the truth is, 'hard as it is for me to write it, that he simply lived by stirring up quarrels between his relatives and neighbours': 'his poor subjects, who, when he came to the throne, thought they had got God by the feet, and would be relieved of the cruel taxes and impositions his father had laid on them,' were taxed till they 'could hardly live': his Court was a 'Court of dogs not of men'; while as for treachery, 'princes, in order to reach their ends, welcome all treasons, though, because the name is a hateful one, they hate the traitors who perform them.'

There are in the Chronicle long passages on this subject, which for majesty of diction, for fearlessness of sentiment, and for utter conviction of the truth of the writer's warnings, can only be compared to the writings of the most philosophical historian of the Roman Empire.

I have been able only to give a specimen here and there of this wonderful book; but many other scenes might be profitably transcribed, notably a famous one which describes how Duke

Charles 'tint sa Toyson' (held his first Chapter of the Golden Fleece) at Bruges; portions of this read as if they were as accurate as a modern minute-book, and yet are illumined with all the splendours of diction of the dying Middle Age. It was a solemn chapter, for the old herald Jean de Saint-Rémy (himself a chronicler), who had held the office of herald to the Order from its foundation, was obliged to resign through old age. The Duke knighted him as some recompense for his long service, as at a subsequent Chapter he knighted Chastellain himself.

The last existing fragment of the Chronicle closes with the author straining his eyes across the Channel, where the indomitable Margaret, one of his own favourite heroines, is once more setting 'Henry the Simple' (as the dear founder of Eton is always called in its pages) upon his throne, with the aid of the turncoat Warwick; and all the world at London is 'taking the Ragged Staff.'[1]

C. R. L. Fletcher.

[1] Putting on the cognisance of the Earls of Warwick.

THE BROOKSIDE.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch or bleak or dace.

As soon as any really hot summer weather begins to make itself felt in London, when the grass in the parks is beginning to turn the colour of half-made hay, and specks of rust are visible here and there in the trees overhead, then it is that the born and bred countryman, condemned for his sins to pass his life in London, becomes the victim of a calenture. As he walks from Charing Cross to the Bank, from London Bridge to the Law Courts, cabs and omnibuses turn into harvest waggons, the dirty pavement into cool green pastures, and the stench of the motors is forgotten for the moment in the fragrance of the meadow-sweet and honeysuckle. Such is usually my own experience on the approach of the dog days. I find myself in imagination back in the old meadows clothed with the rich green of the aftermath, separated from each other by tall whitethorn hedges, on which the pink wild rose still lingers, and sheds its perfume on the angler as he rests on an adjacent haycock or courts the shade of the stately elms, which are the glory of the midland counties. In the olden days to which I am thus carried back, no doubt the principal attraction which drew me to the meadows was the brook which ran through them, fairly full of coarse fish—perch, roach, and chub—which sometimes reached a good weight. Now, however, I confess, as I recall these favourite haunts, it is rather their natural charms than their piscatorial temptations on which my imagination dwells, though I can still act over again to myself many an hour's good sport either with the perch or with the big chub which lay under the bushes, and which it was very difficult to reach.

I may as well say at the outset that I belong to the crooked-pin school, and that I can promise my readers no dissertations on any more elaborate tackle for bottom fishing than a single hook attached to a foot of gut at the end of a silk line, and a cheap

rod with a reel, and sometimes without. 'Of wiles more inexpert I boast not.' I knew nothing in those days of double hooks, ledgers, or paternosters, which down till a comparatively recent period I believed to be only one form of Romish devotion. Washington Irving in his delightful 'Sketch Book' describes a fishing party, of which he formed one, sallying forth after reading Isaac Walton equipped with all the newest contrivances which the fishing-tackle maker had to show, and after working all day, with very little success, had the mortification of seeing 'a lubberly country urchin come down from the hills with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as Heaven shall help me, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earthworm, and in half an hour catch more fish than we had had nibbles throughout the day.' The reader will understand, then, that 'crooked pin' is only used metaphorically to denote the simplicity of my own equipment, with which, however, I managed to catch fish enough to silence home criticism, always rather disposed to be severe on unsuccessful sportsmen.

The brook which was the chief scene of my angling operations is dignified on old maps with the name of a river. It rises near a famous fox cover in the midland counties, and, running in a south-westerly direction, after a course of some five-and-twenty miles joins a tributary of the Trent. At the distance of about six or seven miles from its source it becomes a considerable stream, and, flowing through a gentleman's estate on which trespassers were looked after, held at that time plenty of fish, with some deep holes for them to lie in. It was good to be there between haytime and harvest, on the banks of the winding rivulet, now trickling over pebbly bottoms scarce an inch deep, now widening into quiet pools half-covered with water-lilies, now lost among the tall flags, or fringed with the grey-green willows, whose branches meeting overhead half conceal the fretting water underneath. The ground rising on either side of the large cool meadow is a mass of dark green foliage, through which you catch glimpses of cornfields, red with ripe wheat or yellow with oats and barley. Passing village churches just peeping through their ancient elms, and thick plantations from which towards evening you will see the hares and rabbits stealing out to feed, the brook at length emerges into a flatter and less ornate country, and finally loses itself in the great midland river on the confines of Leicestershire and Derbyshire.

I used often to spend a whole day on its banks, starting

from home after breakfast, with a book in my pocket, and beginning to fish about three miles further up the stream, and then fishing my way downwards till I reached home again.

At the point where I often began the brook makes a sudden turn to the right round the corner of a plantation which dips its boughs into the water. The bank being hollowed out on that side made room for a small hole of from two to three feet deep, overhung by thorns and straggling branches, a favourite haunt of chub. How to get at them without being seen, or how to land one if you did succeed in hooking him, was the difficulty. I often had to give it up as a bad job; but sometimes I had better luck. By getting over the brook and behind the bushes aforesaid I could push my rod over them so as to drop the bait in the water just outside, leaving it to swim if it could right under them, and almost in to the bank, where these retiring fish could not fail to see it. It was ticklish work, for I could only see the float by peering through the tangled boughs and briars which dipped into the water, and if I did see a bite in time and hooked a fish there was the difficulty of getting him out. I had, of course, to get back to the other side before I could do it, and then, if he did not get away in the meantime, it was easy enough to draw him into shallow water, or, if only a small one, to pull him right out. At another time I would pitch my line as high up the stream as I could, and, lying down at full length, let it float back towards me with the current. In this position I could see what the float was about much better; but then the bait would not go so far under the bushes, which was the great thing to aim at. However, I got a few fish at different times out of this little corner. The biggest, I think, was a pound, and a pound chub could give you some trouble under these peculiar circumstances. My bait for chub was invariably the bright yellow caddis worm, to be found sticking at the bottom of bricks or stones which have fallen into the water, generally near a bridge.

The perch did not care so much for these, and a clean little red worm or brandling was what they loved best. Sometimes I tried a minnow, but the perch did not, as a rule, run large enough for that. A little lower down than the hole just mentioned is a larger one, with a willow-tree just bending conveniently over it, behind which you were invisible to the fish. Here one had to exercise some patience, for the hole was a large one, about four feet deep in the middle, and the fish might not see the bait all at once. But

when a good perch did see it, and made up his mind to take it, that was a blissful moment for the bottom fisher. The hole at that time was nearly half-covered with the broad green leaves of the water-lily, of which the stalks are just visible under the water, the roots, of course, being buried in the clay bottom. Now the perch were very fond of lying just under this green canopy, or else close by the edge of it, and I always tried to drop my bait as near to it and as noiselessly as possible; then, as soon as the float sat upright, came the moment of suspense—and sometimes hope deferred—for I knew that perch were there. At length, however, patience is rewarded. The float stirs uneasily, and wobbles about for just a few seconds, and then down, down it goes more than a foot deep, slowly, but quite straight—no zigzagging to the right or left, no bobbing up and down—and you know at once that you have a perch to deal with, for hardly any other fish bites in the same manner. I used always to strike pretty soon, in spite of Walton's advice, lest he should gorge the bait, which entails disagreeable consequences. Ah, what a weight he feels, and how he pulls! We must be careful, and humour him a little. The perch is a game fish, and fights for his life. But a few struggles bring him to the surface, and a few more exhaust him sufficiently to allow of his being drawn gradually to one end of the hole, where a bed of sand over which the water only just trickles is ready to receive him. We must jump down and lift him out, being especially careful that he does not flop back again into the deep water. There, there he lies upon the grass, more gorgeous in his green, scarlet, and gold than Solomon in all his glory, a good three-quarters of a pound at least! and we are glad at heart.

Where there is one perch there are more, and on favourable days I have sometimes got four or five out of this hole in the course of an hour. But to-day I only get two more, about half a pound, and, as the sun is getting very hot, I resolve to rest on the grass for a bit and contemplate Nature. If the time is early in August you will see what I have already described—the various hues of the cornfields, the elm-trees, and the newly mown meadows, forming the prettiest possible contrasts. If it is a little later you will see the loaded waggons as they cross the bridge lower down on their way to the stackyard, and all the jocund sounds of harvest will reach you from the uplands. If you lie close to the water you will probably see the kingfisher come darting by, with his short sharp cry, or the waterhen calling to her young brood among

the rushes, with that pretty 'Chuck, chuck,' which brings to her side a number of little fuzzy black things more like balls of worsted than anything else.

Nec gemere aeria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

The wood-pigeon will repeat his sweet soft note for your entertainment; and with these various sights and sounds you are so well pleased that you forget the book in your pocket, which is now, however, drawn forth, and another half-hour is given up to a certain Greek author which, in those days when I was at home for the Long Vacation, I often made my companion, simply because it was one of the books I was taking in for my examination. It was useful to have it at hand when I was out for a ramble, that I might utilise any spare moments by studying it without the help of a lexicon—one of the best ways of impressing a passage on one's memory. Words which you don't know you can look out when you get home, and the brook and the perch and the cool grass and the goodly elm trees will act as a kind of *memoria technica* when you are far away in your college garret.

I scrambled through a chorus in the 'Septem,' and then exchanged Aeschylus for a sandwich and a flask, after which refreshment I proceeded on my way down the brook. Presently I came to another good pool, much deeper than the former one, and not generally good for perch. I put on a yellow caddis, and hoped for roach or chub. I dropped my line about the middle, and soon got a bite. This time my float was pulled down under water, perhaps with the top of it still sticking out, and carried in a slanting direction across the hole. I know my friend; it is a chub, of course, who generally acts in that manner if you catch him in at all deep water. He is soon secured, for he is a churl of a fish, with no fight in him; but, with this exception, the big pool is drawn blank, though I believe it harbours pike, with which I hope to make acquaintance in the winter. Pursuing my way down stream, I soon come to a hole which I have reason to believe is frequented by the roach tribe. I think a roach is the most exasperating fish that swims. What Walton says about fishing for roach with paste is true of any other bait you may use for them. 'You must,' he says, 'have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost and the fish too.' I never, with all my practice, could acquire the knack of striking a roach at the proper moment, though I have caught plenty when they had hooked themselves or had swallowed the bait. The roach will play

round your bait, apparently dally with it, causing your float to wriggle about in the most irritating manner without ever going under; and this perhaps will go on for five or ten minutes, and at last, when you fancy you see your chance, and give him a jerk, up comes your hook by itself, stripped of paste, caddis, or grub, or whatever else you had put on it. It was very much a matter of chance with me whether I hooked a roach or not. I was always pleased when I did, for they are handsome fish, and in this brook they grew to a good size; that is to say, I have taken a few which weighed a pound, and a good many that weighed more than half. I used the same bait for roach as for chub, and know of none better. On the present occasion it seduced an inexperienced fish to take it into its mouth too hastily, with the result that he hooked himself, and made him give a sudden rush, unlike his species in general, so that I didn't know whether I had a roach or a chub till I saw him. He turned out to be a nice fish of about a quarter of a pound, in good condition. I stayed at this hole for some time, but I could not catch another, though I had several nibbles.

From the latter end of August to the middle of September the afternoons from four to six I always think especially delightful. I was now on my way home; there was a freshness in the air most welcome after the sultry day, the grass sparkled with early dew-drops, the blue sky wore that calm and settled look which is characteristic of September, the sun was still hot, and the midges played about in it, and trees and hedges had not as yet turned a leaf. I knew I should pass another good hole or two before I got home; though after leaving the meadows where I had been fishing the brook ran in only a very shallow stream, with the willows arching over it for more than a mile, growing deeper again as it approached our own village; and I resolved to finish at a favourite hole in a meadow lying just below it. I have observed that a hole which forms a corner is always a favourite one for perch, because the current necessarily hollows out one side of it, and under the projecting bank the fish love to lie. The brook here forms an elbow, and the bank on my side hangs over it so far that I can come very close to the brink without being seen by any fish that lies close in. This pool, too, is covered with water-lilies, and I drop my bait in just at the edge and within sight of any fish that lies under the bank. I have not long to wait. Again I see 'my cork or quill down sink with eager bite' of what I know at once to be a perch, especially as I have pulled many a good one out of that same pool. I guide him safely to the sand among

the rushes, and soon have him in the basket. He is about half a pound. Another rather smaller one shares the same fate. And now I turn away from the brook and make my way to the house, eager for dinner. Two brace and a half of perch, two chub, and a roach, with about thirty lines of Aeschylus are the day's result, with which I am well satisfied. I seldom went much further down the brook than this point, for lower down, though it gradually grew wider and deeper, there were, strange to say, very few fish, and the adjoining scenery no longer possessed any attractions. There was a water-mill and a mill-dam further on, but I never heard of any fish except eels being taken there. I am, however, quite of the opinion of Mr. Francis—that the angler who does not combine with his sport some appreciation of the beauties of Nature and of the picturesque scenery through which it frequently conducts him only tastes one-half of the pleasure which his favourite pursuit is capable of affording. Of course, the country described in this article will not bear comparison with his description of a Highland burn and the romantic nature of the scenes through which he follows it, finding in the contemplation of its beauties more than an equivalent for the heavier basket and the bigger trout which he might have secured elsewhere. But still, with the hot weather, such as we had all through last September, the comparatively tamer scenery of a Warwickshire or Leicestershire valley has a charm of its own rather to be felt than described. Its verdure, its clusters of noble forest trees, its rambling hedgerows, and its lazy brooks excite a sensation of coolness, freshness, and repose, suggesting shady retreats and grassy nooks,

mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni,

which one would not experience on a Highland mountain.

In the month of October the aspect of the country is different. Its greenness has begun to give way before the touch of autumn. The elms now mingle pale yellow with their dark summer vesture. Stock have been turned into the meadows, and the rich young grass which sprung up after the scythe was sheathed has been trodden down and eaten off. The hedges are beginning to wear a sombre look. But still, on one of those bright hot days which we often have early in the month the meadows 'have not yet lost all their original brightness.' One can still throw oneself on the grass and watch one's float sail slowly over the perch pool—for the perch is now in prime condition—till its sudden disappearance brings us on our feet, to find we have another good one on

the hook. In fact, a day's bottom fishing along our brook in early October is practically a repetition of what it was in August or September, except that the fish have all been improving in the interval.

It will be seen that perch, as a rule, do not lie in very deep water, and that a brook as here described is quite deep enough to furnish good fish, though not so large, of course, as the famous perch rivers, such as the Kennet, or as lakes and reservoirs have to show. But in float-fishing from the bank of either a small river or a large brook considerable skill is required; Mr. Francis would say nearly as much as is required of the fly-fishers. I am sure this is true of roach-fishing. And with all alike the same knowledge of the fish's habits is necessary, whether we are in pursuit of perch, roach or chub, trout or grayling. It is this kind of knowledge which, alike in shooting, fishing, or hunting, distinguishes the true sportsman from the mere taker of fish, shooter of partridges, or rider after hounds. If to a good seat on horseback or skill with the rod and the gun he adds some knowledge of natural history and of the habits of the wild creatures whom he hunts, shoots, or hooks, he may be called a genuine sportsman. I have sometimes thought, though the idea may seem fanciful enough, that between these two classes of men—those, namely, who do combine the two qualifications aforesaid and those who do not—there is the same kind of difference as that described by Mr. Pleydell in 'Guy Mannering' between a lawyer who is a scholar and a lawyer who is not. The Advocates' Library contained 'the best editions of the best authors, and in particular an admirable collection of classics.' 'These,' said Mr. Pleydell to the Colonel, 'are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mere mechanic, a mere working mason. If he possesses some knowledge of these he may venture to call himself an architect.'

The biggest perch, as I have already said, are to be found in ponds; and, besides the brook, I had leave to fish in a reservoir a few miles away. An old angler, who remembered it before it was stocked with pike, said that at one time he could stand on the bank and catch perch running from one pound to one and a half almost as fast as he cared for, and sometimes much bigger ones. I myself never did much there. Only on one occasion, fishing from a boat, and baiting with a minnow, I hooked and captured after some awkward struggles a perch that weighed two pounds and three-quarters.

I never caught one half the size anywhere else; but I have

had good sport with the perch on Frensham great pond, and on some beautifully situated ponds not very far from it, then but little known to the public, but now, alas! 'opened up' and vulgarised by picnics—I mean Waggoners Wells, which lie on the right of the Portsmouth road, a little beyond Hindhead. I remember at Frensham, when I was about fifteen, standing on some piles which ran out into the water at the head of the pond, and having fine sport during a heavy thunderstorm. The perch came to the brandlings eagerly, and I landed four or five brace in the course of an hour, running in weight from a quarter of a pound to three-quarters. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared, but I was too engrossed with my rod to take much notice of either. Another time at Waggoners Wells I had equally good sport, though not under such exciting circumstances. But, after all, it was not with the intention of celebrating special days of sport, or even sport in particular, that I began this paper. I wrote it under the influence of that craving for the cool green English summer, with its meadows, its brooks, its tall tangled hedgerows, and its 'immemorial elms,' which, familiar to me years ago, revisit my imagination, as already stated, when what is called Mid-summer is passed and what is truly Mid-summer approaches. If the three summer months extend from June 21 to September 21, August 1 is clearly the middle of them; and the weather usually corresponds to this suggestion. But the same walk which I have above described may be taken in November as well as August or September. The pike will then be in season, and the brook that I have in my mind's eye used to be famous for them. Of course, it did not breed monsters, but fish from eight to twelve pounds were frequently taken in it. But with these at the present moment we have nothing to do.

Isaac Walton was a great lover of Nature as well as of rod and line, and he and Gilbert White ought to be read together. They are our two leading examples of that combination of sporting tastes with a love of Nature and natural history, and the alliance of both with literature, which during the last century became so frequent and so popular as to cause Charles Kingsley to pronounce it the offspring of a tenth muse. And certainly one result of it has been to bring the sportsman more within the range of ideas to which he was formerly a stranger, and the man of letters and of culture more into sympathy with the sportsman than he was in the days of Addison and Johnson. Not, indeed, that the two

classes never intermingled at all. Pulteney and Carteret, accomplished scholars as well as distinguished statesmen, were both sportsmen, and shared this taste with Walpole and Grafton, who knew as little of art or letters as their own gamekeepers and huntsmen. White and Walton are the two fathers of sporting literature, and half their reputation depends upon the style in which they illustrated their favourite pursuits. For Walton, at all events, is no impeccable authority on the sport to which he was devoted. His errors have been pointed out by anglers of a later day. But he lives not in their report. Were his mistakes twice as numerous as they are said to be, it could not affect his position in the temple of fame. 'The Compleat Angler,' as has well been said, is not a text-book, but an idyll. And but for the absence of a milkmaid I should have called my own production by that name. But an idyll without a Galatea is a poor tale. I may add that I have never seen a milkmaid. I suppose that they existed in the golden age of Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have wished that she was one, and the merry days of Charles II., when, as the Tory foxhunter observed, we used to have such fine weather. And even now, perhaps, they may linger in sheltered nooks and corners, among the beautiful herds of Devonshire, or among the primitive inhabitants of the Welsh hills. But in central England I have looked for one in vain, and have been obliged to content myself with the milkmaid of poetry and fiction. For she, be it noted, is something more than only a maid who milks. She must be pretty, and neat, and clear-complexioned, and in the habit of regaling anglers with a song or a syllabub, or both. Neither Walton nor Sir Thomas Overbury could have invented her. There must really have been milkmaids once upon a time who, when 'going a-milking,' would tell an impertinent inquirer that their face was their fortune, and when he declined to marry on that endowment only replied that nobody 'axed' him. But, alas! these fair visions have left the earth—the earth, at least, that I know—and I can only place them in imagination alongside of the mermaid and other fabulous animals, as old Weller would have called them. Walton's milkmaid seems to have been a pretty and agreeable young person, and to have attracted warmer admiration from Piscator's 'scholar' than the master thought becoming. The milkmaid of living reality in the twentieth century need fear no such attentions.

T. E. Kebbel.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

XVII.—An Appeal from Burford.

'I have lived,' wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, 'both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.'

'Burford,' he says, with that magnificent nonchalance of the creative imagination which calls things that are not as though they were, for the place Stevenson had in his mind was not Burford at all, but a little Surrey hamlet called Burford Bridge. As everybody knows, the boat did put off from the Queen's Ferry, and the 'dear cargo' was that very pretty gentleman Mr. Balfour, of Shaws; but I for one am glad that Burford Bridge never took its place, by virtue of any rattle at the shutters, in the world of imaginative story, or it might have gone more hardly still with the real Burford, whose romantic history would have been sunk still deeper in oblivion. Ah, if only our younger wizard of the north had known the true Burford! How it would have tugged at his spirit! 'The inn at Burford,' he says. At the beginning of last century there were still seventeen inns at Burford to a population of fourteen hundred persons, and earlier there were more; so he would have had a fair field of choice for the scene of his tragic errand. And they were inns at which events not only might have happened, but did happen. Here are a few entries from the Register of Burials:

'1617, 2 Jan., Wm. Hall, kilde with a pot at the *Bull*.

'1620, 31 Jan., Robert Tedder, a stranger, stabde with a knife at the *George* by one Pottley, at the race.

'1622, 25 June, Thomas Hughe, stabde at the *Swann*.

'1626, William Bacster, gent. sometymes of Norfolke and in

that sheir borne, and now belonging to the lord Morden was slaine at the *George*, the next day after the race, and buried 6 Nov.'

The race for the King's plate, on the magnificent downs stretching Bibury way over the Gloucestershire border, was one of the things which made Burford famous right down to the middle of last century, and was one cause of the many inns in the town and the many burials in the churchyard. Of course, by itself the stabbing in a drunken brawl, even of a 'gent. sometymes of Norfolke,' furnishes inadequate material for the tragic muse; but passions thus violently purged had no doubt often their first occasion in more romantic circumstances.

But if we come to the period of the Civil War, how the inn shutters might—nay, must—have been made to rattle. On the night of June 20, 1644, no less a person than Charles I. was lodged at the 'George' on his way back to Oxford; it not being agreeable to him to become the guest of the lord of the manor, none other than the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons, who ten years before had bought Burford Priory of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. Or, again, at the very beginning of the struggle, as Sir John Byron lay in Burford on his way to join Lord Hertford, a party of Parliamentary troopers rode in from Cirencester, on a frosty night, and found unexpected guests at the 'White Hart,' who gave the alarm, and after some hard fighting drove the troopers off. The parish register contains the consequent entry: 'Sixe soldiers slaine in Burford & buried the 2 Januarij.' Or, again, later, on May 3, 1645, Rupert was here with two thousand foot and horse on his way to visit the King at Oxford, and there is an entry in the register which is not without tragic suggestion:

'George Rowley, an officer in Prince Rupert his army, dyeing of a wound received, was buried ye eight of May.'

Who gave Master Rowley his wound? There were no Parliamentary armies nearer than Newbury. It is, however, four years later still, when Cromwell has taken the place of Charles as the centre of romantic interest, that Burford becomes the very focus of events. Those premature advocates of the Law of Nature and the Rights of Man, unhandsomely denounced by the commonplace Englishman as 'Levellers,' had mutinied against their officers in several regiments, and it was at Burford that they

received their death-blow from the iron hand of the Lieutenant-General, who captured here between three and four hundred, and shut them up in the church, while a council of war deliberated about their punishment. In this *émeute* we are told that 'some, refusing to surrender, made good an inn, out of which they made about sixteen shot; one of them was killed and two or three wounded.' From the Burial Register we learn that this inn was 'the Crowne'—a name of evil omen for the enemies of monarchy—now the Lamb at the corner of Priory Lane and Sheep Street. The council of war decided that all the prisoners were guilty of death, and this decision, in the words of the official pamphlet, 'so prevailed upon their spirits that a greater appearance of ingenuity, confession, and sorrow hath not been found amongst men in judging and aggravating their own offence.' They drew up a petition to the Lord General Fairfax, declaring 'the odious wickedness of their Fact,' and entreating His Excellency 'to extend the bowels of his tender compassion towards them in omitting the execution of his most just sentence, and inflicting such other punishment upon them which they were able to bear.' In the event four ringleaders, Cornet Thompson, Cornet Dean, and two corporals, Church and Perkins, were sentenced to death, and three were shot against the churchyard wall (May 18, 1649), while the other prisoners looked on from the roof of the church; Cornet Dean being respited at the last moment. From a tract called 'The Levellers (falsely so called) vindicated, by a faithful remnant that hath not yet bowed the knee unto Baal,' we learn that Dean was suspected with some reason of having betrayed his brethren; and though it hurt them that Cromwell, who had 'stood by to see Cornet Tomson, Master Church, and Master Perkins murthered,' should afterwards come to them in the church and make 'his old manner of dissembling speeches,' it hurt them still more that the 'wretched Judas Dean' should be sent to them 'to preach apostasy in the pulpit, howling and weeping like a crocodile.' The lead of the church font still bears an inscription, 'Anthony Sedley Prisner, 1649,' and the bullet marks on the churchyard wall are still shown to the faithful pilgrim.

The purpose of these brief reminiscences is to make an appeal. Will not one of our romantic storytellers—in the CORNHILL I shall be understood as referring to Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and to these I will take the liberty of adding Mr. Meade Falkner, whose 'nebuly coat' I see in a window of Burford Church—will not some inheritor of the tradition of R. L. S. under-

take the task he prophetically indicated—meaning more than he knew—and send the long-expected horseman to a Burford inn on a tragic errand? I would ask their attention to the dramatic opportunities of the place in the seventeenth century. At the Priory, as I said, lived Lenthall the Speaker, in a house full of ghosts. Falkland, from whom he bought it for £7000, and who died at Newbury, moved through the chambers as noiselessly as in life; his predecessor and grandfather, Chief Baron Tanfield, haunted the environs in his coach and six; and so feared and hated had he made himself by his chicanery that a tradition grew that he would one day return to earth like Nero and the Apocalyptic beast; and the date fixed by prophecy was when the Windrush should have left dry a certain stone in one of the piers of Burford Bridge. Within living memory an old woman was seen, one very hot summer, pouring water on this stone to prevent the *dies irae*. Lenthall's repentance for his share in the King's death, and the chapel that he built, and the epitaph he chose for himself 'Vermis sum,' are in the history books, and need not be repeated here.

Then there was the vicar—Mr. Christopher Glyn—a Burford boy, who passed through Merchant Taylors' School to St. John's College, Oxford, and became, according to the school historian, 'ancestor of the Baronetical families of Glyn.' He held the living for thirty-five years, marrying in 1622, as was the Burford fashion, a widow, one Mrs. Margerie Needham, the daughter of the host of the 'George' inn, and mother of Marchamont Needham, the turncoat journalist (on whom consult Prof. Firth in D.N.B.), and dying in 1668, having passed successfully through the troubles. But there is a note about him in the Domestic State Papers which would lead one to suspect that he escaped rather by virtue of his friends and patrons than through his own discretion:

'1649, March 29.—Captain Smith's [? the Regicide] information gainst Glyn of Burford referred to the Committee for plundered ministers, and Glyn to be prosecuted.'

Three years later he has to submit, on the petition of 'divers well-affected inhabitants of Burford,' and on the ground that he is 'an aged man,' to the appointment of a lecturer, Mr. Nicholas Penwarne, of New Inn Hall, to preach 'on the Lords dayes in the afternoon and on Tuesday in every week' at an 'augmentation' of £50 a year. But Mr. Glyn himself profited by the Commonwealth;

for his vicar's tithes were augmented by £17 a year out of the sequestered episcopal estate, to which an extra £13 was added subsequently. Mr. Glyn was also Master of the Grammar School, an Elizabethan foundation, which boasts among its famous *alumni* Peter Heylyn, the wicked Earl of Rochester, the first Lord Liverpool, and Sir William Beechey, and still administers secondary education to the youth of a wide district. That Mr. Glyn was something of a disciplinarian may be gathered from the following entry:

'Thomas Minchin of Burford doth not allowe of the prayers at the parish church, using scandalous speeches against Mr. Glyn, the vicar there. He is excommunicated for his obstinate and schismatical answer';

and perhaps from the fact that his advent in the parish is signalised, according to the churchwardens' accounts, by the sudden appearance of a 'Book of Cannons' and 'a Prayer Book for the fifth of November.' His partial obscuration by Mr. Penwarne is marked by the purchase of 'a hower glasse.' Other local notabilities of this period are Mr. Jordan, the attorney; Mr. Thomas Castle, a leading burgess, who lived in the 'Great House,' and is described on his tomb 'Pro Christo semper Castellanus'; Henry Neale, the famous bell-founder; some members of the family of Sylvester, the great clothiers of the period; the saddlers, whose names I have not been able so far to recover, though in the seventeenth century Burford saddles had a European reputation; and the quarrymen who supplied stone to the new St. Paul's, as in earlier centuries they had supplied it for the Oxford Colleges, one name among them being still remembered from his having been master-mason at St. Paul's, Christopher Kempster.

Of the houses in the town, as about other Burford antiquities, my friend the Rev. W. H. Hutton has already written, with more intimate knowledge and a more graceful pen than I can pretend to, in his well-known volumes 'By Thames and Cotswold' and 'Burford Papers,' all but one house, to me the most interesting, partly because it is that in which I am now writing, but still more because it has witnessed the whole history of the town, and must have played a real part in it, especially in whatever fighting went on in Priory Lane during the Civil War, and so it becomes the fitting home for my suggested romance. The first historian of Burford, the Rev. John Fisher, calls it a 'handsome stone mansion,' but

I remark that its tenant at the time subscribed for six copies of Mr. Fisher's history. The last historian, Mr. W. J. Monk, calls it 'a very good house overlooking the Priory, which has been interfered with, though there is one doorway worthy of notice.' Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between these extremes. But it is the history, not the architecture, of the house, that for the moment concerns me. It was built on glebe-land, and formed part of the endowment of the rectory. In the twelfth century the rectory was appropriated to the abbey of Keynsham in Somerset, and when the monasteries were dissolved by Henry VIII. it became the property of the Crown. A decade or two later, when Queen Elizabeth was empowered by Parliament at her accession to make the bishops exchange their good manors against whatever she chose to offer in return of the same ostensible value, it passed with other rectories to the bishopric of Oxford, for which see, no doubt as being the creation of her lamented father, the Queen had an extreme affection, keeping it vacant and impounding its revenues for forty-one out of the forty-four years of her reign. All this time, naturally, the various occupiers of the Priory farmed the rectory glebe, and rented the rectory house, but it was not theirs; it thrust itself, like a Naboth's vineyard, into their prospect, but not even Tanfield, though he made iniquitous bargains with the vicars of Burford, could play Ahab to Queen Elizabeth's Naboth, or after her death to a bishop of Oxford under the Stuarts. But everything comes to him who waits, if only he can wait long enough. Tanfield unhappily had already been twenty years under his magnificent tomb in the chapel which represents his last theft from the parish, when the chance of taking possession came with the sequestration of episcopal property in 1649. On May 7 in that year there was read, for the third time, 'an act for settling the Rectory or Parsonage House of Burford in the Co. of Oxon, and some of the Glebe lands upon William Lenthall, Esq^{e}., now Speaker, and his heirs,' in consideration of the sum of £40 paid to the treasurer for bishop's lands. At the Restoration, when Church property reverted to its rightful owners, Lenthall must have been allowed a lease of the Rectory, for it is mentioned among other possessions in his will. And so this little house became an appanage of the Priory, until the departure of the Lenthalls in 1828. Perhaps on some future occasion I may ask leave to tell the story of its inmates.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

A CYMRIC 'CONFESSION BOOK.'

A YEAR or two ago, as 'a Welshman of the Dispersion,' to borrow a misleading description of Welshmen normally resident in England from the curious volume prompting these observations, I wrote, and the CORNHILL MAGAZINE printed, an article on the Welsh in London.[1] In it an attempt was made to reveal to English readers something of the extraordinary cohesiveness and isolation, in a microcosm of their own construction, of the Welsh folk who live in and about the capital of England, of the Kingdom, of the Empire. To those who read, it probably was in the nature of a revelation to be informed that, besides keeping up Welsh churches and Welsh chapels in the heart of London, these Welsh people maintain also there the most characteristic and individual of their racial institutions, the Eisteddfod. Amidst the towering warehouses of the City is wedged a large chapel having appurtenant halls, and in these halls choral competitions and all the stock programme of the Eisteddfod are carried on as earnestly and as systematically as in Caernarvon or Caermarthen. In short, these Welsh folk live among the English, but they are not, because they wish not to be, of the English. In this is something that appeals to sympathy and sentiment, and, it must be added, some matter for regret also. These fellow countrymen and women of mine are not really 'of the dispersion.' They are far too fond of pitying themselves as exiles, of likening themselves to the children of Israel by the waters of Babylon. In truth they have not the slightest difficulty in singing the songs of Zion in a strange land for the simple reason that they have for the most part come into that land of their own free will and under no compulsion save that of the desire to 'better themselves' in this world.

To the paper of a year or two ago the observations here following are complementary. In them an effort will be made to describe the Welsh as they believe themselves to be, to look at them through Welsh spectacles, adding to the picture thus obtained a few touches of unvarnished truth. These last are given with the authority of personal knowledge, for we 'of the dispersion' keep up a rational

[1] February 1904.

interest in Wales and in things Welsh, although we do not all cherish, and certainly do not protest, that heart-sick longing to return to our native hills and valleys which others with equal pride and sorrow proclaim in the market place. If the former of these two classes recognise that they have neither right nor desire to swamp their British citizenship in ancient British racialism they can, and they usually do, watch the course of events in the land of their birth with 'rational interest'; and 'rational' implies such interest as is not inconsistent with a just appreciation and a steadfast observance of the relative importance of racialism and the true feeling of nationality. So, as it happens, we reach at the very outset the parting of the ways, and it becomes necessary to state a conviction that English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, as such, may talk of their separate races, and cherish their racial institutions and traditions if they please, but that they all go to make one nation and that nationality is altogether too grand and significant a word to be applied properly to their individual cases.

How, then, is a Welshman, who has kept himself aloof on principle from an esoteric, exclusive, and self-centred Cymricism, to be heard when he sets himself up to explain what manner of people the home-staying Welsh are now in their own opinion, and how they hope to work out that which they believe to be their destiny? The answer to this question is provided by a volume of nearly 400 closely printed pages, issued from the offices of the 'Western Mail,' a Cardiff daily newspaper enjoying a large circulation in Wales and Monmouthshire, although it is printed in the English language. The volume is edited by Mr. Thomas Stephens of Camberwell, of Cambria also most clearly, under the title 'Wales To-day and To-morrow,' and it contains no less than eighty articles, by eighty persons, and portraits of most of the eighty, as well as an Introduction by the editor. It contains also 'greetings' from the late Sir Lewis Morris in verse, from Mr. George Meredith and Sir John Puleston in prose, and from a bard rejoicing in the name of Eifion Wyn in Welsh verse. How exactly the essayists, if that be not too high-sounding a word to apply to many of them, were collected, the editor omits to state in his Introduction, probably because he wrote in a mood of almost lyrical exultation; nor does he define the scope of the volume; but it must be confessed that the tone of his description of its general character prepares the reader adequately, if not very precisely, for the trend of a large part of its contents. 'This book is

a mirror held before the face of Wales of to-day. Herein is reflected the fair, fresh countenance of her rising nationalism, and the expanding life of her people. The book is not reminiscent.' (This, in passing, is an inaccuracy, for many of the articles indulge in retrospect, and one of the most vehement of all, on the Welsh Church question, is by way of following the historical method.)

> Its eyes are fixed on the present, with a brief glance at the future . . . Churchman and Dissenter, Conservative and Liberal, Individualist and Socialist, preacher and educationalist, bard and singer, sculptor and painter, merchant and farmer, employer and employed, North Walian and South Walian, Welsh-speaking and English-speaking Welshmen—all these find a pulpit in 'Wales To-day and To-morrow.'

They do indeed, and, since their sermons appear to be entirely independent, the result is so kaleidoscopic as a whole, so naïf and absurdly young in many parts, as to call to mind irresistibly the 'Confession Books' of thirty years ago. In these, which seem to have become quite obsolete now, girls used to make their friends write down their preferences in books and complexions, their favourite lines of poetry and so forth; and in one, still extant, I quoted as my favourite lines:

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank, with brief thanksgiving,
> Whatever Gods may be,
> That no life lives for ever,
> That dead men rise up never,
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Considerably less than thirty years were needed to convince me (even if the book had not been laid aside and forgotten by her who kept it, until a short time ago) that this borrowed sentiment was but a silly and youthful affectation of pessimism. In charity it may be hoped that in a few years, or even months, some of the writers in this 'Cymric Confession Book'—for many of them, to judge by the appearance of their portraits, are quite young—will realise that the views expressed by them are narrow, virulent, wanting in sense of humour, and abounding in vanity, to a degree calculated to stir the derision of the English and the indignation of sober-minded Welshmen. Their offence is far worse than mine was; I did but exercise the inalienable right of a young man to write himself down an ass in the decorous semi-privacy of a sub-

urban drawing-room. They have done all that in them lay to make a public laughing-stock of a race, or, as they would like to say, a nation, entitled by virtue of some of its qualities to a due measure of reasoned respect among men.

'The Cymric Confession Book' is divided into sections, headed 'Religion,' 'Politics and Social Reform,' 'Education,' 'Art and Literature'—into all of which religion or sectarian politics enter largely—and 'Industry, Trade, and Commerce.' The last section, mainly statistical, does not concern us here, and, for various reasons, no effort shall be made to treat of the subject matter of the other sections. Religion itself is at once too sacred and too thorny; religious politics, or politics arising out of forms of religion, are bitter and unattractive; Welsh education is interesting, but too complex a question to be assailed at the moment. About Welsh literature I unfortunately know very little; and of Welsh art, save in the matter of music, there exists even less than I know of Welsh literature. The Welsh are not prolific of painters, for a reason alluded to later, nor of sculptors. They produce neither architects nor artistic craftsmen. But, although the subjects of the sections are left untreated, a perusal of the articles none the less leaves a clear conviction that the book, as a whole, is calculated to produce an impression most inadequately representative of the intelligence and the sanity of the Welsh people in general. After all, this mirror is but of the intellectual kind. It can but reflect, like the looking-glass, such things as are placed in front of it. A distorted face presented to the looking-glass is the cause of a wry image, and if narrow and extreme views be placed in front of the intellectual mirror, the result is analogous.

The 'greetings' are the best part of the volume, although it may be said at once that there are also a few rational articles, some of which are mentioned in the course of indicating the wrong-headedness of others. These others, my main concern, would assuredly never have been written if the 'greetings' had been printed in advance and had been taken to heart.

> I know not what these varied pages tell,
> What civic lessons teach or heavenward creed;
> So they take thought for thee, dear land, indeed,
> And seek to aid thy future, it is well.

So the late Sir Lewis Morris; but, as a Welshman living among Welshmen, he made a shrewd guess.

Let thought, with emulous thought combined, inspire
New themes more worthy of the bardic lyre
Than those once sung within the ashen grove;
Themes fired with loftier warmth of eager love
For this our little plot of native earth.

. . . . . .

Yet scorn not thou the universal speech
Which to a listening world our brethren teach;
Through commerce, and the victories of peace,
March on, and let thy fate with theirs increase.
Dear land, arise, come forth, nor ever more,
Brooding apart where thy cowl'd mountains rise,
Monklike against the skies,
Forget to mingle with thy neighbour race,
His vigour, and thy grace.

Poetic inspiration may be lacking in these lines, but sound sense is there. Sir Lewis Morris, speaking from the grave, warns his fellow-countrymen of their besetting sins; and that the warning was needed the book shows. Concerning the Welsh greeting in verse of Eifion Wyn I have nothing to say; and Sir John Puleston's 'greeting' is merely conventional. Mr. George Meredith's words, written apparently after some study of the work, are earnest and important. After referring to the constitutional inability of the Welsh of old time to forget a personal affront, to the treacheries staining their annals, to Welshmen's fervid temperament and its consequences in national spirit and language still surviving, he proceeds:

Happily also they can, as we see in the present collection, be abreast of the times. It is to be said with much satisfaction that they can be Welsh, and not merely Welsh. For patriotism has its dangers, and the narrowing of mind is one of them. Well, the jealousy between North Wales and South Wales has passed away, we may hope, and they join, in a common rivalry with the English, to strengthen the nation either in arms or in the arts, in science or in studies that lead to the nobler humanism upon which a purified civilisation has to rest.

The use of the word 'nation,' in the last sentence quoted, supports a view advanced by me on an earlier page. It is not to be suggested that the word is used without meaning, nor that Mr. Meredith's words of praise are not applied, after thought, to those articles of which they can be used with justice and with truth; and this to me is at once a comfort and a convenience. Certainly we see in this book that the Welsh, some of them, can be Welsh and not merely Welsh, which is all Mr. Meredith says; but we also see that others cannot be Welsh without being much too intensely Welsh. Mr. Meredith has praised the first class, and he has ignored

the second. Let his praise, being of the highest value, suffice to content them without further recognition, infinitely less in value, of their merit from me; and be mine the task to deal faithfully with some of those whom Mr. Meredith has ignored in charity and in courtesy.

Whole truth to tell, many of the articles in this volume show strong marks of that Cymric megalomania, or tendency to unmeasured praise of all things Welsh, having its necessary corollary in national mikromania and an unlovely desire to cry down all things English. The editor strikes the keynote:

> To the patriotic Welshman there are New Jerusalem glories about Wales. There is no country like it in all the world. Wealthier isles, more bountiful realms, ampler harvests, and lands of greater renown, there may be; but such woods and vales, enchanted shores, mysterious mountains, grassy slopes, limpid streams, are nowhere known outside Wales—land of beauty, virtue and valour.

Reckless boasting of this kind provokes reprisals. Scotland and Ireland, to say nothing of England, have scenery in precisely the same kind as that of Wales, and plenty of such scenery, at least equal in merit. Again, since the reference in the concluding salutation is clearly to persons, an honest Welshman cannot but point out that Welsh maidens, albeit pleasing, are apt to have squat figures and bad teeth, that certain unpleasant statistics dispose once and for all of the Welsh claim to exceptional virtue, and that, in the matter of valour, the deeds of English, Scottish, and Irish regiments are at least on a par with those of Welsh battalions. A page or two later Mr. Stephens says, 'the labourer who harks from Somersetshire and Devonshire and many other parts of England has never learned how to provide himself with a place of worship.' It is to be hoped the good gentleman is unaware that English villages, almost without exception, show Nonconformist chapels, very ugly for the most part, built and attended exclusively by the labourers and the very small tradesmen. This method of wild exaggeration of Welsh virtues, combined with depreciation or denial of the like in England, is exasperating. It will not impose upon anybody; it is calculated to strengthen the ancient complaint that the Welsh hold truth in no excessive regard; and there is enough and to spare of the method in the book. Hear the Reverend E. Penar Griffiths of Swansea—the proportion of reverend gentlemen who contribute is startling even for Wales—'Be the Welshman of to-day Iberian or Celt, the progress of his mind and morals forms a more luminous path than any physical

movement that man or nation can make.' The path may be luminous; the words are no more lucid than 'lurid flames and frank suspicion'; but, as in puzzles of words set by some more distinguished authors, the context, almost rhapsodical in this instance, makes it possible to conjecture that which the writer has failed to convey. 'Whatever may be done by us in the future, it is pleasant to think that many a long mile has been negotiated.' (This 'negotiated' smacks of the journalism of the turf, and Mr. Griffiths may be called to account for it by the 'Great Session.')

We have passed by the Iberian's flint axe, the Celt's bronze knife. We bade farewell to the stone altars and the leafy temple of the Druid. We have advanced beyond Caractacus and Boadicea in our conception of courage. We passed beyond the children of the Triads in many-sidedness of mind and knowledge. We laid on one side the coracle to take up the steam-boat. We extinguished the beacon-fire on the high mountain to hearken to the quick telegram. No longer shall the 'great coach' of olden time crawl through the hoar-frost of the vale; we prefer the quick and comfortable train.

Bless the orotund and reverend writer's heart, has not every other civilised race done, *mutatis mutandis*, the same? But we of the Welsh, it appears, had our peculiar way of doing it. We 'walked slowly . . . with the weight of a nation's best in our heart and mind, leaving a deep footmark behind as we walked on'; and from all this I am candidly unable to make out anything at all, except that Mr. Griffiths likes high-sounding phrases, and that Welsh progress was slow. So, perhaps the cause for Cymric self-congratulation is not exceptionally conspicuous.

Next comes a Lowland Scot, not a Welshman at all, but the redoubtable Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., who discourses on Socialism and the Celt. The original purpose of excluding politics is not infringed by attention paid to his version of Socialism, because his Socialism, mainly prophetic and vituperative, is not worthy to be called politics. His vaticinations show a fundamental misapprehension of Welsh character.

As one in a position to judge, I predict that Wales will be the first of the three countries to hoist the Socialist standard as the symbol of its national policy. It was a dark day for humanity when the words *meum* and *tuum* first saw the light. All Celtic people are at heart Communists.

As one in a much better position to judge than Mr. Keir Hardie, I reply with flat, possibly with rude, certainly with necessary contradiction. Lest occasion be given to the enemy to blaspheme, I avoid the question whether Taffy is an ardent believer in *tuum*, but

nobody who knows him can doubt for a moment his whole-hearted devotion to *meum*. He might conceivably, like a good many other men, be converted to a one-sided communism, consisting entirely of taking, not at all of giving; but let the Welshman once realise that Mr. Keir Hardie's Socialism means, supposing it has any meaning at all, the confiscation for the imaginary benefit of the public of the property accumulated by him through untold thrift and industry, and Mr. Keir Hardie may pack up his carpet bag for Cumnock, which had enough of him, or for the East End of London, which grew weary of him, many years ago. 'It is easy,' said a prominent leader of Welsh Nonconformity in my hearing once, 'to reach a Welshman's heart, but very hard to reach his pocket.' By parity of reasoning it is a risky enterprise to threaten his pocket, or rather it will be risky when he understands the nature of the threat. Mr. Hardie, however, realises the Welshman's susceptibility to flattery, however crude, not that this weakness is exclusively Welsh. 'The mechanics of music may have come from the stolid Teutons, but all its spirituality is Celtic.' But this fulsome misstatement is insult, not compliment, by reason of the ignorance it assumes in the recipient.

And so, too, with literature. One has only to read Lady Charlotte Guest's translations of the 'Mabinogion' and other reproductions of early Welsh romances to see where the imaginative side of our literature, the only enduring thing in literature, comes from.

Here, of course, is a grain of Mr. Matthew Arnold, with a peck of nonsense; but even to the grain, having regard to its surroundings, a grateful welcome is due.

Another writer, the Reverend J. Hugh Edwards, of London, certainly had Mr. Matthew Arnold in mind when he wrote that

Wales's special task is to constantly hold before a Philistine and materialistic age the Celtic idea of poetry, self-sacrifice and faith, to testify that man doth not live by bread alone, and, with its clarified vision seeing beyond the veil of matter, to enforce upon the nations of the earth that the greatness of a people is determined by higher considerations than extent of territory and superiority of arms.

In fact, we are told that 'this is the vision which Matthew Arnold saw,' but, as Mr. Edwards quotes his authority, his readers have the opportunity of seeing the qualifying words 'if it be wisely directed.' Mr. Edwards, too, is among the writers who give sound advice to the Welsh, that they should eschew isolation and imitate the Scots by fighting their own way in the world. That is precisely

what our old friends the Welsh in London, and for that matter in Liverpool and a score of places besides, are doing, not without success. Still they will hardly welcome Mr. Edwards's apology for the fact, if fact it be, that the Scots have outstripped them because the Scots have enjoyed greater educational facilities. There was something in this contention once, but the bottom of it has been gone now for many years, during which Wales has been the spoiled child of educationists. She spends, we learn from the Introduction, 5*s*. 9*d*. per head of her population on education, Scotland 4*s*. 10*d*., and England but 3*s*., although probably England finds a good deal of the 5*s*. 9*d*. and the 4*s*. 10*d*. If the Scottish results be better than the Welsh, as they are and probably always will be, the credit must be ascribed to certain useful traits in the Scottish character, dogged pertinacity and unflinching courage, for example, not to be found among the Welsh in a conspicuous degree.

The extreme advocates of the alleged necessity for taking steps to preserve the Welsh language are, as might be expected, sublimely oblivious of the possibility that they may seem ridiculous. 'Public opinion needs to be educated up to the standard that a sacred charge and obligation rests on every man, woman, and child living in Wales to speak Welsh.' This is certainly too sweeping, but let it pass.

Cardiff commenced well by making it compulsory in all its schools, but, at the behest of a few aliens, it has temporarily pawned its birthright as the metropolis of Wales by making Welsh optional, but the pledge will yet be redeemed.

This is wild midsummer madness. Cardiff has no sort of birthright as the metropolis of Wales. It is a town, once quite insignificant, of which the rapid growth within the memories of living men has been compared justly with that of some American cities. That growth was due, in the main, to the construction of the magnificent docks by an 'alien,' Lord Bute, to the discovery by John Nixon, an 'alien' from the North of England, of the vast potentialities of Welsh steam coal, and to his indomitable enterprise in forcing it upon the world. Other 'aliens,' more of them than of Welshmen, it is to be feared, have helped to bring about the greatness of Cardiff, and its population consists very largely of English, and of polyglot folks who live in the vicinity of the docks, and of foreign sailors of many tongues and colours. It would be as childish to make Welsh compulsory in the elementary schools of Cardiff as to enact a similar law for Liverpool; but that is not to say that it

may not be done. As for the word 'alien,' there is no word in all the jargon of Welsh 'Nationalist' agitation so telling when addressed to the ignorant and to the prejudiced, none so exasperating or repellent in the view of educated Welshmen, other than those who, for purposes of their own, have taken a hand in this agitation. It means at bottom a rule that 'no English need apply in Wales,' and the rule is acted upon far too often, and in quite unnecessary cases, in making public appointments. I never hear the word, never read it, without reflecting how extremely inconvenient it would be for me, and for a great many others, if the rule 'No Welsh need apply' were acted upon in England. And what is the real truth about the Welsh language? First it is in no sort of danger of dying out, and the number of persons who talk Welsh by preference is certainly greater at the present time than it has ever been known to be, probably greater than it ever has been. It is, of course, an interesting survival, and, as has been said, it is a very living survival, so that it does not stand in any need at all of tender treatment. If it should die out, the loss would assuredly not be without its compensations. Wales, in fact, suffers not a little from her language. Clergymen in Wales must know Welsh; it is highly desirable, and recognised so to be, that County Court judges should have a colloquial knowledge of it. The result is that, since the Welsh gentry are, for the most part, ignorant of Welsh, the field from which clergymen can be obtained for Welsh work is small, and that, when the Lord Chancellor has to find a new County Court judge for a Welsh circuit, his choice is restricted. Again, in the courts of justice Welsh is an unmitigated nuisance, except to a prevaricating witness: for it is practically impossible to cross-examine such a witness effectively through an interpreter. Hence, in a large measure comes the unenviable reputation of the Welsh witness for false swearing in courts of justice. He is in truth subject to a temptation from which the Englishman is free. So, if Welsh would but perish, the calamity would certainly not be unmixed, for there is quite enough of it in a literary form to fill all the needs of philologists, and, in many ways, it is an inconvenience and a disadvantage to Welshmen, most of all, perhaps, because it tends to make them Welsh and merely Welsh. It should be emphasised, however, that the writers who show sanity on this question are fairly numerous; but the extremists are extreme indeed, and black sheep are always conspicuous in a flock.

In relation to matters musical Cymric complacency has, it is

plain, suffered a rude awakening of late from a dream of long duration. True it is that the Rev. J. Machreth Rees, of London, still maintains the singular view that 'the Welsh standard differs from the English,' complains of the appointment of English adjudicators at Eisteddfodic competitions, and suggests that they fall into injustice in fact, although not in intention. On the other hand, Mr. D. T. Ffrangcon Davies, who speaks with the authority properly belonging to a singer of high rank and to a professor of the principal musical body in the kingdom, tells a very different story. 'Much remains to be done before our country can claim that she has successfully negotiated the superficiality of the outer crust and come at the hidden ore of musical art.' His English might be more simple; his meaning is plain and courageous. Mr. Harry Evans, of Liverpool, also speaks faithfully about Welsh choral singing. Caradog's South Wales Choir beat all comers at the Crystal Palace some thirty years ago, and this 'did much to disturb the equilibrium of the Welsh people;' but the actual victory was only over a choir from South London, a locality never celebrated for choral singing. In 1887 came a bitter set-back, for John North's Huddersfield choir beat the best choirs Wales could produce. (It was at about this time that an English Doctor of Music and well-known musical critic uttered some home truths concerning the methods of Welsh choral singing, and that some ingenious person set up the fantastic theory upheld still by Mr. Machreth Rees.) The real explanation for the defeats of Welsh choirs is that, although good male voices are abundant in Wales, their possessors rest satisfied with a limited knowledge of the tonic solfa system, so that much modern and classical music is a closed book to them. Further, it is clear that not pure love of music or of singing only bring the choirs together, but also the desire to win substantial money prizes in choral competition: so they elect to keep to the beaten track of the pieces they know, learn new music *ægre et moleste*, and the choirs are often disbanded when the prize is won or lost.

One individual article remains, calling for specific attention. Entitled 'Welsh Home-Life,' supported by another to much the same effect, it is selected for treatment because it is truthful, even to the extent of telling more truth than its author realises, although it also betrays a tendency to maudlin sentimentality. That the pious observances of the peasant family should be described with particularity is just; but we hear just a little too much of 'Granny,' her spectacles tied on with string, her tears, and the like. Then

the Welsh farmer's wife is, as a rule, an atrocious cook; but for her to improve in this respect would be 'to depart from the venerable customs of her people.' Her husband, we are told, and accurately so far as South Wales goes, 'demands a good dinner daily, indeed; but his idea of a good dinner is bacon broth, with a variety of vegetables boiled in it. He will not complain if the same dish is again warmed up and served for his supper.' Now *cawl* (pronounced 'cowl'), the viand here indicated, is not always the unctuous mess here described, since it sometimes contains salt beef; but still Welsh cooking is bad, the custom is not at all venerable, and if it were honoured in the breach we might see a sorely needed improvement in the physique of Welshmen and Welshwomen. Soon comes a sentence of deliciously unconscious betrayal: 'The vegetables he cultivates are those his fathers cultivated, *the flowers he allows to grow in odd corners* are daisies, pansies, violets, and others which came over before the Conqueror.' Let the botanical history go unchallenged; the words italicised by me are full of sad revelation. One sees why the cottage gardens of Wales, except in model villages, make so lamentable a show. One begins to see why Welsh villages produce no Constables, no Gainsboroughs, no painters of any note at all; the phrase leads to the suspicion that the Welshman is but half-equipped in an æsthetic sense, keenly alive to music, poetry, and oratory, which appeal to the brain through the ear, quite devoid of appreciation for colour or even for external neatness. These artless words in fact render definite a thought, long harboured vaguely, and almost forced into words by the experience of a drive through the heart of England into South Wales early in the spring of 1907. The transition from neat gardens and trim orchards to utter neglect of everything of the kind was striking, and, to a Welshman in English company, saddening. One scene was really too nauseating for description, and many spectacles of needless dirt I saw that might make an Englishman understand why the editor suggests as a startling innovation to the Welsh peasantry that they should try the effect of a clean tablecloth at meals.

Finally, I have my own view on these matters, and, believing it to be that of a large class, I give expression to it, for sundry definite reasons. First, these words of mine are likely to be quoted, in part at least, by Welsh newspaper editors, often with the addition of angry comment. They will be quoted because those editors know their business and know their readers; and those readers,

being as a race much too self-conscious and ready to take offence, will be bitterly resentful against, and therefore keenly interested in, a Welshman's frank expression of opinion that some Cymric ambitions may be foolish and ridiculous, some Cymric institutions may leave something to be desired. Next, because I am a Welshman and therefore painfully aware that I am myself unduly self-conscious, it is an intolerable thought to me that all this olla podrida of narrow views, and racial self-congratulation, and abuse of England, and twaddle about the Welsh language, should be put forward as representing the general sentiment of the Welsh people. Englishmen may be assured that it does nothing of the kind, that it is nothing more than the advertisement placard, so to speak, of a small and often self-seeking minority upon whom the vast majority of thoughtful Welshmen look with silent contempt. But such silence is apt to be misconstrued; and that is my reason for writing.

J. E. VINCENT.

REGINA'S CALL.[1]

'I've been longing to tell you all about it ever since it happened, but there's been so much to do, with visiting her twice a day, not to speak of all the unpleasing interviews with her unspeakable relations. And I can tell you, Molly, it wanted a good deal of tact to come through those ordeals unharmed.'

'And what have you been and got involved in now?' I asked as kindly as possible.

Rex flushed.

'Oh, come,' he said hastily, 'I don't make a practice of this sort of thing, you know. It was all Alexander's beastly motor.'

'You don't mean to say he let you drive it alone?' I asked tactlessly.

'I am quite capable of managing it, thank you,' Rex remarked with dignity. 'It was not in the least because I am shaky in my steering, whatever Alexander says, and the child ran across the road from a bye-lane like a flash of lightning. I saw something pink, and heard a yell, and stopped the car at once.'

'Oh, Rex, you didn't run over a child?'

'I'll tell you if you'll give me time. And you can imagine what I felt when I got out and went to look.'

'What the child felt is more to the point,' I said. Perhaps I was a little unkind in my vivid interest in the story. 'Was it dead? Oh, Rex, how shocking!'

'No,' said he coldly, 'on the contrary, she was sitting up crying, but except for a few bruises and a broken arm or so, there was nothing the matter with her at all. A crowd collected at once, and in less than ten minutes we had four doctors and three hospital nurses on the spot, all giving their advice and their opinion of my driving at once, in the frankest and most unrestrained manner. They put her in the car, and I took her to the hospital very slowly, escorted by an extraordinarily demonstrative crowd, and by the time she was comfortably put to bed all her relations were waiting in the vestibule to see me and find out my ideas on the subject of compensation. I had a happy hour of it.'

[1] Copyright, 1908, by Dorothea Deakin, in the United States of America.

'My poor Rex,' I said gently, 'were they so upset?'

'Upset?' said Rex grimly, 'yes, they were very much upset. But their tears didn't in the least dull their eyes to the main chance, and from what I gathered from one of her uncles, a motor accident is looked upon in their circle as manna in the wilderness.'

'One of her uncles?'

Rex smiled.

'Oh, yes, they were all there,' he said, 'her father and mother, two grandfathers and grandmothers, five or six aunts, three uncles, and all her brothers and sisters. It was Saturday afternoon, you see, and a holiday. Oh, yes, they'd all come.'

'Do they *all* want compensation?' I asked slowly.

'They *want* it,' Rex replied sardonically, 'but they won't get it. I've given the father—and a grimy ruffian he is—ten pounds, and he'll not get a penny more. The child's as happy as a queen in the hospital. She's never had such a time in her life.'

'Poor little girl,' I said, 'how old is she?'

'Twelve,' said Rex slowly, 'and wonderful to look at. She's very dark, with splendid black eyes, and a mouth like a red flower.'

I stared at his kindling eyes and rapturous voice.

'I've never seen such eyes,' he went on. 'They're the kind that you see in your dreams, Molly.'

'I never see anybody's black eyes in my dreams,' I murmured sadly, 'I wish I did.'

'The kind that haunt you all your life,' he went on. 'I've been to see her twice a day since it happened, and by George! her eyes! Well, they *do* grow on one most tremendously.'

'Are you falling in love with a twelve-year-old gutter child?' I asked with a smile.

Rex rose and walked away to the window. When he came back his serious face surprised me.

'Molly,' he said slowly, 'did you ever have an ideal?'

'No, why?'

'This child is my ideal of womanly beauty, and it breaks my heart to think of what she will grow into by the squalid, noisy, ignorant, brutal hands of the relatives who are bringing her up.'

'She's probably bringing herself up,' said I slowly. 'They generally do in those circles.'

'I'm poor,' said Rex, suddenly changing the subject, 'and I shall not be able to marry for at least six or seven years; but I have enough money to do something that I have been thinking of.'

'What do you mean?'

'If I buy this child and take her away from her people and educate her, in six years she will be grown up and a gloriously beautiful girl. She shall be educated and her mind shall be formed to fulfil my ideal!'

'Rex!' I gazed at him in silent horror.

'So far,' this amazing youth pursued, 'I have lived an aimless, selfish life, and now my chance has come.'

'*Dear* Rex,' I said gently, 'don't, don't take it. *Do* you think that you or anyone else will make an angel out of a little slum girl with a herd of impossible relations?'

Rex shook his head.

'You haven't seen her,' he said, 'her sweet nature speaks from her face. Only yesterday one of the nurses asked her if she wasn't glad I'd stopped the car in time, and she just put her little hands together and said, No. She was always quite ready to die.'

I gazed at him in silent horror.

'Yes,' said he, 'Queenie's her name. *I* call her Regina. Isn't it a beautiful name? When she comes out I shall make the offer to her father.'

'Rex, you've quite made up your mind then?'

'Quite.'

He was then about twenty-one, I believe, an ordinary nice clean-looking egotistical boy; and as I looked at his grimly set lips and exalted eyes, I realised that he was suffering from a disease which only time would cure.

'You'll come in and tell me how her father takes it, won't you?' I asked mildly, as he said good-bye. Of course he would. He did. He came the very next day, just as I was going out to get a half-dozen calls off my mind.

'Molly, dear,' he said, 'I don't want to interfere with your plans or keep you in, but if you could give me five minutes——'

I sat down on the oak chair in the hall, and he looked uncomfortably towards the drawing-room door.

'Oh, come in then'—I resigned myself as usual without a murmur. 'Did you make that wild and romantic offer to the parents?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Rex enthusiastically. 'Her mother jumped at it from the first, but her father was more careful. He wouldn't commit himself till I'd raised my offer to twenty pounds. Then he said that the child was the apple of his eye, and was this

Christian England where folks bought and sold their own for gold and silver ? '

' Did you say it was ? '

' I said I wasn't going to say whether it was Christian or not, as I wasn't qualified to make any reflection. And then her mother began to cry suddenly, and said Queenie had been her comfort and right hand from fifteen months old. She said human souls were not to be put up for auction in a free land, and that twenty pounds was an insulting offer. It *was* a trying afternoon. I wish you'd been there instead of me.'

' That is sweet of you,' I remarked meekly.

' You're so tactful and yet shrewd. I can't make a decent bargain about anything. Never could.'

' How did it end ? '

' They gave in at five-and-twenty,' he replied wearily. ' God knows when I shall pay my tailor now. And then the climax was reached when I suggested to Mother that she should take her in hand and form her after my scheme, when I've drawn it out. I've never seen my mother so roused. She was almost fierce, and Aunt May—I went round to *her* afterwards—Aunt May was simply insulting.'

' How selfish people are ! ' I murmured softly. But at heart my sympathies were certainly with his relations.

Rex looked at me with a thoughtful gleam in his eye.

' I suppose,' he began, ' you're very fond of me, Molly, aren't you ? '

' Oh, very,' I said hastily, ' but——'

' I suppose you wouldn't care to——'

' Not for worlds,' I cried, and he went disconsolately home. His mother called on me a week later to weep—almost to weep in my arms.

' He's told you, of course,' said she dismally.

' Yes,' said I, ' can't we lock him up till he changes his mind ? '

' He brought her to tea with me—I couldn't refuse everything the boy asked me. Miss Green, the girls' old governess—the one they never could get on with—*she's* taken her in and promised to carry out all Reggie's impossible plans. And he brought her to tea with me in a Liberty frock which must have cost him pounds, poor boy. White, with lovely Indian embroidery, and quite unsuitable in every way except mere beauty.'

' Is she as pretty as he says ? ' I asked.

'Quite, only very foreign-looking. I believe her grandmother was a Hungarian gipsy by the look of her, and Reggie rather takes to the idea, only I wish she wouldn't put everything on her knees. Really, in that expensive frock——'

'Put everything on her knees?' I asked in bewilderment.

Mrs. O'Hanlon adjusted her smart toque.

'My dear, you've seen them at school-treats a hundred times. They take everything that's passed to them, for fear of missing anything, you know, and we couldn't understand how she got through the cakes so quickly till Elaine went behind her for something and saw what she'd got in her lap. Five éclairs, at least, and a cream bun—all oozing, you know, at the sides, and we had to sponge her frock afterwards. And after tea she stood up and sang a hymn for grace. We were all thunderstruck, but Reggie was charmed. She's got a sweet little pipe of a voice, but she wailed the words out in a most trying way, and then said, "Please can I go 'ome?" I am really sorry for Miss Green. She called us all "lidy."'

'But how can Reggie afford it?'

'He can't. His father had to pay his tailor only yesterday. He ought to insist upon the wretched boy sending the child home.'

'Rex is very stubborn,' I said thoughtfully. 'Do you know, I think I wouldn't oppose him in this at all.'

'Dear Molly, you are so clever, and you always understand.'

'I've known so many boys,' I said modestly, then added with unusual brilliance, 'I think, if I may say so, that if you give him his head here, he'll cut his own traces.'

Rex's mother looked puzzled.

'Cut his traces?' she asked uneasily.

'Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself, was what I really meant,' I amended smartly, but I must admit that I saw no reason to expect any such thing yet, and when he came to see me about it, *I* wasn't going to scold him. Sympathy was what *he* would soon want, even if he hardly realised it yet.

I went to see his sister a few days later, and found her in the pretty garden, picking dead violas off in much despair.

'Elaine,' I said quickly, 'you're worrying about something—what is it?'

'You've heard about this new craze of Reggie's?'

'Yes.'

'Molly, it's awful. He's laying up a black, black future for himself if he only knew.'

'Oh, cheer up,' said I, 'she may turn out the angel of his dreams after all, with Miss Green's influence and Rex's ideal programme——'

'Don't,' said Elaine, sitting down suddenly on the grass edging; 'she's unspeakable.'

'How? I didn't think she was a naughty little girl——'

'Naughty!' Elaine cried sharply, 'I wish she *was* naughty. There'd be some hope for her then. One can always improve people's manners and morals, Molly——'

'Oh, one can, can one?' I eyed her in surprise. 'Then what?'

'This dreadful child,' said she dolefully, 'has been brought up entirely in Sunday schools, and things of that sort. She's been reading awful little books about children who die young and forgive their parents on their death-beds, all her life. Her only remarks are copy-book precepts. She sings hymns at you if you look at her. I love hymns; those with the fine old tunes and fine old words, but she doesn't choose those! How would you like it if your visitor stood up suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon and insisted upon singing "'I should like to die,' said Willie," or "Where is my boy to-night"?'

'Not much,' I admitted with frank horror. 'But it's very kind of you, Elaine, to have her here. Doesn't she like it very much—this lovely garden, and——'

'Like it!' said Elaine. 'She's taken it as a duty! She's trying to reform us. She says she's had a call. She thinks we're all lost souls because we only go to church in the mornings on Sunday, and none of us teach in the Sunday school.'

'My *dear* child!'

'Yes, Molly, it's quite true—really it is. She took mother's novel away from her on Sunday and brought out a grimy book called "Little Rays of Sunshine," with a sermon for every day of the week, and mother was so flabbergasted that she obediently read it—as far as Wednesday, she did really! Oh, it's awful.'

'But why do you worry about the girl?' I asked in surprise. 'It is absurd to take any notice of the whims of a boy like Rex. You've always spoilt him, but this really is above a joke.'

Elaine sighed.

'Joke!' she said, 'there's not much joke about Regina. But mother says that it's a mistake to crush all a boy's fine impulses.

She says that we ought to reserve our blame for real evils. I never saw a realler one than Regina, but after the first fierce row, mother just succumbed like a lamb. And she says that the more we have the girl here and draw her out, the more Reggie won't be able to bear it.'

'There's something in that,' I murmured thoughtfully.

'Perhaps,' Elaine admitted doubtfully, 'but I should like to do it in a quicker way. Reggie must be a little disappointed because he told Miss Green that the child must look up to him as well as love and cling to him. And Regina asked him the other day if he didn't want to be saved!'

'Elaine!'

'You can't call that looking up, can you?'

'Not exactly,' said I, with a smile.

'The only thing I can think of is to make the child go back to her parents, but it's not as easy to manage as you'd suppose. Miss Green's our firm ally, and she makes Regina's lessons as dull as she possibly can, and I don't know anyone better able to do that, do you?'

'No, indeed,' said I fervently, with a stab of memory. I had shared Elaine's governess once. I sat down on the grass by Elaine's side and rested my elbows on my knees, plunged in thought.

'Have you thought of the child's parents?' I said at last.

Elaine stared.

'What do you mean?'

'Have you any money, Elaine?'

'Very little. Forty pounds in the bank. I'm saving up for my trousseau.'

'Nonsense! Your mother will have to give you a proper trousseau, especially if you spend your own money on Rex. Go and bribe the parents to steal Regina back. Your mother says they have gipsy blood. They'll easily manage it. Gipsies steal children and hens all day long, don't they?'

'Not when they're like Regina. Besides, Reggie would never forgive me. Now if *you* would do it, Molly dear.'

'I like that,' said I hotly, 'When there's anything disagreeable to be done——'

'But you've got so much tact, darling——' Elaine caressed my hand with an earthy little finger. I rose sharply, but she caught at my dress.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' she cried, 'I'll undermine Miss Green, and get her to leave a window or door open.'

'Tell her to lock up the silver, then——'

'And *you* see the relations——'

'I don't want to make an enemy of Rex for life.'

'He'll never know you did it. He won't know that any of us did it, Molly dearest; do, oh *do* do it.'

Of course I promised to do it, and then went home in a rage with myself for my weakness. It ended in my going unarmed and alone, with twenty sovereigns in gold in my purse, into Angel Meadow, and it took me an hour to find Rosemary Court. I was very nervous. The swarming children were so fiercely friendly, and people would keep throwing things suddenly out of upper windows. The squalid, sordid horror of the place filled me with contrition. I thought of Regina in her Liberty frock and shuddered for her future here. Was there no middle course? No nice, clean home where they would make a neat little servant to a neat little pattern of the poor child? But I had promised to do my best—and I did it—for five pounds. 'Dirt cheap,' as the father remarked, 'and him risking life and limb and liberty and spendin' money like water on railway fares to bring 'er 'ome.'

'Aren't you glad to get her back?' I demanded sternly.

He fidgeted a little. He knew what a good father ought to say, of course, but——

'She's a way of readin' tracks aloud to me an' 'er mother, an' spoils the little 'ome,' he said at last.

'I doubt Queenie won't come with her father,' the mother said, arranging her grimy and ragged apron to hide a large rent in her bodice.

'She went willingly then?'

Queenie's parents exchanged glances.

'She give us 'er blessing,' her mother remarked shortly, 'all round she give it, missin' none of 'em except 'er aunt, Mary Ellen, and she'd 'ad words with 'er on Friday about the way she spent 'er 'usband's wage when she got it. An' then she stood in the middle of the court, with 'er little 'ands behind 'er singing a hymn. What was it she sung, father?'

The father grunted.

'Summat like this it were,' he began in a singsong tone,

> My old companions, fare yew well,
> I will not go with yew to——

'It's a pity she's got to leave 'er good 'ome,' the mother interrupted hastily, 'she's wasted on Angel Meadow, Queenie is.'

I pointed out sadly that she was even more wasted on us. In Angel Meadow she had at least good opportunities; fair scope for her efforts. We settled the matter finally and parted with mutual esteem, and I went home and waited nervously for developments. In two days, however, I could bear it no longer, and went to call on Rex's mother and know the worst. I plunged as it happened right into the middle of everything I could most have wished to avoid. I found Rex standing in the middle of the room, white and indignant. Miss Green sat on the sofa weeping in the arms of his mother. They were both weeping. Elaine's eyes too were red, and I was greeted with a chill silence. Rex broke it.

'I'm glad to see you,' he said. 'A man learns to be glad of his friends when his mother and sister turn against him.'

'Dear Rex,' said I faintly, 'what—what has happened?'

'Queenie has been stolen. Cruelly, selfishly, wickedly stolen from me.'

'As if I'd steal a child!' his mother said with a sniff.

'As if anyone could want to steal Queenie,' Elaine cried viciously.

'You said you were glad,' Rex cried. 'When Miss Green came and told us the terrible news, you said you were thankful for it. Mother said so. Elaine said "Heaven be praised." Deny it if you can.'

No one denied anything.

'A little lonely lovely child,' Rex cried sentimentally, 'stolen away—to be lost, perhaps, in the slums; to starve and to die.'

'What could anyone do with Queenie if they did steal her?' Elaine asked sharply, 'unless they want to send her out as a missionary to China to be eaten.'

'In China,' said Miss Green with a sniff, 'the missionaries are not eaten. The burglars who carried off the child carried off also my Sèvres teapot and the plated muffineer which belonged to my aunt Rebecca. All the other valuables were locked up.'

I looked from one to the other. What could I say?

'The dream of my life is wrecked for ever,' said Rex tragically, plunging his hands in his pockets. I studied his injured face reflectively for some minutes.

'Let's advertise,' I suggested cheerfully, 'let's advertise with a reward. Don't give up hope yet, Rex!'

His face changed. I thought it fell a little, but I *must* have been mistaken.

'No good at all,' he said curtly.

'Oh, yes,' said I cheerfully. 'And have you notified the police?'

'The police are a set of thickheaded asses,' he remarked shortly.

'Not all of them,' I went on brightly. 'Sergeant Gay is very smart indeed. I'll call, if you like, on my way home.'

'You'll do nothing of the kind,' said Rex hastily. "I'll see 'em myself if I think it's any good. I don't at present.'

'Have bills posted all over the town,' I suggested with a side glance at Elaine. 'Inquire at all the railway stations.'

'Your suggestions are the most futile I have ever heard.' Rex was getting warm, and forgetting to be polite.

Elaine was visibly brightening.

'Rex, dear,' said I gently, 'I am full of sympathy, though I seem so heartless. To lose that dear, pretty, good little girl. So promising she was, too! Why not go straight to the child's home and inquire?'

Elaine gasped, but I was sure of him now.

'I'm hanged if I will!' he cried.

I rose and said good-bye, and Elaine squeezed my hand gratefully as she said good-bye. 'He's glad,' she whispered. 'Oh, Molly, he's glad too.'

I smiled. Rex let me out and apologised in the hall for his rudeness.

'The fact is,' he said shamefacedly, 'I wouldn't let mother and Elaine know it, but it's been rather a rel——'

'Rather a relentless blow,' I murmured wickedly, 'of course it has, Rex.'

He laughed and coloured.

'She's an awful little prig,' he said.

'She'd have made a better man of you, Rex, in no time,' I murmured softly.

'Molly,' he cried earnestly, 'I assure you that when Miss Green came in and told me that Queenie had cleared off with everything she could lay her hands on, I felt more thankful than I've ever felt in my life. My God, the thought of the future was growing too appalling. She was trying to reform me already.'

I said nothing, but watched with fascinated eyes the front door slowly opening.

Rex went on earnestly, for his back was towards the door. 'I came home, Molly, and sat down on the first chair and said to myself that it was too good to be true. "Thank God she's gone," I said.'

'Look at the front door,' said I softly. He wheeled smartly round with amazed, alarmed eyes.

In the doorway, clinging to the lintel, stood a little weary figure in a ragged red frock. There was no hat on her shaggy black head, and she paddled across the hall with dusty bare feet and caught Rex's hand with a sob.

'They come an' took me 'ome,' she said, 'an' tied an ankercher round my mouth so as I wouldn't yell. But I'm not going to stop along of them lost souls. I've walked every step of the way.'

Poor Rex looked wildly from her to me, then back again.

'I'm never goin' to leave you no more,' Regina said cheerfully, and we saw that she meant it.

DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

AT LARGE.[1]

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

IX.

OPTIMISM.

We Anglo-Saxons are mostly optimists at heart; we love to have things comfortable, and to pretend that they are comfortable when they obviously are not. The brisk Anglo-Saxon, if he cannot reach the grapes, does not say that the grapes are sour, but protests that he does not really care about grapes. A story is told of a great English proconsul who desired to get a loan from the Treasury of the Government over which he practically, though not nominally, presided. He went to the Financial Secretary and said: 'Look here, T——, you must get me a loan for a business I have very much at heart.' The secretary whistled, and then said: 'Well, I will try; but it is not the least use.' 'Oh, you will manage it somehow,' said the proconsul, 'and I may tell you confidentially it is absolutely essential.' The following morning the secretary came to report: 'I told you it was no use, sir, and it wasn't; the Board would not hear of it.' 'Damnation!' said the proconsul, and went on writing. A week after he met the secretary, who felt a little shy. 'By the way, T——,' said the great man, 'I have been thinking over that matter of the loan, and it was a mercy you were not successful; it would have been a hopeless precedent, and we are much better without it.'

That is the true Anglo-Saxon spirit of optimism. The most truly British person I know is a man who will move heaven and earth to secure a post or to compass an end; but when he fails, as he does not often fail, he says genially that he is more thankful than he can say; it would have been ruin to him if he had been successful. The same quality runs through our philosophy and our religion. Who but an Anglo-Saxon would have invented the robust theory, to account for the fact that prayers are often not granted, that prayers are always directly answered whether you

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attain your desire or not? The Greeks prayed that the gods would grant them what was good even if they did not desire it, and withhold what was evil even if they did desire it. The shrewd Roman said: 'The gods will give us what is most appropriate; man is dearer to them than to himself.' But the faithful Anglo-Saxon maintains that his prayer is none the less answered even if it be denied, and that it is made up to him in some roundabout way. It is inconceivable to the Anglo-Saxon that there may be a strain of sadness and melancholy in the very mind of God; he cannot understand that there can be any beauty in sorrow. To the Celt, sorrow itself is dear and beautiful, and the mournful wailing of winds, the tears of the lowering cloud, afford him sweet and even luxurious sensations. The memory of grief is one of the good things that remains to him, as life draws to its close; for love is to him the sister of grief rather than the mother of joy. But this is to the Anglo-Saxon mind a morbid thing. The hours in which sorrow has overclouded him are wasted, desolated hours, to be forgotten and obliterated as soon as possible. There is nothing sacred about them; they are sad and stony tracts over which he has made haste to cross, and the only use of them is to heighten the sense of security and joy. And thus the sort of sayings that satisfy and sustain the Anglo-Saxon mind are such irrepressible outbursts of poets as 'God's in His heaven; all's right with the world'—the latter part of which is flagrantly contradicted by experience; and, as for the former part, if it be true, it lends no comfort to the man who tries to find his God in the world. Again, when Browning says that the world 'means intensely and means good,' he is but pouring oil upon the darting flame of optimism, because there are many people to whom the world has no particular meaning, and few who can re-echo the statement that it means good. That some rich surprise, in spite of palpable and hourly experience to the contrary, may possibly await us, is the most that some of us dare to hope.

My own experience, the older I grow, and the more I see of life, is that I feel it to be a much more bewildering and even terrifying thing than I used to think it. To use a metaphor, instead of its being a patient educational process, which I would give all that I possessed to be able sincerely to believe it to be, it seems to me arranged far more upon the principle of a game of cricket—which I have always held to be, in theory, the most unjust and fortuitous of games. You step to the wicket, you have only a single chance;

the boldest and most patient man may make one mistake at the outset, and his innings is over; the timid tremulous player may by undeserved good luck contrive to keep his wicket up, till his heart has got into the right place and his eye has wriggled straight, and he is set.

That is the first horrible fact about life—that carelessness is often not penalised at all, whereas sometimes it is instantly and fiercely penalised. One boy at school may break every law, human and divine, and go out into the world unblemished. Another timid and good-natured child may make a false step, and be sent off into life with a permanent cloud over him. School life often emphasises the injustice of the world instead of trying to counteract it. Schoolmasters tend to hustle the weak rather than to curb the strong.

And then we pass into the larger world, and what do we see? A sad confusion everywhere. We see an innocent and beautiful girl struck down by a long and painful disease—a punishment perhaps appropriate to some robust and hoary sinner, who has gathered forbidden fruit with both his hands, and the juices of which go down to the skirts of his clothing; or a brave and virtuous man, with a wife and children dependent on him, needed if ever man was, kind, beneficent, strong, is struck down out of life in a moment. On the other hand, we see a mean and cautious sinner, with no touch of unselfishness and affection, guarded and secured in material contentment. Let anyone run over in his mind the memories of his own circle, fill up the gaps, and ask himself bravely and frankly whether he can trace a wise and honest and beneficent design all through. He may try to console himself by saying that the disasters of good people, after all, are the exceptions, and that, as a rule, courage and purity of heart are rewarded, while cowardice and filthiness are punished. But what room is there for exceptions in a world governed by a God Whom we must believe to be all-powerful, all-just, and all-loving? It is the wilful sin of man, says the moralist, that has brought these hard things upon him. But that is no answer, for the dark shadow lies as sombrely over irresponsible nature, which groans over undeserved suffering. And then, to make the shadow darker still, we have all the same love of life, the same inalienable sense of our right to happiness, the same inheritance of love. If we could but see that in the end pain and loss would be blest, there is nothing that we would not gladly bear. Yet that sight, too, is denied us.

And yet we live, and laugh, and hope, and forget. We take our fill of tranquil days and pleasant companies, though for some of us the thought that it is all passing, passing even while we lean towards it smiling, touches the very sunlight with pain. 'How morbid, how self-tormenting!' says the prudent friend, if such thoughts escape us. 'Why not enjoy the delight and bear the pain? That is life; we cannot alter it.' But not on such terms can I, for one, live. To know, to have some assurance—that is the one and only thing that matters at all. For if I once believed that God were careless, or indifferent, or impotent, I would fly from life as an accursed thing; whereas I would give all the peace, and joy, and contentment, that may yet await me upon earth, and take up cheerfully the heaviest burden that could be devised of darkness and pain, if I could be sure of an after-life that will give us all the unclouded serenity, and strength, and love, for which we crave every moment. Sometimes, in a time of strength and calm weather, when the sun is bright and the friend I love is with me, and the scent of the hyacinths blows from the wood, I have no doubt of the love and tenderness of God; and, again, when I wake in the dreadful dawn to the sharp horror of the thought that one I love is suffering and crying out in pain and drifting on to death, the beauty of the world, the familiar scene, is full of a hateful and atrocious insolence of grace and sweetness; and then I feel that we are all perhaps in the grip of some relentless and inscrutable law that has no care for our happiness or peace at all, and works blindly and furiously in the darkness, bespattering some with woe and others with joy. Those are the blackest and most horrible moments of life; and yet even so we live on.

As I write at my ease I see the velvety grass green on the rich pasture; the tall spires of the chestnut perch, and poise, and sway in the sun; a thrush sings hidden in the orchard; it is all caressingly, enchantingly beautiful, and I am well content to be alive. Looking backwards, I discern that I have had my share, and more than my share, of good things. But they are over; they are mine no longer. And even as I think the thought, the old church clock across the fields tells out another hour that is fallen softly into the glimmering past. If I could discern any strength or patience won from hours of pain and sorrow it would be easier; but the memory of pain makes me dread pain the more, the thought of past sorrow makes future sorrow still more black. I would rather have strength than tranquillity, when all is done; but life has

rather taught me my weakness, and struck the garland out of my reluctant hand.

To-day I have been riding quietly among fields deep with buttercups and fringed by clear, slow streams. The trees are in full spring leaf, only the oaks and walnuts a little belated, unfurling their rusty-red fronds. A waft of rich scent comes from a hawthorn-hedge where a hidden cuckoo flutes, or just where the lane turns by the old water-mill, which throbs and grumbles with the moving gear, a great lilac-bush leans out of a garden and fills the air with perfume. Yet, as I go, I am filled with a heavy anxiety, which plays with my sick heart as a cat plays with a mouse, letting it run a little in the sun and then pouncing upon it in terror and dismay. The beautiful sounds and sights round me—the sight of the quiet, leisurely people I meet—ought, one would think, to soothe and calm the unquiet heart. But they do not; they rather seem to mock and flout me with a savage insolence of indifferent welfare. My thoughts go back, I do not know why, to an old house where I spent many happy days, now in the hands of strangers. I remember sitting, one of a silent and happy party, on a terrace in the dusk of a warm summer night, and how one of those present called to the owls that were hooting in the hanging wood above the house, so that they drew near in answer to the call, flying noiselessly and suddenly uttering their plaintive notes from the heart of the great chestnut on the lawn. Below I can see the dewy glimmering fields, the lights of the little port, the pale sea-line. It seems now all impossibly beautiful and tranquil; but I know that even then it was often marred by disappointments, and troubles, and fears. Little anxieties that have all melted softly into the past, that were easily enough borne, when it came to the point, yet, looming up as they did in the future, filled the days with the shadow of fear. That is the phantom that one ought to lay, if it can be laid. And is there hidden somewhere any well of healing, any pure source of strength and refreshment from which we can drink and be calm and brave? That is a question which each has to answer for himself. For myself, I can only say that strength was sometimes given, sometimes denied. How foolish to be anxious! Yes, but how inevitable! If the beauty and the joy of the world gave one assurance in dark hours that all was certainly well, the pilgrimage would be an easy one. But can one be optimistic by resolving to be? One can of course control oneself, one can let no murmur of

pain escape one, one can even enunciate deep and courageous maxims, because one would not trouble the peace of others, waiting patiently till the golden mood returns. But what if the desolate conviction forces itself upon the mind that sorrow is the truer thing? What if one tests one's own experience, and sees that, under the pressure of sorrow, one after another of the world's lights are extinguished, health, and peace, and beauty, and delight, till one asks oneself whether sorrow is not perhaps the truest and most actual thing of all? That is the ghastliest of moments when everything drops from us but fear and horror, when we think that we have indeed found truth at last, and that the answer to Pilate's bitter question is that pain is the nearest thing to truth because it is the strongest. If I felt that, says the reluctant heart, I should abandon myself to despair. No, says sterner reason, you would bear it, because you cannot escape from it. Into whatever depths of despair you fell, you would still be upheld by the law that bids you be.

Where, then, is the hope to be found? It is here. One is tempted to think of God through human analogies and symbols. We think of Him as of a potter moulding the clay to his will; as of a statesman that sways a state; as of an artist that traces a fair design. But all similitudes and comparisons break down, for no man can make anything; he can but modify matter to his ends, and when he fails, it is because of some natural law that cuts across his design and thwarts him relentlessly. But the essence of God's omnipotence is that both law and matter are His and originate from Him; so that, if a single fibre of what we know to be evil can be found in the world, either God is responsible for that, or He is dealing with something He did not originate and cannot overcome. Nothing can extricate us from this dilemma, except the belief that what we think evil is not really evil at all, but hidden good; and thus we have firm ground under our feet at last, and can begin to climb out of the abyss. And then we feel in our own hearts how indomitable is our sense of our right to happiness, how unconquerable our hope; how swiftly we forget unhappiness; how firmly we remember joy; and then we see that the one absolutely permanent and vital power in the world is the power of love, which wins victories over every evil we can name; and if it is so plain that love is the one essential and triumphant force in the world, it must be the very heartbeat of God; till we feel that when soon or late the day comes for us when our swimming eyes discern ever more faintly the awestruck pitying faces round us, and the senses give up their

powers one by one, and the tides of death creep on us, and the daylight dies—that even so we shall find that love awaiting us in the region to which the noblest and bravest and purest, as well as the vilest and most timid and most soiled have gone.

This, then, is the only optimism that is worth the name; not the feeble optimism that brushes away the darker side of life impatiently and fretfully, but the optimism that dares to look boldly into the fiercest miseries of the human spirit, and to come back, as Perseus came, pale and smoke-stained, from the dim underworld, and say that there is yet hope brightening on the verge of the gloom.

What one desires, then, is an optimism which arises from taking a wide view of things as they are, and taking the worst side into account, not an optimism which is only made possible by wearing blinkers. I was reading a day or two ago a suggestive and brilliant book by one of our most prolific critics, Mr. Chesterton, on the subject of Dickens. Mr. Chesterton is of opinion that our modern tendency to pessimism results from our inveterate realism. Contrasting modern fictions with the old heroic stories, he says that we take some indecisive clerk for the subject of a story, and call the weak-kneed cad 'the hero.' He seems to think that we ought to take a larger and more robust view of human possibilities, and keep our eyes more steadily fixed upon more vigorous and generous characters. But the result of this is the ugly and unphilosophical kind of optimism after all, that calls upon God to despise the work of His own hands, that turns upon all that is feeble and unsightly and vulgar with anger and disdain, like the man in the parable who took advantage of his being forgiven a great debt to exact a tiny one. The tragedy is that the knock-kneed clerk is all in all to himself. In clear-sighted and imaginative moments he may realise in a sudden flash of horrible insight that he is so far from being what he would desire to be, so unheroic, so loosely strung, so deplorable—and yet that he can do so little to bridge the gap. The only method of manufacturing heroes is to encourage people to believe in themselves and their possibilities, to assure them that they are indeed dear to God; not to reveal relentlessly to them their essential lowness and shabbiness. It is not the clerk's fault that his mind is sordid and weak, and that his knees knock together; and no optimism is worth the name that has not a glorious message for the vilest. Or, again, it is possible to arrive at a working optimism by taking a very dismal view of everything. There is a story of an old Calvinist minister whose

daughter lay dying, far away, of a painful disease, who wrote her a letter of consolation, closing with the words 'Remember, dear daughter, that all short of Hell is mercy.' Of course if one can take so richly decisive a view of the Creator's purpose for his creatures, and look upon Hell as the normal destination from which a few, by the overpowering condescension of God, are saved and separated, one might find matter of joy in discovering one soul in a thousand who was judged worthy of salvation. But this again is a clouded view, because it takes no account of the profound and universal preference for happiness in the human heart, and erects the horrible ideal of a Creator who deliberately condemns the vast mass of His creatures to a fate which He has no less deliberately created them to abhor and dread.

Our main temptation after all lies in the fact that we are so impatient of any delay or any uneasiness. We are like the child who, when first confronted with suffering, cannot bear to believe in its existence, and who, if it is prolonged, cannot believe in the existence of anything else. What we have rather to do is to face the problem strongly and courageously, to take into account the worst and feeblest possibilities of our nature, and yet not to overlook the fact that the worst and lowest specimen of humanity has a dim inkling of something higher and happier, to which he would attain if he knew how.

I had a little object-lesson a few days ago in the subject. It was a Bank Holiday, and I walked pensively about the outskirts of a big town. The streets were crowded with people of all sorts and sizes. I confess that a profound melancholy was induced in me by the spectacle of the young of both sexes. They were enjoying themselves, it is true, with all their might; and I could not help wondering why, as a rule, they should enjoy themselves so offensively. The girls walked about, tittering and ogling, the young men were noisy, selfish, ill-mannered, enjoying nothing so much as the discomfiture of any passer by. They pushed each other into ditches, they tripped up a friend who passed on a bicycle, and all roared in concert at the rueful way in which he surveyed a muddy coat and torn trousers. There seemed to be not the slightest idea among them of contributing to each other's pleasure. The point was to be amused at the expense of another, and to be securely obstreperous.

But among these there were lovers walking, faint and pale with mutual admiration; a young couple led along a hideous over-dressed

child, and had no eyes for anything except its clumsy movements and fatuous questions. Or an elderly couple strolled along, pleased and contented, with a married son and daughter. The cure of the vile mirth of youth seemed after all to be love and the anxious care of other lives.

And thus indeed a gentle optimism did emerge, after all, from the tangle. I felt that it was strange that there should be so much to breed dissatisfaction. I struck out of the town, and soon was passing a mill in broad water-meadows, overhung by great elms; the grass was golden with buttercups, the foliage was rich upon the trees. The water bubbled pleasantly in the great pool, and an old house thrust a pretty gable out over lilacs clubbed with purple bloom. The beauty of the place was put to my lips, like a cup of the waters of comfort. The sadness was the drift of human life out of sweet places such as this, into the town that overflowed the meadows with its rows of mean houses, where the railway station, with its rows of stained trucks, its cindery floor, its smoking engines, buzzed and roared with life.

But the pessimism of one who sees the simple life fading out, the ancient quietude invaded, the country caught in the feelers of the town, is not a real pessimism at all, or rather it is a pessimism which results from a deficiency of imagination, and is only a matter of personal taste, perhaps of personal belatedness. Twelve generations of my own family lived and died as Yorkshire yeoman-farmers, and my own preference is probably a matter of instinctive inheritance. The point is not what a few philosophers happen to like, but what humanity likes, and what it is happiest in liking. I should have but small confidence in the Power that rules the world, if I did not believe that the vast social development of Europe, its civilisation, its network of communications, its bustle, its tenser living, its love of social excitement was not all part of a great design. I do not believe that humanity is perversely astray, hurrying to destruction. I believe rather that it is working out the possibilities that lie within it; and if human beings had been framed to live quiet pastoral lives, they would be living them still. The one question for the would-be optimist is whether humanity is growing nobler, wiser, more unselfish; and of that I have no doubt whatever. The sense of equality, of the rights of the weak, compassion, brotherliness, benevolence are living ideas, throbbing with life; the growth of the power of democracy, much as it may tend to inconvenience one personally, is an entirely hopeful and desirable

thing; and if a man is disposed to pessimism, he ought to ask himself seriously to what extent his pessimism is conditioned by his own individual prospect of happiness. It is quite possible to conceive of a man without any hope of personal immortality, or the continuance of individual identity, whose future might be clouded, say, by his being the victim of a painful and incurable disease, and who yet might be a thoroughgoing optimist with regard to the future of humanity. Nothing in the world could be so indicative of the rise in the moral and emotional temperature of the world as the fact that men are increasingly disposed to sacrifice their own ambitions and their own comfort for the sake of others, and are willing to suffer, if the happiness of the race may be increased; and much of the pessimism that prevails is the pessimism of egotists and individualists, who feel no interest in the rising tide, because it does not promise to themselves any increase in personal satisfaction. No man can possibly hold the continuance of personal identity to be an indisputable fact, because there is nothing in the way of direct evidence on the subject, and indeed all the evidence that exists is rather against the belief than for it. The belief is in reality based upon nothing but instinct and desire, and the impossibility of conceiving of life as existing apart from one's own perception. But even if a man does not believe it as in any sense a certainty, he may cherish a hope that it is true, and he may be generously and sincerely grateful for having been allowed to taste, through the medium of personal consciousness, the marvellous experience of the beauty and interest of life, its emotions, its relationships, its infinite yearnings, even though the curtain may descend upon his own consciousness of it, and he himself may become as though he had never been, his vitality blended afresh in the vitality of the world, just as the body of his life, so near to him, so seemingly his own, will undoubtedly be fused and blent afresh in the sum of matter. A man, even though racked with pain and tortured with anxiety, may deliberately and resolutely throw himself into sympathy with the mighty will of God, and cherish this noble and awe-inspiring thought—the thought of the onward march of humanity; righting wrongs, amending errors, fighting patiently against pain and evil, until perhaps, far off and incredibly remote, our successors and descendants, linked indeed with us in body and soul alike, may enjoy that peace and tranquillity, that harmony of soul, which we ourselves can only momentarily and transitorily obtain.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.[1]

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE red cliffs, crowned with slopes and hillocks of daisied grass, stood out against blue sky and bluer sea. Below them the foaming waters surged round masses of soft crumbling shale, shining black and gold and green, with wet seaweed. In the calm distance a little fishing-boat sailed away towards the horizon. The cliffs sloped away into miles of sandy down, patched with golden gorse, here and there bearing rank, coarse, dry grasses to the very edge of the salt water.

On the shore, between the pointed rocks, tiny wild creatures of the deep sported in a fool's paradise of clear quiet pools, unmindful of the arid desolation that would presently overtake them with the ebbing of the tide.

'All this within reach of our doors, and we have never come here before. The very minute I grow up, I will have a motor of my own,' cried Philippa. 'What a splendid idea of Mr. Ralt's to have a picnic!'

She was leaning against the rocks, and the fresh sea-wind deepened her beautiful colour and brightened her clear eyes, fluttering her blue serge skirt about her white feet, which were balancing on the side of one of the little pools and lapped by the miniature wavelets which blew across its surface.

On the top of the rock beside her a little figure was perched; Lily Chilcott, held tightly by her uncle's strong arm.

'David is quite silly about children,' said Miss Clara, who spoke habitually in the voice of a reproving schoolmistress. 'Look at him down there among those nasty shiny slippery rocks. He will certainly let Lily get wet and ruin her frock. I think I will call her back.'

'You may call till you are black in the face,' said Mrs. Ralt,

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jovially, 'but you will never get them to hear you. The wind is blowing inland.'

'They might *see* me,' said the persevering aunt; and she waved her large arms authoritatively, executing strange antics on the edge of the cliff.

'I wish she would fall over,' growled Lord John *sotto voce* to Lady Grace, who had discovered a square yard of shade beneath a furze bush, and was politely sharing it with him.

'So do I,' said Lady Grace, with unusual animation. 'Does she ever leave anyone alone?'

'Never, so far as I can see. She is a perpetual joy to me. I shall feel quite lonely without her when I get back to town.'

'Take her with you,' suggested Lady Grace.

'One would never have a dull moment,' he said, tipping his straw hat over his face. 'Listen to her. She's off again.'

'I really think, Catherine, that Philippa is rather old to take her shoes and stockings off and paddle,' Miss Chilcott was saying, in a shocked voice.

'I hope she won't catch cold,' was Catherine's only reply.

'It is not *that* I was thinking of,' said Clara, unaware of Lord John's delighted chuckle. 'It is all very well for quite little children; but I think even Lily is getting rather old,—and Philippa! Why she is nearly as tall as I am. There! I am certain that David saw me then.' She redoubled her gesticulations. 'How tiresome he is; he is turning Lily round and making them both look out to sea. That is just like David. I suppose he is afraid that we want him to make himself useful unpacking the lunch.'

'There are plenty of us to do that, for we have only one basket with us, and I believe that is full of crockery,' said Mr. Ralt. 'However, lunch would be no use without liquor, and Augusta is bringing the wine-hampers and the rest of the things.'

'She must surely be due. We have been here two hours,' said a discontented voice.

'She is overdue. We calculated that by sending the carriage over night to Morecot, and catching the ten o'clock train from Ilverton this morning, she would be here only an hour later than we were,' cried Mr. Ralt, who had planned the whole expedition, provided two motors to convey the majority of the party, and was now under the impression that they were all thoroughly enjoying themselves.

'I shall mutiny if this patch of shade gets any smaller. I see

signs of its shrinking,' growled Lord John. 'Why should we get sunstroke to please Ralt?'

'I can't think why,' said Lady Grace, calmly. 'He is the kind of man who always contrives to do things with the maximum of discomfort.'

'He has been asking me to go and stay with him in the North. He assures me they often take this sort of trip there,' said Lord John, grimly. 'I could hardly disguise my pleasure at the proposal.'

'He has asked me, and I am going.'

'Not really!'

'I would stay with my own washerwoman if she lived in the country and asked me—to save the expense of my flat. Every little helps,' said Lady Grace, laconically. 'You know how I loathe London.'

'Everyone does in theory, but in practice one can't keep away from it.'

'I keep away from it nine months of the year, but I couldn't if I sorted out my invitations too carefully,' said Lady Grace.

'Here is Thomas. Bless me! I hope there hasn't been an accident,' said Miss Dulcinea, in alarmed tones.

But the servant was only charged with a message to say her ladyship thought the cliffs would be too hot, and would the party kindly join her in the shade of the rocks on the beach below, where lunch was being laid.

'The first sensible suggestion that has yet been made,' said Lord John, rising with great alacrity.

'But this was so convenient for the motors. There is only a footway down the rocks,' expostulated the disappointed Mr. Ralt.

'There is a road round, sir, which joins the one her ladyship took from Morecot.'

'It must be a deuce of a way round—and a very bad road.'

But the rest of the party unconcernedly left Mr. Ralt to settle the question of servants and motors as best he could.

'One expects to be either grilled, or frozen, or drenched to the skin at a picnic,' said Lord John, assisting his neighbour to rise; 'but why one should pretend to enjoy it, I don't know.'

'Well, you needn't pretend to enjoy it with me,' said Lady Grace.

Miss Dulcinea stumbled down the steep pathway aided by Catherine and the stalwart Blanche; and Clara tripped behind,

consoling herself with the reflection that she could now rescue Lily from the evil influence of her Uncle David.

They found Augusta enthroned, in the utmost coolness and comfort, upon the dry bed of sand and rocks in the deep shadow of the cliffs, issuing calm directions to flushed and heated footmen, who were spreading forth a banquet of cold quail and salmon and cutlets and a variety of chaudfroids, among crystal jugs of iced champagne and cider and claret cup, and bowls of salad and strawberries and frozen cream.

Lord John flew to her side, and congratulated her with the warmth of sincerity upon her talent for organisation, drawing a vivid picture of the discomfort from which she had rescued her guests.

'When I heard Bob talking last night of the fine camping ground on the top of the cliffs, I made up my mind it would be a glaring exposed place, quite unfit for luncheon,' said Augusta, with great composure. 'But I said nothing, because he is always so noisy and tiresome, and brings forward time-tables and things, and argues until one is quite worn out; so I just say "Yes" to everything he suggests, and don't do it.'

'You are really marvellous,' said Lord John, with cordial admiration.

'Of course, at the last moment Lady Sarah didn't come,' continued Augusta, bestowing a complacent smile upon Lord John. 'How she could ever have contemplated it at her age, I don't know, but she did. So I came alone, as Cecil thought he ought to stay with her; he was glad of the excuse, for he hates picnics like everybody else. George Chilcott followed in his dogcart, and we both felt quite sorry for you racing along in the dust. But Bob made Grace promise to go with him.'

She glanced reproachfully at her bosom friend; but Lady Grace's eyes were turned away and she was looking thoughtfully out to sea, where the tall figures of David Moore and George Chilcott were outlined darkly against the dazzling glory of the waters, and between them a little light form—Lily—capering joyfully on the wet sands.

Philippa, left alone in a corner of the rocks, was hastily replacing her discarded shoes and stockings, and tying up her rebellious tresses; she had just become aware of the advent of Augusta and the luncheon. Presently she came swiftly across the sands, and took the coveted place beside her idol.

'Oh, Cousin Augusta! How beautifully cool and fresh you look! We have had such a heavenly time. But I'm afraid I'm rather untidy,' said Philippa, with a hasty endeavour to smooth her splashed and sandy skirt. 'But do what I would, I could never look like you, so what does it matter?'

'Philippa! What a state you are in,' exclaimed Clara, as Miss Dulcinea was deposited, panting, at the foot of the cliff, by the tired Catherine and the vigorous Mrs. Ralt. 'Really, a girl of your age should know better than to get herself into such a mess.'

'You should see Lily,' said Philippa, mischievously. 'She's simply drenched. No, no, I don't mean really,' in alarm. 'Cousin David took off her frock and spread it in the sun to dry. It's only a little sea-water.'

'Took off her frock!' gasped Clara. 'Do you mean she is now paddling—*in her petticoat*.'

'To be sure, she is; but Cousin George doesn't mind.'

'Do leave them alone, Clara,' said Catherine's gentle voice, but to no purpose.

The exhausted but heroic aunt was already almost out of hearing, climbing over slippery rocks and toiling through heavy sand to reach the delinquent.

'Here comes Clara. Now we shall catch it,' said honest George, apprehensively.

'My frock! My frock!' giggled little Lily, but her frail fingers grasped her uncle's solid brown hand convulsively.

'Come on,' said David. 'We'll race her.'

He picked up the frock, huddled it on to his small niece as best he could, swung her on to his shoulder, and made for the luncheon-party, who watched the chase and its result sympathetically.

'Give her to me,' said Lady Grace, 'and put her between us. Now you're safe, Lily, I'll button your frock, and Uncle David will give you some chicken.'

The child looked up curiously into the calm high-bred face.

'It's rather wet underneath,' she said, confidentially; 'but Aunt Clara won't never know if you don't tell.'

'You wicked little creature,' said Lady Grace, and, moved by the appealing expression of the great black eyes and pale elfin face, she suddenly stooped and kissed Lily.

'It can't hurt her, can it? It's only sea-water,' she said, looking round appealingly.

'Nothing could hurt anybody in this heat,' said Augusta, decidedly.

Clara presently took her place at the feast in a subdued condition, very unlike the mood of virtuous indignation which had previously possessed her.

George, who was annoyed with himself for being afraid of his sister's reproaches, had given vent to his annoyance with unusual vigour.

'I tell you what, Clara, if you hunt that poor little beggar away from David every time they're enjoying themselves together, I'll let him take her away with him altogether as he wishes, and see if he can't make her happier than we do.'

He had not meant to tell Clara of David's proposition, any more than he meant to comply with it; but he used the threat that came uppermost.

'Let David take her away!' repeated Clara, stunned.

'Well, see to it that you leave them alone, then,' thundered George, and he turned on his heel and tramped heavily over the sand beside his cowed and astonished relative, in time to see Lady Grace stoop protectingly over Lily's little dark head.

His face softened; but towards his sister there was no relenting, so that Miss Chilcott, to the surprise of the culprit, made no comment upon the audacity of Lily's behaviour, but ate her luncheon in stony silence.

As soon as the feast was over—and it was certainly prolonged almost unduly—Augusta's one object was to rest herself thoroughly until it should be time for tea. Her ideal of a pleasant afternoon corresponded so closely with that of Lord John, that they were presently to be perceived dozing gently in adjacent corners, chosen with a view to shelter from wind and sun.

The indefatigable Mr. Ralt managed to hire a boat, and having invited everyone else in turn to go with him in vain, was at length obliged to content himself with Clara's company, and departed with chastened enthusiasm.

'Has he gone? How very restful!' murmured Augusta, opening one eye, and closing it again.

Philippa perceived that her divinity was in no mood for conversation, so she put her dignity in her pocket and assisted Lily and her uncle to make castles in the sand.

Miss Dulcinea looked on in delight from her distant perch among the rocks, with Catherine by her side.

'After all, Philippa is only a child at heart,' she said. 'She is quite as happy as Lily. Look at her.'

Catherine looked, and shook her head.

'She will not come back from London a child.'

The triumph faded from poor Miss Dulcinea's simple face, and Catherine repented.

'Never mind, Auntie. It is natural. As they say, I cannot keep her for ever, and she looks so bright and happy now—so different from the look she sometimes wears at home—that it is clear the poor child needs a little pleasure and novelty and companionship. I have shut her up too much. Perhaps the life at Shepherd's Rest is really too quiet for a young thing.'

'Perhaps it is, my darling,' said old Miss Dulcinea. 'I have often thought how young *you* were when you settled down there, and wondered whether it were quite right—or wholesome—that you should have hidden yourself away from the world so much—all these years?'

Catherine felt a little pang at her heart. She had asked herself this question not a few times lately.

The faint misgivings which had assailed her during the past months of Philippa's ever-increasing unrest and discontent had resolved themselves into a very distinct and depressing doubt since David Moore's return.

Had she been morbid and cowardly—devoting her thoughts and consecrating her existence rather to the dead than to the living? She questioned her own motives and conduct sadly enough. Was it too late to start afresh—to reconstruct her life—to begin again?

Not for George, it seemed, because he was a man, and must live a man's life and do a man's work. Not for David—whose future held a thousand possibilities; whose career, in a manner, was but just begun. But for her—though she was, as she somewhat wistfully reflected, in actual years younger than either of these two—oh, surely, for her it was too late. What could be left for her but to go quietly on to the end in the little round of duties she had created for herself? She had put in order and beautified a corner, though but an infinitesimal corner, of the universe, and was attached to it by a thousand threads of habit, responsibility, and association. She was the humble Providence of a few humble lives. Had she indeed been useless in her generation? Her heart—her consciousness of pure intention—cried out No; but her judgment faltered and hesitated.

Turning in her perplexity to look at Miss Dulcinea, the question lost itself in a smile, for the soft wrinkled eyelids had closed over the tender faded blue eyes, and her aunt was slumbering peacefully, nodding forward as she sat.

No problems long disturbed Miss Dulcinea's serene mind, calm with the repose of settled convictions.

Catherine rose noiselessly and moved away, climbing cautiously over the rocks until she reached the firm stretch of sand beyond.

The tide was now out so far that the sea looked a great way off.

She wandered down to the edge of the glittering water, and stood shading her brow with her hand, looking across it into the mist of distance, until her eyes were dazzled. Then she walked quietly along the strip of wet sand next the sea.

The sea always reminded her of her long childhood at Calais; and the girl she had been then was much more real in Catherine's consciousness than the woman she was now; for she was of those whose hearts remain young, and she was often aware of a half-amused, half-shamed sensation of alarm lest it might be some day discovered—in spite of her middle-aged face and figure—that she had never really grown up at all.

As in a vision she saw the girl she had once been—a maiden with fresh complexion, short curly hair and bright eyes, shockingly dressed in a faded red velvet cap and a brown ulster turned green with age—hurrying up and down the deserted sands at Calais, in the chill March wind, crying her heart out because she was in love and desolate, without hope, without friends. Poor little thing! Catherine looked back upon her with some pity and more awe. She had been so very young, so very innocent, so very certain that the happiness of her whole life was bound up in that pure and childish passion for the man she had seen but once, and knew not at all. So ready—wilfully, woefully ready—to sacrifice anything—to lay down her life for a dream—a fancy. Poor little Catherine! And after all the wildest of her hopes had come to pass; she had married the hero. . . .

Now it was no longer the girl Catherine Carey—the little nobody from Calais—who was walking by the edge of the sea, but Catherine Adelstane, a woman alone, in a grave grey gown that somehow typified her quiet existence. A woman not given to weeping, nor to wild and frenzied wishes; but possessed of a nature tranquillised and contented by the passing of peaceful years. A woman who was even—the colour rose in Catherine's soft face, as

though she were half-ashamed of the fact she could not deny—lighthearted, were it not for the one great anxiety that beset her.

A woman who only asked—it is the pathetic prayer of middle-age—to be allowed to work in peace a little while longer for the happiness of others. This was what she had become. A resigned and gentle Catherine, but yet a Catherine from whose wistful eyes the laugh was never very far distant after all.

When Lord John Trelleck learnt that the pair of grey horses would take nearly three hours to make the journey home to Welwysbere, he elected to return thither by Mr. Ralt's motor, which would cover the distance in about forty minutes; and since Lady Grace accepted George Chilcott's invitation to be driven home in his dogcart with little Lily, Augusta invited Catherine to occupy the vacant seat in the barouche.

For the first few miles of their journey the road skirted the sea, and the great rolling hillocks of sands, with the yellow gorse blazing in the low sunshine; then they left the sea behind, and the wind-tossed pines and open downs of coarse grass changed to the familiar stunted oak and Devon hedgerow; the soil grew rich and red, the long shadows fell from the elms across the fine green turf of the well-stocked meadows; the brown roofs and white walls of prosperous homesteads rose amid armies of thatched ricks and stacks and leafy orchards. They drove over miles of shaded highways, and through sunken lanes, in the cool and pleasant twilight of the long June day.

'I have wanted to talk to you for ages, Catherine,' said Augusta, vaguely, 'but you know how we are always interrupted. It is very good of you to let Philippa come with us to town. Cecil is delighted to have her, and so am I. You know we are quite as fond of her as if she had been our own.'

'You are very kind to her,' said Catherine.

'And you are sure you like her to come?' Augusta asked.

'I can't quite say that, Augusta. I have never parted with her before, and she is all I have in the world; but she wishes to go, and—and you will take care of her?' Catherine's voice grew appealing.

'Of course I will take care of her,' said Augusta, with dignity, 'and it's all very well for you to talk of her being all you have in the world, but look at me, with neither chick nor child. I shouldn't talk of being lonely if I had a pretty daughter, I can tell you,

though naturally in my position I would rather have a son. Of course you will say I have Cecil.' Augusta had a habit which exasperated Catherine of attributing unlikely remarks to her, and then pointing out their futility. 'But, after all, what is a man? Devoted as we have always been, I have never even pretended that Cecil understood me. I don't think you ought to grudge Philippa to me for a few weeks, Catherine, I don't indeed.'

'Perhaps not,' said Catherine.

'And when you own yourself she wishes it so much. I can't help being touched at her fondness for me,' said Augusta. 'It is quite pathetic the way she follows me about! I don't know what she sees in me, I'm sure.'

Catherine was sorely tempted to reply that she did not know either, but she refrained, and merely observed:

'She is at the age when girls take violent fancies to people. She has certainly taken a violent fancy to you.'

'Well, I can tell you it is very much to her advantage if she has,' said Augusta, pompously. 'Though I should have looked upon her, in any case, being Cecil's heiress, as she is, like a child of my own. But I naturally take more interest in a girl who really, I may say, almost *worships* me,' said Augusta, with modest triumph, 'than I should to another. And you know, Catherine, as I have told you before, I mean to leave my money to Philippa if she *does* inherit the Abbey.'

'It is very kind of you to say so, Augusta, but please do not talk of such things. Philippa will have plenty, more than is good for her, I am afraid.'

'Indeed, she won't; the Abbey is a frightfully expensive place to keep up. I am always urging Cecil to let it; but you know how obstinate he is. If she is to live there as he wishes, she will need far more money than he can leave her. And I quite disagree with Blanche, who is all for hunting out poor relations of papa's whom we have never even heard of, to inherit her money, and wants me to do the same.'

'It would surely be just.'

'Not at all. Why should it be just? Poor dear papa made his own money, and his family had nothing to do with it. I told Blanche that I meant to make a new will directly I went back to town and leave everything to Philippa, and she was as much annoyed as if she expected to outlive me and inherit my money herself. People are such dogs in the manger. As I told her, it is far more likely

to be the other way about, racing about in motors all over Europe as she does. Every day I expect to hear she has been killed, or at least maimed for life,' said Augusta, with perfect calm.

'I hope you will not tell Philippa of your intentions: a thousand things might happen to make you change your mind. Though I am none the less grateful to you for the kind thought.'

'I haven't exactly told her,' said Augusta, rather guiltily. 'I may have let slip that she will get my pearls one of these days; perhaps I shall give her some when she marries. And that reminds me, Catherine, that you need not be afraid I shall let her meet the wrong kind of man.'

'I hope you will not let her meet any men at all,' cried Catherine, 'she is only a child. And you promised you would not let her be considered as *come out* in any way.'

'Of course not,' said Augusta. 'Still, if she sees *anyone*, it is important, even at sixteen, that they should be the right people. I am not like Blanche, who cares nothing at all who people are, so long as she likes them. I say what does it matter if one likes them or not so long as they are all right? I shall get up boy and girl parties for Philippa, and I have thought of three boys who would be excellent matches for her, if they *should* happen—one never can tell, you know—and she is very pretty.'

'Dear Augusta, pray do not put such things into her head or into mine, or you will frighten me out of letting her go after all,' cried Catherine in distress. 'It will be quite excitement enough for Philippa to be taken to the Opera, or a theatre or two, and to drive in the Park with you. The rest of her time she will be quite happy with Roper, since you are so kind as to let me send Roper with her.'

'But I hope you will trust me to get her clothes,' said Augusta. 'Roper must be quite out of date. I can assure you,' earnestly, 'I will take as much pains to dress her as I do myself.'

Catherine's attention wandered during the long monologue on dress which ensued. She realised with a sudden pang that she was actually giving up the care of her child for the moment to Augusta, and felt much inclined to put a sudden end to poor Lady Adelstane's babble by informing her that she had changed her mind, and did not intend to let Philippa go after all. What, after all, was the advice of Lady Sarah or of David Moore to her, that she must needs follow it? Ah, if it were only Lady Sarah and

David Moore whom she had to consider, how quickly would her decision have been taken!

But there was Philippa.

Philippa, who was no longer a child, but a most relentless youthful judge: a merciless detector of weakness and vacillation, and full of a grievance, which was not, alas! quite an unreasonable grievance; of discontent and impatience with her surroundings, and the isolation which Catherine had found so restful and pleasant.

Perhaps it was the secret guilty conviction that her child had some reason on her side, no less than a lack of moral courage to disappoint her, that kept Catherine silent; whilst Augusta, quite unaware that she was monopolising the conversation, chattered happily on concerning her plans for Philippa's entertainment until the drive came to an end.

CHAPTER VII.

David Moore, returning home to England at the very moment of the year when the beauty of his native country was at its height, could not but pay it the tribute of a regretful sigh now and then when he reflected upon the long years of his exile.

The weather during his stay at Bridescombe happened to be the perfection of early June weather. Every morning he woke to find the Devonshire valley bathed in haze of early morning sunshine, and the lawn under his window glittering with dew, beneath old elm-trees thickly clothed with green, and mighty oaks with scanty foliage yet freshly golden.

A splendid variety of English timber in near perfection and distant outline studded the grounds of Bridescombe and crowned the slopes of the Welwysbere hills. An opening in the shrubberies showed stretches of yellow meadow rich with the fulfilment of the season's growth. Closer at hand a gravel path wound through well-kept shrubs to the borders of a little lake, thickly fringed with lily leaves, and reflecting in its black depths the crimson of a copper beech and the trembling foliage of a tall sentinel poplar.

Bridescombe, if less stately than Welwysbere Abbey, was yet the very ideal of a pleasant country house without, though within the arrangements left much to be desired.

David decided that George Chilcott was in some respects to be envied, and thought of himself, sadly, as a lonely man without

home or family; he was acutely reminiscent, in this country quiet, of his years of exile, thinking of opportunities missed, of good work unrecognised, of risks run and hardships faced to no purpose, of gallant lives laid down in vain. Every soldier who has had a fair share of campaigning must be subject to such melancholy retrospective moods, unless indeed he has been exceptionally lucky, or is exceptionally selfish. David was neither the one nor the other. He had striven hard and accomplished brilliant work during his own varied career; he had made some mistakes and accepted much suffering in the matter-of-fact way peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race; but his exceptional ability, aided by an attractive and sympathetic personality, had obtained a fair share of recognition and reward.

Squire George looked at his brother-in-law and sighed in his turn. Here was David, his junior, a distinguished soldier, a lieutenant-colonel and a V.C., resigning the command of his regiment in the Orange River Colony only to accept an appointment on the General Staff at the War Office. George, too, had loved soldiering, but he had sent in his papers on obtaining his company, and settled down, as he put it dismally to himself, to a fat farmer's life, on an estate too small to afford him full occupation—a life which appeared to be one of ease and comfort, though it was in reality filled with petty cares and irritating domestic worry.

He looked back to the years of his brief married life with heavy regret for the peace and happiness that had filled them. Delia's nature had been bright and joyous and her interests many and varied. The minor troubles of life had been dispersed by her glad energy, and lightened by her caresses and consolation. Now they loomed largely upon him, aggravated by constant complaints from his mother and sister, who spared no opportunity of fault-finding and who would have been more caustic still, save that they were a little afraid of George, and believed it their duty to humour him to a certain extent. Thus, when Clara had unwittingly goaded him to extremity, she would endure the angry retort she had elicited with Christian resignation, and remark to her mother, 'We must remember that poor George is a widower,' or 'I dare say he was thinking of poor Delia,' with tender forbearance; which was real and not assumed, for Clara was a conscientious and well-meaning person, who lived but to fulfil the behests of her elderly but strong-minded parent.

His boy's infancy had been only a time of delight to poor

George, who heard much of the manifold perfections of his offspring from its adoring mother, and believed in most of them; but it appeared to him now that his little girl's childhood was only a record of squabbles and punishments. Little Lily's delinquencies were reported to him as though they had been crimes, and he was led to believe her an unusually naughty child, though she never showed this side of her character to him—an abstention which, according to her aunt and grandmother, clearly proved the exceeding artfulness of her disposition.

She looked at George, with her mother's great black eyes shining, full of silent meaning, from her small pale face; for though she lived in the country and out of doors, and drank new warm milk from the cow, and was fed upon porridge, little Lily remained unaccountably thin, and wizened, and sallow, the exact opposite of her well-grown healthy rosy brother, who was six years her senior. She was remarkably precocious—another grievance to her relatives, who were obliged to lock up books and newspapers lest she should imbibe their contents unobserved.

'She is not to be trusted,' said Clara Chilcott.

'She is Delia over again,' said old Mrs. Chilcott; and it is to be feared that in these words she summed up Lily's failure to gain her relatives' approbation. They did not mean to be unkind, but merely strove in vain to change her nature into one more nearly resembling their own.

Old Mrs. Chilcott was absolute in her sway over her son's household, and George seldom interfered with her, partly because he had a natural respect for his mother's experience and authority, and partly because he desired above all things to keep the peace.

Lily was the small human sacrifice unwittingly offered up to gain this end, and after all the end was not gained. For the victories obtained in the unequal battle were not complete until they had been retailed to the father of the rebel, who was exhorted that it was his duty to denounce and not to pity the wretched little offender.

'I believe the poor little kid is a regular spitfire. Nobody can do anything with her. She's had these daily rows over her lessons ever since she was four years old,' said George, in weary dejected tones to David; thus apologising for the low sobbing and the steady rumble of sermonising that issued from the dining-room, where daily after breakfast was Clara secluded for two miserable hours with her reluctant pupil.

David listened and grew wrathful.

'Why don't you teach her yourself?'

'I—good Lord! It's not in my line,' said George, staring.

'It's not in Clara's line either,' said David, shortly.

'My mother tried for some time, and said it made her quite ill. I suppose Lily must do lessons with someone,' said George, helplessly.

David was silent, but his silence was fraught with meaning.

The next day he caught Lily and held her, as she dashed past him in the hall with red eyes, carrying her slate.

'Let me go, Uncle David?'

'I won't—I want you, Lily.'

'Let her go, please, David,' said Clara's authoritative voice. 'She is being sent to her room.'

'Is she? What for?' said David. His glance at his cousin Clara was more fiery than he knew, and Clara quailed.

'Put me down, Uncle David. I'm not a baby, and I don't want to be carried,' gasped the culprit, between sobs and fright.

'As your uncle seems to think you may be punished unjustly, Lily,' said Clara, swelling with offended dignity, 'you can show him your slate, and tell him what you have done.'

Lily hesitated, then a gleam of alarmed amusement stole into her long-lashed eyes, still wet with tears. She stood on one leg, turned her right foot round her left ankle, and held out the slate.

'What is this?'

'Aunt Clara wrote "*Lily has not been good to-day*" on my slate, and told me to take it to Granny; and—and I rubbed out the *not*.'

'It was the *deceit* I thought most of,' said Clara, impressively. 'As she was going away, pretending obedience, a sudden thought struck me, for I happened to see her wet her finger, and I insisted on looking at the slate. She was hoping her grandmamma would praise her for being good on false pretences.'

'I wasn't,' said Lily, 'and grandmamma never praises me.'

'What did you do it for?'

Lily hung her head.

'For fun.'

'You said you were sorry, and now you are smiling, Lily. I don't believe you know the meaning of repentance.'

'I do,' sobbed Lily.

'What is it then?' said the inexorable aunt.

'Being sorry you've done something pleasant, but not till after you've done it,' said the culprit.

Colonel Moore was a disciplinarian, and had no idea of calling its elder's authority in question in the presence of a child. He said in a very gentle tone :

'You should not have done it, Lily,' and kissed her.

'If you are going to pet her whenever she is naughty, David,' said Clara, as Lily ran upstairs, 'I shall have to give up teaching her altogether.'

'I think it would be the best plan,' said David, and he walked away without looking at her.

Clara complained bitterly to her brother and received scant sympathy.

'Why should you make the poor little beggar her own executioner ?' he growled. 'You know what a row she'd have got into when my mother read your message. Small blame to her if she tried to outwit you. I don't believe you understand her a bit, Clara.'

'It's you who are taken in. I am sorry to say it of her, George, but Lily is one of those artful little girls who know how to get round gentlemen.'

'All the better for her,' said George, crossly.

Clara was about to retort, but she remembered in time that George was a widower, and left the room with an expression of angelic patience.

The threatened storm burst the day after the seaside picnic, when Clara entered the study where her brother and David were placidly smoking with the ominous words :

'George, mamma says—oh, I beg your pardon, David, I did not see you were there. If you please, George, I should like to speak to you.'

'What's the matter ?' said the unfortunate squire, scenting more domestic embroilments. 'Go on, Clara, don't make mysteries.'

'I am far from wishing to make mysteries, George. In fact, perhaps, as it is to do with Lily, it is as well that David should hear the worst.'

David looked up quickly, but George, being more accustomed to his sister's portentous methods of dealing with trifles, smoked on without moving.

'Lily's diary has been found, George.'

'I didn't know it was lost.'

'It was not lost. Lily had hidden it. I asked her for it this morning, and she pretended she could not find it, so mamma had the day-nursery turned out thoroughly, and it was found carefully tucked away at the very bottom of her play-box.'

'Well?'

'Mamma says that she could not have believed it possible, unless she had read it with her own eyes, that a girl of ten years old could have written such things.'

'What did she want to read it for?'

'She read it as a duty. And a most unpleasant duty it turned out to be.'

'Have you read it, too?'

'I have glanced at it. I have not yet had time to read it all,' said the conscientious Clara. 'I am bound to tell you, George, that what I did read shocked me excessively. Mamma says that in justice to her and to me she thinks you ought to look at it yourself, if only to give you a clearer insight into Lily's character.'

'I am not in the habit of reading other people's private diaries.'

'It is absurd to call Lily a person; she is only a child.'

'Where is she?'

'In mamma's room. Mamma has been reading bits of the journal to her that she may hear how shocking they sound out loud.'

'Go and fetch Lily here, and the journal with her,' said George, autocratically.

'I can't do that, George. She wished you to come upstairs. You must please yourself, of course. I can only tell her I have delivered her message.'

Miss Chilcott left the room, and George turned to David with a groan.

'These everlasting scenes——'

'Put a stop to them.'

'How can I?'

'Any way you choose. She's your child. Send her to school if you won't give her to me.'

'David, it goes against the grain to send Delia's little girl away from home.'

'It would go more against the grain with me to see her bullied from morning till night.'

'I'll go upstairs and get the journal and throw the damned

thing into the fire, and there'll be an end of it,' said George, with the sudden energy of a weak man.

'Don't do that,' said David slowly. 'I shouldn't wonder if they were right, and reading it might make you understand her better. Look here, George, let me go and get Lily and the diary together, and bring them down here. She'll give me leave to read it fast enough.'

'My mother won't let you have either one or the other.'

David gave him a look. 'Won't she,' he said, and left the room immediately.

Old Mrs. Chilcott, in her black gown and white cap, sat in the bay window of her pleasant morning-room, crocheting a shawl; her thin fingers flew in and out of the scarlet wool, her eyes were bent on her work, and her lips were firmly compressed.

In the middle of the apartment was a music-stool, and on the music-stool was perched Lily, very round-shouldered and heaving with sobs, as she read aloud from a small manuscript book. David perceived that it was the obnoxious journal, and took it gently from his niece's unresisting hands before he spoke.

'Aunt Lydia, George is very much put out about this affair,' he said. 'I am going to take Lily down to him.'

'I sent a message to tell George to come to *me*,' said Mrs. Chilcott.

'And I delivered the message,' said Clara, in sepulchral tones.

'Don't be a fool, Clara,' said her mother sharply. 'Of course you delivered it. Give *me* the diary, David, I prefer to show it to my son myself.'

David put the diary in his pocket.

'I'm sorry, Aunt Lydia, but you may take it I am carrying out George's own wishes. With your permission Lily had better come with me now.'

Mrs. Chilcott glared at her nephew and David returned the look steadily.

She knew that opposition was useless, and said no more; the sharp click of her needles never ceased for a moment.

Colonel Moore led Lily downstairs, and, entering the study, closed the door.

She stood on one leg in her favourite attitude, with a miserable frightened little face, and twisted her small fingers nervously together.

Her father could not bear to look at her, so he stared at the

carpet, with a very undecided expression of countenance, and pulled at his heavy yellow moustache.

Lily stole a glance at her uncle, who had returned to his arm-chair, and something in his look made the child spring across the room to him, with a great sob, and hide her face upon the breast of his rough tweed coat.

David let her have her cry out, until he felt the long-drawn sobs dying away; then he lifted a very pale and woebegone little face from his shoulder, and discarding the small and grimy handkerchief she was clutching in one doll-like hand, he dried her eyes very carefully with his own large white one.

'Lily, will you let daddy and me read the poor little journal?' he whispered, holding his frail burden closely to him, and brushing the elfin face with his moustache.

In her relief and gratitude for his gentleness and sympathy Lily was only too ready to say Yes. She consented eagerly, caring little what her uncle and father might do, so that they were not visibly displeased with her. For her quick observation had shown her that George Chilcott, though depressed, did not look angry.

She glanced timidly from one to the other of the arbitrators of her fate, unaware that these two big men's hearts were melting with love and pity, for the dead woman's sake, whose legacy she was to both.

The library was a very large room, and at the further end stood an immense sofa, furnished with soft square cushions. David picked her up, carried her across, and deposited her among them.

'Curl up here and go to sleep,' he said. 'You will be worn out after so many tears.'

She laid her little pale cheek obediently on the cushion, and closed her eyes. When she opened them again she saw her father and uncle pacing up and down the verandah outside, but she could not hear what they said, and presently, as David had expected, she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, too much spent with weeping to be able to conjecture what they would do with her or her diary.

The journal had been kept at irregular intervals for about three months. It was an unlucky purchase of Lily's own, commented upon approvingly at the time by her relatives, who had taken her to shop in Ilverton. Apparently Lily's notions of diary-keeping and autobiography were somewhat confused. She began by obligingly recounting her origin, obviously basing her style upon the opening chapter of 'Gulliver's Travels'—a book generally considered improving for children, though it is hard to know why.

My father has a large estate in Devonshire. I am his only daughter, but he has a son somewhat older than me. The charge of maintaining me being somewhat great for a narrow fortune, my Aunt and Grandmother reside with us and assist my father in maintaining me and applying me close to my studies.

Unlike most children and espechally my Cousin Philippa, who I must add is also somewhat my senior by 6 years and my intimut friend, I spend my lesure moments reading the best authors all I can get, viz. Miss Yonge, Walter Scott, Anderson's fairy tales, the Bab ballads, the Wide Wide World, Shakespeare's Lamb's tales and many other standard works.

The stilted style proving too great an effort, it was more or less abandoned after two or three pages, laboriously inscribed in Lily's best round hand. The writing degenerated into a hurried but legible scrawl—Lily's thoughts obviously transcribed without an effort.

My Father has a reddish face and a goldish moustache. I may be predijiced in his favour, but I think him nice-looking, though his nose is rather round at the tip. Hector is a plain likeness of his patternal parent, but it is to be hopped may improve. Boys are very fortunate as their moustache will some day hide the worst end of their face, this we cannot hope for but are luckily generally better looking than them. Aunt Clara is an exception, her eyes are like glass marbles in a pudding. Granny has black eyes and her face is thoroly mapped out in wrinkles, but she is hansome, for an old person I mean, only her neck is rather baggy. She has a dreadful temper and all the servants hate her except Cook, but Cook says she knows better than to let her see it, so I suppose Cook is the one person *she* is afraid of. Everyone else is afraid of her espechully my poor father, but when I grow up I mean to take him quietly away somewhere with me and my husband, and let him have a happy old age under my roof where Granny shall never set foot. Jane and Eliza have promised to come and live with me, and in return I have promised to invite their young men to tea instead of their having to hide in the shrubbery on Sunday evenings. . . . My head is very bad today. Aunt Clara came to see me in bed last night. She told me Uncle David was coming. He is poor Mamma's brother, but he is Granny's nephew too because Mamma and Daddy were first cousins. When Aunt Clara told me I could not remember the last time he came, the devel tempted me to say I did. It turns out I wasn't born. Every one is libel to make mistakes. I am to learn a new hymn to punish me. She has acidentilly given me one I know already but I did not tell her. I am writing my diary while I am supposed to be learning it. I hate Aunt Clara. . . . This morning the devel was at it again tempting me to take three almonds off the sideboard but I only took one. Unfortunately I pulled it out of my pocket with my handkerchief at lessons. Whatever I do I am always found out. Hector says some boys are like that, he isn't. I would not have taken it only in revenge because 2 days running I have had no dessert for bad behaviour, I was sent to bed, one never knows what a day may bring 4th. I wish Aunt Clara would not come and see me in bed. Cook says it is very bad for me to cry every night. . . . Yesterday Daddy took me to Church and I was very good indeed. I mean in my inside, I felt good, espechully when the organ played and we sang Abide with me. Aunt Clara had a cold and could not come. Wishing to please God I tried to be sorry, but I wasn't really. She sings very loud and out of tune, and pokes me if I get in a reveree. . . . Aunt Clara caught me in the pantry. I was laughing at Macpherson's jokes. He is a very witty man. He

likes to have a crack with me. This is Scotch. She rowed me about it in bed for hours and hours and I cried so my head is dreadful this morning. Granny says children don't know what headaches mean. I smiled to myself. When no one is looking I can be as sarkastic as Granny. . . . I had a nice long think last night. I have several private thinks, which make me happy when I am all alone. One is about a game Philippa and I used to have. We played I was found out to be Cousin Catherine's child and she was found out to be me. She told me all the things she would say to Granny and Aunt Clara (she is as brave as a lion) and how Cousin Catherine would pet me, and let me sleep in her room, and not eat fat or milk puddings, and read all the books at Shepherd's Rest. Philippa is too old for games now but she has promised to tell me all her secrets so I don't mind. I feel rather old for games myself. . . . Uncle David has been to see Hector and Hector has written to tell me he is splendid, he tipped Hector £2. I hope he will tip me, but people never seem to think of girls wanting money. When I am grown up I shall frequently tip girls and not advise them how to spend it. He tipped Hector's three chums, Browne and Noble and Skinner £1 each. All the boys knew who he was and cheered him like anything, and Hector said he was proud of him. Aunt Clara would read the letter though I said it was private. She made me learn 'Pride, ugly pride.' . . . When they were at dinner I fetched the book of Plato that I mustn't read, from poor Mamma's bookcase, and read about the death of Socrates which always makes me sad but agreeable. There is a dry flower on the page so I know poor Mamma must have liked it too. He does not appear to have said many prayers. He just screwed hisself up and died. It is what we must all come to. Determined to be a philosopher. . . . Last night my think was about winning a V.C. for myself. The house was on fire and I saved everyone by my presence of mind. As it hapened the King and Queen was there, so my gallantry was rewarded. Aunt Clara had to stand by and see it done, which is the part of this think I like best. . . . Uncle David is come; he is like Edgar Ravenswood but not so melancholy. Granny does not like him though he is her nephew. He does not like Granny and Aunt Clara but he is very polite. Daddy would be happy if he could now Uncle David is here. I always know when he tries to make jokes to make things go off well. I think this is pathetick, as he is not really a witty man like Macpherson. . . . Uncle David has not tipped me but I don't mind as he pets me all the time. I am very happy indeed. . . . We went to the sea and paddled. Uncle David took me on his shoulder. Though I am far too old for this I enjoyed it. A person named Lady Grace petted me. I ate two meringues and felt rather sick. The ends of Uncle David's moustache are curled, he does this with soap. He has a servant to wash and dress him. When I grow up I shall marry Uncle David if it is not illiggle. . . . Aunt Clara says she has been obliged to tell Uncle David how naughty I am. I wish I was dead. . . . Aunt Clara has asked to see my diary, and there's no fire so I can't burn it. I shall pretend I have lost it, and hide it in my playbox. . . . I have written a letter to poor Mamma and buried it in my own garden as deep as I could. Perhaps God will let her read it, and in it I have asked her to come and fetch me. I don't know what else to do. . . .

The two men looked at each other in silence across this revelation of a child's mind.

'And I thought she was only a baby,' said George, with a groan.

(To be continued.)

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WROTH.[1]

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE sitting-room allotted to milord, at the Ecu de France, in Compiègne, was dimly lit by a couple of candles. At first M. de la Roche-Amand failed to distinguish the figure of Wroth in the window recess, where he sat gazing through the open casement upon the waning afterglow. A large, square letter, seal uppermost, on the table, made a single spot of white in the dingy and shadowed surroundings. At the sound of the closing door, however, the young man rose and came forward into the room. He halted by the table and, resting one hand upon it, waited for the unexpected visitor to speak. In the flickering candle-light his face bore the stamp of exhaustion. Yet there was on it, withal, a new serenity which checked the first impetuous speech rising to Spiridion's lips.

'Singular youth!' thought he, and hesitated a moment; then it was more in gravity than in anger that he began:

'Milord, no doubt, will not be surprised when I tell him my business with him to-night.'

The shadow of a smile passed over Wroth's face.

'I don't think I feel as if anything could surprise me,' he said rather wearily. 'But will you not be seated, Monsieur le Comte?'

'No, sir,' said the old nobleman sternly. 'What I have to say is always, as you know, said standing.'

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Surprise, after all, wrote itself momentarily on the young, tired face. Wroth's eyebrows were raised, and he shot a glance, mischievously amused, at the solemn countenance in front of him. Then the emotion passed and he dropped his lids.

'Speak, sir, then.'

Spiridion cleared his throat. He had repaired to the Ecu de France upon a very unwonted impulse of indignation. The Englishman's behaviour could only be described as infamous. It was almost as cynically treacherous towards himself as towards two women who had also trusted him—to their sorrow. Yet, in spite of himself, now that the culprit was before him again, he felt his fine anger ebbing away at the mere sight of that beautiful young manhood.

'This fellow is positively a danger to society,' thought the Count, striving to raise himself once more to the requisite pitch. 'Even I must struggle against the charm. Milord,' he went on aloud, very solemnly, 'I must beg you to excuse me for departing from the usual formalities. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case I can think of no friend to whom I can depute so delicate a task. Therefore must I come to you, personally, to demand that satisfaction which you owe me. You have insulted, sir, and grieved, a lady who honours me by accepting my hospitality and protection. More need not be said. I do not wish even to mention her name. I will pursue the subject no further; I demand satisfaction, milord. And the swifter the better.'

Wroth stood, during these words, with eyes cast down, very still. And for an appreciable moment, after the Comte had ceased, the young man remained lost in thought. Then he suddenly looked up and fixed the full fire of his eyes upon Spiridion; a smile of wonderful sweetness accompanied the gaze. He leaned forward, resting both hands on the table.

'M. le Comte, I will give you satisfaction.'

His voice had a husky, almost tender, note. The old man felt himself more and more drawn under the charm. Bewildered, he cried, still clinging to his position:

'It is well, then; I expected no less. To be informal to the end, the details, milord, can be settled now between us.'

'Yes, the details,' said Wroth.

He flung back his head with a laugh. There was nothing offensive this time in its boyish ring. He stepped up to the Count, and to the latter's speechless astonishment took his hand.

'Sir,' he continued, in his pleasantly accented French, 'allow me to say it to you—I honour you. From the first moment I saw you, sir, I said to myself, "If he were my father, how different a man I should be." M. le Comte, one does not fight a man whom one would honour as a father; one asks his pardon.'

'Milord? . . . my dear boy!' said Spiridion, forgetting everything under a wave of emotion. He laid both hands on Wroth's shoulders with a gesture that was almost an embrace; and then dropped them and stared in blank surprise, amazed at himself and at the absurd turn in the situation.

'M. le Comte,' pursued Wroth with a deep air of courtesy, 'will you not now be seated?'

La Roche-Amand, with the same air of helpless astonishment, let himself sink into the chair indicated; then a sudden humorous chuckle escaped him.

'Come, come,' he said, 'if white-haired men cannot be champions, they have at least the privilege that they can forgo with grace. Yet, young man,' he grew grave in voice and air as he continued, 'nothing, so far, is changed in the facts.'

'I promised you satisfaction,' said Wroth gently. 'Will you listen to me?'

He looked so tired, so young; there was such an exquisite respect in his manner that Spiridion's heart melted altogether. Before he had heard his tale, the case had been prejudged by the old man and in the young one's favour. Indeed, it would have required a harder nature than that of La Roche-Amand, a narrower outlook on life and less sympathy with youth, its passions and sorrows, to have resisted the appeal of the story.

In the square facing the hotel the *réverbère* was lit and flung a yellow beam into the dim room. It looked almost orange against the sombre rows of chestnut-trees. From turquoise and primrose and interweaving chrysoprase-green, the sky was setting into the misty blue of evening. There was little noise outside; the occasional rumble of a cart, the tramp of labourers returning homeward, now and again voluble French voices, filling the night and passing on.

Wroth began in the same tired accents that had characterised his speech all through. Now and again only his voice rang out passionately. Spiridion set himself to listen, scarce interrupting by a word, his hands loosely clasped between his knees, his head bent. His attitude, for a while, was somewhat like that of the priest in the confessional, prepared for a tale of conventional error and

folly. But very soon he straightened himself and turned to the speaker, amazed, stirred to sympathy, almost to enthusiasm.

Not only was the life that Wroth laid bare to his listener that of a rare, of an audacious soul, deeply feeling and greatly aspiring, but the young man had the gift of expression. His words were simple mostly; but he had pauses and reserves, sudden outbursts, that illumined as with a flash of genius. Spiridion saw the solitary, unloved, misunderstood child and his fatherly heart bled for him. He was carried along by the turmoil of a wild youth, perpetually flung back from its highest flights; beheld that youth set for manhood under lurid skies, charged with cloud, fired by lightning; saw the promising existence doomed, it seemed, to destruction, doomed to go down in the storm, in the darkness, when, like a star, Juliana shone out upon him.

'She came to me,' said Wroth in his low, veiled tones, 'out of the night. We were at revels in my old abbey, blasphemous revels—a dozen of those good friends of mine you have just heard about, masquerading it in monks' robes, and I as the prior—she never told you? It is like her to be silent; I loved her first for her wonderful silence. She came in upon us. When I saw her face——'

Then he fell himself upon one of those pauses more eloquent than speech. Spiridion nodded dreamily. He remembered how the child Juliana had come into his own desolation. Over the tempest of this reckless young life . . . and in the dead melancholy dusk of his own bereft existence, the same star!

'When we looked upon each other, when her eyes met mine, I knew I loved her,' went on Wroth at last. 'I had an hour—an hour with her alone, in the silent ruined church.' Once again came the high break of passion into words and voice: 'I never even touched her hand. She told me she was not free. But she gave herself to me then, and she knows it, as I to her—soul to soul.' He faltered on that. Spiridion could find no words; he made a gesture as if to touch in sympathy the young passionate hand that beat the table, and then drew back before a depth of feeling that forbade comradeship. Suddenly the hand fell still. 'That was a year ago. She failed me.' This was spoken calmly—with a dead weariness.

'Poor boy,' said Spiridion to himself; 'how he has suffered!'

'She became free, she knew where to find me. From the instant of the drawing of that last breath that set her free, straight she should have come to me. At least, she should have sent me a message—warned me. She waited her mourning months—her

conventional mourning months! Oh! She came, she was still in time; she came; it was to fail me again! She saw me on the edge of the abyss—she would not put out her hand to save me!'

The lines about his face grew ever more bitter as he spoke. Spiridion's gentle nature was flooded with compassion.

'The abyss—my poor friend?' he hazarded. 'Marriage with another woman?' He thought he understood; some old entanglement with another woman. And Juliana's pride, he knew her pride—no, she would not have spoken! 'But, it was you who failed then,' he cried, with quick revulsion of feeling. His Juliana, before the year of widowhood out, coming to seek her lover—her lover of an hour, whose hand she had never even touched (*la singulière histoire!*), and to find him pledged to another woman!

Wroth fixed him with a haggard look.

'I?' he cried. Storm broke loose in him: a torrent of words. In language of flame, he told the story of his extraordinary, his unholy pact; the devilish tempting by his lawyer, his mad freak, the scene in the tavern-room, his choice, the black figure, the veiled one who was Juliana—Juliana who stood and watched him go to his doom and never stretched her hand to save him!

La Roche-Amand sat breathless.

'She brought herself to that,' he exclaimed at last, 'to stand in that room, with those creatures, for you to choose her! . . . *Eh, comment donc*, how is it you do not understand, you who loved her? She could do that much: she could do no more. What, unveil herself, speak a word in such a place, touch you, you, who could not feel her presence? But, oh unhappy one, and you chose that other——'

Wroth stared again; then gave one long sigh and leant his forehead on his hand. Had he wept, or even groaned, it would not have gone to Spiridion's heart so keenly. The old man rose from his seat and paced the room in agitation; broken phrases escaping him. 'These poor children! My poor children! *Mon Dieu!* what a story, what mismanagement! If I had but known you, if she had but come to me! She never came to me—eh, but they love each other, these poor children!' He tapped his forehead, halted by the other's chair. 'Listen, milord——'

'I'll never give her up,' said Wroth, lifting his eyes. 'If she goes to the end of the world I'll go after her. She belongs to me, no one else shall ever have her.'

'Tut, tut!' said Spiridion irritably. 'That's not the question just now, young madman. What we have to do is to find some

way out of the maze—that marriage of yours, why, even in my Church it could be put aside! With you Protestants and your divorce, why, sir——'

Wroth stretched forward and turned over the letter that lay with the big seal uppermost on the table.

'I have just written to the man who inveigled me into this pretty contract, to the worthy family lawyer . . . who acted for the best, who did—what was it he called it?—some rather equivocal things for my sake, for the sake of the money-bags, to save me from ruin. You see,' continued Wroth, raising a haggard look, 'I sold myself; I sold my soul for money. You could not expect a lawyer to think of a client's soul, I suppose.' He was shaken by an acrid laugh; then, with a gesture of utter weariness, flung his arm across the table and dropped his head upon it.

'Yes, yes, my young friend,' said Spiridion. He understood little enough of the intricacies of the legal situation; but the facts were patent enough; and so were the boy's sincerity and misery. 'You say you have written to your lawyer?'

'That he must break the marriage—set me free,' replied the other dully. 'That he must move heaven and earth, hell, if he likes, and set me free. I'd be a beggar—literally; worse than a beggar.'

'*Eh, mon Dieu!*' interrupted Spiridion eagerly.

'Oh, I know that would not matter, I know now that nothing matters except her and me. But he cannot do it, Minchin cannot do it, not without ruining himself . . . and I can't ruin him, Count, not even for her!'

He lifted his head to fix his friend with a hopeless glance. Spiridion looked perplexedly down at him, then his face cleared.

'At least you have written, that was the right thing. If you fail——'

'I'll never give her up,' said Wroth.

The quiet way in which he said it was more expressive of determination than all his former passion. La Roche-Amand stood a while in silence. It was all very wrong; most reprehensible, no doubt. This rash young man had but paid the penalty of recklessness in his money entanglements. The mad marriage was a desecration of all that should be held sacred. The pursuit of Juliana afterwards was morally indefensible. Yet his sympathies were flowing out to the culprit, unchecked by facts.

'With my whole heart I wish you good,' he cried at last.

'Thank you,' said Wroth.

He rose from his seat to hand his guest his hat and cane. Their hands met. Spiridion had come, thirsting for blood; as he took his departure he was longing to take the sinner to his heart, as a father his son.

'I shall be thinking very seriously this night about it all. I shall inform myself, I shall consider. . . .'

As he took his homeward way through the gloom of the woods he was haunted by the echo of Wroth's exhausted voice, by his pallid face and shadowed eyes. Juliana, wheeling round upon him, superb in anger, had shown no such symptoms of distress. Juliana, who had stood aside and watched her lover doom himself. Strange —strange!

'Women can be very hard sometimes,' thought Spiridion the old man, even as Wroth the young, 'aye, and good women the hardest of all!'

On the subsequent morning Wroth was awakened by his valet, who brought him a letter. It was early; the birds were clamouring in the chestnut trees and the sunshine was radiant, but the world still cold. Spiridion had written, evidently in great perturbation:

Mon jeune ami, there is no help for it. Nothing will serve Juliana but she must leave for her Italy, this very day. It is, perhaps, best so. Frankly the situation is impossible. Lady Wroth is in my house, and declares herself too ill to leave. I know not how it may be; I cannot turn her out by force. Separation between you and Juliana is no doubt demanded, for the present, by the most elementary discretion and delicacy. Yet I am loth to think of the pain it will give you. I shall escort her, I shall remain with her. I shall be expecting news from you. Be reasonable, *mon enfant*, be patient, be prudent. We leave immediately; she does not wish to see you before her departure.

Wroth read the letter twice. His brow remained clear. He called for ink and paper, penned a line and, having folded and sealed it with a wafer, bade his servant convey the missive instantly to the château.

What he had written was short and to the point:

Wherever she goes, whatever happens, I follow.—WROTH.

. . . . . .

Peggie lay in the great bed, in the great bedchamber, the oddest presence in such a haunt of reserved and delicate memories. The impudent prettiness of her face looked out between the curtains of faded mauve brocade, which had shaded two generations of severely aristocratic dowagers. She was harboured in the *appartement de la comtesse-mère*, as was still known that wing, solemnly consecrated

in the days of Mon-Repos's prosperous life to worthy and honoured age.

On the back of the *prie-Dieu* her big hat hung rakishly, its emerald plume startling the dim violets, the fainting lilacs of panel and hangings. Her crude scent overpowered the lurking fragrance of lavender. A gaping trunk disgorged billows of tawdry finery. Peggie liked high colour in everything. A pair of scarlet gold-embroidered sandals stood at pert angles, close to the aggressive sheen of the orange-satin morning robe, which made a note of discordancy on the 'dying roses' of the embroidered quilt. The spirit of the room—that of the *grande dame*, the old lady, the *dévote*—seemed to be shrinking, amazed, shocked, reprobating, from this garish occupant.

Peggie herself was not much better pleased—a dingy old place, a gloomy old bed. . . . She wanted to be up and doing, to be out in the sunshine, making mischief, living her life as instinct prompted, and here she was—stuck! She had a fine appetite; and under Madame Thomas's gimlet black eyes, she had had to check herself in the midst of her crusty roll, to keep up those airs of illness which alone justified her presence in this coign of vantage.

Like those of most such intriguers, Peggie's plots were all for her immediate gratification; the next step was always a matter of perplexity, to be solved by impulse.

As she lay, nursing her boredom, forming and rejecting a score of idle impossible plans for the day, an idea flickered into her mind as idly as a butterfly, yet it alighted. And the more Peggie contemplated it, the more her irresponsible humour took pleasure in it, although it involved so complete an alteration of *venue* and a total stultifying of her original schemes. 'My lord will come up after his fancy, no doubt,' thought she, 'somewhere about noon. And about that time, Peggie Beljoy will have recovered of the megrims of Lady Wroth. . . . Brilliant, irresistible, sparkling! I'll wear the turquoise taffety—nay, I'll wear the shot silk and the blue velvet mantle—by Cupid, it will be a rich joke! And he'll learn from my own lips, that though he chose me, it was the black dummy he got tied to. Yes, my lord, tied, tied, tied! Then, my lady, we'll see whether he'll rather have the Mourning Bride, after all——'

She sat up in bed, and clasped her knees. The scene painted itself on her vivid imagination. Her heart began to beat quickly. Lord Wroth had chosen her with his eyes open. Her, Peggie. He had told her with his own lips that it was but the wedding-ring that kept him from love. 'I declare, when I look at her, boys, I almost

wish I had not married her, for, by my soul . . . there is something about the minx.' . . . How would it fare with that stock, that dummy then? 'She took him from me, the mean wretch that she is! I'll take him from her, now. Fool that I was not to see the way before—when he pointed it so clear! That will be wiping out old scores, with a vengeance!'

She caught at the bell-rope, exultingly. When Madame Thomas appeared, the actress's cheek repeated the hue of the scarlet shoes as she turned her eager face.

'I want to get up,' she supplemented the English words with vehement gestures and an ill-pronounced tag of French. '*Lever —bain—robes!*'

'Madame has fever,' pronounced the housekeeper judicially She placed her hard withered fingers on the girl's shoulders; then she broke into a torrent of exclamations and recommendations from which, though failing to understand a single whole sentence, Peggie nevertheless gathered an impression which startled her.

Madame Thomas concluded by drawing a letter from the pocket of her blue apron. The girl snatched it and tore it open.

It was written in a fine elaborate hand; and from the quaintness of its phraseology had evidently been completed with the help of a dictionary. But Peggie gave little heed to anything except its purport.

Gone! They were gone; and Milady Wroth was to accept the hospitality of this residence, which was placed entirely at her disposal until she was quite restored from her indisposition.

She had driven them away; they had fled from her—the silly old man and that stock of a Juliana! She gave a short angry laugh. Well, she would have it all her own way now. The sooner they met, she and her beautiful Wroth, the better! She called on Madame Thomas with much gesticulation for pen and paper.

'A letter, a letter for my lord, to be sent at once—*vite, vite, hôtel.*'

But, instead of obeying, the old Frenchwoman shook her head. She had a grave air, half reprobation, half compassion.

'*Pas la peine, Madame. Milord parti aussi.*'

'What?' screamed Peggie, turning livid.

Madame Thomas spread her hands and flung out her arms with unmistakable gesture.

'Yes, gone—after the beautiful lady and M. le Comte!'

If the words had been printed for her in her own tongue they could not have penetrated more completely to Peggie's

intelligence. They had dropped her out of their lives, flung her from them as the wave flings the seaweed on the beach. Gone together! Gone, it was borne in upon her, to love and happiness, while she——

It was as if the sudden fury that seized her would rend her. She wanted to scream; something rose in her throat and strangled her. As she fought against it, it seemed to snap; and then there was the dreaded acrid-sweet taste, the choking rush. The old terror, never forgotten, rose and held her in its grip. The swoon she had simulated the day before came upon her now in grim earnest.

'*Ah, bonté divine,*' screamed Madame Thomas, ran desperately to the door to shriek for Prosper, and back again to the bed. 'After all, she is ill for good! Quick, to the doctor, Prosper! The English milady is spitting blood—she is dying—*Seigneur mon Dieu!*'

But one thing in this world Peggie was determined on above all others, and that was not to let herself die.

She was to keep absolutely quiet, said the doctor, half an hour later; speak no word; drink milk. It might be a matter of several weeks. At any rate, for many days she should lie and not even wag her little finger.

And Madame Thomas was solemnly installed the nurse and guardian of Milady Wroth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'O FOR the happy time when I was so unhappy,' once wrote a woman of many-hued experiences. Wonderful alchemy of youth and love, which transforms the iron of sorrows, uncertainty, fret, disappointment, jealous anguish, into the gold of life! Had either Wroth or Juliana been questioned upon the state of their feelings during that journey from France to Italy—she in determined flight, he in inexorable pursuit—both would have given the same answer: I am unhappy; I am in doubt, in misery! And yet, perhaps, of all their life's memories, this one was destined to become the most tender, the most exquisite, most to be recalled in later years with a smile and a sigh.

The traject from Compiègne to Paris, by the great North Road of France, gained for Wroth a stage of comfort over Juliana. For she had yet no knowledge of his escort. Spiridion, although the lover's peremptory statement lay in his breast pocket and he could hear the sheet crackle now and then as he moved, kept his counsel.

Certain things are better ignored, especially when there is a lurking desire for their accomplishment. If he chose to regard milord's announcement as a mere lover's oath, who could blame him? In any case, the roads were free to all.

He was extraordinarily attentive to his companion; but she thought him restless and unlike himself. Two or three times during the passage he hung his grey head out of the window, looking back upon the highway.

'You regret Mon-Repos,' she cried at last. 'My dear godfather, I repeat, this sacrifice is needless.'

La Roche-Amand had a guilty haste in his protestations. Though she would have died rather than show it to him, there was reluctance, even for him and his company, in Juliana's heart. Could the silent woman only have spoken! But the flow of passion was flung back upon her heart; and what should have been a spring of such might and purity was turning to stagnant and bitter waters. Commonsense, in the voice of Mrs. Panton, and an insidious weakness in her own blood, bade her profit of her act: speak, yield, take her happiness. But something else, stronger within her, a chaste instinct outraged, refused. A subtle change had taken place in her feelings: she had come to a clear understanding with herself. The former hesitation, the dread of humiliation, had vanished; paltry shadowy scruples, they had fled before the substance, the reality, that faced her.

Wroth loved her with an unworthy love. To this passion, were she in the eyes of the whole world, as she was in her secret knowledge, his wife, she would not give herself. So from a sudden clarity of vision had risen her firm resolve: she would not step down to him if he could not rise to her. The very height of her own feeling, its very strength and grandeur and completeness, demanded a like response. Rather separation from the outset, rather this poignant and bitter sorrow, than baseness of surrender against her own conception of honour.

Yet she loved him. . . .

Thus was that first day of travel a blank page in the book of her life. Whereas Wroth, sullen enough at heart and dispirited as he trotted doggedly along in her wake, yet gathered unconsciously to his heart the first of a series of unforgettable impressions. The lover, who wants so much, finds joy in so little. Inconsequent, absurd, adorable state! To mark from some hill-top the cloud of dust left in the train of Spiridion's berline, was it not to know that, in spite of those rolling wheels, he was in touch with her? There

was no weariness in the miles that gave him this boon. He had to be very wary: his instinct told him that precipitate action now would be fatal to his hopes. But he could halt in his turn at the roadside inn where she had dined; drink from the glass her lips had touched. The wine might be harsh and thin, but it was a draught for a god. Then there was the gallop, with the wind singing in his ears, the exultation of the chase which brought him once more within sight of the cloud, and there were all the emotions of reunion, as the unsubstantial vision met his gaze from the far distance.

The chill dusk was falling as they entered the suburbs of Paris. The travellers had had to make a *détour* eastward, towards Vincennes, to avoid the last few miles of northern roads, blocked on that day by encampments of Russian troops whose exodus from the capital had lately begun; and the journey was thus delayed beyond the anticipated hour. Under the cover of traffic and gathering darkness Wroth ventured to push within a few yards of the coach. The rare oil lamps were being kindled within the empty gaunt Place du Trône, and gave ghostly grandeur to its huge abandoned spaces, to the sordidness of its fallen state. The great column of the barrier loomed in the twilight with a false stateliness. It was here, when the berline turned abruptly south upon the broad pavement, that Wroth had a dim vision of Juliana's face—evanescent, palely drawn within the black frame of the window. It lasted only for the space of realisation; but the lover's mind caught and held it. Through the whole of the subsequent evening and night it went with him, as with a fragrance of some white flower; as with some dying fall of music in the ear.

It was early morning in Paris; oblique rays of spring sunshine glistened on roof and gable and were struck back from the upper windows; light clear breezes set the crinkled chestnut leaves dancing, and wafted pleasant odours of fresh roast coffee and fresh baked bread through the streets. Paris, still under the heel of the conquerors and still a city of captivity and mourning, kept, in spite of all, the spirit of Gallic cheerfulness indomitable within her. At this hour, in London, the lazy world would scarcely be beginning to stir; here the working population was already abroad; bustling *ménagères* trotting to market, work-girls to their shops, vendors rending the air with their endlessly varied street-cries. The day of toil was started with zest; they knew each other, most of the breadwinners, and cheery greetings flew between them. In spite of

the savage teaching of revolutions and reactions, Parisians were still polite to each other; and the liveried porter of the great mansion saluted the little old woman from the attics opposite with a fine sweep of gold-laced cap, which she received as graciously as if she had been his mistress, the duchesse, acknowledging the courtesy of M. de Talleyrand.

It was only when some uniforms of the armies of occupation passed among them that these irresponsible children of the great city seemed to remember the past agonies of struggle, the present bitterness of subjection. Bearded, unkempt Cossacks with shaggy pow and patched, ragged clothes, looking with their fierce, uncomprehending eyes like wild, bewildered Highland cattle astray in the street; Prussians, overbearing, from the tilt of tall, straight plume to the ring of swaggering heel; English, red-coated and red faced, and good-natured, almost to sheepishness, in their relations with the townsfolk—all were regarded with the same glances of hatred. But in spite of all, the essential gaiety of the land was paramount. Even Wroth, after none too good a night, a prey to the depression generally attendant on rising with the dawn, could not but feel the sparkle of the atmosphere. The merry bustle around him stirred his mood to hopefulness as he stepped down at last into the street where his horse awaited him, striking an impatient hoof on the stones; where Sebastien Picard stood ready to leap into the curricle and follow his master, whithersoever he went; a discreet furlong in the rear.

The Comte de la Roche-Amand's coach had just started with a splendid clatter of fresh and sturdy horses, and Wroth watched it round the corner, before fully emerging from the door of his inn. Then the spring wind caught him full in the face. A barrow laden with spring flowers buffeted him with fragrance and brightness.

'Monsieur is going to make a beautiful journey,' cried the smiling landlord on the doorstep. 'To Italy, the beautiful country. I was there with General Bonaparte in '95. It is a land, oh, it is a land to be happy in!'

The words rang in the lover's mind like a peal of bells as he felt his steed move under him; a fresh horse he had also secured and a sound.

As the whole *cortège*—berline in front, horseman in secret escort, and smartly trotting curricle as rearguard—left the Luxembourg gardens behind and entered the noble chestnut-shaded Avenue de l'Observatoire, Captain Charteris, of the First Guards, and Lieutenant Lord James Murray, of the Gordon Highlanders, were

returning to their quarters from their morning gallop in undress.

Charteris reined in and turned to stare after the pale traveller that passed them at such a swinging trot; his comrade unconsciously followed his example.

'Gad, Jim,' cried the first, 'did you see? That was Wroth on the red roan.' He raised a wild halloa, but the red roan hammered unchecked down the long avenue.

The young officer hesitated.

'I'll stake my life it was Wroth. I'm half a mind to be after him. The best company—when he's not in his tempers—in the kingdom. What, have you never heard of Mad Wroth? My dear fellow!'

The red roan was out of sight.

'Oh, hang it,' cried Lord James, 'I want my coffee.'

Count Spiridion had awakened to a remarkable geniality of spirit. This man, who had had so little happiness in life, began to find a charming intimate pleasure in his situation as travelling companion to the one being he loved with all his unsatisfied paternity and all the stifled chivalry of his manhood. The bustle of the early start amused him like a child; and even Juliana's persistent silence could not cast a cloud on the hopeful outlook the morning inspired.

He had a secret smile to himself over her abstracted attitude. 'The poor angel wants to be very severe and righteous. She wants to keep anger alive in her heart. Yet it does not come easy to her to cut herself from him. *Eh, mon Dieu*, they are young, they love each other! Aye, but it is to be hoped my daring Apollo will not show himself too soon, for her own cruelty is pleading his cause with more eloquence than he himself could use.' Which reflection reminded Spiridion that he had not yet seen the lover in pursuit this morning. A small anxiety began to grow within him.

'Dear godfather,' cried Juliana at last, with a laugh, 'what a restless traveller you are! Like yesterday, your head is for ever out of the window.'

'You forget, my dear one,' said Spiridion, in mild mendacity, 'how long I have been exiled from Paris. I can see so much that is new, so much that has been swept away. Ah, now, for example,' he cried, as they approached the Barrière Denfert, and the solemn dark façade of the Observatory rose behind the trees, 'there is, at last, an old friend whose countenance has not changed, and——'

He broke off and withdrew precipitately from the window; as he did so, pushing Juliana, who was leaning against his shoulder,

with very unusual lack of ceremony again into her seat. He had caught a side view of the young man on the roan horse, crossing the wide deserted *place*. The rider's crisp head under the curled brim of his hat and the horse's sleek coat both burned fiery red in a shaft of sunlight.

'My Apollo, aha!' cried the old man exultingly in his heart, and gave a sudden chuckle.

Troyes . . . Dijon . . . Bourg . . .

Wroth could never hear those town-names in later days without a stirring as of fragrance in his heart. The memories of the three successive nights passed in them, and of the three stages of the rapid journey from Paris to the foot of the mountains, had a pungency of their own, mixed sweet and bitter, like that of some old *pot-pourri*.

The joy of those hours had been so intangible, mere breaths of pleasure and sweetness without the least substantial gratification. And withal the pain of them—the want, the longing, the anxiety, the doubt—had been all the time present. And yet no fulfilled ecstasy could have left such tender hauntings.

At Troyes, strange old mediæval place, stagnant in its dream of past royal grandeur, much the same procedure was followed as in Paris, Wroth putting up at some lesser inn as near as possible to that chosen by Comte Spiridion. But the narrow limits of the town, the evening silence, the sparseness of the people, made the lover feel closer to his lady than in the seething of Paris.

He took seat by his window to watch in patience the façade of the house that sheltered her. Just before the chimes that pulsed incessantly from cathedral towers and church spires had beaten out in fugue the longest hour of the night, across one of the many lighted windows he caught sight of the broad silhouette of Mrs. Panton, passing and re-passing, evidently in attendance, till the shutters were finally closed. There, then, was Juliana's room. He sat nearly till the dawn; his gaze beating upon those closed shutters. A frenzy took him ever and anon, and then a despair; a hot tide of passion and a bitter ebb. Afterwards, he fell into a kind of dream between waking and sleeping, in which visions came to him with such violent rapture that in lassitude followed peace, and, flinging himself dressed upon the bed, he slept dreamlessly for an hour. At sunrise Sebastien, the valet, aroused him as bidden and the semi-secret chase was resumed. The monotonous lands of Champagne were left behind, and the evening

hour saw the travellers spinning through the rich province of Burgundy.

At Dijon, Spiridion and he came face to face in the street. It was a warm, still night, and the air had already something of southern mellowness in its breath. The pavement was wet after a passing spring shower; the gutters were running like little hill-streams. Under a flickering oil lamp the two gazed at each other; for a second the old man's countenance was discomfited. Then it cleared.

'You look very pale, my son,' he cried paternally. He took Wroth's fingers in his warm delicate hand. Then: 'Ah, how is this,' he cried airily, 'visiting Dijon? Of course, the English custom. The Grand Tour!'

He made as if he would pass on; but turned back again in haste. 'How quickly one advances in immorality!' he exclaimed, between a little laugh and a sigh. 'But, my poor child, I could not sleep with this memory of your white face. Understand, I am no accomplice. But I cannot forbid you the high road, can I?'

He hesitated again; then he went on with a kind of zest, yet hurriedly as if, if crime must be done, ''Twere well 'twere done quickly.' 'Listen. We never talk about you in that rolling chaise of ours. But, in my heart, I think she knows. *Tenez, milord,*' his words grew ever more low and rapid, 'when we reached the bottom of the valley, at Noirecombe, to-day, something took hold of her and she must look out and back on our road. And, so long she looked that my mind misgave me and I popped my old head out of the other window. And there, sure enough, you were, *sacristi*; on the top of the crest! You and your horse, you might have been cut out in black paper. Then in she draws, and in I draw, and there is long silence between us. Then all at once she looks at me and she says, "Godfather, have you not noticed that we seem to be followed by a horseman?" Phew! You may think I looked disturbed. Not at all. (See what you are making of me: a positive Machiavel!) "My dear," I say to her, "I was going to remark upon the circumstance myself. I have noticed the traveller with pleasure. In these disturbed days, my daughter, it will be a great protection for us if some gentleman be making the same route as far as Italy. He seems a very discreet person," I added, "and keeps his distance with perfect breeding." At that she says nothing, but she drops her eyes. And I went on—for, you see, how one deceit draws you to another—to expatiate on the increase to

our safety. Then she gives a curious little smile, and looks at me again. "You think that, godfather?" After that no word more.'

Wroth stood, his face set in the marble composure which he could assume at times. Spiridion, with his recent insight into the young man's fiery soul, observed admiringly what he considered a display of character *tout à fait Britannique*. His heart was melted within him towards this youth, this unlawful faithfulness, this misery of passion.

'If you want to know my own opinion,' he said suddenly, in an agitated whisper, 'it is that she knows perfectly well that it is you who are following us, and that she will not pretend to know because she does not want to forbid it.'

He nodded two or three times, brushed impetuously past Wroth, and strode up the street with long steps. But even as he passed he had breathed into the young man's ear:

'To-morrow we push as far as Bourg-en-Bresse.'

Spiridion's conscience felt all the weight of this last iniquity as he crossed the threshold of La Cloche. Nevertheless his heart was content within him; and more than once that evening a small, secret smile played about the fine old face.

'You seem happy to-night, godfather,' said Juliana, in that half-tender, half-wistful way of speech she had used with him lately.

'My daughter,' he said cryptically, 'happiness is a rare bird; when it hovers over our path, we must be careful not to scare it.'

Juliana folded her lips over the obvious question. Perhaps, as Spiridion said, she was loth to admit that she knew.

CHAPTER XXV.

At Bourg, whilom fortress of the Dukes of Savoy, now a sleepy decayed town between the last slope of the Jura and the outlying buttresses of the Alps, there came to the lover for the first time the supreme privilege of spending his night actually under the roof that sheltered his idol. It was impossible to obtain accommodation for himself, his horses and his servant elsewhere; Le Grand Coligny, the posting inn, was the only harbourage available.

He proceeded with infinite precautions. He wished her to be spared the knowledge of his proximity, with some curious delicate desire to help her in that subterfuge of ignorance which, while it

fed the flame of his hopes, appealed to his every instinct of chivalry. Therefore he supped in his room, and enjoined upon Sebastien to keep to the stables.

In the silence of that night, under the protective shroud of the darkness, he had a consciousness of her presence, a happiness such as he had only known once before, in the hour of their meeting in the Abbey.

The next stage brought them into the heart of Savoy and the mountain country.

Half-way between Chambéry and St. Jean de Maurienne, Juliana became suddenly aware that the horseman was no longer within his measured distance from her carriage. Ever since the start from Paris she had felt his company that furlong away, day after day, in every fibre of her being. She knew the very hour that the companionship had fallen away from her and anxiety sat in her heart. At every summit gained she flung a furtive, backward look; always to find the empty road in answer. Spiridion appeared quite unaware, either of the rider's disappearance or of her anxiety. He prattled amiably of the scenery, had reminiscences of his first journey across these mighty passes, rallied Juliana unwontedly upon her abstraction and taciturnity.

For the first time in her life that gentle comradeship irritated her. As the evening began to draw in about them, her heart was gripped by deadly uneasiness. What had happened? Some accident? He was a reckless rider. She could have screamed aloud as La Roche-Amand began to talk with gusto of supper, and of the keen appetite resulting from mountain air. Then an impulse sprang in her to fling herself into the old man's arms and cry out her story, her fears. It was her husband she had driven from her; it was her husband she was flying from. If evil had befallen him, then was she fitly punished. But on the very swing of her thought came another, dashing her back upon herself like a high wave toppling over of its own impetus. What if, after all, Wroth, in one of his moody freaks, had merely abandoned the chase? Surely facts had taught her the uncertainty of his strongest emotions. He had loved her and vowed himself to her in the course of an hour; and before the year was out had made mock of all womanhood and the sacredness of love and bound himself to the first wanton on his path. Only a week ago he had honoured her by the most chivalrous deference; and the next day had insulted her, laid claim to her with an insolence a man would scarce show a paramour.

Juliana closed her lips then, upon the outcry that rushed to them. Could Spiridion have looked into her heart he would have been startled by the bitter suspicions to which his Juliana, serene, child-natured, trusting, was now giving harbourage. The lesson of Count Cesare, her old husband's cynical betrayal, the ingratitude and treachery of Peggie, had struck her deeper than would have been the case with anyone less innocent of the world's ways, less untouched by its evil.

'I have a headache,' said she. 'Excuse me from supper to-night.'

She was standing on the threshold of the quaint bare-boarded room allotted to her, and stretched her forehead for her godfather's kiss with absent air.

'Sweet dreams!' said Spiridion. He went down the creaking wooden stairs with his little chuckle. He had not been in ignorance of Wroth's defection, but attributed it to some very simple cause; it is only lovers who fly to tragic surmises at the first doubt.

The beast that they gave him at the last relay must have cast a shoe, have fallen lame, he thought philosophically. Our young lover will have to ascend on foot, or wait for his curricle, which is always a good length behind. But Juliana is anxious, she is perturbed—she cannot conceal it, dear child—this little accident will not work amiss for our hopes.

'Sweet dreams!'

She looked at the narrow bed and its swelling down pillow with horror. How could she sleep, tossed in alternations of agonising anxiety and black certainty of distrust? Her window overlooked the entrance yard. How could she leave it before she had seen him ride in, in safety, to the only refuge available in this mountain village?

Mrs. Panton came with a cup of milk, which was all her mistress would touch for supper. A Panton voluble in pessimism as ever. For the first time mistress and maid admitted to each other their knowledge of Wroth's pursuit.

'He's lying in one of them crevices as sure as fate, poor young nobleman! I hope your ladyship is sorry for your hardness of heart.'

'The road is as safe as the Lung' Arno,' said Juliana, against her own cold apprehension.

'There are no avalanches in Florence and there's many a one falls in the river there,' was Panton's double-barrelled consolation.

At midnight Mrs. Panton looked in again; Mr. Picard had arrived with the curricle and his lordship's luggage; but his lordship was nowhere to be seen or heard of.—'The landlord thinks maybe his lordship's horse may be foundered, and he may have put up at some hut, or have left his horse and started by the footway, when as like as not he'll be lost in the snows. Aye, it is a sad strange thing, and Mr. Picard is going to start back at dawn the way he came!'

Upon which pronouncement she retired to her own couch in a pleasurable state of gloomy foreboding.

Juliana wrapped herself in her furs, drew a chair into the window recess, and flung the casement open. The room had grown oppressive with the heat of the stove. As the cold, rarefied air blew in upon her, she inhaled it with a sense of physical relief. It was pure as the virgin ice over which it came. It tingled like champagne. The great stillness, the incomparable mountain silence, held the outside world; the vault of the sky was lofty, of a magnificent purple; and though she could not see the moon, her radiance lay over everything with a brilliancy that cast shadows on the snow.

The peaks were cut in faint silver outline against the horizon; the nearer ranges shimmering with a fairy sparkle, their valleys holding blue depths. The rush of an unseen torrent ran through the wondrous stillness, without seeming to break it, after Nature's mysterious harmony. She could fancy how its spray leaped to the moonlight, how its green—the jewel-green of snow waters, matched by no other water tint on earth, however splendid—would look in the transforming radiance.

For a while the influence of the scene, the solemn serenity of the hour, raised her from her tormented thoughts. But as the minutes waned, as the half-hour struck and then the hour, misery fell upon her afresh. She began to form inarticulate prayers; visions painted themselves of horrible catastrophe. The grand purity and aloofness of this mountain world became a torture to her human passion. Awhile she was cold, closed her window and hung shivering over her stove; then, suddenly fevered and unbearably restless, hastened again to the casement to watch, to wait. All at once, distinct from the river tumult, into the night silence, there dropped a sound; the sound of footsteps on the road. A clean tread, save where the stones crunched and rolled beneath it.

She knew who it was, even before the lithe figure swung into sight, black-drawn against the white. She drew back; yet she could not bring herself to leave her post. The face of the house

was set in darkness, its shadows lay sharply across half the courtyard. She stood hidden within that gloom, waiting to see his countenance—the end of her long night watch.

Here with the blackness about her, up in the high majesty of the mountain, she was honest: she owned to herself that she hungered for that sight.

He came half-way across the bright side of the courtyard, then halted and flung up his head. She saw his eyes glisten as they scanned the house front; then knew them fixed upon her window. Her heart leaped; she felt as if he had seen her; felt as if, in a long gaze which she was powerless to break, their souls commingled in the old mad way. Yet reason told her that it was a physical impossibility he could distinguish her.

His uplifted face, etherealised in the moonlight, seemed to her, as once before, in the Abbey, like to the face of a conquering angel. It was an entranced instant that they stood, unknowing yet feeling each other, in the night. He was the first to break the spell; starting from his abstraction with the decisiveness characteristic of him to plunge into the shadow of the house. A moment later the sharp summons of his knock upon the inn door rang into the night.

Slowly she closed her window. There had come balm upon her soul; the vision of his face pursued her to the edge of sleep and beyond it into her dreams.

Mrs. Panton found her mistress the next morning in a mood of softness she had not known in her since the old Count's death.

Unrebuked she was allowed to pour forth her tale of his lordship's frightful experiences, as they had reached her through Sebastien. How the horse had fallen dead lame; how the rider had gone off his road to a farm in search of another mount, thus missing Sebastien and the curricle; how he had failed to obtain anything and had been deluded by a herd into venturing upon a footpath, supposed short cut to the crest of the pass. Here Mrs. Panton waxed extremely picturesque over his lordship's perils, his wanderings when he had lost his way, the utter state of exhaustion in which he had at length reached the inn after tramping from midday.

Juliana had a smile of pleasant mockery, as she recalled the clean, firm tread that had marched upon her hearing, the upright figure that had swung into her vision last night, vigour in every line of it—her strong lover whose single thought on reaching his goal had been to look for her window with piercing eyes!

Up in the snow they were still, cold mists hovering around them born by harsh airs of the snow land; but below, far away, in a streak of stormy April sunset spread the plains of Piedmont.

'Ah, godfather,' cried Juliana upon an uncontrollable impulse, reaching her hand to her old companion, 'there is Italy! We can be happy there.'

The clink of hoofs upon the stone road resounded from the rear as she spoke: Wroth passed the carriage the moment after, at a perilous downward trot. He swept the beaver from his head as he went by.

For a second Spiridion was embarrassed. For the life of him he knew not 'what countenance to make.' To his relief Juliana broke into a laugh.

'Our escort precedes us now, it seems,' she said almost gaily.

'My sight is not what it was,' said the old man quickly, 'but *Dieu me pardonne*, I almost believe it is milord Wroth!'

He put his head out of the window, as if to make sure. When he turned again to Juliana, ready for the long-denied moment of confession and expansion, she had fallen into her silence again.

These still waters ran to a depth that even his love could not plumb.

From Susa to Turin; from Turin to Florence—three days' traject—the journey proceeded, Wroth still shadowing the carriage with discreet yet constant companionship. Through the ragged flats, the vineyards, the maize-fields—past the misty olives; past the fairy beauty of orchards, past vine again, the maize again, and presently the rice-fields and all the great rolling champaign pregnant with rich promise; then into a country more arid and picturesque, through the lovely Umbrian heights, shadowed with chestnut-trees in their young leafage; over their road, endless little historic towns in high, romantic isolation, looking down upon them as they passed.

It was sundown, when the goal of the pilgrimage lay at length before them—Florence, guarded by her cypresses, sentinel on all sides; with her many pinnacles, her one incomparable dome glistening in the ruddy glow; the waters of her river crimson where they ran to the sunset.

At sight of the city, as once before at the sight of the Italian plains, Wroth passed them at his reckless, down-hill trot; and gaze as she might along the dark streets, Juliana could catch no further glimpse of him. For the first time for so many days she had to

pass the night without that knowledge of proximity, that singular feeling of being under his guardianship, that had secretly been so sweet to her. As the great gates of the Palazzo Mordante in the Ghibellina clanged behind them, it was to her mind as if they were closing upon all her dear, mad hopes. Now that she was at the end of her journey, it seemed as if it was the end of a life.

She was weary; the evening was chill. As she passed the brace of pompous Suisses and they grounded their halberts on the stone, according to the ancient ceremonial, she felt like some royal prisoner entering her state prison. Even good old Battista's wreathed smile of joy, the emotion with which he kissed her hand, the flow of his greeting, so respectful in its kindly familiarity, added to the sensation of melancholy. She remembered how he had stood witness to her humiliation on the morning after his master's funeral. The ancestral palace with its suites of great painted rooms, echoing to the least footstep, the lowest word, crushed her by their size and emptiness—all brought a sense of gloom, of oppression, of intolerable loneliness, together with a rush of acrid memory. Here was where she had spent the first months after her wedding; here she had entered upon her unnatural married life with such sacred resolves, such high notions of duty, so filial a sense of respect and admiration for that great gentleman, her old husband. Here she had been so proud that he should be proud of her, so grateful for his paternal solicitude, with its indescribable flower of chivalrous affection. Here she had brought her black widowhood and disillusion, her passionate yearning for the man she was free to love. To-night old husband, young lover, seemed enveloped in the same dreary cloud—men both, both had loved her beauty, both betrayed her heart.

She stood at the threshold of her room, and watched Spiridion cross the length of the great gallery, hurrying towards her with weary tread to bid her good-night. Even his tall figure was dwarfed into ant-like insignificance by this space, this height, this emptiness, that was her home. When the door closed upon her and the silence of her own room took hold of her, the golden wasps, embroidered on its gorgeous crimson hangings, seemed to dance at her in a mocking swarm. A portrait of Count Cesare occupied the centre panel over the gaping hearth. The artist had caught his faint, elusive smile: 'That is life, my fair child,' it seemed to say.

'That is life,' said Juliana, drearily to herself, as she sat gazing into the blazing wood.

(To be continued.)

A FRIEND OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THESE extracts are from the letters of the late Lady Lyttelton, who was one of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting in the early years of her reign. Lady Lyttelton was appointed in 1838, the year of the Coronation, and she arrived at Windsor for the first time on a lovely day in October.

'The Queen,' she writes, 'was very kind and civil and good-natured. At first, however, the restraint and peculiar form of society here was very disagreeable to me, but I have, I think, got into it, and settled into a proper stiffness. . . . There is such a heartiness and seemingly endless good temper about all the Royal Family, to judge from manner and look, it is nice to see them.' 'My business is,' she writes, 'to do the honours of the Castle in the Queen's name to visitors, when her Majesty pleases, to take care of the maids-of-honour always, besides my anxious care of the Queen's scarf, and some foreign and official letters. This gives me plenty to do all day, but very agreeably, and much is interesting and curious that I have to listen to and see.' Her first initiation into her duties was to attend the Queen and the Duchess of Kent in a drive to see the Duchess of Gloucester [1] at Bagshot. 'The Duchess of Gloucester was delightful, and it was a pleasant visit. We of the household stayed in one room, while the Queen was with her family in another, and she stayed long and sang to them and seemed quite snug. On our drive home she read a lesson book, "Sir Robert Walpole's Life," by Coxe, very attentively and goodly to herself. . . . In the evening I missed getting my work, so had to sit trying to settle whether Colonel Cavendish, Sir Robert Otway, Lord Uxbridge, or Lord Torrington looked most ugly and ungentlemanlike in the Windsor uniform, a hideous livery, blue plain coat and plain turned down scarlet collar and white neckcloth.'

Queen Victoria possessed the Royal gift of memory to a striking degree. Lady Lyttelton in giving an instance says 'So much

[1] Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George III., married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, and died in 1857, being the last survivor of the fifteen children of George III.

for her memory! which, as well as her Majesty's eyes, nose and ears, nothing escapes ever.'

About this time the old-fashioned method of pronunciation was on the wane. It used to be the custom to say 'yaller' for yellow, 'brasslet' for bracelet, and so on. Lady Lyttelton notes that 'the Queen says *gold* open, not *goold*; also *Rome* open, not *Room*. Also Prussia in my way; she was accustomed in childhood to the other way, rhyming to Russia, in spite of the Dean of Chester, who tried to make her say it as I do. When she became Queen, being very anxious to pronounce right, she asked the Ministers about the word, and they decided in favour of my way; the Duke of Wellington also. And her Majesty complied. She is particularly pleased at being reckoned an authority about accent and takes great pains about it.'

This autumn Lord Spencer came to Windsor. He is better known as Lord Althorp, by which name he sat in the House of Commons for many years. At one time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House, but he always hated politics, and on succeeding to the title he gave them up altogether. In spite of this, his present visit to Windsor was thought to imply a change in the Government, for Lady Lyttelton writes next day: 'Lord Melbourne seems amazingly at his ease, notwithstanding Lord Spencer's treacherous supplanting of him. I don't wonder at the lies, when the *Globe* announced his visit here exactly as if it had been political. I should think it would be hard to displace Lord Melbourne by any intrigue, constitutional or otherwise, while her present Majesty lives, unless he contrives to displace himself by dint of consommés, truffles, pears, ices, and anchovies, which he does his best to revolutionise his stomach with every day.' Lord Melbourne was at this time Prime Minister, he was sixty years old, and his devotion to the Queen is well known, while from her accession to her marriage she looked to him for advice on every matter.

In August, 1839, the Queen prorogued Parliament in person. The old Houses of Parliament had been burnt down in 1834 and temporary ones were used till 1847 when the new House of Lords was first used. 'The Prorogation was very fine,' wrote Lady Lyttelton; 'beyond my expectations, though the House of Lords is a shabby little poky place enough, compared to the old burnt down one. The finest moment I thought was while the Queen, dressed in crimson velvet and ermine, advanced through the entrance and passages, at a slow pace, alone; preceded and followed

by all the Court and Ministers, Lord Melbourne (who begins to look picturesquely old) with the sword of state. Then her speech was most beautifully read. Her voice is, when so raised, and *sostenuta*, quite that of a child, a gushing sort of richness, with the most sensible cultivated and *gentlemanlike* accent and emphasis. She raised her head and uttered, "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," with a little air of grandeur that was very pretty. She was frightened, but no one could have guessed it; *we* knew it by the crimson colour of her face and neck and a little trembling. The effect of the whole is to my taste spoilt by the shoals of ladies and the very few peers who have room. It looks like a mere pageant and would be much finer if she (child as she looks) were speaking evidently to a crowd of greyheaded senators and sturdy statesmen.

'My duties turned out unexpectedly important and arduous, and frightened me much. After the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, had changed her Majesty's robes with the help of the dressers, I had, in presence of the whole Court, and surrounded by all the great officers of State, to unpin and remove from her Majesty's head her diamond diadem, and taking the great Crown of England (weighing twelve pounds) from some grandee (whom I did not see very distinctly) to place it and pin it on! With two diamond pins through the velvet and her hair at the back of her head! Feel for me! All this did, however, pretty well. But when I had to do it all over back again on Her Majesty's return she was in a hurry, and the last pin I could not find a proper place for in the diadem—and first ran it against her royal head (upon which she looked up with the most comical arch look of intreaty) and then could not put it on at all anywhere. . . . So she went without it. Luckily it was by no means a necessary circumstance.

'At dinner when the Queen told Lord Melbourne the story, saying, "To be sure it *was* very nervous for poor Lady Lyttelton to do it before so many people, all looking at her, and never having done it before," Lord Melbourne most wittily answered, "Your Majesty might have said as Mary, Queen of Scots, did on the scaffold—'I am not accustomed to be undressed before so many people—nor by such attendants!'" Wasn't it very clever? Such a perfectly apposite quotation and so comically applied. Mary, Queen of Scots, of course you remember was disrobed by her executioners.'

This autumn was a gay one as to society, and an eventful one too as it turned out. 'I got quite into a titter yesterday,' wrote

Lady Lyttelton on September 8, 1839, 'at the number of kings and queens. One had nothing else to make way for.' The King and Queen of the Belgians came.[1] 'On Friday evening our guest King and Queen arrived. She is a most captivating creature, far from pretty, but so graceful, so simple, so sensible a manner I never saw. As to him he is a very majestic personage, and very fit as to looks, to have been the husband of the two first Princesses in Europe, France and England, and the chosen King of two Kingdoms—Greece and Belgium. His Majesty seems simple and very gentlemanlike, but more especially imposing, melancholy and dignified. I am *rayther* afraid of him somehow.' 'Our party grows more and more splendid,' she writes a few days later, 'two Queens, a Royal Highness and a Serene one drove out yesterday in a pony carriage and four, and were attended (besides our coachful of ladies-in-waiting) by a cortège of horsemen among whom Lord Surrey[2] appeared almost plebeian by comparison.' After a while, however, the pomp and ceremony of this visit began to pall. On September 12 the weary lady-in-waiting writes: 'My waiting seems very long this time somehow. I feel so sick of being beautifully dressed and talking French, and running up and down stairs and curtseying. Lord Fingall, the lord-in-waiting, and I agreed yesterday we will *not* curtsey and bow to each other when we meet at luncheon, having breakfasted together, mind. We have caught the trick from Count d'Aerschott.'

After the departure of the King and Queen of the Belgians an even more auspicious guest arrived. Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg with his brother Prince Ernest came over on October 10. The motive for this visit was an open secret, as for many years he had been thought of as Queen Victoria's future husband, and he afterwards told the Queen that when he was a child of three years old his nurse told him he should marry his cousin Princess Victoria, and that when he first thought of marrying at all he thought of marrying her. The idea had always been encouraged by the King of the Belgians, who was warmly attached to his nephew and niece, and no doubt during his recent visit he had pleaded the young

[1] He was brother of the Duchess of Kent; as Prince Leopold of Coburg he had married Princess Charlotte of Wales, who died most tragically within a year, and Queen Victoria loved him and treated him as a father. When Prince Leopold became king he married Princess Louise of France, daughter of King Louis Philippe.

[2] Eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk.

man's cause. She did not keep Prince Albert long in doubt, for he had only been at Windsor a few days when the Queen sent for Lord Melbourne and told him she had made up her mind to marry the Prince. 'Lord Melbourne,' the Queen states in her Journal, 'received the news with great satisfaction, and said, "I think it will be very well received, for I hear that there is quite an anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it," adding in quite a paternal tone, "You will be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be."' On October 15 the Queen sent for Prince Albert and told him of her decision. The embarrassment of the position was outweighed by the very real affection that had sprung up between them.

For various reasons the engagement was kept officially secret for a month, but it was probably pretty well guessed at, particularly when on November 1 there was a review in the Home Park of a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, at which the Queen appeared on horseback with Prince Albert on her right hand. Lady Lyttelton, probably out of discretion, barely mentions the Prince in her letters of this time. She drove to this review in a shut carriage with the Duchess of Kent and wrote after it that, 'The Queen looked better than ever I saw her in a smart *chacot* (meaning a military cap) with plenty of gold braid about it, and the Windsor uniform riding habit and the beautiful blue ribbon and (I believe) the Star of the Garter over all. She rode a fine white horse who stood as still as a sofa all the time, after she had very gracefully cantered up to the troops and ridden along between the lines. The salutes she returns *à la militaire*, by raising her hand to her cap. "The most fascinating thing ever seen," said Sir John Macdonald. The only drawback was the weather. It rained incessantly nearly the whole time and was very cold. The kind but anxious minded Duchess of Kent was in a sad worry,' wrote Lady Lyttelton, 'for fear the Queen should catch cold, or Lady Caroline Barrington be knocked up (she was the only lady on horseback), or at least that the Riflemen should not wet their feet. This last alarm I did at last laugh her out of.'

The following letter gives an entertaining description of the old Duke of Cambridge, father of the later Duke. His conversation bore a strong resemblance to that of his father, good King George of happy memory, whose 'What! what! what!' echoes through all the Court reminiscences of his day.

Windsor: Friday, November 8, 1839.

'. . . The Cambridges arrived yesterday and enriched our dancing evening. The Queen's headache quite gone, luckily, for it requires a sound head to listen to the Duke. . . . I was so *bestürmt* with questions, one hundred in a breath, close to my eye, by the Duke on his first arrival that I was fairly bewildered, and answered, "Yes, Ma'am." After dinner during the dancing, he came and sat by me, and to be sure how he did shout and cross-examine! But he never wants any answer, so it don't matter. "Where do you habitually reside, Ma'am?" "Oh—at Hagley—you *did* live there—I see, I see. Your son lately married? How long? A few months? I understand. *Now* where do you mean to live? At Richmond for the winter? Oh, I see. Where have you been since your son's marriage? Leamington? Why to Leamington? Oh, your brother—Captain Spencer, I remember! I perfectly recollect—a naval man, I believe. Yes, I saw him in 1825 at your father's in the Isle of Wight. Yes, yes, I know—Frederic Spencer to be sure! *Your* father-in-law, Mr. Poyntz? No, surely not so, Ma'am—Oh, *his* father-in-law! Oh, I see, I see." And so on for half an hour. I was quite out of breath with listening, and could hardly stick in a word here and there, and all as loud as a very sonorous voice can reach.'

A few days later she writes again: 'The Cambridges are gone, and the Castle is still as death for want of the Duke. Think of his asking me if I had any "commands" for town! Think if I had told him I wanted a small parcel carried! He shouted on to the last, singing the quadrilles while we danced and God save the Queen while we dined, rather than be silent.' There are no more Court letters till the following year. The Queen's marriage took place on February 10, 1840. 'As to the Queen's marriage,' wrote Lady Lyttelton a few days after it, 'truly I had not much to add to the newspaper account, which was very full, and for a wonder, I think quite correctly true. Being a component part of the procession, I, of course, saw very little of its effects, and especially was prevented by the portly forms and finery of the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Normanby, who walked before me, from seeing the Queen and her train-bearers at all, and they were said to have formed the most striking part of the show, in their pure and simple white dresses. They looked like village girls among all the gorgeous colours and jewels that surrounded them. The Queen's look

and manner were very pleasing; her eyes much swollen with tears, but great happiness in her face; and her look of confidence and comfort at the Prince as they walked away as man and wife was very pretty to see. I understand she is in extremely high spirits since. Such a new thing for her to *dare* to be *unguarded* in conversing with anybody; and with all her frank and fearless nature the restraints she has hitherto been under must have been most painful.'

Lady Lyttelton next writes from Claremont, on October 2, [1840]:

'. . . This is an extremely pretty place; stands on a high knoll, overlooking a distant view and a foresty foreground. The house is a very handsome private chateau, and it requires all the pages and scarlet footmen one runs against to prove it a palace at all. . . . By the way I was glad to hear the Queen making pointed inquiries about the school here, how the master got on, if it was well attended, etc., like a country lady. The Prince seems so very fond of the place, so full of admiration of the neighbourhood, that it quite accounts for their frequent visits here. It is really delightful and quite touching to observe him and his wife—so happy, such an increasing pretty happiness it seems. Not a look, not a tone of hers but expresses the most respectful confiding affection. It is the most perfect wife's manner one can imagine, and he is if possible more ingenuous and sensible and gracious than ever—then he is as happy and as cheerful now as he looked dull and sleepy in London. It is only that the poor man likes nothing but *das Landleben*, and she is so complying towards him that it may lead her to like it too at last.

'This place is full of memorials of the former occupiers, and reminds me often of November 6, 1817,[1] and trust there is no cause for thinking of that awful day with any anxiety. All the portraits of Princess Charlotte and what I have heard of her from Lady Gardiner make me think she would have been rather a dangerous Queen of England. Very harsh and imperious at least.'

Claremont: October 6, 1840.

'. . . Yesterday Lord Melbourne and I had to follow her Majesty—and we agreed entirely in an unfashionable preference of a close landau to an open one, much to the Queen's amusement, and

[1] Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold of Coburg lived here during their short married life. Princess Charlotte died on November 6, 1817.

to my warming through, for I had dressed expecting an open carriage *obbligato*, and so had he. But we somehow found room, though his lordship sat on half my cloak, and he is so unwieldy I did not like to fidget him up again, so we were a mass of fur, wadding and broadcloth, not often equalled. He was so sensible and good humoured, I liked it.'

Tuesday, October 13, 1840.

'. . . The Queen is most particularly kind to me all the time and the Duchess [of Kent] too. Poor soul, *she* was in floods of tears in her room yesterday morning at the news of the Queen of Portugal's dangerous confinement and its bad result as to the child—and I had to go over many commonplace matronly consolations. She sent for me to see her cry and try to comfort her. The Queen of course was as brave as a lioness upon the occasion, quite cheerful in her general manner, and when she alluded to it privately to me expressed only much feeling for her cousin, and especially for her cousin's husband and his anxiety, nothing like a selfish fright.' [1]

Windsor: July 7, 1841.

'. . . I have often preached apropos about the unwholesome effect of office. So in candour I must mention that Lord Palmerston is in the constant habit of rowing for two or three hours in the morning before breakfast, and also of bathing and swimming in the Thames at the same time of day. He came from this latter performance this morning as fresh as a . . . no! I beg a rose's pardon! but as an old river god, to his customary hearty meal.'

In July the Queen Victoria and Prince Albert went on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn. Lady Lyttelton went in attendance on the Queen, and writes on July 27, 1841, to her daughters: 'Well our journey yesterday was very pleasant, through a most rural country, and plenty of bells ringing, and village bands playing and wreaths and arches of flowers, in a brilliant sunshine. Some moments were touching, such as when the military escort was dismissed and fifty or sixty farmers in stout broadcloth and new hats, with white favours in their button holes, and famous fine horses, took to galloping alongside the Royal carriage. It looked most English and popular. And as we heard one say, "a monstrous pretty woman the Queen is!" I hope her Majesty looked gracious, though the dust they kicked up was quite smothering.

[1] Queen Marie married Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, Duke of Saxony.

'Our courtly party was very merry in the following carriage, Mr. Anson having begun by, quite unintentionally, knocking off Lord Headfort's[1] hat (always worn with a jaunty *tapageur* slant on the *top of his hair*, suspected of being partly false) and it flew many yards behind us and we flew away from it a good way, before we could stop and get it picked up. Then Lord Headfort sat down for a good while on a basket full of currants! put into the carriage for luncheon. Most fortunately for his attire the basket had previously got upside down, or he would have got out a pretty figure. His Irish brogue screams on these misfortunes were excellent and we all laughed so much we must have passed for merry courtiers. Not so in the evening! How dull, bless me! We are eleven of us, Dukes and Duchesses, and most dukefully dull indeed we are. The Queen must carry away with her a strange idea of what society and conversation mean. The material is all very fine. That is, the place is handsome, the house most comfortable and huge; and the dinner also, after a great and unconcealable effort, contrives to be *almost* as sumptuous as our daily fare at Windsor. The pomp and glory of Courts and nobles don't wear well—one need not think of their end, or be at all philosophical, one need only witness plenty of it to find out it is nothing.'

Two days later, however, Lady Lyttelton wrote more cheerfully. 'Our time is going off pleasantly enough. Yesterday evening was vastly better than the former. Miss Masson sang—accompanied to the utmost perfection by Puzzi, who contrived to play as the finest man's voice would sing, and all in the next room: it was divine. The Queen was pleased, and did her part well, getting up when it was over and going into the music room to compliment the Masson, whose downcast eyes and loyal simperings were worth seeing. Then we had a few noble-minded *Curtiuses*, who heroically devoted themselves, and partly stopped up our gulph of dulness. Lady de Grey[2] performed with Lord Melbourne a regular *pas de deux* argument on political economy. She was graceful and he was clever and it killed us a good twenty minutes. Lady Palmerston helped also, by carrying on a successful intrigue which led to one or two duchesses actually getting up from the awful round table and walking about the room. It seemed to give one air and breath. We had been all over the house and then all about the park in the

[1] Thomas, 2nd Marquis; he was a lord-in-waiting.

[2] Lady Frances Cole, daughter of the first Earl of Enniskillen, and married Earl de Grey in 1805.

afternoon. The former was interesting, ought to have been more so, but the Queen seems always afraid of asking questions about pictures and portraits for fear of being thought ignorant, so the part of the business she liked best was peeping into everybody's own rooms—which are indeed the most comfortable and best arranged imaginable and worth admiring. The Duchess of Bedford [1] does the honours with so much humility and sweet temper and kindness, it is a pleasure to see her and I am getting to think I shall not to be *so* glad to be back at Windsor as I had expected.'

On one of these days there was a solemn function, the High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, a burly squire, brought the County Address to the Queen. 'It was read in full saloon to her, from a white satin copy by his honour, who having been used to spectacles (which I find are forbidden by etiquette before Royalty) could not very well perform his part. The Queen's answer was a relief. She read it most enchantingly; her pretty emphasis and half smile to the Duke, as she uttered "the noble and patriotic house of Russell" made his eyes glisten, and the good-natured Duchess had to hide a tear or two behind a geranium.'

The next day, July 29, the Queen left Woburn and went to Panshanger. 'Our departure from Woburn,' wrote Lady Lyttelton, 'was like all the visit, managed very hospitably and kindly, and *j'emporte* a very high respect and liking for our noble host and hostess. *Here* we are in quite a different climate. It is a *recherché*, exclusive, fine and *tiré à quatre épingles* party—rather young too, and I am sadly shy, though only this very morning I was thinking how totally unshy I was! It will go off I have no doubt. I don't tell you the guests, of course the newspapers do which I never see. The Duchess of Sutherland is here, which is always a full relief of Court duties to me, she having all the responsibility of attendance. Lady Cowper is a good-humoured body, and the place has all the natural beauty one could wish, and a very admirable house with a really magnificent collection of Italian pictures in high condition—a Raphael, a Correggio, *a Fra Bartolomeo!* Two Andrea del Sarto's, and the most beautiful and uncommon Carlo Dolci, besides many other very fine ones; a huge Rembrandt portrait of Marshal Turenne! It feels like being in Italy.'

The next day, as on the second day of the previous visit, Lady Lyttelton wrote in a happier strain. 'This visit is very agreeable, surprising from absence of formality, contrived by Lady Palmerston

[1] She was a daughter of the famous Jane, Duchess of Gordon.

and her daughter-in-law. The only fault is that they are immensely unpunctual, and make the poor Queen wait for dinner and drives till anybody but herself would be furious.'

Windsor: October 12, 1841.

'. . . The Queen reappeared at dinner, I rejoice to say, yesterday. We had to weather a dreadful Sunday evening without her (at least *I* had), our only guest being the Duke of Wellington, and as the Duchess of Kent and Prince Albert were both in attendance on the Queen, and the whole Court (about twenty people) took to playing spillikins, puzzling with alphabets and whispering in corners, I had the pleasure for more than an hour of being stuck up, bellowing and being bellowed at, *t te à t te* in the middle of the room conscious that everybody was listening and criticising during my long dialogue with the mighty hero. I never was so thoroughly frightened and I went to bed with a headache. His Grace is extremely good-natured and simple, and much of what he said I should like to remember. He talked of Buckland and Oxford. I asked him where he had seen him, so he began praising him and his discoveries and works, and added "I was acquainted in France with Laplace and Lalande and the French geologists—but *their* aim was to injure religious belief—*his* has been to establish it. That's a great difference. It is a fine thing that the facts they discovered and published with such a bad intention should have proved at last useful as evidence of the *truth of Holy Writ.*" The last words in a sonorous thumping tone. I thought the walls of that room, all things considered, might be rather surprised, and all George IV.'s profligate books that stand against them might shiver a little.'

The quiet evenings at Court were more to Lady Lyttelton's taste. 'As to your mistake at cards,' she wrote to her daughter-in-law in 1841, 'if you knew the blunderations we all go through, and how little we mind it, under the Prince's smiling and merry-hearted instruction, you would not think any more of it. Last night we learnt a new round game, and all grew quite noisy over it; it is called "nain jaune" and is better than "mouche."'

Spring, 1842.

'. . . *Think* of Lord Camden [1] having the Garter! "As much from respect for his personal character, as from a sense of his

[1] George, 2nd Marquis Camden. His father, the 1st Marquis, died in 1840 He had been Teller of the Exchequer for sixty years, and during nearly half that time had resigned the salary, which amounted at the last quarter to upwards of

father's patriotic sacrifice" were her Majesty's neatly ordered words in telling me the news. I must write to congratulate, which I shall do bunglingly, feeling much like Lord Melbourne, "I don't know how it is—one ought not perhaps to say it—but *don't* you think those *ribbons* are rather over-valued"—spoken with the peculiar voice and energy which he has so awfully outlived. *He* refused the Garter twice.'

Claremont: July 10, 1842.

'. . . The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce [afterwards Bishop of Oxford]. I never saw a more agreeable man—and if such a Hindoo were to be found I think he would go far to lead me to Juggernaut. So it is hard if all who know him are not "altogether" Christians sooner or later—and I need not add that he never parades or brings forward his serious feelings. They are only the *climate* of all his mind. It is very pleasant to observe the hearty respect and regard with which everyone here behaves to him. What good he has in his power! Ten talents, indeed! With him to listen to and Lady Canning to admire I must admit my breakfast was pleasanter than those in London.'

Lady Lyttelton was made governess to the Royal children in 1842, and from the earliest days there are many references to the Princess Royal and to her wonderful cleverness. 'She is more and more like a person of four years old,' wrote Lady Lyttelton when the Princess was barely two. This precocity made more to be expected of her than her age warranted. 'Oh dear, I wish there were no portraits being done of the Princess Royal,' laments her governess, 'and that all her fattest and biggest relations, some with bald heads, some with great moustaches, some with black bushy eyebrows, some with strange staring distorted eyes, did not always come to see her at once and make her naughty, and her governess cross. Poor little body! She is always expected to be good, civil and sensible, and the Duke of Cambridge, bless his Royal Highness, tells the Queen to make it better, that it is very odd the Princess should ever cry! "So very odd! *my* daughter *never did* cry! Nor did my son, except when he was recovering from an illness once," and her Majesty believes her uncle.'

a quarter of a million. This was the patriotic sacrifice for which he received the formal thanks of Parliament.

October 25, 1842.

'. . . I dined down yesterday, had a dull place next the Premier, who of course having the Queen on his other side could not speak to me, so I had only to watch his finger tips peeping out of his sleeves and supplying him with an ample dinner. I was struck with the quickness and watchful cautious characteristic sagacity which Sir Robert showed in learning and playing a new round game. He was quite like his own public character all the time. The Queen was excessively and pointedly civil to him.

'Poor Lord Melbourne has had rather an alarming attack of a giddiness in the head. He is said to be much better, but with his very unwholesome diet and great increase of size lately I should not wonder if his time was but short. He is extremely happy living with Lord and Lady Beauvale.[1] She is a very amiable woman and makes herself quite a sister to him. Alas! if he had had a real home forty years ago, and a good example before him, one should be looking at his approaching end with happier feelings. But these allowances will be made in mercy. I can't help feeling that I shall, if I do survive him, wear my cousin's mourning with much sincerity, for the strange inconsistent but amiable man.'

Lord Melbourne survived however till 1848. His wife, the notorious Lady Caroline Lamb, was Lady Lyttelton's first cousin.

[1] Lord Beauvale was a brother of Lord Melbourne.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

THE MEMOIRS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

SOMETIMES, coming home at night through dark streets, you may see vanishing round the corner the curved shape of a ghostly chariot; it must be on its way surely to some brilliant festival where the lights have been out these hundred years. But no—the omnibus driver points too; it is Lord So-and-So's coach. That great nobleman, then, has still the imagination to conceive himself properly conveyed down Regent Street, on a muddy night, in a swinging crystal box, with angels adoring a coat of arms on the panels, and two symbolical footmen erect behind him to ward off all the perils of the dark—and it is a great achievement, which deserves our gratitude. For assuring ourselves that it is April, shall we say, in the year nineteen hundred and eight, and that the white blaze among the trees over there is symbol of a royal court, we may go on to indulge ourselves in a number of exquisite scenes, shut hitherto between the covers of books. When the chariot stays the serving men leap down, and stand with uncovered heads as the Lord and his Lady step through them, and into the great white hall. Hand in hand they mount the staircase, and bow, and curtsey, and pass on leisurely into vast rooms, clear as windswept skies, where the ladies have space to spread their trains like peacocks, and the Lords toy gently with their silver swords. Other couples and groups swim past them, until the floor, as the family portraits look down upon it, is a beautiful pattern of moving colours which never stay or crowd, but circle easily in and out, as though they trod the measure of a stately dance. But there is an inner room, where there are gilt chairs on a polished floor, and one or two brocaded sofas. A wood fire burns clearly, and there are innumerable soft candles. Here, sitting lightly upright, we find some score perhaps of ladies and gentlemen who have no other occupation, it seems, but the use of their tongues. And what talk it is! Each speaks with confidence, and with an indescribable air of ease and dignity commingled, as though, after rolling wisdom for five centuries in the brain, it issued at length in smooth drops, bright as silver,

but ponderous with purpose. The Prime Minister, there, unfolds the future of England for the inspection and correction of a certain sagacious dowager with a fan; here a brilliant youth explodes with paradoxes that are to become laws; and here again one pulls a blotted sheet from his shirt frill and reads, while all listen gravely, poems that sound like Keats. A lady quotes Sappho in the Greek, and another flashes with inspired epigram—what was it? for the words escape us. But Lady Dorothy Nevill should be able to repeat them.

It is the only consolation, indeed, of one forced to see Buckingham Palace from the outside and to people it within from the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, perhaps, that the aristocrat will nowadays grant us a reflection of his privileges by means of his pen. Otherwise the stout walls of their parks, the locked doors of their galleries would be intolerable to any one possessed of pen and ink or dynamite. But memoirs in the past have led us to believe that by refraining from such violence we cherish certain sanctuaries where all that is high-minded and witty and fair can live happily; and for the credit of the race it seems good that a handful of us should grow up with Greek statues round us, Titians on our walls, spacious gardens to walk in, time for reading and music and talk.

Lady Dorothy, as she is proud to tell you, has an indisputable right to all these privileges, for she is the daughter of Lord Orford, and for many generations a Walpole has succeeded a Walpole at the family seat in Norfolk. In her two volumes of memoirs she confirms all that we have imagined of the aristocratic life, but with this qualification: it exists no longer. In the forties and the fifties of the last century Society was a real thing, and with melancholy pride she writes of the brilliant days and contrasts them with the ugly, respectable life which has replaced them. Courtesy and good humour distinguish her naturally; she will try to see that there is some good in the change; but, pathetically enough, her native instincts are always asserting themselves.

> Society in the old days cannot in any way be compared with the motley crowd that calls itself society to-day. . . . The general level of conversation in the so-called society of modern days must, of necessity, be low, for society, or what passes for it, is now very large, whilst wealth is more welcome than intellect. Good conversation, therefore, is practically non-existent.

In the old days society was very small, for birth was the first qualification; then it followed that they all knew each other, 'so that it was more like a large family than anything else,' and then,

though this seems less a matter of human than of divine arrangement, that they were all endowed with powers of intellect as rare as their blood. But if you grant them these gifts and conceive that they have 'no ulterior object beyond intelligent cultured and dignified enjoyment' as Lady Dorothy puts it, you do indeed imagine such a society as that of Athens in the time of Pericles or Paris in the time of Madame Récamier, and our belief in the virtues of our own British aristocracy is splendidly fulfilled. But when we come to read the account of what they said, something—is it time that has done it, or print, or is our taste too plebeian?—something at any rate is not as it should be. For having arranged the whole scene enthusiastically, according to Lady Dorothy's directions, and set noble men and women eating their oysters with knives or toying with a dish of home-grown truffles beneath a shower of prismatic glass in the great dining-room in Berkeley Square, we listen to the talk which, as Lady Dorothy tells us, people could talk then. After 'an awful pause' we hear Miss Gordon Cumming raise her voice. 'I beg to call the attention of the company to the very lucid interval between Novar's waistcoat and his trousers'—Munro of Novar, it must be said, was 'very unconventional in his attire.' 'This utterance naturally provoked uproarious laughter.' Then Bernal Osborne; 'an autocrat of the dinner-table, at which his sway was practically unquestioned,' utters those brilliant but bitter personalities which delighted a society where all were friends. He nicknames one 'grave and dignified politician' 'the high-stepping hearse horse' 'of a somewhat colourless character' he says. 'He has no affections at all except rheumatic ones.' A political opponent with a slight twist in the neck he calls the man 'with the Tyburn face—a creature who had been imperfectly operated upon.'

This display of wit may continue throughout a meal unchecked, or some unfortunate lady, who is only invited because she is rich, may quote French delightfully badly, and again, perhaps, provoke uproarious laughter. No one, so far as we can discover, of natural rather than hereditary gifts ever found his way into these dining-rooms, although Lady Dorothy assures us that 'the old leisured aristocracy . . . delighted in gathering together people of conversational power, and for this reason alone certain individuals whose sole credentials were their wit and mental cultivation were accorded a place in society. There were several such men, of whose origin nothing was known or asked'—so that we must lay the blame

on the clever men themselves. Did they ask questions then? and if so, what answer would they get?

And with Lady Dorothy's volumes for text we must admit that the answer returned to our anxious questioning is a strange one. It is very natural that, writing of the past, she should write with regret, and wit, as every one knows, is perishable. But there is ample room in the space of two large volumes for something far more illuminating than a dozen obsolete epigrams, nor has she failed to construct round these poor tarnished little scenes a substantial edifice. It is in the strangeness, the audacity, the combined airiness and solidity of this conception that we must find the real value of her book and the answer to our question. For life is not merely a matter of dinner parties; there are the 'lower classes,' country houses, politics and the arts. In order that you may have a society such as that which she laments, all these surroundings must be properly arranged in due relation to it. We must begin at the beginning, with the farmer. 'People,' she writes, 'were merry in those days (the thirties and forties) . . . many of my father's tenants had held the same farm for generations, and all of them were imbued with great reverence for the old families.' A robust kind of sympathy existed between the lord and his tenant, bred of dependence on the one side, benevolence on the other, which was comfortable and picturesque. They drew your carriage home for you on occasions of joy, and loaded the hall with cream of their own making on your marriage day. Innumerable customs and crafts still lingered in the pretty old villages, which the great lady loved to encourage, before the board schools came with their 'smatterings of many totally useless subjects' and destroyed the delightful practice, for example, of the art of 'buttony.' There were still old chairs and tables to be picked up, for ridiculously small sums, in the country farms, and 'dignified and spiritual' traditions still flourished in illiterate minds; the whipping of the bounds was continued, and once even, but this was in happier days, an elder sister was 'obliged to dance in a hog's trough should the younger sister marry before her.'

With this superficial rearrangement it is clear that life becomes far more amusing directly. It is so full of charming nooks and corners, in which superstitions and gallantries may lodge themselves, and picturesque inequality breaks up everywhere the monotony of plain human life. But, after all, this is no more than a pleasant disposition of the little village outside the park gates,

and the heart of the whole matter is to be found within. How does Lady Dorothy approach her equals?

> I have always been much interested in art and artistic people. I do not mean the kind of art which is associated with affectation and oleaginous pedantry, but the cult of what is curious and beautiful and interesting. At different times I have collected all sorts of things and attempted nearly all kinds of amateur work, including book illumination . . . leather working, wood carving, and of late years a kind of old-fashioned leather work.

It is this sublimely insolent disrespect for art that vitiates the whole of the structure, for, surely, it is fatal if you are an aristocrat not to honour the only people who have imagination enough to believe in your beauty. And piecing together one phrase with another, the jests and opinions and habits, what an astonishing erection it is! She has collected watch papers and wedding rings and bills and old buttons, she has surrounded herself with odds and ends of furniture in all styles, she has bred silkworms and imported crayfish, she has visited innumerable picture galleries, and said 'How d'you do' to half the distinguished names in England. Rare dogs and strange birds and 'gifted men' have amused her and paid her compliments. But why does the book, in spite of all these diversions, fill us with depression, as though on a rainy day we had lost ourselves in some dingy and rambling old house, crowded with ornaments, and frivolous in spite of its age? It is partly because it is so solid still in appearance and formidable with all the furniture of life, and partly because whatever genuine test you apply to it, it goes to pieces directly. If you were so rash as to quote Keats there an almost visible struggle would go on for a moment between the words and the atmosphere, alarming as a sudden precipice in a meadow; and afterwards the house is more shabby and less beautiful than ever, as though lightning had singed it. But lightning is rare, and such establishments continue to send their smoke up placidly enough in all the counties of England, and perhaps, melancholy as the conclusion is, do no great harm to anybody.

VIRGINIA STEPHEN.

MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD, 1890.[1]

BY C. R. L. F.

THE following letters were written to a correspondent who was a devoted admirer of Mr. Gladstone from his earliest years. I, the writer (described in the letters as F.), had on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit ceased to be a Fellow of All Souls College for a little over a year, but, though recently married, I obtained 'leave from home' to spend in the College, whose hospitality is ever open to its 'quondams,' the week from January 30—February 7, 1890, with a view to writing down, for the benefit of the correspondent above mentioned, anything that I could collect of interest, and especially any of Mr. Gladstone's famous conversation. Unfortunately only two of the letters are really full, and there is a complete lacuna from February 3 to February 8. The letters concerning these days must have been lost or lent to friends, and cannot now be recovered. It has been thought desirable that some record of the memorable visit—Mr. Gladstone's last visit but one to the Oxford he so dearly loved—should be published. For he came but once more, at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, 1892, to deliver the first Romanes Lecture, when he was Prime Minister for the fourth time. On that occasion he was the guest of Dean Paget at Christ Church.

Probably any Fellow of the College, of which I was certainly the least distinguished member, could have given a better account of all that we heard and felt; and my only excuse for publishing these letters is that, so far as is known, no other record of his conversations in the College now exists. The letters as they stand were, with one exception, written late at night, often occupying from three to four hours after Mr. Gladstone had gone to bed, which he usually did at about half-past ten; and as they were then intended for no eyes but those of the correspondent to whom I had been in the habit all my life of writing almost daily, they are necessarily scrappy and fragmentary. But it has been thought better to give them as they were written, and no attempt has been made to dress

[1] Copyright, 1908, in the United States of America.

them up or to rectify the errors of diction, except by the expansion of symbols and abbreviations and by punctuation—save, indeed, in the case of the letter dated February 8, which, for reasons unconnected with Mr. Gladstone's visit, had to be recast. When looked at after seventeen years much of them appears very trivial, and they certainly give a very imperfect account of the extraordinary volume and vivacity of Mr. Gladstone's talk. Since his death several friends have asked me to publish them, but it was not till January of last year that I took the preliminary step of asking Mr. John Morley's advice on the subject. Mr. Morley is, as Mr. Gladstone was, an Honorary Fellow of the College, and he gave me every possible encouragement, and most kindly allowed me to use his name as approving of the scheme; 'for,' he said, 'I am convinced that the more that is known about Mr. Gladstone the greater he will appear.' He recommended me to ask a further sanction from Mr. Henry Gladstone, who, on behalf of his family, gave it in the most gracious manner possible; and the cup of kindness was filled up by the Warden of All Souls, who promised me the assistance that was in his power, and his only, to give.

The relations existing between all Fellows, past and present, of All Souls College, which yearly becomes, according to the beautiful prayer appointed for our Founder's Day, 'the fruitful mother of more happy children,' have always been peculiarly intimate and brotherly —more so, I believe, than similar relations in any society with such a standing and such a history; and for this reason I have thought it better to designate each of the actual members of the College who took part in the conversations which I have recorded merely by initials. Those of us who were present will probably recognise to whom these initials refer, and it does not concern anyone else to know. My readers, outside our own circle, will only care to know about Mr. Gladstone, whose words are here as literally recorded as my memory after the lapse of a few hours could record them.

I must be allowed, however, one or two words of preface concerning my own impressions of the man, which I am allowed to supplement by some received from other Fellows. I was not at all prepared for the spell he cast upon me, for, being an intolerant Tory and a strong Erastian, I regarded both his theological opinions and everything he had done in politics since 1868 with the greatest abhorrence. But I immediately fell, as I believe everyone did, under the spell—I can only call it a spell—of his rich, low, ringing voice and of the marvellous vivacity and flow of his conversation.

Two remarkable instances of this 'spell' have been communicated to me by Fellows of the College who were present at an earlier visit of Mr. Gladstone, which took place in November 1888, in circumstances described as follows by W. R. A. :—

'When Dr. Talbot was Warden of Keble Mr. Gladstone used from time to time to pay visits to him and Mrs. Talbot, and on these occasions he was accustomed very courteously to call upon me, as Head of the College of which he was an Honorary Fellow. Not being informed beforehand of these visits, I had always failed to meet him, and on one occasion, when I heard from the Talbots that he was coming to them, I asked them to arrange that Mr. Gladstone should come at an hour in the afternoon when I could take him into the coffee-room and introduce some of the Fellows to him. Mr. Gladstone very kindly fell in with the proposal, and named an hour for his visit. I gave notice to the Fellows, and a party of them assembled in the coffee-room to give him tea. The visit took place in November 1888, and led, I think, to the longer sojourn in 1890, for Mr. Gladstone was evidently pleased with the cordiality of his welcome. This is indicated by the letter in which he proposed to come up in 1890. The letter runs as follows :—

'Hawarden Castle, nr. Chester,
'Christmas D. 89.

'Dear Mr. Warden,—When I was last at Oxford, and was very kindly received at All Souls, all other kindness was crowned by an invitation, or suggestion, that I should pay a visit to the College in the capacity of Honorary Fellow.

'This means, I imagine, for the time, rooms, commons, Hall and Chapel; and such a vision of renovated youth has a great charm for me.

'It would be in my power to devote a week to this purpose on or about January 30—and I have put on a front of sevenfold brass to ask whether I really may?

'If I may, I should wish only to make one condition—that of disturbing nobody and nothing; and to know whether, in order to insure giving no trouble, I might bring a servant who, I can answer for it, would give no sort of offence.

'I rely on your kindness to let me know whether time or any other impediment makes it desirable to adjourn this proposal.

'Believe me, dear Mr. Warden,
'Faithfully yours,
'The Warden of All Souls.' 'W. E. Gladstone.'

Thus C. G. L. writes : 'Mr. Gladstone arrived in the afternoon and was brought by the Warden into the coffee-room to be introduced

to the Fellows. M.B. had expressed in vigorous terms his conviction that he could not conscientiously meet Mr. Gladstone, but had been persuaded to join in the reception. Directly Mr. Gladstone heard his name he said, "Ah, Professor, it is one of the charms of Oxford that one meets at every moment someone with whose name in some branch of learning one has long been familiar." M. B. beamed with obvious pleasure, and at once surrendered to the spell. Soon after I saw him trotting about after Mr. Gladstone with the sugar and cream-jug. The other person whom Mr. Gladstone singled out for attention was the great academic champion of the Liberal Unionist cause.'

T. R. also notices this. 'Conscious of certain passages at arms that other Professor, when he entered the room and saw who was there, was going to sit down at a distance; but Mr. Gladstone seized him and began, "Oxford is too interesting! I did not expect to have the opportunity of meeting you," and with this he led his opponent to a sofa and began to take a lesson in the Law of the Constitution.'

Yet I think that two things struck me even more than the spell which he cast—namely, Mr. Gladstone's beautiful simplicity and his perfect courtesy. He was much the 'finest gentleman' I ever met; and the result was that everyone, down to the humblest college servant, felt the better for being in his presence. All sorts of tales were going round Oxford at the time and for months afterwards of the strange things he had said and done; some very ungenerous things were said, among others that he had affected a High Toryism in order to please people here. Apart from the fact that he was wholly incapable of affectation, I am quite sure that that would be the wrong way to put it. It is true that the Oxford, and even at times the world in which his thoughts seemed to be moving, were not the Oxford or the world of that day; he often genuinely and honestly said that he looked back with regret to 'unreformed' Oxford.

As C. W. O. says: 'He was full of anecdotes and illustrations of the most interesting kind, but I noted that they all bore on the earlier half of his political career. He told us much about such people as Lord Melbourne, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, but practically nothing of what happened after 1866; he never in my hearing mentioned Disraeli . . . of his own Oxford life he was ever ready to speak.'

But I think anyone who has studied Mr. Morley's splendid biography will see this temper of its hero constantly reflected

in its pages; while, as for affectation, Mr. Gladstone and affectation within a day's march of each other are inconceivable. His conservatism—that seems to be the best word for it—was by no means merely academic. I never saw any sign, other than his universal courtesy, that he was trying to conciliate, by a display of this mental attitude, his political opponents; but when he came here it was as if he had stepped backwards over a gulf. 'He became once more,' says T. R., 'the Junior Burgess for the University whom Dr. Bullock Marsham had advised to guide himself by the example of Sir Robert Inglis. I fancy that there were indeed many Liberal principles which he had adopted without assimilating.' But in academic matters this attitude was very clearly marked. His own political supporters, good academic Liberals, were expected to sympathise with his views about the University which dated from 1847 at the very latest. It was the Chairman of the 'Liberal Three Hundred' to whom he said, 'I am sure, Sir William, your memory will bear me out in saying that a valuable element was lost to our social life with the disappearance of our noblemen and gentlemen-commoners.'[1] He said in my hearing much the same thing to A. H. H., who tells me that, when he afterwards mentioned the fact to the late Lord Salisbury, that statesman drily remarked: 'When these privileged persons existed Mr. Gladstone was always urging their abolition.'

'He never concealed,' says T. R., 'his belief that the Oxford of 1890 was in certain respects inferior to the Oxford of 1830. He was shocked, not without reason, at the laxity which allows young men to perambulate the streets in "shorts."'

And C. G. L. adds: 'I remember vividly his answer to a question as to the chief differences which he noticed between undergraduates of this and of his own time: "I have no hesitation in saying that the most obvious difference is in the dress which they see fit to wear in the High Street. I was almost shocked with the spectacle of men in boating costume, indeed I may say in very scanty costume, in the High Street. Such a thing would have been impossible in my time. We were much more concerned about our dress. I remember contemporaries—young men at Christ Church—who, when they were not hunting, made a point of promenading the

[1] 'I am sure that you will agree with me that not merely Christ Church, but the University generally, and, I might almost add, our social life has suffered with the disappearance' &c.—[Correction by W. R. A.]

High Street in the most careful attire. And some of them kept a supply of breeches which they only wore for that purpose, and *in which they never sat down lest any creases should appear.* I confess I think the undergraduates now seem to have passed to the other extreme." ' . . . So, too, C. W. O. says : ' When asked, after his lecture at the Union, how an undergraduate audience of 1890 differed from one of his own youth, he replied that the main thing which he observed was that dress had become so careless. In his youth, he said, there would have been dozens of men present, " who, with their two watch chains, their elaborate waistcoats, and their fashionable suits, could not have been dressed for 30*l.* " ; but in 1890 he did not notice a man who could not have been dressed for 10*l.*, and the general effect was rather slovenly.'

The proposal to dispense with *viva voce* in Responsions drew forth a sorrowful protest. Everything, he complained, was being made too easy. Both Greek and mathematics, he understood, were in danger because they involved hard work. Even so harmless an institution as Liddell and Scott's Lexicon did not escape censure. Mr. Gladstone had a word to say for Schrevelius : ' You younger men have so many helps and appliances ! When there was only Schrevelius I had to make my own Homeric Lexicon, and the labour did me good.' . . . T. R. continues : ' We went for a little walk together, he and I, and he gave me in a meditative kind of way the points of his political relations with the University. What struck me was that he spoke not as a Liberal, but as an Oxford man who had gone into the Liberal party because the Tory party was under—*influences ;* he lingered on the word ; no doubt Protectionism and Disraeli were in his mind. He still valued Oxford as a power counteracting dangerous tendencies in politics—especially the tendency to ignore the fatal effect which the absence of religious belief must have on society and Government.' Politics were in our general conversations neither avoided nor led up to ; he was essentially πολιτικὸν ζῶον, and if he was inclined to talk even of the most modern politics he would do so. But he was not ' the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived ' without being well aware of how to closure a discussion with perfect courtesy ; once I heard him administer a sharp and well-deserved rap ; several times I noticed how quickly he skated over thin ice, and was back on thick again.

T. R.'s general estimate of the great personality of Mr. Gladstone runs as follows : ' Nobody could be better company in a house than

Mr. Gladstone was. He entered at once into all the ways of the place. His hours of work were carefully observed: he did not wait for the clock to strike, but rose from his chair two minutes before the time. When I saw him at work what impressed me was the steadiness of his pace. Each minute he laid so much of his task behind him like a labourer laying an even swathe. His great power of work was in some ways a disadvantage to him. From morning till night he was either taking something into his mind or pouring it out again in words; there were none of those unoccupied times in which things settle down and take a clear outline. And this may partially account for his habit of lapsing out of one opinion into another without being conscious of the change. He went from breakfast to his desk, and seldom read the newspaper. One morning during his stay all the papers had reports of the case in which Mr. Parnell recovered large damages from the proprietors of the "Times"; Mr. Gladstone heard of the event at 7.30 P.M. from one of his neighbours at dinner.

'The charm of his talk cannot be rendered in description—the softness of the lower tones of the voice, the easy constant movement as he turned from one to the other: the clenched fist, the open palm, and the challenging forefinger, which the House of Commons knew so well. Sometimes he seemed to drop out of the conversation, his eye looked veiled and tired; but at the first sound of a name that appealed to him the veil seemed to lift, and he was watching the moment to speak. He spoke much but not continuously, for he always felt that Oxford was a place where he ought to be learning from the men who knew. . . . One admirable characteristic was his unwillingness to speak ill of any individual; he spoke generously of opponents; supporters who had turned against him called up a peculiar expression on his face, but he anxiously gave them their due. It must be remembered that in 1890 he was constantly chafed by having to sit on the same bench with the Liberal Unionist leaders. . . . He was not exactly a humourist, but he had a genuine sense of humour, displayed rather in manner than in forms of speech. One morning when we were at breakfast he came in with a brown loaf, supported on a sheet of paper in his hand. He came to the end of the table just as he might have come to the table of the House, and began: "This loaf is presented by a baker who is pleased to describe himself as an admirer of mine." He proceeded to give us a full account of the merits of the loaf.' We finished the loaf; if I remember right it

was a trifle heavy. 'Then, sitting down and beginning his meal, he went on: "The operations of my admirers reduce themselves on the average and in the long run to a kind of balance: some of them present me with things which they suppose I want, and the others steal what I have"; he described the precautions which had to be taken at Hawarden to prevent enthusiastic tourists from carrying off his axes and other portable property.'

LETTERS.

Wednesday, January 29, '90.—Mr. Gladstone will dine in College on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and as many other days as he is not invited out. He is to breakfast in his own room. Whether he will lunch in the Buttery, or not, I don't know. T. R.—the Dean, whose duty it is to select the Fellows who are to read—swears he will make him read the lessons in Chapel.

Mr. Gladstone did not breakfast in his own room, but each day, except once when I think he was invited elsewhere, came to the Common College breakfast in the Common Room. This I always regarded as the pleasantest meal of the day, and he was always in extraordinarily good form at it. He used to sit on the left-hand side of the fireplace, and I remember his great admiration of the shape of the room. At dinner, although his talk was more sustained, it seemed to cost him a greater effort, and after nine o'clock he often yawned. It was certainly at the breakfast table that we juniors got the most out of him.

W. R. A. thus describes an invitation which Mr. Gladstone received to a breakfast party at Magdalen. 'During Mr. Gladstone's visit, Sir Henry Acland invited Mrs. Gladstone to come and stay with him and witness Mr. Gladstone's collegiate experiences. We all thought that Mr. G. somewhat resented this intrusion of the domestic into the academic life, but, at any rate, his movements were unaffected by the presence of Mrs. Gladstone. She stayed with Sir Henry for two nights, was present when Mr. Gladstone delivered his address at the Union, and asked me whether there would be any objection to her coming on the following morning to our chapel service, whereat Mr. Gladstone was a regular attendant. I begged Sir Henry, himself a "quondam," to bring her to chapel, and it was arranged that they should breakfast afterwards at my house. I then waylaid Mr. Gladstone as he was walking out to dinner, and asked him if he would join our breakfast party. Nothing, he said, would have given him greater

pleasure than to breakfast with the Warden, "but it so happens that I am engaged to breakfast with the President of Magdalen, to meet the President of the University Boat Club, and the Captain of the University eleven." '

C. W. O. adds to this: 'It was while I was showing Mr. Gladstone round the Library, on the third day of his stay, that we were surprised to see Mrs. Gladstone enter. She told him that she had come to see that he did not over-exert himself, as she feared that he was seeing too much company. He replied, in the most affectionate but humorous tones, that many people had been telling him that there were too many ladies in Oxford, since the ladies' colleges had been set up, and that, if she carried him back to London at once, he was sure that these people would consider themselves quite justified of their opinion; for the rest, he said, he was "enjoying himself mightily, and did not think that such a pleasurable visit could be doing him any harm." '

Concerning the breakfast party at Magdalen interesting reminiscences have been communicated to me by the President and three of the Fellows of Magdalen. C. C. J. W., after mentioning the persons present, writes: 'The date was February 6, '90: we did not break up till 11.30. Mr. Gladstone said that he recollected the younger Kean acting Henry V. in 1859, and that the lines—

> I thought upon each pair of English legs
> Did march three Frenchmen

were always received with much applause: "On the night, however, on which the news of Magenta (I think) arrived they were received in silence." Mr. Gladstone gave this as an instance of the spontaneous good feeling of the audience, which did not let them boast over the French, when the French had been fighting gallantly and they themselves were at home at ease. After breakfast we adjourned to the President's study. The talk turned at first upon the Homeric gods, was chiefly addressed to D. G. H., and, as was natural in view of D. G. H.'s recent production of the "Devia Cypria," Aphrodite was mentioned and her oriental character discussed. . . . Some of it was also on Greek topics of a more modern date; Mr. Gladstone said that his popularity in Greece was largely due to his name being declinable: Γλαδστῶν, Γλαδστῶνος, &c. I think this was to cap a story which J. T. told of a Greek who knew only two English words, *London* and *Gladstone*. Mr. G. also spoke of the Sultan and the Turks. He did not approve of the Greek claim to Thessaly. Of the genuine Turks he spoke with respect, but "the Sultan," said he, "is false as hell." He said that the Sultan had once sent over an old Turkish Bey to treat confidentially with his, Mr. Gladstone's, Government; they had liked him greatly and got on with him excellently; he was an honest man; but the Sultan sent to

watch him another envoy, " who, I am sorry to say, was not a true man : it was doubtless represented to the Sultan by this person that the Bey got on too well with the English ministers, for he went back to Turkey and was never heard of again." When at length Mr. Gladstone got up to go the President presented to him more particularly those members of the company to whom he had not talked ; to most of these he had something to say ; to J. S. he spoke of the big sums which he remembered being earned by operatic singers, particularly by Patti. He had known my father, who was a friend of Sir Stephen Glynne, and had stayed at Hawarden ; to me he naturally recalled this.'

A.D.G. adds : ' After eighteen years I have forgotten exactly who was present, but I remember that C. M. was introduced to Mr. Gladstone rather embarrassingly as " Our philologist." Our guest was very cheerful, thoroughly alert and vigorous—making little jokes at breakfast about having left Mrs. Gladstone behind because there were too many ladies in Oxford already, and full of conversation on a variety of subjects. He said something to everybody, and it was always meant to be something specially appropriate. Nothing came amiss to him, and even on rowing he gave the President of the O.U.B.C. several quite new facts about the history of that sport. Of course nobody dared to draw him on politics. But he happened to be talking about Jews and mentioned the fact that there were none or very few in Ireland ; somebody was rash enough to suggest that recent events were not very encouraging to capitalists in that country ; for a moment the speaker was conscious of being transfixed by a terrible eye ; it was only for a moment, but one had the sense of political annihilation. The little that Mr. Gladstone did say about current politics was rather surprising. He spoke with strong condemnation of schemes for disestablishment (of the Welsh Church, I think) and used the phrase, " regrettable cupidity " of the Russian ambition to possess Constantinople. This seemed hardly in character : I don't remember that he was speaking to Conservatives, and even if he had been, he was not one to make concessions to his audience ; but I believe that he was susceptible to the *genius loci*, that Oxford made him a Tory again because he had been a Tory there once. We sat talking, or being talked to, in the President's study till nearly noon. I say " being talked to " because really, as was natural, nobody said very much except the great man. Yet this was the surprising thing, that the impression left was not of a monologue at all ; rather we felt that we had had a conversation led and dominated by a master of the art of dialogue. One began to realise how much " personal magnetism " and social skill had to do with the holding together of a miscellaneous political party in Parliament.'

T. H. W. adds : ' Some of the party who had met Mr. Gladstone

before said that they had never been known him so brilliant. He certainly appeared to be in the best of health and spirits. A lady who was present, having begun the conversation by saying that she heard that Mrs. Gladstone was coming to Oxford, the great man replied, "Yes, and I must tell you that it is entirely without my countenance . . ." He then spoke of the College Chapel, which he had been attending frequently, and the talk came to turn on the point whether the choir was heard to better advantage when the Chapel was full or empty. Sir J. S. was appealed to. He said that Magdalen Chapel might be more resonant when comparatively empty, but that if a building were at all large it was better that it should be full. Someone then asked Mr. Gladstone, "Which is better for speaking in, a full room or an empty room?" I cut in and said, "You mustn't ask Mr. Gladstone that, he has had no experience of an empty room." This seemed to please him; with a smile all over his face, and in quite an Odyssean manner, he replied: "I have had *all* experiences." I then said, "We might perhaps go further and ask whether a little opposition is not a good thing for a speaker." Mr. G.: "Certainly, the worst thing in the world is a dead audience. City gatherings are bad, because as a rule there are a good many ladies present and they are not allowed by etiquette to demonstrate or express their feelings, consequently they are so much dead weight." An audience of actors, he said, was the best he had ever had; they appreciated points with so much rapidity. He then spoke of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth and his book on Greece; "it was a notable book; he discovered the site of Dodona and gave his reasons for the identification; years afterwards the Germans made the same discovery. His smaller book on Athens is the only book which handles topography with grace." He then spoke of public schools: "Harrow is wonderful as having been a local grammar school which has blossomed into the great institution it now is; there are other examples of the same kind, such as Uppingham." A. D. G. said, "Yes, and Rugby." Mr. G.: "Yes, but Rugby never got quite into the first rank. It was always dependent on its Headmaster. Old Hawtrey used to say that Eton was independent of its Head. Probably the same might be said of Winchester. Eton and Winchester would go on whoever was Head; they are national institutions." Returning to the Wordsworths he quoted the Bishop of St. Andrews' Latin lines on his wife,

> I nimium dilecta, vocat Deus, i bona nostræ
> Pars animæ; mærens altera disce sequi.

"But," added Mr. Gladstone, "the Bishop afterwards married again. . . . Bishop Wordsworth broke down in health as a young man; he is now eighty-four; it is often so. Look at Liddell!

When he was a young man he was condemned; Acland took him to Madeira for several years; he recovered his health, and has grown into the grand old man we all know." By and by Mr. Gladstone gave us a most amusing account of how he had gone, as a young man, to a music hall. "It was when I was less well known; I dursn't do it now; it was quite respectable, but oh! so dull. By and by, looking round, I found that no one was drunk, but that everybody about me was quietly boozing, and I retired as being a very unprofitable attendant." In the library, to which we adjourned, he spoke mainly about Greece, ancient and modern. He thought that after the Crimean War a great Turk might have restored Turkey; now she had sunk beyond recovery. He thought that Homer had intended to write, or rather sing, two more poems, on the wanderings of Menelaus and on the last days and death of Odysseus. He did not believe the existing poems were largely interpolated: "nowhere can you pick out five lines which have not the characteristic Homeric style; Homeric atmosphere pervades the whole Homeric poems."

D. G. H. says: 'I recall that he arrived rather late . . . his conversation throughout was addressed to the company present. He spoke of having seen Routh in Convocation; he talked most of the events of his own youth, seeming to remember them much more clearly than those of his middle life. . . . When we passed into the library a semicircle was formed, with Mr. Gladstone at one horn of it on the left and myself next to him. He was very deaf, and I had to repeat to him many things said by others in the company. He talked to me about the nearer East, of which he had heard that I had seen something, of his own mission to the Ionian Isles, of the present Sultan. He spoke hopefully of Greece, and asked if brigandage had ceased. When the circle broke up, I recall that he spoke to E. of the quantity of port habitually consumed by his (E.'s) ancestor, Lord Eldon. To the president of the O.U.B.C. he commented on the respective sizes of the heads of men in the Cambridge and Oxford boats. . . . When he left the house two females emerged stealthily from behind a chapel buttress and followed him to the Lodge, and up the High Street. I had to go up the street also, and I saw them following him past Queen's College, where all the cabmen on the stand lined up and touched or took off their hats to him. Mr. G. was in academical dress and carried a large gamp umbrella; he walked very fast, with long strides, responding to all salutes.'

Friday, 31.—All his portraits make him too fierce. There is great mobility and play of face, as well as of gesture with the hands, which he is fond of bringing down plump on the table to emphasise a point (not good for our table, which is a very old, thin bit of the

finest mahogany). Eyes grey-blue, and though occasionally they light up so much as to be describable as 'fierce,' in ordinary conversation they are essentially mild. On the only occasion on which I heard him in the House ten years ago he looked big (I suppose men do look big there), but really he is short of stature and slight.[1] Both sight and hearing are slightly affected, but he marches bravely; simply lives in his cap and gown, and mislays it whenever he has to take it off.[2] Likes to accept little attentions from Juniors, and accepts them very prettily.

I was not presented to him to-night, but he spoke to me accidentally on some point of College history. He has 'le grand air bourbonien,' and his manners are very perfect. Quite without affectation, he has the views and habits of an earlier age. He spoke very prettily to H. W. B., who was too much struck with the suddenness of the address to converse with him, when Gladstone said, 'We were at Eton together, were we not?' (By the way, B. always used to say of his Eton days: 'Yes, Gladstone was a horrid boy, horrid boy, asked me to belong to a debating society once!') Gladstone has a strong Lancashire accent; calls 'prefer' 'prefurr'; 'conform' almost became 'confurrm,' but not, you understand, the Scottish 'r.' Occasionally, as old people will, he elides an h; 'erb, 'armony came as a surprise to-night. I caught

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[1] I take exception to the epithet 'slight.'—W. R. A.

C. W. O. says: 'My first impression of him was that he was a much bigger man than I had expected.'

[2] It was sometimes very difficult to induce Mr. Gladstone to divest himself of his gown, and I am sure that he regarded the less frequent use of academical dress as a sign of decadence in university life. On one night of his visit he went with me to dine at the Club, a dining society of twelve persons then just completing the first century of its existence. The member who entertained the Club on that evening was Dr. Bellamy, who was then Vice-Chancellor. Mr. G. started with me in full academical dress. I remarked that we did not wear gowns at the Club dinner, and he replied that in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor he must wear his gown. I did not pursue the subject, and during the rest of our short drive we discussed, heaven knows why, the comparative efficiency of municipal government at Manchester and Liverpool. When we entered the drawing-room at St. John's, Dr. Bellamy said at once, after the first greetings, 'Mr. Gladstone, you must take off your gown.' 'But,' said Mr. G., 'in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor——' 'Oh, no,' said Dr. Bellamy, 'we make no account of Vice-Chancellors in the Club. You must take off your gown.' 'Well,' said Mr. Gladstone, sadly, 'in this lawless assembly I suppose I must conform to its rules.'—W. R. A.

the following scraps of conversation. 'Yes, I did hear Lord John [Russell] tell the story of his being presented to Napoleon at Elba.'

'There have been no great musical composers for fifty years. Donizetti, Rossini, and Bellini are the last. "La Donna è mobile" is the last air that has been written. Women's voices are not what they were. Now there's L. T.: she has a nice voice, but absolutely no style.'

G. 'I view with the greatest alarm the progress of Socialism at the present day.'

H. H. H. 'Mr. G., it lies with you to give it a great impulse forward or backward.'

G. 'Whatever influence I can use, Mr. H., will be used in the direction of stopping it. It will not be in my day, but it is alarming. It is the upper classes who are largely responsible for it.' [Who's he thinking of?]

He ate everything. He drank, perfectly unconscious of what he was drinking, the first wine that came round to him. I thus noticed him drinking severally port, claret, which the 'Screw' [the Junior Fellow who decants the wine] in his agitation had by mistake poured into a port-decanter, and brown sherry. He talked incessantly from seven till ten-twenty.

'Mr. Gladstone,' says W. R. A., 'only fell back upon brown sherry because the Junior Fellow had so maltreated the port. I had not noticed this mishap, and recollect calling Mr. Gladstone's attention to the decanter out of which he was helping himself, as I thought he might have misread the labels. He replied that our port was excellent, but that his doctor had enjoined upon him the drinking of a drier wine. I did not discover till later the strange combination of flavours which had been presented to him in the guise of port.'

With regard to Socialism T. R. notes that he said further: 'For me Socialism has no attractions; nothing but disappointment awaits the working classes if they yield to the exaggerated anticipations which are held out to them by the Labour party.'

H. H. H. adds: 'He also expressed himself very positively on the subject of the greater class selfishness of the upper classes compared with the lower. I asked him whether Christianity was in his opinion as great a force in English politics now as it was fifty years ago. He said in reply that he thought it was greater, though the manner of its expression had changed, "a change which I, as a denominationalist and a dogmatist, cannot wholly approve." He said that an indication of improvement was the better conduct of members at prayers. This was not the only occasion on which he described himself as "a denominationalist and a dogmatist."'

When someone "drew" him on the question of Church schools, it was, he told us, in this dual capacity that he "regarded the Board School as a most unsatisfactory solution of the problem of popular education."' T. R. adds again: 'Democracy indeed he seemed to accept, but he thought a wide franchise was not an advantage to the cause of reform. He tried to show that the real reforms of 1830–1880 would all have been carried by the unreformed House of Commons. This, I believe, was a favourite theme with him.' To this A. H. H.: 'I remember his rather staggering me by observing that the Duke of Wellington was quite right when he said in 1830 that the Constitution was incapable of improvement, and by his defending the saying on the ground that the control, which the House of Lords exercised by means of the pocket boroughs over the House of Commons, established an ideal as well as a real equilibrium between the component parts of Parliament. He went on to say that the Reform Bill of 1832 destroyed this equilibrium, and that thenceforward the Constitution was logically bound to develop on purely democratic lines, a result which he seemed to regard as a doubtful blessing.' He also told C. G. L. outright that 'in point of ability and efficiency he thought the country had never been better governed than in the period preceding the first Reform Bill.'

We made at All Souls an exception in Mr. Gladstone's favour. No Fellow in my recollection ever spoke to another, however much his senior, as 'Mr.,' but instinctively everyone called the honorary Fellow, 'Mr. Gladstone.'

On this point C. G. L. remarks: 'It fell to me on the first morning to have to address some formal question to him, and I addressed him of course as "Mr. Gladstone." He smiled and said, "Surely it ought to be 'Gladstone' here" (we were in the Common Room). But of course we could not take him at his word; do you think anyone ever addressed the Great Commoner as "Pitt"?'

(To be concluded.)

A MEMORY OF SEVILLE.

I.

'SEVILLA! Sevilla!' is the cry from the brazen throats of a hundred excited porters as they rush towards the doors of our railway carriages; 'Sevilla, Sevilla!' echoes the sigh of relief from the weary hearts of the passengers who have spent the last one or two or three nights in the train in order to reach Seville in time for the ceremonies of Holy Week. The scene at the station is one of indescribable confusion; travel-stained pilgrims, jaded and helpless, stumbling along after the porters so laden with hand-baggage that but little of the human is visible beneath the burden; hotel-runners, guides, couriers, and harpies of all descriptions, shouting at the top of their discordant voices; horses neighing and mules braying; railway officials arguing in tones of high indignation with travellers who complain that their luggage is lost; such is my impression of an early morning arrival in Seville, whilst the Spanish soldier propped against his musket drowsily consumes the end of a ragged cigarette.

I have spent Passion Week in many Catholic towns in Europe, and have been haunted by the austere silence that pervades them during the holy octave. Penance and devotion are the prevailing notes in Dresden and Munich, in Florence and Vienna and Rome. But in Seville the passing of Palm Sunday is the sign that the holidays have begun; and if the haughty Spaniard (as the guide-books call him) is ever roused from his delightful indolence it is during the week that precedes and that which follows Easter Sunday. One cannot say that he becomes business-like, for that would be no compliment to the integrity of commerce, but he becomes keenly alive to the value of ready money, which he extracts with consummate ease from the unsuspecting alien. The hotels treble their prices without enlarging their accommodation or improving their primitive systems; the couriers make a little fortune in a fortnight out of commissions from the various shops, together with lucrative speculations in seats for the bull-fights and processions and the exorbitant prices which they charge for quite moderate services;

the attendants in the public buildings and gardens dog the footsteps of the tourist in relays, and insist upon a gratuity for so doing; the halt and the lame and the blind swarm in the streets and at the door of every church and beg for alms. Therefore, O pilgrim to the land of the 'Santissima,' if you would be at your ease in Seville during Holy Week, caring nothing for the shortcomings of hotels or the importunities of the haughty Spaniard, you must arrive with a heart full of patience and a wallet filled with gold.

Surely Seville is the artist's Paradise; for where else can he find such a variety of subjects to stimulate his imagination and to fill his canvas? Or perhaps it is his Purgatory, for its beauties are so delicate and elusive, the number of its aspects so countless, that he may well despair of satisfying himself or of conveying to others any faithful picture of this city of the sun. Indeed the artist's task is one of almost hopeless difficulty, for in Seville we each love our own love best; how then can he paint for all? There is the charm of the narrow streets of lofty houses, each with its noble doors studded with brass, its finely-wrought iron grille, its cool court and fountain beyond; how refreshing is the sight of these at noonday, how inviting when the moonbeams glance across the marble pavement and one hears the sound of a guitar played by an unseen hand! Or there is the attraction of the humbler lanes of many-storied tenements, with bright faces peeping from behind barred windows into the street below, where a string of patient mules threads its way between stalls of gleaming fruit and vegetables toward the Giralda Belfry which towers in the distance. No less alluring from another point of view are the squares of the city with their fountains and their palm trees and lovely little Spanish children; herein the manhood of Andalucia rests from his labour all day long, whilst his wife tends the shop, or washes clothes in the picturesque quadrangle surrounded with ornamental wooden balconies known as the Corral del Conde, or rolls cigars with some 3000 other ladies at the tobacco factory for the miserable pittance of a shilling or eighteenpence a day.

This last allusion reminds me that, during the holiday weeks, all visitors to Seville are not artists by profession, and that they have come thus far in search of 'life' and 'local colour,' and admirable monuments of ancient days. Assuredly they will not be disappointed, but will be busy the livelong day and night. For them the Alcazar Gardens are always open, a vision of radiant beauty when the roses are in flower, the plum and almond in full blossom, and the orange trees heavy with golden fruit. For them

a variety of churches to visit, none of really great beauty through and through but each with something—a picture, a tiled tower, a famous piece of carving, or an array of embroidered vestments, —that gives it a character of its own. For them the tobacco factories already referred to, where hundreds of women and girls sit hour after hour in long vaulted chambers, rolling cheap cigars and cigarettes in an atmosphere so reeking (shared by a large number of babies in cradles at their mothers' feet) that we wonder whether such things as Factory Acts exist in Spain. Then there are the palaces of the various grandees whose homes are at Seville; some of these are still the fortunate abodes of art treasures, but more are, alas, only 'shadows of great names' and have participated in the general decline of prosperity throughout the country. This fact need not, however, disturb the equanimity of the casual traveller; for, as he drives along Las Delicias (the fashionable promenade for rank and beauty), beside the waters of the Guadalquivir, he will find many of the outward signs of wealth in the smart carriages which gather there each afternoon: and, if he joins the animated throng that crowds the Calle de Las Sierpes from dusk until midnight, he will certainly convince himself that these gay gossips are supremely indifferent to the merits of a full purse, whether public or private, so long as the weather is warm and the heart is young.

This temperament of reckless and untiring indolence makes the Andalusian by far the best *flâneur* that I can claim to have met. He reserves the whole of his energy for betting at the cock-fights which take place on Sunday afternoons amid scenes of indescribable noise, and for securing a good place for himself at the bull-ring which, at least on Easter Sunday, is far better attended than High Mass at all the churches in Seville put together. I suppose that every traveller steels himself to the point of seeing a bull-fight, and most of us leave the ring with much the same impression: namely, that, if the horses were eliminated, we could give our unreserved admiration to an exhibition which, besides being exceedingly picturesque, demands the maximum of skill and courage. So far as my own observation goes, I cannot help thinking that this point of view is gaining ground in Spain; and it may be that before long the 'picador' will be dispensed with altogether, or else that he will be a first-class rider mounted on a first-class animal with orders to invite but to elude each charge of the bull, with the full knowledge that if his horse is gored he will be 'warned off' every ring in Spain.

II.

How far one is justified in writing an impression of any Cathedral without dealing with its architectural and other material details I know not. Possibly there is no excuse for such an undertaking. Yet, after spending the larger part of Holy Week within the walls of Seville Cathedral, I know that my impression cannot be conveyed in terms of aisles and columns, of proportion or perspective; all of these bear their part in the picture in my memory, but each is subordinate and suffused in the flood of softened light which streams through matchless stained-glass windows, and is mellowed into the general scheme of beauty by the autumnal glow from the time-worn walls of the sacred building. It matters nothing by which door one enters; the effect is the same from all: a forest of lofty columns supporting a roof of exceeding richness, broad aisles receding far into the gloom, figures in purple and white moving out of the darkness toward the tall candles that burn before the great High Altar, voices chanting from the deep recesses of the carven choir, vaporous incense filling the temple with its fragrance; all combining to create an atmosphere which may well be called 'the beauty of holiness.'

In Seville during Passion Week all joy and confidence is externally absent from the devotions of the Roman Catholic Church. No echo is heard of the Hosannas of Palm Sunday which rang out but a few days since from every Cathedral in Christendom. The priceless reredos of the High Altar is shrouded with a purple pall; the organ is silent, and a hushed choir chants the responses to the accompaniment of two wind instruments. On Tuesday of this week the story of the Passion is sung by three solo voices, one chorister standing in each of the golden pulpits on either side of the altar, and one, who sings in a magnificent bass voice the part of Christ, at a lectern in the centre. Behind them there hangs from the roof to the foot of the altar steps a sheet of soft white material, behind which the dim glow of countless candles is seen, and shadowy figures waiting to celebrate the Mass when the narrative of the Passion is closed. The space between choir and chancel is thronged with worshippers; high and low, rich and poor, kneel one with another here in Spain. On Wednesday morning the Gospel story is sung once more, but with a still more intense emotion which is brought to a most impressive climax when the narrative reaches the words 'And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple

was rent in twain.' For at that moment a crash as of thunder peals through the Cathedral and rolls echoing into the far distance; the white pall before the altar is ripped asunder and drops to the earth, revealing all the dignitaries of the Church bent prostrate before the Holy Table. Then there is silence for a few moments . . . the story closes, and Mass is sung. Upon this occasion there is a new and striking feature in the celebration, for the sacred flag, the emblem of Christianity triumphant over the heathen, is unfurled before the altar and revealed to the faithful. It is a noble banner, a royal red cross on a black ground, signifying the blood of martyrs shining through the night of unbelief. '*In hoc signo vinces*,' it seems to say, as the celebrant waves it victoriously from side to side, enveloping in its broad folds the figures of the assistant clergy who kneel beneath him in token of a world redeemed. The devotions of Wednesday closed with an impressive performance of the 'Miserere' at nine o'clock in the evening, when the Cathedral was in utter darkness relieved only by the glimmer of wax-tapers to assist the singers and players of the instruments of music. How different would have been the memory of that performance if the attitude of the multitude that surged into and around the church had approached to the high dignity of the oratorio which they had come to hear. But, alas, it was not to be; an unruly mob of many thousand tramped, talked, laughed, screamed, and fought throughout the two hours set aside for the 'Miserere'; whilst the beautiful tenor voice which sang the principal part sounded to me, seated in the dim recess of a side chapel, like the echo of the voice that once cried vainly in the wilderness.

The proceedings in the Cathedral on Holy Thursday are beautiful both in significance and in realisation. The echoes of the midnight 'Miserere' had scarcely passed through the door of silence when the great church was once more astir in preparation for one of its grandest festivals. Soon after dawn the gates were opened, and choristers and priests began to assemble within the sacred walls. An hour passed, tapers were extinguished and the sunlight poured down into coloured pools upon the pavement. Groups of priests and vicars from the various parishes of the city are making their way toward the sacristy; singing boys in short surplices bordered with lace over scarlet cassocks are flitting between the chancel and the choir; the congregation is collecting round a large table set upon a platform outside the High Altar railings; the choir stalls are becoming occupied by the clergy

in purple and crimson and white and gold. In the sacristy a procession is forming: it files across the chancel to the low chant of a Latin introit; a mitred figure in heavily embroidered vestments is in the centre of the group of clergy kneeling before the Altar. The 'Gloria Deo' is reached, and the great organ which has been dumb since Sunday peals out grand chords of harmony; the bells ring through aisle and nave, the festival of the Lord's Supper is at hand. An actual celebration follows in which all the clergy of Seville and all the cathedral staff, down to acolytes and choristers, participate. From the dark choir they issue into the daylight, and stream up to the altar to receive the Sacrament; no words can picture the beauty of the flood of rich velvet and brocade and silk and gold which now covers the broad access to the Sanctuary. . . .

The celebration at an end, the Archbishop descends to the table that is prepared, and there he consecrates the oil for use in the churches of Seville during the coming year. It is brought to him in large silver vessels, each in the keeping of a separate procession, and after consecration it is taken back to the sacristy. There remains yet one rite to be performed, and a very beautiful one. At the celebration of the Mass the elements were consecrated in two portions; the first for use on Thursday and the second for Good Friday—the reason being, as I understand, that the Roman Catholic Church has decreed that upon the day which is devoted to the contemplation of the Perpetual Sacrifice the memorial service shall not be performed. To contain the Mysteries, therefore, from Thursday until Friday a great monument is temporarily erected at the west end of the building; a gigantic structure which almost touches the roof of the Cathedral, illuminated by thousands of wax candles. It signifies the Holy Sepulchre, and to the jewelled shrine within it the elements are brought, in one of the most splendid processions the mind can conceive. This done, with all the pomp and ceremony that Seville can muster, the monument is surrounded for the rest of the day by crowds of worshippers veiled in deepest black, offering their adoration and their prayers.

At noon follows the old-time ceremony in which the Archbishop sits at meat with twelve poor men who subsequently attend in the Cathedral for the function known as 'washing of the feet'; but this calls for no special mention on this occasion. On this evening I was one of the few permitted to sit upon the altar steps,

which divide the chorus from the orchestra, to listen to the second performance of the 'Miserere.' In the centre a priest conducted, and before him stood the singing boys in a circle like a group of angels by Botticelli. The music was by Estaba (1835), a curious mixture of light opera choruses and plaintive solos which suited the temper of the artists who loved their work. Fully a third of the adult singers had no music before them but sang their parts with a certainty and *verve* which did them infinite credit, and the same is true of many of the singing children and instrumentalists, who evidently knew every note of the composition by heart. There they stood, a band and chorus of some two hundred souls, with their backs to the High Altar, railed in from the maddening crowd by the splendid iron *grilles* which surround the chancel; to them it seemed as though silence reigned in the whole Cathedral, and they lifted their united voices toward one single point—the brilliantly lighted Monument at the west end which contained the sacred elements of the Sacrament. Far in the distance it gleamed out of the darkness as a tower, outlined by the light of innumerable candles; to its safe-keeping the emblems of the Sacrifice were confided, and toward these alone (across the gloom of midnight) the Song of Penitence was sung.

Good Friday passes solemnly, silently, without ritual; but on Easter Eve the approaching joy in the Resurrection is already recognisable in the ceremonies of the Church. From seven o'clock onwards there are services, including the picturesque office of blessing the holy water for the font in the Baptistry, where hangs Murillo's famous picture of Saint Antony of Padua; and culminating in High Mass, during which the immense purple pall which, throughout the week, has shrouded the reredos, is drawn aside as a sign that the night of anguish is over and the day of gladness is come. Then the bells within and without the cathedral peal forth in chimes of jubilation, the organ pipes speak out in tones of wonderful emotion, the great portals of the Cathedral are thrown wide open, and the sunlight of Heaven bursts in upon the faithful with the message that Christ is risen from the dead.

Outside the churches the various Guilds of Seville have, for the last few hundred years, been accustomed to perambulate the streets and squares on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. In early days each of these Confraternities made procession through the city, its sacred images accompanied by a retinue of penitents with tapers in their hands. But, in these

latter years, the glory and meaning of it all has departed. The function lacks the variety of, though it shares the popular indifference accorded to, a Lord Mayor's Show. For hour after hour, from afternoon till the early gleams of morning, these dismal lines of graven images (miraculously wrought and royally apparelled), with their accompaniments of bands of music and shrouded attendants, file wearily past the Town Hall, situated in the centre of the city. In front of the building is erected a huge grand stand, partitioned off into stalls and boxes, and presided over by the head of the municipality; opposite are ranged some thousands of chairs for the mass of assembled spectators, and a fair-way is kept for the processions down the centre. At first every seat is taken, and outward tokens of respect are paid to the sacred symbols as they pass; but after a couple of hours or so the interest dwindles, the vast assemblage falls to chattering and smoking, and the undivided attention of everybody is diverted to the success or failure of some children's balloons in their efforts to soar over the surrounding houses. So, here again, the spirit of devotion and discipline which originated these functions must be restored to them if they are to avoid failure and contempt in the coming years. So far as the majority of Sevillans are concerned I believe that they would welcome the disappearance of these empty shows with joy; and I know that nearly every traveller expresses his disgust at the grievously disappointing character of this 'Great Take-in.'

But, in spite of it all, Seville remains beautiful, and nothing can mar her in her every-day attire. It is not until she is tricked out in vulgarity and pretence that she begins to show her age and feebleness, a pathetic spectacle against which every lover of Andalucia must vehemently protest.

IAN MALCOLM.

SOME PRINCIPLES OF THE POOR LAW.

THE report of the Poor Law Commission issued in 1834 begins thus :

> It is now our painful duty to report that the fund which the 43d of Elizabeth directed to be employed in setting to work children and persons capable of labour, but using no daily trade, and in the necessary relief of the impotent, is applied to purposes opposed to the letter, and still more to the spirit, of the law, and destructive to the morals of that most numerous class, and to the welfare of all.

Legislation followed the issue of this epoch-making report, and the Bill which was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, and supported by the Duke of Wellington, laid down two leading principles :

(1) That the condition of the pauper ought not to be more desirable than that of the independent labourer ; or, to quote the words of an Assistant Commissioner, ' the hanger-on ought not to be raised higher than him on whom he hangs.'

(2) That the accident of locality should not unduly affect the pauper, who should receive uniform treatment in all districts.

Thus were established the two great principles now known as—

' The Principle of Less Eligibility ' ;

' The Principle of National Uniformity.'

To ensure that due effect should result from the labours and conclusions of the Commission, a Central Board was established ' to control the local administration, to frame and enforce regulations as to the giving of relief, and to make those regulations uniform ' ; and it is to the Central Board, known first as the Poor Law Commission, later as the Poor Law Board, and now as the Local Government Board, that the nation owes such organisation as exists, as well as the confusion of aim, the variety of standard, and the uncertainty of administration which have brought Poor Law authorities into disrepute.

Whether we consider the relation of the Local Government Board to the young, to the old, to the sick, to the able-bodied, to the imbecile, or to the vagrant, we find affecting them all the same obscurity of vision, the same confusion of ideal, the same weakness of government, the same dilatoriness of action, the same indifference

to the march and progress of economic conditions or the development of the national sense of responsibility. A few examples will serve to elucidate this accusation.

There are 69,080 children entirely dependent on the rates. Some Unions are allowed, if not encouraged, to build pauper villages, where, isolated from the normal life of the community, the children live in electricity-lit villa residences, where they cost as much as 1*l.* 0*s.* 6½*d.* each per week; other Unions are allowed, if not encouraged, to pay 1*s.* 6*d.* a week to a villager to feed, house, clean, and train one of the assets of the nation. Some Unions are allowed, if not encouraged, to keep the children in the workhouses or infirmaries, mixing freely with degraded adults, learning of them by example unlovely habits and low standards; other Unions are allowed, if not encouraged, to erect palatial institutions where, at great cost, the children are reared, divorced from every adult, except the hired attendants and officials. Some Unions are allowed, if not encouraged, to pay 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* a week as out-relief; though, as one of their own inspectors pointed out in 1891, 'if any relief at all is given to an applicant, it is the plain duty of the Guardians to *take precautions* to insure that the pauper is sufficiently fed, clothed, and lodged'—not a superfluous reminder in view of the report of another of the Central Board officials, who in 1893 wrote:

> In many Unions the relieving officer could show Guardians cases where 'the accommodation is in almost every respect unsatisfactory, where the children have little but rags to cover them by day or night, where school attendance is avoided to the utmost, where the feeding only just escapes starvation, where the physical and moral education of the children are equally impracticable, and where infant life is one long struggle with misery and privation.'

And this condition of things does not affect a few children. On January 1, 1906, the number of outdoor pauper children was 179,890, rather more than half being widows' children and 10,345 being orphans—so adequately does the richest nation of the world carry out the Christian command to visit 'the fatherless and widows in their affliction.'

If this variety of treatment was seen only in the case of children the excuse might be urged that the Central Authority was wishful to try various experiments in training this class of children, who, handicapped as they often are by parentage and environment, specially need carefully thought-out systems of education. But we find the same vacillation of policy affecting other classes of the indigent poor. For the sick the 646 Boards of Guardians are

permitted, according to their fancies, to provide workhouse sick wards, separate infirmaries of general character, specialised hospitals and sanatoria for particular diseases, subsidies to voluntary institutions, dispensaries, and domiciliary treatment, with or without nurses. The result is confusion in the public mind, and unequal treatment to the equally worthy sick poor. There are some infirmaries where skill and love were hourly united for the benefit of each decrepit old pauper; and there are infirmaries where classification is all but absent, and where to be sick is considered as almost a crime.

The widow is equally unable to feel security about her fate. In one Union she is refused out-relief; in others she is given 1*s.* and a loaf for each child; in another, 5*s.* for herself, 4*s.* for the first child, 3*s.* for the second, and 2*s.* for each additional member of her family. By some Boards she is made to part with her children and send them to the Union schools; in others she and all her family are offered only refuge, food and clothing, within 'the House.' If any official view has been expressed by the Central Authority on these treatments, the diversity of which almost amounts to cruelty, I have yet to discover it.

The Editor's limitation on the space allotted to me forbids further expansion of this aspect of the subject, otherwise I could show a similar confusion of policy and inconsistency of practice with regard to the able-bodied, the aged, the imbecile, the infirm, the blind, deaf, dumb, lame, and deformed. For them all different Unions have different methods, from the hard parting of Darby and Joan at the 'House' gates, Darby to become one among the rows of corduroy-clad, dreary old men, Joan to join the groups of uniformed old women, whose work-room hands lie idly on their laps, to the almshouses specially designed and built for 'deserving couples,' who have paid rates and passed a certain number of years in the parish.

If the principles of 1834 had been repudiated after being carefully tested, the consequences would not have been so disastrous, but the Local Government Board have never either advised their abandonment or enforced their observance. The principle of Less Eligibility will at one time be enforced by degrading labour, such as stone-breaking, and ignored by the dietary table which provides bacon for breakfast, beer and tobacco at Christmas, and expenses for children's excursions. In the same Union one can find efforts to retain the workhouse test, while rendering it null

and void by the provision of sentimental luxuries within the workhouse walls.

The principle of National Uniformity has been frankly abandoned, the Central Body contenting itself with keeping control over details which are comparatively unimportant, while allowing wide divergences of practice to be initiated and continued.

Just as the nation was disturbed before 1832 by the pass into which the lavish out-relief had brought the labouring population, the thoughtful are now disturbed at the confusion of principle and the lax administration by which 13,000,000*l.* of the public money are annually expended on English paupers.

It is wearisome to write of errors, so it is well no longer to linger on the past, but to endeavour to obtain a new principle and walk in its light. The one I would suggest for consideration might be called 'the principle of restoration to Industrial Efficiency.' To accept such a principle for universal application would require some clearing of the mists of the mind, some destruction of time-honoured distinctions between 'deserving' and 'undeserving,' some careful probing of the roots of charity, and some close examination of normal human relationships in a civilised community. But it might be interesting to accept the principle for awhile in order to bring to its test the varied classes of paupers who are at present dependent on the State.

Of the able-bodied men-paupers there are no less than 46,202, of whom some are in workhouses, some in casual wards, some in labour yards, some in farm colonies, some in a branch country workhouse. These various methods of relief are not provided for these men because it is thought that such and such a method is best for such and such a man, but because the Union to which he applied had happened to decide on that particular method of relieving the able-bodied. But if the principle of 'restoration to Industrial Efficiency' were adopted, the first thing to do would be to ascertain the causes of the able-bodied man's destitution, and then to place him in the best circumstances for restoration. 'Able-bodied,' I have written. What a cruel contradiction the word is to the gaunt creature which arises before those of us who know him individually, or have seen him as a stranded derelict before the workhouse gates or in the night-refuge queue—feeble-bodied, flabby-minded, crooked-souled would be the better description: thin, pale, self-respect absent from his face, gait, and manners, the pain of the hunted stamped on his features, the indifference born of frequent

failures evident in his every movement. To restore him he would need food, air, clothes and rest for his body; teaching, work, discipline, and control for his mind. The gift of faith and hope for his soul, all and each to be bestowed on him with a large charity and boundless patience. But it can be done, and there are social reformers ready and waiting to do it; first though the nation must be willing to believe in the possibility of such men's restoration; secondly, to pay for it; and thirdly (and this is the most alien to the present lawless attitude of public thought), to agree that he should be controlled while he is being restored to industrial efficiency, or permanently detained if he fails to attain to the standard by which he can support himself or is fit to call others into existence.

If the nation will boldly face the facts and determine to grapple with them, means can be found in a union of voluntary effort and State provision. Each man's past character, circumstances, potentialities should be examined, his social disorder diagnosed, and the conditions best calculated to effect his cure provided for him. One man could be introduced to a labour bureau and encouraged to recover himself; another could be sent to a labour colony, adequate provision being allowed for his family during his period of convalescence or training; a third could be helped back to the land; a fourth trained in agriculture and emigrated; a fifth punished for the social crime of indolence; a sixth put to the severe disciplinary labour which alone can 'sweat the devil out of him'; a seventh induced to be trained to work hitherto foreign to his experience; an eighth provided with possessions—a spur to conduct hitherto neglected; the principle through all the various methods which will be found necessary to resuscitate the manhood of the pauperised thousands being to restore health, regulate conduct, and develop skill, with the object of each individual man's restoration to Industrial Efficiency. And keeping step with this effort should walk the sister one of improving the conditions of industrial life, so that the man should have a desirable goal in front of him to stimulate his efforts. Is a dreary workshop, a single-roomed home, a dirty street, long working hours, low wages, monotonous days, uninteresting labour a goal desirable enough to rouse a man out of the lethargy of years, and to inspire him to the almost superhuman efforts necessary to recover his position and reconstruct his character? As he is, he is a danger as well as a disgrace to the community; his restoration to industrial efficiency is the community's interest. Does it not become therefore the

community's responsibility to see that the conditions of the industrial life are fit for the man on whom it has expended time and treasure in restoring to industrial efficiency ?

> Give him money, you but give him pelf ;
> Give him hope, and he'll restore himself,

might be a parody of the old rhyme, and sums up my argument.

To carry out the principle of ' restoration to Industrial Efficiency ' of the old may seem impossible. How can the bent back be straightened, the shrivelled old hands strengthened, the dimmed eyes, the dulled ears, the slowed intellect be made again fit for the labour market ? Had we not better be content to provide asylums for our old, even if we have to leave them sitting in rows in workhouse wards, divorced from life and its interests, dreary in spite of bright fires, their souls dumbed by want of daily incident, waiting for death of themselves or their companions as the only possible change in their lives ? At least we know that they are clean and housed and fed ; they have done their work and earned their rest. So argue those who consider the infirm pauper in the aggregate, and count absence of effort to be rest ; but I have the privilege of claiming many of those little old women as my friends, and I know how even from the best and most kindly conducted workhouse they often turn longing eyes to the life outside ; how they treasure every scrap of news of people they have known or met ; remember, to one's own shame, each trumpery little act of kindness ; look and re-look at the grandchild's photograph, the Christmas greeting from ' my gal whose got a family of her own now, and can't, in course, keep me,' or the funeral card which ' come as a surprise, as I hadn't heard Polly was a weakly babby.' With such a capacity for interest in others, with such a wealth of unused affection, with decades of the homely wisdom born of experience, the industrial efficiency of the old consists in the fact of their being old. Take them out of the artificial life of Institutions, put them back among their families, and give them a pension, two-thirds of what they now cost to keep in the workhouses or infirmaries, and they will be restored to industrial efficiency, and become uncertificated teachers of those unscheduled virtues of patience, reverence, and consideration of the weak.

We banish into an eventless life behind high walls our most effective teachers and most patient nurses, and then wonder and bemoan that the big girls and boys are so rough and inconsiderate,

and that the population is decimated by infant mortality. If half the old dears now in the workhouses were given 7*s.* a week, and their relations encouraged to support them (under inspection, if need be, until a standard for their comfort is created), it would do something towards the solution of the problem of infant mortality. If 'Granny' were there to mind the baby and watch the children the rates of infant insurance would become lower, the family able to rent another room, and the coroner not have so frequently to sit on burnt children and advise weeping mothers to buy fire-guards. Loving and watching take time; they appear in no trade list as marketable commodities, but they are the stock-in-trade of the old; the nation needs their wares to be used in homes in making happiness, not left dormant in institutions where they are wasted.

In order to 'restore the sick to industrial efficiency' the principles of Less Eligibility and the workhouse test must be wholly abandoned, and the principle of the right of the community to control the actions of the individual as fearlessly adopted. At present those of the sick who can get relief from hospitals do so; those who cannot, accept such assistance from the Poor Law; and as the ghost of the principle of Less Eligibility and the duty of saving the rates lurks in the corners of all board rooms, the practice is generally adopted of encouraging the sick pauper to go out as soon as he is able. It would be well for the thoughtful to follow the results of this action on the community—of the consumptive man returned to his family, of the lying-in mother sent out when her babe is two weeks old, of the van-boy with a disordered heart discharged after rheumatic fever, or the factory hand during the convalescence from influenza. To adopt the principle of 'restoration to Industrial Efficiency' would greatly change the relative positions of hospitals and infirmaries, and to the inmates of both there should, I venture to think, be unhesitatingly applied the principle of right of detention and control. How many girls have I seen go out of the lock wards when they 'felt better' to spread sin and suffering, when powers of detention would have kept them long enough to have broken their lawless connexions and discipline taught them self-control. To restore the sick to industrial efficiency would necessitate a large expenditure on convalescent homes, open-air sanatoria, &c., as well as much thought on methods of combining physical improvement and mental or industrial training; but already vast sums are spent on the disabled dependent, many of whom would, if under

more thorough treatment when sick, be placed again among the independent and able.

In order to apply to children the 'principle of restoration to Industrial Efficiency' one or two words must be altered—'preparation for' substituted for 'restoration to'; and the first step to take is to remove them altogether from the pauper class. To allow a child either in his own mind or anyone else's to be considered a pauper is to handicap his career. Eleven years ago I ventured to express in a short minority note to the Poor Law School Departmental Committee's report my hope that all children should be placed under the Education Board, whether they became chargeable to the State through the poverty of their parents, their own wrong-doing, or physical disability; and eleven years' further experience and work among all classes of children has but strengthened that hope. Much time and energy have been used in the defence of barrack schools, or village communities, or other methods of rearing children undertaken by this or that Board of Guardians, but, broadly speaking, such defence is beside the mark. It is not whether this or that barrack school or village community is as bad as it has been represented, but whether the system of aggregation of all the children of both sexes and all ages belonging to the Union which has selected that method is the best for each child whatever its capacities and tastes. The administration of an institution must not be confused with its purpose and its use. Strongly as I condemn the system, I can imagine a place for barrack schools as a method of education, not as institutions where all sorts of girls and boys are reared from the age of three to fifteen, but as trade training schools to which boys could be drafted after their childhood had been spent in a villager's family for, say, two years' friendly discipline and careful skilled training, such as Dr. Barnardo instituted for his boys by the seventeen trades taught in the big boarding home at Stepney Causeway. I can imagine barrack-school superintendents not in attitudes of defensive resentment at the criticism made on the curtailment of liberty and the suppression of individuality—so bad an influence for children of all ages, though absolutely necessary where large numbers are aggregated—but I can picture that same superintendent positively proud of the discipline of his small army, while each boy's capacity is discovered, each lad's taste quickened, and each trade class encouraged to vie with another in producing evidence of individual initiation and proficiency. I can imagine a village

community where the atmosphere would be alert with interest, used for a technical training school for all girls before they make their starts in life; schools where real proficiency would be striven for and attained—cooking, embroidery, typing, housewifery, lacemaking, laundry, baby-tending—schools which would uplift the whole standard of girl-labour, and which would result in placing the children handicapped by their past in such a position in the labour market as to practically ensure their not again sinking.

If all children under the guardianship of the State were placed under the Education Department the money could be pooled, the institutions pooled, and the children placed under that method of education which was best suited to develop the physical condition, mental capacity, and individual aspirations of each individual child. Inasmuch as the Divine law has instituted families, and inasmuch as the greatest virtues grow unconsciously in the home, I would plead that each State-supported child be given the chance of being reared in somebody's home, there to find its way into somebody's heart. The economic value of love yet remains uncalculated excepting by the evidence of its absence.

If my readers have kindly gone thus far with me, and have accepted as a principle that the object of the State should be to prepare for or restore each individual dependent on it to Industrial Efficiency (while detaining those proven to be unfit), there will still lie before us the problem of the machinery for effecting this object.

All who think on these subjects are eagerly awaiting the recommendations of the Poor Law Commission, who in their wisdom will, it is hoped, not be content with just patching. Never was there a time when so much interest was taken in social reform, or when there were so many men and women of goodwill eager to spend themselves in the service of those who have fallen by the way. Never did charity do more harm, and never was officialism so jealous of volunteer assistance. The problem before reformers is how to control the charitable and use voluntary goodwill to help the officials. 'It takes a soul to raise a soul' is still true, and the secret of the success of religious bodies is that they fearlessly use the influence of individual character on individual character. Official organisations have an efficiency, a command of resources, and a persistency of effort which are rare in organisations that depend on voluntary gifts and voluntary service; but official organisations fail in their human aim in so far as they exclude the help of volunteers. Such volunteers are the best

inspectors; they look at individuals for whom the organisations exist with eyes freshened by family affections and consciences awakened to national responsibilities; they see in the school, the hospital, the asylum, the casual ward much that had remained unintentionally, and often unconsciously, hidden. The public is the only live inspector, and the free mingling of volunteers with officials is the best way of introducing such inspectorate, and of preventing routine from becoming dead. The ideal force to obtain reforms is that the whole community should care, but it cannot care without knowing, and in order to know it must see from within. How to unite the abundant volunteer energy with the efficiency of the official for the welfare of the individual, is what those of us who know and care are awaiting with trembling, hopeful prayers to learn from the coming report of the Poor Law Commission.[1]

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

[1] Perhaps it may not be practicable, but I would ask for the thoughts of the wise on the following suggestions:—

That all State-supported children, whether they now be under the Home Office or the Local Government Board, be placed under the Education Board, not to be lost in the mazes of the routine of a Department, already overburdened, but to be managed by a State Dependent Children's Council, with a salaried chairman, experienced officials, and representative volunteers, holding regular meetings, and wielding recognised powers. For Administrative purposes this Body controlled by the Education Department would, undoubtedly, use the Educational Authorities already existent, who in their turn would, under statute, constitute State Dependent Children's Committees, consisting of stipulated proportions of their own elected members and co-opted volunteers, with a salaried chairman.

By some such method the State Dependent Children would gain the advantages of the union of officials and volunteers, their object being the welfare of the character of the individual child, for it cannot be too strongly or frequently emphasised that individual character is the only firm foundation of a nation's greatness.

REGINA'S PATH IS CROSSED.[1]

Rex is a charming boy, but there are drawbacks to the joy of possessing his confidence, and when he fell in love with Stella Merillian, and came morning noon and night to explain to me the way her brown hair curled over her ears, and the way her black eyelashes shadowed her blue eyes, I almost wished that someone else was his only friend.

The relief in Stella's smile when he brought her first to see me and she realised what a brown and unalluring little creature I was, was almost more than I could stand. She was so glad that Rex had me for a friend, she said. 'He's so easily influenced for good.' But her blue eyes had not learnt to dissemble yet, and what they said was, 'Thank goodness you aren't pretty.'

Rex left her with me for the afternoon.

'I want you two to be real good friends,' he said. Poor boy. Life has much to teach him still.

Miss Merillian sat and smiled and blushed, a vision of spring in her mignonette green muslin and primrose hat; but after tea she suddenly dropped her airs and graces and asked a direct question.

'What is the real truth about that dreadful little girl?'

'What dreadful little girl, Miss Merillian?' I asked, politely.

'The curious little gutter-child they call Queenie.'

I laughed.

'Oh, Queenie?' I said. 'But surely Rex has told you all about Queenie?'

Miss Merillian flushed with annoyance.

'No,' she said. 'He evades the subject in the most irritating way. And surely it is better for you to tell me the truth than that I should hear all these distressing rumours from outside?'

'Oh, well,' I said. 'Perhaps it is. There isn't much to tell. Rex ran over her, you see, in Alexander's motor, and took her to the hospital. Then when she came out he adopted her. That's all.'

Stella's eyes opened wide with horror. 'Adopted her? But why?'

[1] Copyright, 1908, by Dorothea Deakin, in the United States of America.

'Have you seen her?' I asked, softly.

She stared.

'No. But his mother describes her as quite impossible.'

'Ye—es,' I murmured, wickedly. 'But his mother is a woman. Mothers generally are. Regina—Rex calls Queenie Regina, you know—Regina is a very lovely little girl. And Rex always had the eye for beauty developed to an extraordinary degree.'

Miss Merillian smiled and glanced across at a long mirror on the wall.

'I know,' she said.

'And so he adopted her. He meant to bring her up and mould her mind to fulfil his ideal of womanly charm, as her face fulfilled his ideal of womanly beauty.'

'No!'

'Yes,' said I, mischievously. 'She's very dark; a black-haired, black-eyed little witch——'

'But I'm fair?' Miss Merillian suggested in bewildered tones. 'What do you mean by his ideal?'

'He meant to educate her to become a perfect wife,' I finished softly. 'His perfect wife.'

'What?' His fiancée gasped.

'Yes. That *was* his idea. But it hadn't occurred to him that a girl of thirteen had probably a rather strongly developed mind already. He didn't guess that she would try to mould *him*.'

Miss Merillian was too amazed to speak.

'Regina thinks she has a call,' I pursued amiably. 'A call to reform Rex. It's to be her life's work to reclaim him, she says.'

'Reclaim him? But what from?' Stella's tone of alarm enchanted me.

'From all he holds most dear,' I replied, vaguely. 'At least that's what he seems to think. She's a curious product of slum mission rooms. She lives with Rex's old governess, Miss Green. You ought to meet her, Miss Merillian. She'll take you in hand too, when she knows you're going to marry Rex. But—I forgot——' I stopped in haste.

'What did you forget?' she asked, quickly.

'It's rather awkward,' I admitted. 'You see, Queenie thinks *she's* going to marry Rex.'

'Impertinence!' Her indignant tone amused me. 'How dare she?'

'Oh, well,' I pleaded, 'Rex told her so, you see.'

'*Told* her so?'

'Before he knew you, of course,' I explained. 'When he was full of his new scheme: in the first glow. He abandoned the idea directly Regina took his reformation in hand. Although he's so fond of her, he says he'd rather die than marry a girl who grew up with the intention of saving him from destruction.'

'I should *think* so.' Her indignation was refreshing.

'But Queenie hasn't abandoned the idea, and he's never dared to break it to her yet that *he* has.'

'Well, what's going to become of her?' Stella asked, fretfully. 'Why don't they send her home?'

'They did,' said I—'twice. She same back. She always comes back. Like the cat, you know. She thinks it's her duty to stand by Rex through thick and thin. She swears she'll never leave him.'

'But this is absurd,' Miss Merillian rose in haste. 'She ought to be sent to an orphanage or an asylum at once.'

'It's a good idea,' I admitted cheerfully. 'Only you see she isn't either an orphan or an imbecile.'

'If *I* have any influence,' she cried, as she arranged her white veil, 'she shall go to a reformatory——'

'She's a whole reformatory in herself,' I interrupted with a smile. 'You can't send coals to Newcastle.'

'Without delay,' finished the girl, sharply. 'As I shall put it, Rex will find it difficult to refuse me.'

'That or anything,' I murmured, admiringly. She was very pretty. 'I'm sure he will. Besides, as Queenie often tells him, he doesn't know *how* to refuse people. There's a hymn she sings to him sometimes. The chorus is "Have courage, my boy, to say no." Have you heard it?'

'Of course not,' she cried indignantly, as she took her leave, and I wondered as I watched her go what Queenie would do when she discovered the existence of this rival in Rex's reclamation.

But it was 'poor Rex' that I murmured as I turned away. I'm afraid I hadn't taken much to his pretty Stella.

It was three days before I saw any fruits of this interview, and then it was Queenie who rushed across the garden to me, her long black legs covering the ground at an extraordinary rate, and flung herself on the grass at my side, bursting into a storm of noisy

tears. Her black hair covered her face as she laid her head on my knee, and I stroked it mechanically. It was very silky and thick, as Rex had often told me.

'Well, Regina?' I said at last.

'I've come to you, Miss Molly,' she cried, ''acause them others is all agen me. They're sending me to school. Oh, it's a shame—so it is. It's a shame.'

I started. Stella had not lost any time, then?

'But you musn't cry about it,' I said, gently. 'Think how jolly it will be to have other girls to play with, and nice interesting lessons every day."

Regina sat up and regarded me fixedly with one black eye. The other was lost behind her hair.

'I don't want no other girls,' she said. 'I don't want no one but 'im. I'se come back. I'se run 'ome. I'se done it afore. I'se not leave 'im to go slidin' down the broad path as leads to——'

'Regina!'

She sniffed.

'If you want to please Rex,' said I, diplomatically, 'you will try to become a nice little lady, so that——'

I stopped in haste, for Regina's eyes lit up, and I had unfortunately forgotten for the moment that Rex's plan for his victim had changed.

'So as I shall be a proper fine lady when I'm eighteen and old enough to be married?' she asked, eagerly.

I felt the tell-tale colour rise to my cheeks under her keen eyes, but *I* wasn't going to be the one to break the news about Stella Merillian. Not I. Let Rex do his own shabby work.

'My dear little girl,' I said kindly. 'It's too soon yet to talk about these things. Of course you want to grow up to be a nice well-behaved——'

'Don't know as I do,' she interrupted, uneasily. The idea seemed an unattractive one, but I think my words sank in for all that, and when she had gone, I wrote a little friendly note to Rex, praised his pretty Stella, and asked him to come and see me. He came. Of course he came. He is a dear boy.

'Regina's getting too much of a good thing,' he remarked curtly. 'I didn't expect you to stand up for her, Molly. I thought you'd see I was right.'

'You always do expect me to see that you are right,' I answered coolly.

Rex groaned. 'Look here, Molly. Stella and her mother dined with us last night for the first time. Regina slipped in without asking—you know how irrepressible she is—and saw me drinking my second glass of claret. How would you like it if a child of thirteen suddenly appeared, pointing her finger at you, and recited a dreadful poem beginning "A drunkard reached his dreary home" in front of the only girl you'd ever loved and her mother?'

'Rex!'

'It's unspeakable,' he said. 'She must go to school at once. I saw that even before Stella——'

'Ah!' said I.

'The darling,' said he, fatuously. 'She said it went to her heart to see me looking so worried. No one else ever minds how worried I look. At home they think I'm merely sulky, and say so. But Stella——'

'I certainly think it's time Regina went to school,' said I, sadly, 'but I think it's time for something else too. I think you ought to tell her about Stella Merillian.'

His face fell.

'She regards you as her own particular property, Rex.'

'That's the very deuce of it,' said he.

'She'll be a very lovely girl when she grows up,' I murmured, irrelevantly, 'and if she goes to a good school——'

'I don't believe any decent school will stand her,' cried he.

'Oh yes, they will. She's a sharp little creature. She'll learn to speak nicely enough in a year or so.'

'Why should I be obliged to tell a child of thirteen that I'm going to be married? It's too absurd.'

I said no more, and Regina was not told. Rex asked us all whether it wasn't the main thing to get the child off to school without a fuss, and I suppose it was. And it was none of my business to point out that she had been lured away under false pretences, was it? So until Christmas Regina was safely out of the way. Then came the holiday question. Stella said that if she *did* come home, she ought to stay with Miss Green, as she did before. Rex thought the poor little thing ought to have a good time, as a reward for not being expelled or running away. No one *could* enjoy a holiday, he said, spent with Miss Green. Rex's mother settled the matter.

'Queenie shall come here,' she announced, with a firm glance

at Rex's betrothed. 'She will be more presentable now. It will brighten the house up to have a child about.'

It occurred to me that even in her gayest moments Regina could hardly be called a little ray of sunshine, but I didn't say so, and perhaps Rex's mother only wanted to irritate Stella. She certainly succeeded, for Miss Merillian came to see me two days after Queenie arrived, in a regular royal rage.

'I won't stand it,' she cried. 'The child is unbearable. She stayed up till eleven last night in a tomato-coloured silk Liberty frock that must have cost his mother pounds. She clung to Rex all the time, and I never saw him alone for a moment. She sits and holds his hand! Outrageous!'

'She's only thirteen,' I said, apologetically, 'and he's been very good to her.'

'She won't always be thirteen. And Rex is too soft-hearted to say he doesn't like it.'

'Doesn't he like it?'

Her face flamed.

'He hates a girl to be clinging. That is why he was first attracted by *me*. *I* never was.'

'No,' said I, readily. 'You never were.'

'Regina must be told that Rex and I expect to have the small drawing-room to ourselves after dinner, but people are so absurdly afraid of hurting her feelings. Feelings, indeed! I'd give her something to feel for twopence.'

'I'm sure you would,' said I, soothingly.

I was to dine with them the next night, and went rather too early, and only Regina was in the drawing-room to receive me. In an embroidered golden frock she crouched on the hearthrug before the fire, swaying to and fro, her knees clasped by her thin little hands, her eyes full of black magic and mystery, her dark hair half covering her. She looked like a witch crooning there. I stole up softly and listened to the words of her song:

> The devil and me, we don't agree,
> Glory, Alleelooyer;
> I hate him, an' he hates me,
> Glory, Alleelooyer.

'My dear, *what* a song!'

'It's a nym.' Regina scrambled to her feet and held out her hand.

'How do you like school?' I asked. She scowled at me.

'Gettin' used now. Lor', what a life I did lead at first. Their hearts was as full of sin and wickedness as a negg's full of meat. But as soon as I got fairly going I did enjoy myself. There's not a girl in that school now what isn't well started on the road to grace.' Her eyes flashed as she spoke.

I laughed.

'Oh, Queenie, you didn't try to reform——'

'They needed it,' Regina assured me, earnestly. 'Awful bad. Casting out their slurs at them as 'ad seen the light! But *I* showed 'em the road they was treadin'. I did so.'

'Regina! Don't they teach you to speak like a little lady?' I asked, appalled by her accent, and poor Regina flushed and subsided in hurt silence on to the rug. I had not time to apologise before the others came in. The glorious vision of Miss Merillian in a rose-coloured gown with pink buds in her brown hair depressed me considerably, and made me glance disparagingly at my own brown reflection in the glass. It is well to be sweet and twenty, with a face like a rose and eyes like the summer sea—yet Stella's pretty mouth was as sulky as possible that evening.

Regina stood on the rug with sparkling eyes and entertained us as we waited. She was full of anecdote.

'I went to a lady 'at tells fortunes when I was at school,' she said, 'me and another girl, and she told us lots of queer things. She said I was to bring help and happiness to a fair gentleman with a weak charickter.'

Everybody laughed except Stella, who murmured in an undertone that she would like to slap her. I am sure she spoke the truth.

'What else did she say, Queenie?' Rex asked, lazily.

Regina nestled up against his knee and gazed adoringly into his face.

'She said a lot of other things. She said I was going a journey, and some money was coming in a letter——'

'*I* sent that for your ticket,' Rex's mother remarked. 'It didn't need the powers of darkness to tell you that you would come home for your holidays, my good child.'

I glanced at Miss Merillian.

'What else?' I asked.

'She said my path would be crossed by a fair lady.' Regina stared round with innocent eyes.

'Well?' Rex's mother inquired with interest.

'She said as I wasn't to be afraid of '*er*. "Do not heed her."' Regina's tone as she carefully repeated the prophecy was cheerful. '"Take no heed of her, for by her own ends will she be defeated." That's all as the lady would tell me. I think it's the 'rithmetic mistress that she meant. She's got 'orburn 'air, and she crosses all our paths a deal oftener than we could wish. We both on us thought it was the 'rithmetic mistress.'

She rubbed her cheek affectionately against Rex's coat-sleeve. No one spoke.

After dinner Stella and Rex went away to the inner drawing-room, and Regina would have followed them, but I held her back and made her talk to me. How could one make the child understand?

'Why does she always take him away from me?' she demanded fiercely, and Stella unfortunately overheard her. I regret to say that in spite of my care, half an hour later Regina slipped in to them unnoticed, and presently Rex, with an irritated expression, reappeared, leaving the folding doors wide open. He went out of the room, and then I saw Stella rise and walk across to poor Queenie with a red face.

'You are a very naughty, impertinent, interfering, little girl,' she deliberately said. 'And it's time someone told you so.'

'What for?' Queenie faced her defiantly, her small brown hands at her waist.

'Because you can't see when you are not wanted.'

''*E* wants me.'

'Nothing of the kind,' said Stella, sharply. 'You are the greatest nuisance to him. He often says so.'

Poor Queenie. Her face grew white; then the quick blood rushed back to it, and she faced her foe pluckily. Child of the gutter that she was, she knew well how to denounce an enemy.

'Yah!' she said. 'You think you know a lot, you do. You think there's nothin' like you on the blessed earth, don't you, no more there isn't, the Lord be praised. You think nobody wants to talk to no one but you, don't you? And you never says a kind word to nobody, and you think because you've got light brown 'air and white 'ands as 'e likes you best. Now then.'

Rex's mother, appalled, rose to remonstrate, but at the sound of Stella's voice she stopped. 'Let them fight it out,' she said softly. 'Little cat.' I don't think she meant Regina.

'When I marry him,' Stella said in low biting tones, 'I shall never allow you to put your foot inside my door. Do you see?'

Regina stared wildly, and her poor little lip quivered.

'Marry? 'Im? It's a wicked lie!'

'Oh no. It's the truth, I assure you.' Stella laughed cruelly. 'We are to be married next June. It has been settled for a long time.'

With a wild cry Queenie rushed across the drawing-room and flung herself into my arms.

''E's not, 'e's not. 'E's promised me. 'E's promised to wait till I'm a woman growed. It's a wicked lie.'

'It's quite true, Queenie,' I said softly, 'but you mustn't mind if it *is* true. Don't you want to see Mr. Rex happy?'

'No, not with 'er, I don't.' She pushed her hair out of her eyes and stared wildly about her. 'She'll never make no one happy. What does he like her for? Her 'air isn't nicer than mine. She puts it in 'Inde's curlers at night, I seed her do it. Mine's natural. Mother said it curled lovely from a child. Her eyes isn't nicer than mine, is they?'

It was a pitiful exhibition, and to crown all, Stella completely lost her temper; came swiftly across the room and soundly boxed Regina's ears. It was at that unfortunate moment that Rex came back, and poor Queenie, with a shriek, rushed across the room and flung herself into *his* arms. It was all very absurd. It was an unheard-of thing, as Mrs. Merillian pointed out a day or two afterwards, that a thirteen-year-old child of the gutter should be allowed to make these scenes and upset grown-up people in this way. And it was shameful that Rex's mother should have taken Regina up to bed herself, and tried to comfort her with chocolates, instead of whipping her well and keeping her in her bedroom on bread and water.

Rex was curiously quiet that evening. Regina's headlong rush into his arms; her beseeching cry that it was not true, it couldn't possibly be true, had upset him in the most unaccountable way. Stella did her best to cheer him with her pretty ways, and her winning smile came back in full force when Regina was once safely in bed, and yet Rex remained so strangely downcast. I don't wonder that she was annoyed. And then the thunderstorm came on, and Rex's mother persuaded me to stay the night because of my cold. That was how it was that I happened to be at the breakfast table next morning when Stella made her scene, and

it occurred to me directly I saw her face that she had made up her mind to do something desperate. Rex and I were standing by the fire when she came down. What was her guardian angel doing to allow this pitiful paltry scheme ? She was very young.

'It's a funny thing, Rex,' she said, with a nervous little laugh, 'but I've been missing things dreadfully the last few days ! '

'Missing things ? ' He stared at her. I stared too.

'Yes—money, and little trinkets, you know. Odd things that I've left about the dressing table——'

'Stella ! '

'That little turquoise brooch you gave me—you remember ? I can't find it anywhere this morning.'

Rex was annoyed. I watched Stella's face curiously.

'I thought the servants were beyond reproach,' he said. 'We must look into this.'

'I don't think it's the servants'—Stella was gazing steadily into the fire—'I am sure the servants are honest.'

'But——' he looked puzzled. I was puzzled too.

Stella rushed on.

'I've sent that girl into my room several times lately for scarves and little things I've wanted ; it occurred to me—— Of course one is sorry to suspect the girl, but——'

I caught my breath.

'What girl ? ' Rex stared at her.

Stella laughed—oh, foolish girl.

'Why—your little slum girl, Regina, of course.'

Rex's face suddenly grew very stern. I trembled for her.

'You must be mad, Stella,' he said, indignantly. 'Whatever poor Queenie's faults are—and there are enough of them, goodness knows—she's not a thief ! '

The girl's cheeks flamed ; her eyes blazed. 'I might have known ! ' she cried. 'Rex, I won't stand it any longer. I *will not* stand it. No, Molly, don't go. Stay here and see me insulted and slighted for a child out of the slums, a little low, thieving——'

'Hush. Take care, Stella——'

Queenie came in. Her face was pale, her eyes heavy, and she looked as if she had slept badly. In her hand she held a little draggled bunch of white carnations. She must have been down to the town to get them.

'You've been out early.' It was I who broke the strained silence, and even as I spoke I saw that the child's collar was fastened

by a tiny oval brooch set with turquoises. Stella saw it too, and gasped.

'Look! Look at that!' she pointed to the trinket with an hysterical catch in her voice. I thought she seemed more surprised to see it than her previous suspicion warranted. She seemed, in fact, thunderstruck. Was it possible, I wondered, that——

But Rex's boyish face flamed. His pretty girlish mouth grew sterner than I had ever seen it. He caught poor Queenie's arm and drew her to him—then deliberately pushed away the black hair from her forehead and kissed her.

'*I* gave this little brooch to Queenie,' he said curtly. 'I bought it her for a fairing when I went to Paris, at the same time that I bought yours.'

Poor Stella. This was too much. I saw that she was trying to control her temper, but she was a spoilt girl; always a hopelessly spoilt girl.

'You give the same presents to that child as you give to me?' she cried, furiously.

I admit that I shouldn't have liked it myself.

'Sometimes,' said Rex, coolly; 'why not?'

He had much to learn.

Regina looked from one to the other with frightened eyes, then stole softly round to Stella's place and laid the little bunch of flowers on her place. I was the only one who saw her do it, and afterwards she crept noiselessly out of the room.

'Rex!' Stella caught at the marble mantelpiece with her shaking hand and turned on him wildly. 'The time has come when you must choose between us. I can't bear it. You must send that dreadful child back to her disreputable parents or——'

'Or?' repeated Rex. I don't know how he could, but I think they must have had other differences, those two, to bring matters to such a pitch.

Stella faltered and turned away. Then suddenly she saw the little bunch of carnations which Queenie had gone out without breakfast to buy for her. There was a slip of paper tied to it, and she snatched it up and read it through, then with a cry of pure exasperation pitched it into the fire. And indeed, I don't wonder that in such a frame of mind she found it the last straw.

Rex hastily raked the little bouquet out with the tongs, read the inscription, and handed it over to me with an immovable face. I laughed. Indeed, I couldn't help laughing even at such a moment

of pure tragedy, for poor Queenie, after obviously wrestling all night with her evil passions, had written in laborious round hand a characteristic message to her enemy.

'It is blessed to forgive.'

'It's the last straw,' cried Stella, snatching it from me and casting it once more to the flames. 'Choose, Rex—Choose!'

Rex was silent; his moody eyes fixed on the burning, sizzling flowers.

Stella caught her breath and turned to me with frightened eyes, and I—sorry for her as I was, I was silent too. For I knew then as well as she did, that the fortune-teller had told the truth, and that the fair lady who had crossed Regina's path had defeated her own ends.

DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN CARNE.

I DOUBT whether many, if any, of my readers will have so much as heard of the name of John Carne. His own not very important contributions to literature have long been forgotten; no reference to him is, I believe, to be found in any of the correspondence or writings of the eminent men with whom he was acquainted, and nothing preserves his memory but a very brief memoir in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and a modest little volume which is now before me. It was printed privately more than twenty years ago in an edition limited to a hundred copies, and contains selections from Carne's letters to his relatives and friends between the spring of 1813 and the midsummer of 1837. A mere accident brought this little volume to my notice, and, I confess, it charmed me; so pleasing was the portrait which the writer gives, and quite unconsciously, of his own attaching personality, so vivid his pictures of his experiences at home and as a traveller, and so full of interest, if not of importance, his anecdotes of the famous poets and men of letters with whom he had been brought more or less intimately into contact. To keep a good thing to oneself is selfish; and this good thing the courtesy of the editor of these letters, Mr. Joseph Carne Ross, enables me to impart to others.

John Carne, there is no disguising the fact, was a rolling stone and a ne'er-do-well, a sore trial to a long-suffering father, and a great disappointment to all who had any hopes of him, including probably himself. But he was a ne'er-do-well and disappointment in the sense in which Schiller's poet—the poet of the rustic's yoke as well as the poet who came too late for the distribution of the world's goods—was a disappointment. The fourth son of a wealthy merchant and banker, he was born at Truro on June 18, 1789, and his parents being Wesleyan Methodists, he received his early education at what was then the Eton of that sect, a school at Keynsham, near Bristol. Of his early life scarcely anything is known. In March 1813 he was keeping terms at Cambridge, whether regularly matriculated or not does not appear, his first letter being dated from Queens' College.

His picture of University life, both then and in 1824–5, when

he again returned to Cambridge, is not very creditable to that august seat of learning, though not likely to surprise anyone versed in academic social antiquities.

The dons he describes as being chiefly engaged in swilling and gormandising, varied with such amusements as firing pistols at their college caps, set up for targets, in the Fellows' gardens, and retailing scandals or worse amid their cups in the Combination Rooms. And as were the dons, such were the undergraduates. 'You can have no idea of the manner of life pursued by the students here'—he writes this in 1824—'I have seen somewhat of France, heard travellers speak of Italy, and have witnessed all sorts of profligacy in many parts of the East, but would advise a parent to turn his son loose in the Palais Royal of Paris, in Naples, or anywhere, rather than send him to the University.' He then goes on to tell how a youth 'of delicate habit of body' came up from Liverpool to Trinity College, went to a wine party, got dead drunk, and receiving while in this state a blow in a scuffle, died in his rooms three days afterwards with no soul near him. But if sordid comedy and tragi-comedy prevailed among this section of the University, tragedy of a more ludicrous kind was sometimes to be found among that more reputable section known as the 'reading men.' At the Christmas examination, says Carne, 'what tears are shed! what self-upbraidings! what fruitless lamentations!' At that examination three undergraduates had found themselves lower than they expected to stand, which augured ill for their place in the Tripos, and their tutor entering a room to which they had retired found one of them leaning in agony on the table battering his head with his hand, another walking up and down the room stamping and swearing, and the third praying in a corner. With some sensible remarks about the futility of University studies—studies with which it is quite clear that he never troubled himself, either for good or evil—Carne then, for a time at least, drifts out of University life to see the world, and in March 1821 we find him in London, the time 'being passed very agreeably, more so even than I had expected'—how, is unfortunately not recorded.

And now he was bent on journeying to the East, having obtained the necessary funds from his father, and having, it seems, perpetrated, whether to his father's satisfaction or not does not appear, a volume of poems for the printing of which—26*l.* 6*s.*—he entreats that father to pay, 'my outfit being so expensive that I could not afford to pay it myself.' First he made his way through Calais, Abbeville, and

Amiens to Paris. Of Paris and of the whole course of his journey to Constantinople he gives in a long letter to his sister-in-law a very graphic and interesting account, but I must not pause over it. In the autumn of this same year, 1821, he arrived at Cairo, and it and the neighbouring scenery and objects, the river Nile, the Desert, the Pyramids, are described with great picturesqueness. At the Pyramids, residing in one of the tombs, he found the indefatigable Caviglia, then engaged in excavating the Sphinx, part of the breast and body of which he had, with the assistance of some fifty Arabs, succeeded in uncovering. After exploring the Great Pyramid and its neighbours, Carne made his way back to Cairo, to prepare for an expedition to Upper Egypt, which he duly explored. After very vivid accounts of the ruins at Tentyra, Thebes, Ombos and other places he describes the abominable desecration of the great burying place at Thebes. 'Men, women and children, warriors and philosophers of all ranks and ages, have come to light again. You see bones, arms, legs and parts of the flesh scattered all about,' owning that he himself would have carried off 'the foot of a lady small and elegantly formed with the flesh adhering to it' had it not 'smelt so strongly of mortality.' On his return to Cairo he made the acquaintance of that remarkable man, Joseph Wolff, who did himself no more than strict justice when he claimed the title of the Christian Xavier, and who was just then at the outset of a career second in interest to that of no other Orientalist. His account of his expedition to Bokhara to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, written twenty-five years later, is still one of the classics of travel. With Wolff, and accompanied by an escort of eight camels, four Arabs and two servants, he journeyed to Mount Sinai. His description of a scene on the route, of the approaches to the mountain and of the mountain itself is so vivid that I will transcribe it:

On the fourth day we reached Suez, the way being through plains of sand, with scarcely the slightest appearance of vegetation. You may view us here, if you will: picture often at daybreak a group of Arabs assembled round a blazing fire, smoking and baking their flat cakes in the embers, the camels standing round; and a few Europeans, on one side, rising from their rude couch or taking their breakfast, and at night halting amidst these wide solitudes, where no light was to be seen but from their little camp and no sound except from their voices. From Suez six days' journey brought us to Mount Sinai: the scenes in the desert for the last three days were very fine and wild, the path being amidst rocks and mountains of every possible form with small valleys interspersed where the palm trees grew all lonely. But the scenery all round Mount Sinai is magnificent beyond description. We arrived late at night at the convent and were pulled up

by a rope through the window, the walls being high and strong as a defence against the Arabs. . . . Among the curiosities shown here is the spot where stood the Burning Bush : a small altar stands above it, and three small lamps, dimly lighted, fixed around. On the third day, with an Arab guide, we ascended the summit where Moses received the Law. It is small and two apartments formerly used for chapels still remain there. On every side as far as the eye can reach nothing hardly is to be seen but vast ranges of mountains utterly barren, and divided only by narrow valleys and ravines.

Near the Rock of Meribah a party of twelve Arabs armed with matchlock guns and sabres pounced on the party and took them prisoners, because, it seemed, the convent whose guests the party had been had refused a demand for a contribution of provisions, and till that demand was complied with prisoners they would have to remain. So off they started under this grim escort to the Arab camp, for Hassan, the chief, to decide what was to be done with them. Their journey lay through the valley of Paran, across which Moses led the Israelites, 'narrow with very romantic scenery, enclosed on each side by naked mountains of granite, along whose breasts often ran beautiful veins of white, red and blue marble.' After a journey of three days they arrived at Hassan's camp, where a tent was allotted to them next to that occupied by him and his two wives, of one of whom they had a glimpse. Fortunately the chief Sheik from Suez happened to arrive in the camp, and informing Hassan that the prisoners were under the immediate protection of the Pasha, so frightened him that he not only released them at once but personally escorted them to Cairo that he might make his apologies.

In the spring of 1822 Carne left Cairo, landed near Acre, and, after visiting Tyre, Sidon and Beirout, made his way to Mount Lebanon, where he spent the night with the Prince of the Druzes. Mount Carmel, the plain of Esdraelon, Nazareth, Cana, Mount Tabor, Cæsarea, Joppa, Rama, all were visited, and the young traveller found himself at last in Jerusalem, where he leisurely surveyed all that is of an interest quite absorbing, of course, to the Christian. And here we may pause over a little incident which takes us very vividly back to the good old times. His mother and father, it seems, had been under some apprehension that such a tour as this might be 'destructive to his religion,' more especially as he had made no mention of Scriptural matters in any of his letters, but he assures them that though mere interest in what he was seeing did render him somewhat indifferent to religious association till the voyage to the Nile, yet after that

his mind underwent a total change, and 'never did Divine mercy or the glories of the future open with such power and sweetness to him.' And he is sure, he adds, that these are not fleeting feelings.

In one of his expeditions he carried his life in his hands, as Burton and Palmer did in similar circumstances. The Governor of Jerusalem having refused to give him a guard to Jericho, owing to the disturbed state of the country, he set out with two servants alone, disguising himself as a common Arab, with a ragged cloth on his head for a turban and an old kind of outside vest. On the way they were joined by an old Arab who lived with his family in a cave, and all night a journey 'full of danger and fatigue,' which 'could only have succeeded through the silence and obscurity of the hour,' was pursued, and the Dead Sea was reached, their stock of water being exhausted long before they arrived at Jericho. Visits to Damascus, Baalbec, and Beirout preceded an expedition to Cyprus, which was reached after a tedious passage of five days, and there, in the house of the Consul, Carne seems to have taken up his quarters for some time. Whether his travels extended further and he visited the islands of the Archipelago and Greece does not appear. In any case, he was in England and at Keswick in September 1823.

These travels, if they had done nothing else for him, furnished him with copy for a series of articles in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' which were afterwards published in a volume dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, and with inexhaustible material for an accomplishment in which, according to Christopher North, he had no rival. 'Mr. Carne,' said that very competent judge, 'was the most wonderful storyteller I ever listened to.' A letter which he wrote from Abbotsford has unfortunately been lost, but it appears that he was of great use to Sir Walter Scott when Scott was writing the 'Talisman.' He gave him the description of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea and Engedi, and the mother of the editor of these letters well remembered her uncle receiving a copy of the 'Talisman' from Sir Walter, and how, when looking through the pages, Carne would often stop and say, 'I described this place to him while I was at Abbotsford.'

At this point I am going to be more liberal in my extracts, for we have now arrived at the letters in which Carne describes some of his eminent contemporaries. In September 1823 he writes:

> I spent five or six days at Wilson's (Christopher North), very pleasantly varied with excursions on the lake in his fine pleasure-boat. There was generally

company at dinner every day. He is full of vivacity and anecdote in company, with a brilliant wit, but his conversational powers appear to be overrated, and I still prefer the company of Lockhart. They are both almost perfect specimens of the dark and fair kinds of beauty, but the large dark eyes and haughty features of the latter seem to denote sources of power and passion which are not shadowed forth in the restless and ardent character of Wilson's. It is interesting to observe the love of fame in the young professor's mind. 'It is my great desire,' he said to me one day, 'beyond the highest rank or dignity that could be given me, to possess but a place in the literature of my country that my name might go down and my works be read after my death.' But this he has not yet obtained.

Of De Quincey he writes:

Here I met with a most interesting being whom I had passionately wished to see. His name is De Quincey. You must have read the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' which has made so much noise in the world. He resides near the lake; he gives a description of his residence in one of the last chapters of his book. I called on him one morning. The opium-eater was not visible; but in the evening he was within, having returned from a mountain walk—one of the smallest men you ever saw, with very fine features and eyes beaming with intellect and opium. His eldest boy, with a beautiful countenance and flaxen hair, was with him. He engaged to come and spend a day and a night at Wilson's. He is an uncommonly clever man, and his interesting conversation, his faded countenance, on which the sense of his past miseries seemed to rest, and the sweet tone of his voice made me feel almost attached to him.

This is followed by an interesting account of Wordsworth:

Wordsworth's house stands some miles from the lake and commands a variety of mountain scenery. The forenoon was rainy, but we put on our great-coats and walked some miles to the waterfalls of Rydal and Ambleside. . . . Wordsworth excels in his conversational powers and sometimes appears conscious of them; but he is a very worthy and amiable man, of middle height, slender, with a very marked and prominent countenance. After dinner he read some of his poetry to me, and he reads it extremely well, which no other poet but Moore is able to do.

Then, after relating how De Quincey came to spend the evening with the Wordsworths, he goes on to describe very charmingly a long walk he had with the poet the next day. After leaving the Wordsworths he went on to Keswick with a letter of introduction to Southey. Of Southey we have the following vivid sketch:

The evening at Mr. Southey's was very delightful. His countenance is so eminently that of a man of genius; a dark complexion, very handsome forehead, partly covered by a profusion of curling black hair, eyebrows finely arched and rather thin oval face, with such an expression of benignity and melancholy cast over the whole. In figure he is very slender and rather tall, and his manner is so gentle and unassuming, his conversation so perfectly free of all consciousness of power, that you can hardly help loving the man after being a few times in his company.

After reading this description of Southey we can quite understand Byron's remark that to have had the head and shoulders of

Southey he would almost have written his epics. Carne then goes on to describe Southey's conversation, observing that in speaking of his contemporaries, he had nothing of Wordsworth's captiousness and tendency to disparaging criticism; 'Kehama,' he thought, says Carne, the best of his poems, but of all his works none gave him so much pleasure in writing as the 'Life of Wesley.' In relation to this work Southey told him a curious anecdote. An American critic had accused him of having plagiarised the plan of it from the 'Iliad.' Wesley was obviously modelled on Agamemnon; Tommy Oliver, John Haime and Sampson Stamford were heroes engaged on his side. Haime might be Diomede from his fierce character; Dr. Cope, the gentle Patroclus; Charles Wesley, Menelaus, and Whitefield, Achilles. On leaving the Lakes, Carne went on to Edinburgh, where he met Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and breakfasted with Miss Campbell, the sister of the poet, who showed him the 'first rude draught of "The Pleasures of Hope,"' permitting him to copy some of the passages which Campbell had excised, one of which, the description of a nightmare, Carne, for he was a very young man, admiringly gives. The most interesting thing about it is that it illustrates the good taste and good sense displayed by Campbell in excision. During this visit to Edinburgh Carne dined with Mrs. Fletcher, then one of the leaders of society in Edinburgh, and he there met John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, and Byron's friend and executor. Hobhouse told the following remarkable story about the circumstances of Shelley's death and the burning of the bodies of Shelley and Williams. As the story as here told appears to be quite unknown to Shelley's numerous biographers, and is certainly related on excellent authority, for Hobhouse had it direct from Byron, who 'cried and smiled many times as he told it him,' it may be well to give it at length:

You will recollect the celebrated and atheistical Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned not long ago, when sailing in the Bay of Leghorn. Lord Byron and he were greatly attached. Mrs. Shelley, the daughter of Godwin, and Captain Williams's lady were sitting together in the evening, extremely anxious at their husbands' long absence, when a messenger came in and said the two gentlemen were said to be lost. The poor ladies immediately took a car, and for twenty hours continued driving along the shore, searching and inquiring of everyone for their husbands and searching among the rocks and bays without success. At last, returning from a considerable distance, they saw a few people collected near the water's edge, and, on drawing near, the two bodies of their husbands lay on the sand. Mrs. Williams, a young and lovely woman, instantly knew hers, but so mangled was poor Shelley's body that his wife declared and vowed in her misery that it was not his. At last they sent to Lord Byron, who, on reaching the spot,

saw instantly that it was his friend. A volume of Keats's poems, which he had been reading when the boat upset, was clasped fast in his hand. They would then have had the bodies carried to their homes, when the police officers came up and declared it was impossible: for the gentlemen might very likely have boarded or had communication with some ship from Africa or the Levant with the plague on board, and that the bodies must be burnt on the spot. A fire was kindled and the ladies, wild with anguish, looked on: but what was very extraordinary, Shelley's heart could not be consumed, and every effort to reduce it to ashes, after his companion was a heap beside, was in vain. As the last resource they were obliged to shrine it in a quantity of pitch and tar, by which means it yielded to the flames. The two ladies then collected the ashes of the gentlemen's hearts and put them in their pocket-handkerchiefs; when who should arrive at full speed but Leigh Hunt, the cockney poet, who sprang from his horse and protested Shelley's ashes belonged to him, as he was his bosom friend and was loved by him dearly, and that the remains of his heart were his due, and he would treasure them sacredly. Mrs. S. kept fast hold and stoutly defended her rights, while a violent altercation ensued. They then offered all that was left of the author of 'Islam' and 'The Cenci' to Lord B., who refused to have them; but protested he thought they of right belonged to his wife. The two widowed ladies then remounted their car and returned a distance of between twenty and thirty miles with that dismal load dangling in their pocket-handkerchiefs. As Byron observed, 'There are things which sometimes occur as realities that completely set at fault the dark wilderness of romance.'

One or two of the details given in this account are difficult to reconcile with what is recorded elsewhere, but the particulars given are just such as Shelley's friends would have been likely to suppress, and Byron *more suo* likely to enlarge on.

Another visit to Abbotsford, in which Scott, probably for professional purposes, requested him to tell an Oriental tale, eliciting 'the best one I know—one at least an hour long,' brought his Scotch visit to an end, and the next letter is dated from Carlisle. A year afterwards, we find Carne again keeping term at Cambridge with a view to ordination, his father, good-natured as he was, plainly getting a little impatient with the ways of a son whose sole accomplishments consisted in telling a good tale and in writing charming letters. At last he got privately ordained at the French Protestant Church in Paris by Bishop Luscombe, who was ever afterwards a good friend to him. The name of this prelate recalls to me an amusing anecdote which I once heard from an old man who knew him well and who had it from the bishop himself. Luscombe was travelling in England in the early railway days when it was customary for porters to convey luggage from the trains to certain depositories on the platform inscribed with the letters of the alphabet, each passenger's luggage being duly stowed under the initial letters of his name. The bishop on alighting and finding

everything in confusion, shouted to a porter, who was staggering along the platform with a huge trunk on his shoulders and a big portmanteau in one of his hands, 'Where's my luggage—name, Luscombe?' 'Go,' groaned the man, 'to L, and you'll very likely find it there,' but to the 'L' he unfortunately prefixed an aspirate. The astounded and exasperated prelate could only gasp out, 'You infamous fellow, I'll get you——' and rushed off, purple with indignation, to the stationmaster. That functionary, as amazed and angry as himself—for the unmistakable episcopal garb proclaimed the enormity of the outrage—at once summoned the man to account for his conduct. 'His reverence asked where his luggage was, and as I couldn't at the moment attend to him, I told him where he'd be likely to find it.' An aspirate had made all the mischief.

Poor Carne met with nothing but disappointment in the Church; first one thing fell through and then another, and not very long after his ordination he practically left it, dropping even the style of Reverend. And now he began to turn his attention to literary work, very wisely endeavouring to make some literary capital out of his travelling experiences. His 'Letters from the East' had been popular, reaching indeed a third edition, and had brought him into some notice. They were succeeded by a small volume, 'Recollections of the East,' and these in 1829 by a novel, 'Stratton Hill,' a tale of the Civil War, the scene of which is laid in his native county, Cornwall. At one time his literary prospects seemed to be really bright, for in 1827 Colburn, the publisher, engaged to secure him 300*l.* a year for his writings, the works referred to being no doubt part of the account. He contributed occasionally also to the Annuals, then so much in fashion, and in speaking of them he gives some interesting glimpses of the fees paid to eminent writers for contributions. Sir Walter Scott got for a few short tales in Heath's 'Keepsake,' 800*l.* 'Heath sent a fifty-pound note to Wordsworth, and the same to Southey, to request an article. The former declared to a friend of mine he was never paid so well in his life for his poetry. Southey was so pleased that he sat down and wrote a poem of 1500 lines, which was useless to Heath from its great length.' Carne tells us what is almost incredible, that Wordsworth as late as 1828, so far from being paid for his poetry, had, in making arrangements for the publication of a volume, positively to guarantee his publisher from loss. In 1830 Carne engaged to write for Murray the 'Lives of the Missionaries.' The

engagement with Colburn soon seems to have dropped through, as most things connected with poor Carne did, and in 1830 we find him writing to his father, that during the whole of that year he had only made 80*l.* by his pen, principally, it would appear, from contributions to the 'Amulet.' No doubt his life was heavily weighted by an unfortunate marriage, always, or nearly always, a factor in the misfortunes of such men as Carne. At the end of 1830 appeared his 'Exiles of Palestine,' which he describes as a great success, but which, like his other writings, made no difference in his constant application to his long-suffering father for remittances. Murray's custom of never paying an author till the publication of his book seems sorely to have distressed him, and still more was he distressed when that most astute caterer for the public taste pronounced that his 'Lives of the Missionaries,' particularly the life of Eliot, was 'too spiritual' and had 'too much of religion,' desiring that all such passages should be excised and made more 'calm and moral.' To this, however, Carne objected and appealed to Lockhart, who, a little to his surprise, and very much to ours, declared himself on the side of spirituality and religion, and not only gave it as his opinion that the passages should be retained, but wished with earnestness that 'Mr. C. would show more clearly how Eliot's mind was first brought to God.' It is certainly very refreshing to see this spirit in Lockhart, 'man of the world as he is'—so runs Carne's words—'and of questionable morals.' Poor Carne then bitterly adds, 'were it not for him (Lockhart) I should just be at the mercy of the publishers, who, from all my experience of them, are a race of men that prey upon authors' brains and souls and health, with little feeling or compunction.'

At the end of 1830 Carne's eyesight began to fail him, though with that thoughtful kindness which was always so characteristic of him he would not distress his father and mother by letting them know his trouble. At last his affliction could not be concealed. He had completely lost the sight of one eye, and he had fears of the other becoming affected too. He had been a sore trouble and great disappointment to a father who had at one time set store on his hopes in him, but a sterner father than Carne's might have felt that life had many harder trials than the possession of a son who could in all sincerity express himself thus:

> Few afflictions are without a blessing: that of my sight by compelling me to pass the whole evenings without reading or writing by candle-light has induced me to think more and to enter much into my own heart. I have not been without

comfort in religion. God has been very gracious to me : when I consider how few real troubles He has tried me with, I cannot murmur at this light affliction. Above all, I feel that He is once more visiting me in kindness and mercy, never I trust to pass away again ; there is a presentiment in my mind that assures me of this. Do not ever forget me in your prayers ; much, very much, of the mercy that has followed me is owing, I am convinced, to yours and mother's prayers. May every blessing follow you to the last ! Your kindness to me has been very great.

Of the rest of that period of his life covered by the letters very little remains to be told. We find him in London working at his 'Lives of the Missionaries,' and waiting for the cloud cast over the prospects of literature by the excitement of the Reform Bill to disperse. Then for three years he totally disappears, to emerge first at Penzance and then in 1835 at Paris, which since the last Revolution he finds much changed for the worse, the men having 'lost all their politeness and kindness of demeanour, the women not much behind them.' He visited the spot of Fieschi's attempt, and gives a vivid account of both. From Paris he wandered to Ireland, and with a very picturesque and lively account of Killarney and the party assembled there, written from the house of 'a literary Killarney lady, a poetess whose house is beautifully situated on a slope looking on the lake,' the letters come to an end.

Seven years of life still remained to Carne, but the infirmities of age came prematurely upon him, and before he had completed his fifty-fifth year he was a broken old man. He retained to the last his wonderful power of story-telling, charming with this gift all who knew him intimately as he had once charmed Sir Walter Scott and Christopher North ; and one or two now living can still recall that 'low-toned, sweet voice, and that gentle, kindly face,' as he held old and young quite spellbound round him while he related some incident in his early travels or gave the rein to invention in some enthralling fiction.

He died at Penzance on April 18, 1844, a disappointed and disappointing man, so far at least as the world estimates success. Yet is it something to have left a memory as gracious, as guileless, as gentle, as free from all taint of worldliness and sordid desires and *das Gemeine* as these letters testify and will preserve.

J. Churton Collins.

THE LONG ARM.

A 'strange coincidence,' to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.—BYRON.

THE Long Arm of Coincidence, it is called, in derision, by journalists who, nevertheless, are not above employing it a good deal themselves in their manipulation of the long bow. I don't know who invented the phrase, but somehow it always brings to my mind the story of the Turk who, going with a friend to the baths by night, was astounded to see his companion lift up his hand and remove the lantern from the roof a hundred feet above them. There was nothing remarkable in that when you learn that a ghoul, or afreet, had taken the friend's shape; and there is really nothing remarkable in the feats of coincidence when imagination usurps, as in literature it is expected to usurp, the place and form of commonsensical reason. The question is merely one of the permissible limits.

Story-telling proper (artless and photographic realisms are sternly excluded from the category) is necessarily an epitome of events and emotions. These, in their concentrated form, must often assume an air of coincidence. Is it to be expected of the plot-weaver that he shall separate his connections and cripple his joints in order that, by a weak employment of intervals, he may give a fictitious appearance of reality to his situations? As well insist on a composer stringing his melody on the chain of harmonics which, strictly speaking, connects note with note in the chromatic scale. All life, as a matter of fact, is a rosary of coincidences, which only do not appear so because of the intervening spaces. Erase these, and find what battles have been lost and won on coincidence, what clues discovered, what secrets unearthed, what traitors exposed and reputations vindicated. Coincidence is the safeguard of virtue and the confusion of vice; a thousand poignant issues are hourly at the mercy of its operations; and ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, or ten hundred thousand storms in teacups are daily lashing themselves into fury on its evidences.

Still, as in life coincidence is only rarely prominent and impressive, so in art it should certainly bear a right relation to the proportions of its subject. That is the difficulty—one merely of its use or abuse. And there are some classical examples to confuse us, although we may all be agreed as to their captivating quality. What tedious elaboration of circumstance, for instance, could improve on the astonishing fatality of Antonio's barque being driven upon the very islet, out of all the possible islets in the world, which held the fortunes of the one and only Prospero he had wronged; or account for the appearance of a lion in Arden at an exact psychologic moment; or better the concatenation of coincidences which pursued the Primrose family from cover to cover through one of the most complete little books in the world? It seems to me, indeed, that the average story-writer, with such precedent to embolden him, exhibits on the whole a remarkable temperance and self-restraint. In the use of coincidence he has even made a sort of precept of legitimacy unto himself, which, by constant observance, has passed into a law. It is difficult to define this law, which is more concerned with art than analysis; but, negatively, some samples may be given of the sort of thing which, I believe, it would absolutely refuse to sanction. I may, of course, know less about the matter than I fancy; in which case any 'coincident' with an abnormal length of arm is welcome to take his pick of the following selection.

The Coincidence of the Oyster and the Head Constable.

The good steamer *Ghent*, from Rotterdam to London, ran into a fog somewhere off the North Foreland. Thenceforth, for a weary while, it was crawl and hoot, crawl and hoot, all along the coast—a nerve-straining business for many; but for none so much, perhaps, as young Lestrang, who was a passenger on board. He travelled for a notable London firm of dealers in the antique, and had been abroad on a momentous mission—nothing less, in fact, than to secure if possible for his employers the famous cameo known as the Gonzales sardonyx. This priceless little gem, which represented the apotheosis of Tiberius in Capri, had come to figure in the sale of a grand ducal collection, and it actually had fallen, after the keenest competition, to the Englishman's bid at an unnameable sum. So far so good; but it was very well known that there were

sharks abroad, covetous and unscrupulous, and it was to give these the slip that Lestrang had shipped on the trading vessel. There were a few other passengers on board; but nothing in particular occurred to alarm him until the fog shut down, dense and confounding, and isolated each form in its place on deck. Then he grew intolerably restless and nervous. The unset gem, ensconced in its tiny case, was buttoned into his waistcoat pocket. Once, twice, thrice, at intervals, he took it out to make certain of its safety, opened and snapped the lid, and returned it to his pocket. It was no bigger than a good-sized sleeve-link—a baby might have 'palmed' it, and never been suspected. The fourth time that he was moved to a feverish examination he was standing, very imprudently, by the taffrail; there came a shock, a jar—he thought he was attacked—box and gem parted company, flew out of his desperately clutching hands—there sounded a tiniest 'plop' from the still water below, and the price of a duchy was gone. The steamer had struck a floating spar, that was all, and, after a little commotion, passed on its way unharmed.

That might have been somewhere between Herne Bay and Sheppey—mark the local significance. The long arm had taken its hand out of its pocket.

Most opportunely at this pass the fog rose as rapidly as it had settled, and in the result showed the skipper altogether out of his bearings, his vessel drifted close inshore and within a stone's-throw of destruction. The engines were reversed, the course rectified, and the voyage concluded in safety.

But for dumb-stricken, grief-stricken Lestrang all the world seemed ended. There was nobody to blame but his blameless self. He had pledged his firm to an enormous expenditure, and there was nothing, could never be anything, to show for it. More—he was young; it was his first important trust, and, presumptively, his first demoralising temptation. He would not be believed, of course; the dock and the prison closed his vista.

Too distraught to reason, he reached London and fled into hiding. At the end of a week he gave himself up. They were waiting for him.

His preposterous story was, as he had supposed it would be, laughed to scorn. Of spotless reputation hitherto, there was found nothing now in his past actions and manner of living that did not yield food for suspicion. He was committed to take his trial by the magistrate.

The head constable of Dash Street had the case in his charge, together with minute instructions as to the character of the vanished gem. He was a prosperous bachelor of his class, and very fond of oysters. None but the best would serve him; he was a spendthrift in bivalves. One evening he had bespoken a dozen of Whitstable natives from Todd's oyster saloon round the corner to be sent in, ready opened, against his supper-time. Imagine his indignation, when entering, sharp-set, to his repast, on discovering that his directions had been disregarded. The oysters awaited him, but unopened. In a fury, he issued from his abode, and swept down upon that of the contiguous caterer. He was received by that delinquent's wife with a clamour of tears and deprecations. Her husband was ill in bed; their counter-man had been locked up that very afternoon, at the inspector's own instance, for drunkenness in the streets; she was no hand herself, as Mr. Sala would have put it, at manipulating the crustaceans. She offered apologies and an oyster-knife.

The head constable, a reasonably reasonable man, accepted both. He returned home, and, making the best of the inevitable, started to the assault. A particularly large oyster engaged his first attention. He wrenched it open, with an ease that surprised himself, uttered a windy roar of astonishment, and, with his sleeve cuff to his nose, stood gaping. For there, imbedded in the muculent disc, now many days dead and green, lay the lost cameo.

Coincidences to be observed:—

That the steamer should have gone astray over the Whitstable oyster beds.

That a gaping oyster should have received, and shut its shell on, the indigestible morsel dropped overboard.

That that same oyster should have been dredged up opportunely and consigned to the London market.

That the head constable should have been an epicure in molluscs.

That this epicure in molluscs should have had charge of the Lestrang case.

That the fateful oyster should have come to Mr. Todd's saloon out of all the oyster saloons in the kingdom.

That it should have been passed on to the head constable's supper table.

That the head constable, through his own unconscious act, should have secured the said oyster from being opened in the shop, found bad, and thrown into the refuse pail.

The Coincidence of the Log and the Lady.

Lionel and Angelica were the most lovable of lovers. They used to meet clandestinely, for no reason whatever, in her father's woods. Lionel was a romantic lord, and Angelica a simple millionairess. They differed in nothing but the small terms of religion. Lionel went to chapel, and Angelica went to church. Angelica wanted Lionel to go to church, and Lionel wouldn't; he wanted Angelica to go to chapel. Hence arose a shadow, a discord, a formidable grievance between them. Each knew itself to be perfectly right, and the other wrong. At length the crisis was reached. They were used, when unable to meet, to post notes to one another. The post-box was a knot-hole in a venerable trysting beech, and above it Lionel had cut in the bark their initials, L. A. That needed only a note of exclamation after it to express the perverse situation. Two days of miserable separation ensued and then Lionel manfully conceded a point. He said (in writing) that if Angelica would once go to chapel, he would once go to church, and that afterwards they would kiss and compare notes. He posted the letter in the usual place, and went there day after day for an answer. None came, though his note had disappeared, and he knew by that that it had been received. In the meantime he heard of Angelica, brilliant and gay, figuring at social functions. He even heard of her engagement to Roderick, an objectionable baronet. Once he met the two walking together, and Angelica bowed distantly to him. Cut to the heart, he abjured all wantons, and fled to London, where he started writing for the sporting papers.

Years passed. One Christmas Lionel required a load of logs for his fire. He was recommended to a local branch of the Church Boys' Brigade, whither he made his way. A lady, white and worn, in a thrice-turned gown, took his order. What was his pain and astonishment to recognise in her his once loved and faithless Angelica. 'A vast speculation had failed,' and her father was become a pauper. She was obliged to support him as best she could, and the pious and once queenly beauty was reduced to this deplorable situation. The recognition was mutual, but neither gave a sign.

Lionel went home, the load was delivered, and he was fingering the first log of it, with intent to place it on the fire, when something caught his attention—a near-closed knot-hole, with some half-obliterated letters above it. Shaking with agitation, he examined the hieroglyphic, and distinguished an indubitable L. A. He took out his penknife, and freed the encumbered hole beneath. A stained and weather-worn note lay within. Reverentially he extracted it, and read what it contained. It was indeed the long-deferred answer from his love, and it revealed some astonishing matter. Roderick, it appeared, jealously watchful of Lionel, had seen him place that last note of his in the tree, and had privately removed and read it. Desiring Angelica for himself, he had craftily concluded that the destruction of that peace-offering were the surest means to his end; and so he had destroyed it—fruitlessly for himself, however, as it turned out, for the impassioned but exacting girl remained true to the lover she thought faithless. At length Roderick, all his efforts to win her having proved unavailing, in a fit of diabolical malignancy had confessed to her the truth of what he had done; and immediately, in a frenzy of love and remorse, she had written this her answer, and had posted it in the old place, in the agonised hope that her lost Lionel might some day be moved to relent and return to it. All this said the letter, and Lionel wept as he read it.

Need we add that Angelica is now Lady Lionel, or that the only pledge of their union is a non-conforming clergyman of the establishment? It only remains to say that Roderick was a part-purchaser of the bankrupt millionaire's estate, and that it was he who revengefully cut down and sold the timber, a log from which came so opportunely to neutralise all the effects of his consummate villainy.

The Coincidence of the Trousers and the Pre-occupied Man.

The two most characteristic things about Johnny Foljambe were the cut of his clothes and the absence of his mind. He was reverentially fashionable; yet that admirable side of him was frequently, and in the most deplorable manner, held at the mercy of the other. I do not allude, of course, to any solecism so ridiculous as his adherence to the shape of a collar, or the curl of a hat-brim, a moment after that shape or that curl had ceased to be the correct thing; but to certain flagrant aberrations of conduct which

were directly attributable to his constitutional habit of self-abstraction, and against which habit he could make no real headway for all his anxious efforts. Perhaps the most notable of his lapses in this respect occurred when he was once being tried on for a new morning coat, with only one sleeve and a number of long white stitches drawn all over it. The fitter had left him, thus apparelled, for a minute or two, during which Johnny, in a fit of mental hiatus, walked out of the shop into the street, and was only recalled to his senses by a facetious gentleman remarking to a friend that here was evidently an example (it was during the time of the 'Black Stain' revelations) of one of those unfortunate infants who were sewn up by their mothers into their clothes. But there were other grievous occasions on which he had forgotten himself almost as badly.

One memorable morning Johnny Foljambe was walking with his 'best girl' (who was also his adored fiancée) in the London streets, when the lady's gold chain purse was snatched by a pickpocket. Johnny was short-sighted, the episode was the affair of a moment, before his stupefied senses could realise the outrage all chance of securing, or even detecting, the thief was past. The lady, who was reasonably hot-tempered, upbraided her lover's slackness roundly. As they walked on together, she became tearful and almost hysterical. He remonstrated aggrieved. It was his short-sight, not his will that had consented. She declined to be pacified. Finally she told him in so many words that the continuance of her favour to him depended upon his recovering and restoring to her her lost gewgaw. He stood aghast; she was inflexible; he was forced to accept the condition, and they parted tragically at her street door.

Johnny spent the rest of the morning in a hopeless quest. His only clue to identification, in possible or impossible quarters, lay in the fact of the purse having contained—its sole riches—a midget photograph of himself. That showed his beloved's anxiety about her property in a very natural and affecting light to him. It quite softened the harshness of her decree in his perplexed and honest heart; but it did not help him otherwise. He wandered from place to place, particularly and fatuously examining the ground about the neighbourhood of the outrage. He called on Scotland Yard and left a description and an offer of a reward. Towards the afternoon, fagged, dispirited and dishevelled, he entered some fashionable swimming baths, and had a brief dip. Too harried to waste any further time in the little inviting lounge

where a half score of bathers, wrapped in towels, were enjoying a post-diluvial coffee and cigarette, he re-entered his box, hurriedly dressed himself, in a state of profound and miserable abstraction, and hastened forth to resume his search, utterly oblivious of the regards of the curious.

About four o'clock he gave it up in desperation, and started walking, in a fever of pre-occupation, for his lady's abode. He would go and throw himself upon her mercy, plead the impracticability of the task she had set him, and implore a reconciliation. She stared as he appeared before her. 'If,' she said, 'you think to impress me by appearing in that sort of sackcloth and ashes, you are very much mistaken. I call it simply disgusting of you.'

For the first time since their parting Johnny thought, really and truly, of himself. At the same instant he caught a glimpse of his figure in a glass, gave a yell of horror, and looked down. The trousers he had on were not his own; they were of shepherd's-plaid cloth, with a broad black band down the seam. His waistcoat was mustard-colour, with brass buttons. He had on a crimson neck-tie, and a black coat preposterously long in the tails.

'It may be the right sort of mourning for the music hall stage——' began the lady.

'I see it all,' he burst forth in anguish. 'I must have gone into some other's man box and put on his clothes!'

Mechanically he thrust his hands into the pockets of the awful unmentionables, dwelt an instant, gasped, and then drew forth from one of them a gold-chain purse, which, on being opened, revealed a midget photograph of himself.

He had chanced into the very dressing-box appropriated to the swell-mobsman to whom the property had been passed by a confederate; and his pre-occupation had accounted for the rest.

The Coincidence of the Will and the Pat of Butter.

Bret Harte has told us, in 'The Iliad of Sandy Bar,' how a trivial difference on a question of taste may bring about an age-long estrangement between hitherto inseparable friends. So it was with Harding and Lovejoy, the former of whom was an amateur poet, the latter an amateur musician. Harding wrote imperishable verse which Lovejoy set to imperishable music—at least each destined the other to immortality through his fortunate collaboration with himself. At the period of their extremest inseparability

they lived and met in London—unostentatiously, for they were both poor. It was as real a grief to Harding as to Lovejoy when the former, accidentally inheriting a considerable freehold estate, had to transfer his quarters to the country. However, he was resolved to do the perfect thing by bequeathing his entire property, in the event of his pre-decease, to his friend ; and he told Lovejoy his intention. Lovejoy was properly and gratefully impressed. This befell on the occasion of his first visit to Harding in his country house, and the matter was discussed during a pleasant stroll before breakfast, which was really the first meal of its kind they had ever enjoyed together. But at that same meal rose a cloud. Lovejoy was fond of butter ; Harding, curiously enough, loathed it. It was a natural antipathy with him. He could never look on its consumers with patience, or observe its more than attenuated application to bread without feeling a sense of personal grievance. It filled him with rageful disgust to see Lovejoy plastering great hunks of it on his toast. He fell silent. Presently he ventured to remonstrate, with difficult playfulness. His interference was received in rather ill part. A coldness succeeded. At lunch the quarrel was renewed. Lovejoy asked for butter. There was none on the table, nor, it was intimated, was it intended that there should be. Pale and butterless, Lovejoy arose. A terrible scene followed. In the end he shook the dust of Nightingale Manor from his feet, and returned that same afternoon to London. The friends never met again. A few years later Harding died, and the ' Home for Superannuated Organ-grinders,' to which he had left his entire property, proved his will. It had been made immediately after the testator's quarrel with Lovejoy.

But Harding's solicitor protested. He had himself, he said, drawn up and witnessed a later will by his client, executed a few days before his death, in which, stricken with remorse and memory, Harding had revoked all former wills, and persisted in his original intention of making his old friend his sole beneficiary. This will had disappeared, and could be found nowhere.

The Home for Superannuated Organ-Grinders, completely sceptical and offensive, went about its business of realising the property. Lovejoy, poorer than ever, could not afford to apply for an injunction. He was living at the time in a shabby lodging in Pentonville —the sort which despatches its hired girl with a plate to the grocer's to fetch home the lodger's butter. One day Anastasia Maria appeared before Lovejoy with the usual quarter pound, bearing

the usual faint furrows of lick-finger marks on its surface and resting on the usual piece of scrap paper. Some writing on the paper caught Lovejoy's attention. Hurriedly he knifed the pat away, and examined the document beneath. It was Harding's lost will, written on a piece of the poet's usual manuscript paper, duly signed and attested, and leaving everything unconditionally to his old friend.

The fact was that the Home for Superannuated Organ-Grinders, in its indecent hurry to convert every stick of its bequest into cash, had overlooked—in the double sense, and with sovereign contempt—some piles of manuscript verse, among which lay the precious and far more melodious sheet. The bundle had been knocked down, in a scrap lot, to Mr. Jabez Solomon, the local nondescript dealer, who had sent it as a Christmas present (for blood is thicker than water) to his uncle, who was a grocer in a small way in Pentonville. Thus the will came to travel to its sure destination round a pat of butter—a peace-offering from the dead, than which none could have been more poetical or more affecting.

The Coincidence of the Bird and the Bullet.

Matravis looked round the stately hall, and sighed. A few days must decide the fate of this old Abbey of his, a melancholy inheritance from ancestors who had bequeathed him, with all clinging love and reverence for an ancient home, a totally inadequate income to maintain it. The Matravis of '45 had been the one, by repute, to ensure its ultimate ruin. Before joining the romantic cause (he had been killed at Culloden) he had—so the legend went—capitalised his rich possessions, and, in the form of gems of price, deposited them in some unrecorded cache, while heavy fines and penalties had further impoverished his immediate heir. Such had always been the story in the family, diluted through generations of unsuccessful search, but still faintly surviving. If he could only alight on this hoard! thought Matravis. It had been the hope of succeeding heirs, one after the other, as the property crumbled about their ears. The woods were denuded; the costly plate long sold; now the end was imminent, and Matravis could not face it. He was a coward, perhaps, in that respect. A man can live without a limb, he thought, but not a limb without a man. Better to end all, and go down into the night which had overtaken him.

At that moment a bramble-finch in a cage hard by uttered its melancholy raucous note. Matravis rose, and opened the cage door. 'Always a plaintive prisoner,' he said. 'Fly to your woods and hills, and take your liberty of my despair. Death teaches us mercy.' With a shivering cry the brambling fled out at the open window, and disappeared into the mists of the Spring morning.

Late in the afternoon Matravis issued forth. He would not desecrate his home. He would do it in the old beech wood, almost the only plot of timber which remained to him. In his breast he carried a revolver with a large bore and a good tearing bullet. Once among the scattered trees, he did not hesitate—he put the weapon to his head. On the instant, from a bough hard by, came the dreary wail of the brambling. Matravis's arm jerked sharply —an explosion deafened his ears—the bullet flew wide. For some moments he stood unnerved and half-stunned; then, mechanically, he turned, as if to mark the destination of his shot. The bullet had struck, it appeared, a great old ruin of a beech tree, and torn a wide flake out of its side. Matravis, as if in some instinct of pity, or sympathy with the ancient life so long associated with that of his house, moved up to the wounded giant and—

It contained the box which contained the jewels, of course. Age-long eaten and hollow, the treasure had been lowered into it from above. The huge thing was a mere shell, and as such had been spared the woodman's axe, while near every one of its fellows was marked with the fatal sign.

The Coincidence of the Hat and the Railway Accident.

Professor Clootz lay at the point of death; and, feeling his end approaching, had sent for his old friend Balderstone, who had been associated with him in some past acute passages of a devoted career. Together they had, for years, wrestled with the vexed problem of decortication—as they designated baldness, or an abnormal depilation of the human scalp—and had more than once during that period made public, in a premature elation, their discovery of *the* elixir, which was actually at last to settle the agonised question of the sensitiveness of the capillary glands, or sacs, to the right form of persuasion. They had consistently approached the subject from a scientific point of view, while imbued with those altruistic principles which characterise all right investigators of our

human scourges ; but, unfortunately as consistently, their universal panaceas, when discovered, were found lamentably deficient in their practical operativeness, and, as a result, not a solitary testimonial from a behaired hairless one ever came to cheer them on their darkling way. Still, devoted men, they had persisted, in the face of slander and ridicule, until, fairly embittered at last, Balderstone had left the field and consigned the whole human race to perdition. As Caligula had desired for it a single neck, which he might cut through at a blow, so Balderstone wore in fancy at his belt its obstinately denuded scalp. He had retired misanthropic, and left his friend to pursue his investigations alone.

It certainly was, and always had been, a bar to the recognition of their qualifications as human benefactors that neither Clootz nor Balderstone could offer a personal justification of his theories. They both were, and remained, as bald as eggs, a fact which 'Veritas' had not failed to point out. This 'Veritas' had constituted himself their ban, their succubus, their persistent and relentless Nemesis. So surely as they had come to expound a new theory, to develop a new treatment, to expose a fallacy or reveal a truth, there was 'Veritas' following them in the public prints, snapping at their heels, smacking them jocundly on their bald pates, as it were, and referring to his own, for which, he said, he still stood awaiting the cure. They did not know who he was. He never revealed himself, or could be identified in any way. His unmistakable style alone testified to the singleness of his persecution. He was as mysterious as Junius ; as ubiquitous as Spring-heeled Jack. Neither place nor time could ensure against his certain appearances. The creature seemed possessed of a diabolical prescience.

Clootz and Balderstone were both mild and earnest men, heavily built, slow to move to wrath ; but the little root of evil which was in them 'Veritas' found and tortured. They could have done him to death at any time with a rich and gloating satisfaction.

When Balderstone entered to his dying friend, he gave a gasp and a start of surprise. The Professor was propped up on his pillows, an ample chimney-pot hat on his head, locks of luxuriant black hair falling from beneath it over his attenuated cheeks. The astounded visitor stood and stared.

'My friend,' said the Professor, smiling weakly, 'I have but a moment to spare, and to you I devote it. Ah, yes ! these locks are real—this hat is the agent of their propagation. Since these many ages of our separation I have alighted at last on the wonderful

discovery—certainly and indubitably alighted. Alone I did it during these final weeks—take it, it is yours. The essence of a profound secret lies concealed within its lining. You have but to wear it on your head, one month, two months, and you shall become even as I. I have no time to tell you more. The devotion of a lifetime——' he failed a moment and rallied; his spirit leapt like the flame of a guttering candle; he held out a denunciatory arm—'On your head I charge you,' he said, 'to whomsoever you shall extend the graces of this beneficent discovery, let it never be to "Veritas." Though you shall come to clothe the heads of the rest of the denuded and deluded world, let "Veritas" of all men go hairless—a mark for the eternal finger of scorn.'

With these words, he gave up the hat, and shortly afterwards the ghost.

The interval between the Professor's death and his funeral gave Balderstone an opportunity of testing the virtues of his strange bequest. They certainly justified their discoverer's claim for them. As he stood bareheaded over his friend's grave, all were aware of a number of sharp bristles, like the spikes on a musical-box barrel, projecting from the mourner's erst-unruffled cranium. Thoughtful, but stern, Balderstone returned by train to town, and, near Victoria, ran into a fog. The train slowed down.

There was a large humorous-looking man seated opposite him, whose head, Balderstone observed, was as hairless as his own had been a week ago. Should he venture to refer to this disfigurement, with a proposal to make the stranger a first subject of his utilitarian operations? While he was considering the matter, he flew suddenly across the carriage, and he and the stranger got mixed up together in a jumble of legs and arms on the floor. The engine-driver, misjudging his distance, had run into the buffer-stops.

The large humorous-looking man, all of a sudden very red and furious, extricated himself violently, snatched up his hat, wrenched open the carriage door, and disappeared, snorting maledictions, into the fog. It was only after some moments of pain and bewilderment that Balderstone awoke to the realisation that he had gone away with his, Balderstone's, cherished hat, leaving his own behind. The discovery took him like a blow in the face; he burst out of the carriage half demented. Flaring obscurity met him on all sides. He ran into people and fell over luggage. Identification in all that uproar and confusion was hopeless. In the end, struggling

and protesting, he was carried off to the hospital, his condition seeming to point to some injury to his head.

It did, but not of the sort people supposed; though he really worked himself into something like a brain fever, and had to be detained. Time and discretion at length sobered him. One day, saddened but convalescent, he was reading a weekly paper, when a letter from a correspondent caught his eye. It was signed by the hated 'Veritas,' and—

The paper dropped from Balderstone's trembling fingers. Could Fate have decreed a more astounding or more malignant example of coincidence! He took up the paper again like one in a ghastly dream.

Yes, the letter was by 'Veritas,' *the* 'Veritas.' The ubiquitous demon wrote simply to make, as a long-professing sceptic, the amende honorable to those faithful Professors of hirsutology Messrs. Clootz and Balderstone. He had been bald, he said, and was now luxuriantly hairy. He believed no more than ever in washes and elixirs; yet the miracle had happened. It was a question, he had discovered, of hirsute telepathy. Did a bald man wear the hat of a hairy man, which had been thoroughly imbued with that hairy man's ego, the bald man would soon be a hairy man himself. He had been led, he confessed, to these conclusions by his involuntary appropriation of a hairy man's (hairy man's!) hat during the confusion following a railway accident, and the results, early realised and persistently encouraged, had been gratifying beyond all expectation. Now it was only his duty to make his experience and his apology public. The hat itself, having served its purpose, he had consigned to the flames; but the principle of the thing survived for the benefit of his suffering fellow-creatures. He made them a present of it.

Balderstone—but it is no good dwelling on that unhappy man's condition. That the only being out of all the world who should not—but, there! One main result of 'Veritas's' letter was the instant and tumultuous demand which arose for well-worn headgear. The owners had only to exhibit a matted pate, to sell at almost any figure they liked to ask. This may have accounted for that curious story about the Bishop of——, who went out for a walk in a canonical topper, and came home in a battered billycock with half a brim.

BERNARD CAPES.

AT LARGE.[1]

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

X.

OUR LACK OF GREAT MEN.

It is often mournfully reiterated that the present age is not an age of great men, and I have sometimes wondered if it is true. In the first place I do not feel sure that an age is the best judge of its own greatness; a great age is generally more interested in doing the things which afterwards cause it to be considered great, than in wondering whether it is great. Perhaps the fact that we are on the look-out for great men, and complaining because we cannot find them, is the best proof of our second-rateness; I do not imagine that the Elizabethan writers were much concerned with thinking whether they were great or not; they were much more occupied in having a splendid time, and in saying as eagerly as they could all the delightful thoughts which came crowding to the utterance, than in pondering whether they were worthy of admiration. In the annals of the Renaissance one gets almost weary of the records of brilliant persons, like Leo Battista Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci, who were architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, athletes and writers all in one; who could make crowds weep by twanging a lute, ride the most vicious horses, take standing jumps over the heads of tall men, and who were, moreover, so impressionable that books were to them as jewels and flowers, and who 'grew faint at the sight of sunsets and stately persons.' Such as these, we may depend upon it, had little time to give to considering their own effect upon posterity. When the sun rules the day, there is no question about his supremacy; it is when we are concerned with scanning the sky for lesser lights to rule the night that we are wasting time. To go about searching for somebody to inspire one testifies, no doubt, to a certain lack of fire and initiative. But, on the other hand, there have been many great men whose greatness their contemporaries did not recognise. We tend at the present time to honour

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achievements when they have begun to grow a little mouldy; we seldom accord ungrudging admiration to a prophet when he is at his best. Moreover, in an age like the present, when the general average of accomplishment is remarkably high, it is more difficult to detect greatness. It is easier to see big trees when they stand out over a copse than when they are lost in the depths of the forest.

Now there are two modes and methods of being great; one is by largeness, the other by intensity. A great man can be cast in a big, magnanimous mould, without any very special accomplishments or abilities; it may be very difficult to praise any of his faculties very highly, but he is there. Such men are the natural leaders of mankind; they effect what they effect not by any subtlety or ingenuity. They see in a wide, general way what they want, they gather friends and followers and helpers round them, and put the right man on at the right piece of work. They perform what they perform by a kind of voluminous force, which carries other personalities away; for lesser natures, as a rule, do not like supreme responsibility; they enjoy what is to ordinary people the greatest luxury in the world, namely the being sympathetically commandeered, and duly valued. Inspiration and leadership are not common gifts, and there are abundance of capable people who cannot strike out a novel line of their own, but can do excellent work if they can be inspired and led. I was once for a short time brought into close contact with a man of this kind; it was impossible to put down on paper or to explain to those who did not know him what his claim to greatness was. I remember being asked by an incredulous outsider where his greatness lay, and I could not name a single conspicuous quality that my hero possessed. But he dominated his circle, for all that, and many of them were men of far greater intellectual force than himself. He had his own way; if he asked one to do a particular thing, one felt proud to be entrusted with it, and amply rewarded by a word of approval. It was possible to take a different view from the view which he took of a matter or a situation, but it was impossible to express one's dissent in his presence. A few halting, fumbling words of his were more weighty than many a facile and voluble oration. Personally I often mistrusted his judgment, but I followed him with an eager delight. With such men as these, posterity is often at a loss to know why they impressed their contemporaries, or why they continue to be spoken of with reverence and enthusiasm. The secret is that it is a kind of moral and magnetic force, and the

lamentable part of it is that such men, if they are not enlightened and wise, may do more harm than good, because they tend to stereotype what ought to be changed and renewed.

That is one way of greatness; a sort of big, blunt force that overwhelms and uplifts, like a great sea-roller, yielding at a hundred small points, yet crowding onwards in soft volume and ponderous weight.

Two interesting examples of this impressive and indescribable greatness seem to have been Arthur Hallam and the late Mr. W. E. Henley. In the case of Arthur Hallam, the eulogies which his friends pronounced upon him seem couched in terms of an intemperate extravagance. The fact that the most splendid panegyrics upon him were uttered by men of high genius is not in itself more conclusive than if such panegyrics had been conceived by men of lesser quality, because the greater that a man is the more readily does he perceive and more magniloquently acknowledge greatness. Apart from 'In Memoriam,' Tennyson's recorded utterances about Arthur Hallam are expressed in terms of almost hyperbolical laudation. I once was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of asking Mr. Gladstone about Arthur Hallam. Mr. Gladstone had been his close friend at Eton and his constant companion. His eye flashed, his voice gathered volume, and with a fine gesture of his hand he said that he could only deliberately affirm that physically, intellectually and morally Arthur Hallam approached more nearly to an ideal of human perfection than anyone whom he had ever seen. And yet the picture of Hallam at Eton represents a young man of an apparently solid and commonplace type, with a fresh colour, and almost wholly destitute of distinction or charm; while his extant fragments of prose and poetry are heavy, verbose and elaborate, and without any memorable quality. It appears indeed as if he had exercised a sort of hypnotic influence upon his contemporaries. Neither does he seem to have produced a very gracious impression upon outsiders who happened to meet him. There is a curious anecdote told by someone who met Arthur Hallam travelling with his father on the Continent only a short time before his sudden death. The narrator says that he saw with a certain satisfaction how mercilessly the young man criticised and exposed his father's statements, remembering how merciless the father had often been in dealing summarily with the arguments and statements of his own contemporaries. One asks oneself in vain what the magnetic charm of his presence and

temperament can have been. It was undoubtedly there, and yet it seems wholly irrecoverable. The same is true, in a different region, with the late Mr. W. E. Henley. His literary performances, with the exception of some half a dozen poetical pieces, have no great permanent value. His criticisms were vehement and complacent, but represent no great delicacy of analysis nor breadth of view. His treatment of Stevenson, considering the circumstances of the case, was ungenerous and irritable. Yet those who were brought into close contact with Henley recognised something magnanimous, noble, and fiery about him which evoked a passionate devotion. I remember shortly before his death reading an appreciation of his work by a faithful admirer who described him as 'another Dr. Johnson,' and speaking of his critical judgment, said 'Mr. Henley is pontifical in his wrath; it pleased him for example to deny to De Quincey the title to wirte English prose.' That a criticism so arrogant, so *saugrenu*, should be re-echoed with such devoted commendation is a proof that the writer's independent judgment was simply swept away by Henley's personality; and in both these cases one is merely brought face to face with the fact that though men can earn the admiration of the world by effective performance, the most spontaneous and enduring gratitude is given to individuality.

The other way of greatness is the way of intensity, that focuses all its impact at some brilliant point, like a rapier-thrust or a flash of lightning. Men with this kind of greatness have generally some supreme and dazzling accomplishment, and the rest of their nature is often sacrificed to one radiant faculty. Their power, in some one single direction, is absolutely distinct and unquestioned; and these are the men who, if they can gather up and express the forces of some vague and widespread tendency, some blind and instinctive movement of men's minds, form as it were the cutting edge of a weapon. They do not supply the force, but they concentrate it; and it is men of this type who are often credited with the bringing about of some profound and revolutionary change, because they summarise and define some huge force that is abroad. Not to travel far for instances, such a man was Rousseau. The air of his period was full of sentiments and emotions and ideas; he was not himself a man of force; he was a dreamer and a poet; but he had the matchless gift of ardent expression, and he was able to say both trenchantly and attractively exactly what everyone was vaguely meditating.

Now let us take some of the chief departments of human effort, some of the provinces in which men attain supreme fame, and consider what kinds of greatness we should expect the present day to evoke. In the department of warfare, we have had few opportunities of late to discover high strategical genius. Our navy has been practically unemployed, and the South African war was just the sort of campaign to reveal the deficiencies of an elaborate and not very practical peace establishment. Though it solidified a few reputations and pricked the bubble of some few others, it certainly did not reveal any subtle adaptability in our generals. It was Lord North, I think, who, when discussing with his Cabinet a list of names of officers suggested for the conduct of a campaign, said, 'I do not know what effect these names produce upon you, gentlemen, but I confess they make me tremble.' The South African war can hardly be said to have revealed that we have many generals who closely corresponded to Wordsworth's description of the Happy Warrior, but rather induced the tremulousness which Lord North experienced. Still, if, in the strategical region, our solitary recent campaign rather tends to prove a deficiency of men of supreme gifts, it at all events proved a considerable degree of competence and devotion. I could not go so far as a recent writer who regretted the termination of the Boer War because it interrupted the evolution of tactical science, but it is undoubtedly true that the growing aversion to war, the intense dislike to the sacrifice of human life, creates an atmosphere unfavourable to the development of high military genius; because great military reputations in times past have generally been acquired by men who had no such scruples, but who treated the material of their armies as pawns to be freely sacrificed to the attainment of victory.

Then there is the region of statesmanship; and here it is abundantly clear that the social conditions of the day, the democratic current which runs with increasing strength in political channels, is unfavourable to the development of individual genius. The prize falls to the sagacious opportunist; the statesman is less and less of a navigator, and more and more of a pilot, in times when popular feeling is conciliated and interpreted rather than inspired and guided. To be far-seeing and daring is a disadvantage; the most approved leader is the man who can harmonise discordant sections, and steer round obvious and pressing difficulties. Geniality and *bonhomie* are more valuable qualities than prescience

or nobility of aim. The more representative that government becomes, the more does originality give place to malleability. The more fluid that the conceptions of a statesman are, the greater that his adaptability is, the more acceptable he becomes. Since Lord Beaconsfield, with all his trenchant mystery, and Mr. Gladstone, with his voluble candour, there have been no figures of unquestioned supremacy on the political stage. Even so, the effect in both cases was to a great extent the effect of personality. The further that these two men retire into the past, the more that they are judged by the written record, the more does the tawdriness of Lord Beaconsfield's mind, his absence of sincere convictions appear, as well as the pedestrianism of Mr. Gladstone's mind, and his lack of critical perception. I have heard Mr. Gladstone speak, and on one occasion I had the task of reporting for a daily paper a private oration on a literary subject. I was thrilled to the very marrow of my being by the address. The parchment pallor of the orator, his glowing and blazing eyes, his leonine air, the voice that seemed to have a sort of physical effect on the nerves, his great sweeping gestures, all held the audience spell-bound. I felt at the time that I had never before realised the supreme and vital importance of the subject on which he spoke. But when I tried to reconstruct from the ashes of my industrious notes the mental conflagration which I had witnessed, I was at a complete loss to understand what had happened. The records were not only dull, they seemed essentially trivial, and almost overwhelmingly unimportant. But the magic had been there. Apart from the substance, the performance had been literally enchanting. I do not honestly believe that Mr. Gladstone was a man of great intellectual force, or even of very deep emotions. He was a man of extraordinarily vigorous and robust brain, and he was a supreme oratorical artist. There is intellect, charm, humour, in abundance in the parliamentary forces ; there was probably never a time when there were so many able and ambitious men to be found in the rank and file of parliamentarians. But that is not enough. There is no supremely impressive and commanding figure on the stage ; greatness seems to be distributed rather than concentrated ; but probably neither this, nor political conditions, would prevent the generous recognition of supreme genius, if it were there to recognise.

In art and literature, I am inclined to believe that we shall look back to the Victorian era as a time of great activity and high performance. The two tendencies here which militate against

the appearance of the greatest figures are, in the first place, the great accumulations of art and literature, and in the second place the democratic desire to share those treasures. The accumulation of pictures, music, and books makes it undoubtedly very hard for a new artist, in whatever region, to gain prestige. There is so much that is undoubtedly great and good for a student of art and literature to make acquaintance with, that we are apt to be content with the old vintages. The result is that there are a good many artists who in a time of less productivity would have made themselves an enduring reputation, and who now must be content to be recognised only by a few. The difficulty can, I think, only be met by some principle of selection being more rigidly applied. We shall have to be content to skim the cream of the old as well as of the new, and to allow the second-rate work of first-rate performers to sink into oblivion. But at the same time there might be a great future before any artist who could discover a new medium of utterance. It seems at present, to take literature, as if every form of human expression had been exploited. We have the lyric, the epic, the satire, the narrative, the letter, the diary, conversation, all embalmed in art. But there is probably some other medium possible which will become perfectly obvious the moment it is seized upon and used. To take an instance from pictorial art. At present, colour is only used in a *genre* manner, to clothe some dramatic motive. But there seems no *prima facie* reason why colour should not be used symphonically like music. In music we obtain pleasure from an orderly sequence of vibrations, and there seems no real reason why the eye should not be charmed with colour-sequences just as the ear is charmed with sound-sequences. So in literature it would seem as though we might get closer still to the expression of mere personality, by the medium of some sublimated form of reverie, the thought blended and tinged in the subtlest gradations, without the barbarous necessity of sacrificing the sequence of thought to the barbarous devices of metre and rhyme, or to the still more childish devices of incident and drama. Flaubert, it will be remembered, looked forward to a time when a writer would not require a subject at all, but would express emotion and thought directly rather than pictorially. To utter the unuttered thought—that is really the problem of literature in the future ; and if a writer could be found to free himself from all stereotyped forms of expression, and to give utterance to the strange texture of thought and fancy, which differentiates each single personality so distinctly, so

integrally, from other personalities, and which we cannot communicate to our dearest and nearest, he might enter upon a new province of art.

But the second tendency which at the present moment dominates writers is, as I have said, the rising democratic interest in the things of the mind. This is at present a very inchoate and uncultivated interest; but in days of cheap publication and large audiences it dominates many writers disastrously. The temptation is a grievous one—to take advantage of a market—not to produce what is absolutely the best, but what is popular and effective. It is not a wholly ignoble temptation. It is not only the temptation of wealth, though in an age of comfort, which values social respectability so highly, wealth is a great temptation. But the temptation is rather to gauge success by the power of appeal. If a man has ideas at all, he is naturally anxious to make them felt; and if he can do it best by spreading his ideas rather thinly, by making them attractive to enthusiastic people of inferior intellectual grip, he feels he is doing a noble work. The truth is that in literature the democracy desires not ideas but morality. All the best-known writers of the Victorian age have been optimistic moralists, Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle, Tennyson. They have been admired because they concealed their essential conventionality under a slight perfume of unorthodoxy. They all in reality pandered to the complacency of the age, in a way in which Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats did not pander. The democracy loves to be assured that it is generous, high-minded and sensible. It is in reality timid, narrow-minded and Pharisaical. It hates independence and originality, and loves to believe that it adores both. It loves Mr. Kipling because he assures them that vulgarity is not a sin; it loves Mr. Bernard Shaw because he persuades them that they are cleverer than they imagined. The fact is that great men, in literature at all events, must be content, at the present time, to be unrecognised and unacclaimed. They must be content to be of the happy company of whom Mr. Swinburne writes:—

> In the garden of death, where the singers, whose names are deathless,
> One with another make music unheard of men.

Then there is the region of Science, and here I am not qualified to speak, because I know no science, and have not even taught it, as Mr. Arthur Sidgwick said. I do not really know what constitutes greatness in science. I suppose that the great man of

science is the man who to a power of endlessly patient investigation joins a splendid imaginative, or perhaps deductive power, like Newton or Darwin. But we who stand at the threshold of the scientific era are perhaps too near the light, and too much dazzled by the results of scientific discovery to say who is great and who is not great. I have met several distinguished men of science, and I have thought some of them to be men of obviously high intellectual gifts, and some of them men of inert and secretive temperaments. But that is only natural, for to be great in other departments generally implies a certain knowledge of the world, or at all events of the thought of the world ; whereas the great man of science may be moving in regions of thought that may be absolutely incommunicable to the ordinary person. But I do not suppose that scientific greatness is a thing which can be measured by the importance of the practical results of a discovery. I mean that a man may hit upon some process, or some treatment of disease, which may be of incalculable benefit to humanity, and yet not be really a great man of science, only a fortunate discoverer, and incidentally a great benefactor to humanity. The unknown discoverers of things like the screw or the wheel, persons lost in the mists of antiquity, could not, I suppose, be ranked as great men of science. The great man of science is the man who can draw some stupendous inference, which revolutionises thought and sets men hopefully at work on some problem which does not so much add to the convenience of humanity as define the laws of nature. We are still surrounded by innumerable and awful mysteries of life and being ; the evidence which will lead to their solution is probably in our hands and plain enough, if anyone could but see the bearing of facts which are known to the simplest child. There is little doubt, I suppose, that the greatest reputations of recent years have been made in Science ; and perhaps when our present age has globed itself into a cycle, we shall be amazed at the complaint that the present era is lacking in great men. We are busy in looking for greatness in so many directions, and we are apt to suppose, from long use, that greatness is so inseparably connected with some form of human expression, whether it be the utterance of thought, or the marshalling of armies, that we may be overlooking a more stable form of greatness, which will be patent to those that come after. My own belief is that the condition of science at the present day answers best to the conditions which we have learnt to recognise in the past as the fruitful soil of greatness. I mean that

when we put our finger, in the past, on some period which seems to have been producing great work in a great way, we generally find it in some knot or school of people, intensely absorbed in what they were doing, and doing it with a whole-hearted enjoyment, loving the work more than the rewards of it, and indifferent to the pursuit of fame. Such it seems to me is the condition of science at the present time, and it is in science, I am inclined to think, that our heroes are probably to be found.

I do not, then, feel at all sure that we are lacking in great men, though it must be admitted that we are lacking in men whose supremacy is recognised. I suppose we mean by a great man one who in some region of human performance is confessedly pre-eminent; and he must further have a theory of his own, and a power of pursuing that theory in the face of depreciation and even hostility. I do not think that great men have often been indifferent to criticism. Often, indeed, by virtue of a greater sensitiveness and a keener perception, they have been profoundly affected by unpopularity and the sense of being misunderstood. Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, for instance, were men of almost morbid sensibility, and lived in sadness; and, on the other hand, there are few great men who have not been affected for the worse by premature success. The best soil for greatness to grow up in would seem to be an early isolation, sustained against the disregard of the world by the affection and admiration of a few kindred minds. Then when the great man has learned his method and his message, and learned too not to over-value the popular verdict, success may mature and mellow his powers. Yet of how many great men can this be said? As a rule, indeed, a great man's best work has been done in solitude and disfavour, and he has attained his sunshine when he can no longer do his best work.

The question is whether the modern conditions of life are unfavourable to greatness; and I think that it must be confessed that they are. In the first place, we all know so much too about each other, and there is so eager a personal curiosity abroad, a curiosity about the smallest details of the life of anyone who seems to have any power of performance, that it encourages men to over-confidence, egotism and mannerism. Again, the world is so much in love with novelty and sensation of all kinds, that facile successes are easily made and as easily obliterated. What so many people admire is not greatness, but the realisation of greatness and its tangible rewards. The result of this is that men who show

any faculty for impressing the world are exploited and caressed, are played with as a toy, and as a toy neglected. And then, too, the age is deeply permeated by social ambitions. Men love to be labelled, ticketed, decorated, differentiated from the crowd. Newspapers pander to this taste; and then the ease and rapidity of movement tempt men to a restless variety of experience, of travel, of society, of change, which is alien to the settled and sober temper in which great designs are matured. There is a story, not uncharacteristic, of modern social life, of a hostess who loved to assemble about her, in the style of Mrs. Leo Hunter, notabilities small and great, who was reduced to presenting a young man who made his appearance at one of her gatherings as 'Mr. ——, whose uncle, you will remember, was so terribly mangled in the railway accident at S——.' It is this feverish desire to be distinguished at any price which has its counterpart in the feverish desire to find objects of admiration. Not so can solid greatness be achieved.

The plain truth is that no one can become great by taking thought, and still less by desiring greatness. It is not an attainable thing; fame only is attainable. A man must be great in his own quiet way, and the greater he is, the less likely is he to concern himself with fame. It is useless to try and copy someone else's greatness; that is like trying to look like someone else's portrait, even if it be a portrait by Velasquez. Not that modesty is inseparable from greatness; there are abundance of great men who have been childishly and grotesquely vain; but in such cases it has been a greatness of performance, a marvellous faculty, not a greatness of soul. Hazlitt says somewhere that modesty is the lowest of the virtues, and a real confession of the deficiency which it indicates. He adds that a man who underrates himself is justly undervalued by others. This is a cynical and a vulgar maxim. It is true that a great man must have a due sense of the dignity and importance of his work; but if he is truly great, he will have also a sense of relation and proportion, and not forget the minuteness of any individual atom. If he has a real greatness of soul, he will not be apt to compare himself with others, and he will be inclined to an even over-generous estimate of the value of the work of others. In no respect was the greatness of D. G. Rossetti more exemplified than in his almost extravagant appreciation of the work of his friends; and it was to this royalty of temperament that he largely owed his personal supremacy.

I would believe then that the lack of conspicuous greatness is due at this time to the over-abundant vitality and eagerness of the world, rather than to any languor or listlessness of spirit. The rise of the decadent school in art and literature is not the least the sign of any indolent or corrupt deterioration. It rather shows a desperate appetite for testing sensation, a fierce hunger for emotional experience, a feverish ambition to impress a point-of-view. It is all part of a revolt against settled ways and conventional theories. I do not mean that we can expect to find greatness in this direction, for greatness is essentially well-balanced, calm, deliberate, and decadence is a sign of a neurotic and over-vitalised activity.

Our best hope is that this excessive restlessness of spirit will produce a revolt against itself. The essence of greatness is unconventionality, and restlessness is now becoming conventional. In education, in art, in literature, in politics, in social life, we lose ourselves in denunciations of the dreamer and the loafer. We cannot bear to see a slowly-moving, deliberate, self-contained spirit, advancing quietly on its discerned path. Instead of being content to perform faithfully and conscientiously our allotted task, which is the way in which we can best help the world, we demand that everyone should want to do good, to be responsible for someone else, to exhort, urge, beckon, restrain, manage. That is all utterly false and hectic. Our aim should be patience rather than effectiveness, sincerity rather than adaptability, to learn rather than to teach, to ponder rather than to persuade, to know the truth, rather than to create illusion, however comforting, however delightful such illusion may be.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.[1]

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHILIPPA was gone, and Catherine sat alone in her little garden at Shepherd's Rest, mechanically gazing down the narrow path before her cottage; upon the rim of turf freshly studded with defiant daisies since yesterday's mowing; upon the edging of pinks, green buds bursting into white bloom in a forest of grey-blue leaf and stem; upon the long line of quivering emerald blades which heralded the arrival of the brilliant gladioli; and the row of standard roses above them.

Her view of the garden path was bounded by the cherry tree she had planted on Philippa's fourth birthday, and by a flowering tree-lupin, a great snow queen showering white blossom above a group of giant oriental poppies, scarlet and black.

In the midst of the beauty she loved, and the garden she had created, the words, *Behold, your house is left unto you desolate*—rang in her ears.

What was the meaning of this dear low red roof—those broad eaves where the house-martins were darting in and out of humbler homes in the shelter of hers, of the brown porch curtained with clematis, the warm cob walls, gay and sweet with roses and honeysuckle—if they did not mean home to Philippa?

Catherine asked herself this question, almost startled by the pang of grief and indignation which assailed her at the thought that her child held cheap this rose-clad corner of the west.

In the course of years, the home, valued at first only because it sheltered the one she loved best in all the world, had become dear for its own sake to Catherine. Had she treasured the casket and lost the jewel it contained?

Her beloved child was sometimes uncertain, capricious, exacting; often unresponsive; but certain was the consolation afforded by that humble cottage, and garden, and farm; certain the dreamy

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joy of the sunset over the hills, the outline of the solemn pines, the blue haze of distance, the white foam of orchard blossom against a turquoise sky, the sunny garden with its shady corners of fig tree and fernery, the silent wood, the brook bubbling eternally in the meadow, the cool restfulness of the oak parlour with its deep window seat and shelves of chosen books, its memories of the warmth and brightness of wood-fire and lamp on winter evenings, of sunblinds and rosebowls in summer days.

For sixteen years the world had passed this corner by, and Catherine had hugged her happiness, forgetful of trouble, believing all her responsibilities bounded by the thatched walls of her garden, and shut in by the high red banks of the Devon hedgerows that enclosed the little farm.

Within these sheltered precincts how faithful she had been to her duties; how she had fought against the idleness and dreaming congenial to her nature; how conscientious, how passionately tender had been her guardianship of her child.

Perhaps poor mortals would seldom fail in duty were duty always cut and dried and certain. It may be the added difficulty of discovering where duty lies that begets hesitation and doubt, and consequent half-heartedness in performance.

It had all been so simple when Philippa was little. When a mother is nurse and playmate and oracle in one, and the child is still a child, it is always simple. But later, who is to solve the problems that arise?

Not the woman-child, impatient of authority, yearning for she knows not what, conscious of having outgrown the nest, yet fretting to suspect herself of ingratitude. Not the mother, half afraid of the stranger who is growing up beside her in place of the helpless babe who was once laid in her bosom; half fearful lest her love be weakness, her grief selfishness, and her bewilderment only want of faith in her child and her God.

Yet when the mutual early dependence has been whole-hearted this spiritual rupture must be endured, must be felt by both. By the mother in proportion to her capacity for spiritual suffering; by the child, perhaps only a little, a very little at the moment, but almost certainly again later, in the retrospect, when the mother, it may be, can feel no more.

Catherine's thoughts wandered from the garden, at which she gazed so earnestly, to the parting of that morning, when Philippa—afflicted with the self-consciousness of youth, in addition to her

large inheritance of the Adelstane dignity—had avoided all demonstration of farewell as far as possible.

'Mother, *please*, don't come to the station to see me off. Let me drive Roper in the pony carriage down to the Abbey this morning, and start with Cousin Augusta, as she said.'

'Very well, my darling,' said Catherine, and added humorously, 'But if I promised not to disgrace you by breaking down, Phil?'

'How can you be *sure* you won't break down?' said Philippa suspiciously. 'No, no, and that horrid Lady Grace will be there.'

'Don't you like Lady Grace? I thought her so pleasant and amiable,' said Catherine, in surprise.

'She looks down on me, and she is always shut up in Cousin Augusta's boudoir, talking and laughing by the hour together,' said Philippa jealously. 'She treats me as though I were a little girl. One comfort is she'll have to go off to her horrid old flat directly we go to London, then I shall have Cousin Augusta all to myself.'

Catherine knew not whether to sigh or to smile at this fervent aspiration, so certain was she that it must prove illusory.

Philippa had stipulated so earnestly for no parting words, that her mother was almost afraid to speak for fear of disturbing her easily ruffled composure.

'It's bad enough to have to go through it all with Aunt Dulcinea, one expects her to cry over one every time one comes back safely from a stroll round the garden; but I can't stand it from you, mummy,' she said impatiently, 'you know I mean to be as careful and good as anything—there, I promise. And I'll write to you regularly. Don't, don't begin reminding me not to get my feet wet and things like that.'

'No, no, I won't,' said Catherine, and she swallowed a thousand anxious injunctions, contenting herself with lecturing Roper upon the care of Philippa's health. 'Only remember, my darling, I am always here, ready to fly to you at any moment if you want me, or get into the slightest trouble or difficulty.'

'Mother, as if I didn't know that. Am I going to the end of the world?' cried Philippa; and the last careless kiss was given, the bright face smiled from the gate upon the sad face in the porch, and the child was gone.

Aunt Dulcinea departed on her usual round of visits, after warmly offering to remain and bear Catherine company.

'But, indeed, dear, I believe it would be better for you to

come out with me. What a fine opportunity for you to begin a little good work! Reading to poor Granny Weston, for instance, who never leaves her bed. It would take your thoughts off the child. Oh, Catherine, I can't help wishing you had gone with her,' said Miss Dulcinea, 'I am so afraid you will fret, alone with a dull old person like me.'

'I have too much to do here, to go out in the morning, auntie. That is *your* work, to do the visiting and reading,' said Catherine smiling, 'and I like very much to be alone now and then. You know Philippa has scarcely been at home at all since Cecil and Augusta came back. No, no, you must toddle round as usual. Let me see, it's your day for lunching with old Miss Nutt, and tea at the parsonage. I will send the pony-carriage for you at about six.'

'Well, if you are sure you don't mind, darling. I don't like to disappoint Miss Nutt, and the luncheon prepared, and all. And she will want to hear about the picnic, and Philippa's going to London, you know, and everything.'

Catherine was not very sorry to see Miss Dulcinea off. She helped her tie on the brown mushroom hat which hung in the hall, found her walking-stick, and saw that the old-fashioned round basket she carried on her arm, in the shelter of her grey cloak, was properly filled with the little gifts the poor lady loved to distribute.

But when this old sister of mercy had departed, instead of going at once to her daily work in the dairy or elsewhere, Catherine went upstairs, and looked sadly about her empty silent room, and at Philippa's little white bed next her own. Inanimate things that have no voices when human beings are present speak very loudly sometimes in their absence. To Catherine's listening heart a thousand voices surged in the silence. She felt in this moment a melancholy foretaste of what life would be when her child, in the course of nature, passed altogether out of her daily existence. The thought was intolerable, and she went downstairs and into the garden to escape it. There she sat upon the bench beneath the fig tree, and unmindful of the brightness of the summer morning, shed a few quiet tears.

The click of the latch of the garden gate caused her to look up in surprise. Visitors did not often find their way up to Shepherd's Rest in the morning.

'Oh, David, I am very glad to see you. It was good of you to

come,' she cried, hastening to meet him, 'you knew that she had started?'

'She—who—oh, Philippa! I beg your pardon. Of course I knew she was going to-day, but I am afraid I have come on selfish errands of my own,' he said, looking down upon her with some concern, as he noted the signs of weeping on her soft pale face. 'Why, you are not so unhappy over it as all that, little Catherine, are you?'

'I am afraid you will laugh at me,' said Catherine, and she tried to smile through her tears.

'You are laughing at yourself! Tears because Philippa has left you for how long—a week—three weeks—a month? Why, Catherine, you are growing morbid, shut up in this little nest.'

'Perhaps so,' she said wistfully. 'It sounds absurd I know, but even now I long to pack up and follow her, if I were not ashamed——'

'Why not?'

'You heard her say—you know—she wanted to go by herself,' Catherine faltered.

'To be sure; so would you and I at her age,' he said warmly. 'She is too old to be treated like a baby.'

'She seems little more than a baby to me sometimes,' Catherine admitted.

'Nonsense, she is a woman. Why, she would make two of you! And a very princess of dignity. Far better able to take care of herself than you are,' he said, smiling. Then his manner changed to remorseful tenderness. 'Am I very, very unsympathetic? Poor little Catherine.'

'Oh, David, David, you are so like Delia when you speak like that. It makes me able to talk to you more openly than I could to others, for I feel almost as though I were talking to her once more. I am so afraid I have been selfish, not giving Philippa proper chances, not facing the world as I should. I torment myself thinking so, and now I feel so unfit to begin. I have no one to advise me—who understands,' said Catherine, with trembling lip. 'Perhaps old Lady Sarah might, but she always said I was wrong to shut myself up here. You are a man of the world, David, what do you think I ought to have done?'

'What does it matter what you ought to have done? It is no use to think about that, since you can't go back,' said David decidedly. 'You did the best you could, according to your judgment

at the time; and I should like to know how you could have done better, or how you could wish Philippa different. You have brought her up splendidly. She is at home among her father's people, and familiar with her future inheritance. Talk of English girls, she is the very ideal of an English girl. Fair and healthy, and transparently innocent and sincere.'

'Oh, David, how you comfort me! Yes, my darling is all that,' cried Catherine, flushing a little proudly.

'What more do you want?' he said, 'you've helped to make her all that. And yet you are afraid to trust her away from you for a few days!'

'I am not exactly afraid of trusting her. Indeed she is very high-principled—in her way,' said Catherine, smiling, 'far more anxious to do the right thing than I am myself. She reminds me a little of Cecil.'

'I cannot see the resemblance,' said David. 'Cecil is a good fellow, but he is as cold as an iceberg, and as dull as ditchwater. No, no, she may owe her beautiful profile to the Adelstanes, but she owes her high principles to you.'

'I have done my best,' said Catherine wistfully, 'I am shocked to remember how few principles I began life with. No one told me anything. I have had to evolve them from my own experience and convictions.'

'Those are the principles to which one can never be false,' he said gravely.

There was a pause, and then he spoke with something of Delia's eagerness and certainty of sympathy.

'And now may I speak of my own troubles? For to tell you the truth I came to ask consolation and not to administer it. We are rather in a tangle down at Bridescombe.'

'Is it little Lily?'

'Yes. How did you guess?'

'I saw signs of something brewing with Clara at the picnic. I suppose what you said the other day opened my eyes. And I watched Lily. She was so unlike her usual little moping self when she was playing with you. But you are right, David. The child is not happy and she is not well. To be sure, she said she had a headache!'

'She always has a headache,' said David bluntly. 'Catherine, I want you to take her in for a bit.'

'I!' said Catherine, startled.

'Will you?'

'Will I? Oh, David, can you ask? Delia's child! Is it your idea?'

'Well,' he said, laughing quietly, 'I may say it is Lily's idea.'

'But what will Mrs. Chilcott say?'

'You are as bad as George! But he will not consult his mother about this. He wishes it as much as I do. He has just discovered that Lily's little noddle is not so empty as he supposed. Her poor little journal has come to light, and with it what Clara is pleased to call the revelation of Lily's true character. Oh, Catherine, as I read, the years seemed to roll backward, and I heard my little sister Delia talking to me. Poor old George is quite overcome by the discovery that a worm will turn. In other words, that a child who is terrorised morning, noon and night, resorts to fibbing.'

'David, if Clara were set over me——'

'Exactly. So should I. But poor old George wouldn't. Partly because he's innately honest and partly because he's innately stupid. So he's as miserable as possible. Determined to rescue Lily's morals, and not knowing how to do it without seeming to insult his mother. So I suggested coming up to consult you—unbeknown, of course, to Aunt Lydia. At least, I hope so!'

The humorous alarm of his expression caused Catherine to reflect that after all, David being but mortal man, he probably disliked the prospect of a scene with two angry women as much as poor George himself.

'How would it be,' she said, 'you know they think *me* very artful, and perhaps I am a little—if *I* came down and asked for Lily to stay with we while Philippa was away? Then they could blame me, and it would be less uncomfortable for you and George. And nothing need be explained to Lily.'

'Catherine, you are an angel!' He took her hand and kissed it, and she was so unused—poor Catherine—to the ghost of a caress, that the gentle gallantry of his salute caused her to blush with confusion.

'Perhaps she will console you a little,' he said presently, 'for Philippa's absence.'

She shook her head, smiled, and sighed, looking round the little garden which lay before them in the full warmth of the morning sunshine, though the bench where they were seated was pleasantly shaded. But she saw only the vision of her daughter's

bright face, all smiles and gladness—as she had seen it last. Yet she thought Philippa had cast a backward glance over her shoulder as she turned away; as though she, too, were conscious that she was leaving her childhood behind her for ever, and was taking a mute, hurried, half-frightened farewell.

With a start Catherine's attention was recalled to the guelder rose nodding over the roof of the garden shed, upon which David's eyes were fixed.

'We used to call them snowballs,' he said, indicating the round white blossoms with the point of his stick. 'What's the real name?'

She told him.

'Philippa called them porridge-balls, I don't know why,' said Catherine, and the foolish recollection filled her eyes with tears again; she saw the baby Philippa running over the little lawn in her white frock and red shoes so very plainly just then.

'Suppose I invited myself to lunch with you,' said David suddenly.

'Will you? It would be a great pleasure. But I must order something more substantial. Augusta says I live like a Spartan.'

'She has not many opportunities of judging, I should gather.'

'No, she has not. But she lunched here once and that was enough. And then Roper was to the fore. Now I have only my village maiden, and I am afraid I prefer my own cooking to hers. You are not like the others to be shocked!'

His laugh rang through the quiet cottage as he followed Catherine, stooping his tall head to enter the low doorway.

The little maid had arranged Catherine's frugal lunch on the round table in the window of the old-fashioned entrance: once farm kitchen and living room, now by courtesy the hall. The day was hot, but the thickness of the cob walls and high-pitched roof made the interior of the cottage cool, and the square lattice stood open. The honeysuckle blew in and swung round the frame which held the living picture of blooming garden and green country side. On the snowy cloth stood a home-baked loaf, a plate of lettuce, a red pitcher of milk, some frozen yellow butter, and an iced junket heaped with clotted cream.

'A refrigerator is my pet luxury,' said Catherine. 'It is extraordinary to me how many people in small country houses grudge the expense of ice, and are contented to speckle their own and their visitors' cups of tea with sour milk and curdling cream.

I was going to make myself an omelette, David, but you shall have something more substantial.'

She flitted cheerfully away to the kitchen and larder, surprised at her own good spirits. 'There is something in a man's presence which disperses the primness and dulness of a house like magic,' she thought to herself; and the little handmaid thought so too, as she followed her mistress in a flutter of pleasure and surprise, and anxiety that the gentleman should have everything he could possibly desire.

The luncheon was actually a merry one, though Catherine would not have conceived it possible that the first meal she sat down to after Philippa's departure could be a cheerful one.

There was a curious sense of comradeship; a restful certainty that her thoughts could be translated into words without fear of misunderstanding; she was used to being continually on guard in the presence of her child, before whom it was inexpedient to speak openly of all that was in her heart and mind; and who was besides a severe though unconscious critic of her mother's words and ways, as Catherine was ruefully aware. Miss Dulcinea heard imperfectly, was apt to require much explanation, and given to retailing very innocently matter too insignificant in itself not to gain in the telling. Conversation had, in fact, to be suited to Miss Dulcinea's age quite as carefully as to Philippa's youth. The two could say what they chose to her; it was her business to console, to advise, and to listen. But here was equality of age, independence, and understanding.

Catherine forgot her unhappiness and David his anxiety about little Lily; they talked of Delia—not sadly, but recalling characteristics of her youth, and the memories they had in common; and presently David spoke a little, and briefly, of his work, enough to show Catherine that it absorbed the greater part of his interest in life. As he talked it seemed to her as though her horizon widened and lifted, and she caught a glimpse of a great world teeming with life and action, beyond this little silent rustic Paradise of hers, the world upon which she had turned her back in her youth.

How small and petty and narrow must her existence seem to him, she reflected sorrowfully, oblivious of the charm with which the haven of a settled home is invested to the mind of a life-long wanderer.

After luncheon David smoked a cigarette in the garden, and

listened to the loud song of a thrush in the cherry tree. He reflected rather dreamily and tenderly upon the peace of this quiet cottage among the hills, and wished, perhaps, for the space of a few seconds, that he had such a shelter waiting for him somewhere in the wide world. Poor little Catherine! David was in years actually her senior, and yet he was acutely conscious of the fact that her life was over, while his lay before him yet, full of possibilities and hope and ambitions.

'Her voice is plaintive,' he thought, 'even though it is sweet, and there is a wistful look in her eyes, which were beautiful eyes once and are beautiful yet, though the lustre of youth has departed. What a lovely colour she had in those days when we went primrosing—seventeen years ago—eighteen, by Jove! How pale and gentle she is now. Poor little Catherine!'

He thought indulgently of her grief at parting with her daughter even for a few weeks. It was natural that she should grudge the sharing of her treasure with others, just as it was natural the child should wish to go.

His heart was very tender towards Catherine as she came out presently, dressed for walking, and they set forth together on their mission to Bridescombe.

CHAPTER IX.

INSTEAD of allowing Lord John Trelleck to escort her back to town immediately after Whitsuntide, as Augusta had planned, Lady Sarah chose to remain at the Abbey until the very day when Lady Adelstane's engagements obliged her to return to town. Lady Sarah did not, however, propose to travel *en famille*, and therefore departed by the early morning train, with her dog, her maid, and her footman in attendance; after taking an unusually affectionate farewell of her grandson, who was detained in the country by business, and of her hostess.

'I like to travel alone, Augusta, and not to feel it necessary to bawl across a railway carriage; nor to be bawled at, for that matter, even by the pleasantest companion in the world, as I am sure, my love, you must be. As soon as you are settled down, send Philippa to see me. I shall like to see how she looks when she is properly dressed, and I hope that *farouche* manner of hers will presently disappear. Be sure you don't have her stuffed with a

quantity of useless lessons. Take her about and let her amuse herself.'

'That is exactly what I mean to do,' said Augusta comfortably. For once she was quite in accord with Lady Sarah.

'Of course, she is not *out*,' she said, suddenly mindful of her promise to Catherine, 'but there are many little things a girl can very well enjoy before she comes out.'

'My dear, I was married at her age,' said Lady Sarah, who was never tired of recalling the circumstance; 'I have been thinking who there is that might do for Philippa. Of course my poor cousin Kentisbury's boy comes to one's mind. He has had a long minority, and though his father was a sad scamp, this young man has been very carefully brought up by his mother, and she is dying to get him safely married, or if she is not, she ought to be; for he is just at the age when young men are apt to make fools of themselves. I will give her a hint. I have no doubt he is just the husband for Philippa, though I can't say I know him at all yet.'

But Augusta had met the young man twice, so felt justified in stating that she knew him very well indeed, and that he was perfectly charming.

'The fact is, I intend to get him to a boy and girl dinner party for the Lundys' dance,' she said, immediately adding his name to a mental list she had compiled. 'That is to be quite a small affair: her girl is only seventeen.'

'I thought Catherine stipulated for no dances,' said Lady Sarah maliciously.

'Of course I must use my discretion—when it comes to boy and girl affairs,' said Augusta, with dignity. 'One would not take her to a ball.'

'I wish you would toddle over to Bridescombe with me,' said Mrs. Ralt confidentially to Lady Grace Trumond. 'Gussie has made one excuse after another until there is only this morning left, and I really *am* keen on going to look at George Chilcott's stud-farm before we start.'

'I should be only too pleased if Augusta would not mind.'

'My dear good girl, she's a hundred things distracting her, besides making sure that Lady Sarah does not miss her train. And I must positively get a little exercise before the motor comes round.'

'So must I, now I come to think of it. What a shame to return to London on a morning like this,' said Lady Grace.

They took a pleasant way under the limes, beside the wide avenue that led to the village. A laurel hedge formed a sheltering wall on the one side of the footpath, and the lime branches swept the grass bank on the other.

The day was breathlessly hot, but the thick foliage arching overhead permitted no ray of sun to penetrate the cool twilight of this green colonnade.

'Why do you go back to town then? Come north with us, we shall have a pleasant trip. No stuffy railway for us,' said the cheerful Blanche. 'Ralte is as pretty in its way as this. No—not so pretty,' she added conscientiously, 'but at least a million times better than London!'

'You are very kind, but I am afraid I must return.'

'Come later then. You know, you and I could be very good pals,' said Blanche frankly. 'As one grows older one finds no companionship so pleasant as that of the people one has known all one's life. Nothing to explain away, and all allusions to the past comprehended. Saves so much trouble,' said Blanche, with her jolly laugh.

Lady Grace was aware that Blanche was in many ways more companionable than Augusta, whose selfishness became at times as fatiguing to witness as to endure. She was also aware that Blanche, though outspoken and rough in her manner, was by no means the eccentric vulgarian that her sister, in conversation with her intimates, represented her to be.

Sir Cecil's estimate of his sister-in-law had been powerfully affected by the misquotations of her sayings and doings, and the apocryphal anecdotes of her past which Augusta had indulged in for years, without the slightest appreciation of her own inaccuracy. But Lady Adelstane's friends were less blind than her husband to her idiosyncrasies, and were thus apt to discount her remarks. Lady Grace had too much good sense to allow her own calm judgment to be distorted by the prejudices of Augusta.

She observed the curious fact that the twins differed in character as widely as in appearance.

Blanche was outwardly self-assertive, though inwardly the very soul of generosity and good nature, while Augusta's amiable manner covered a grasping and tenacious disposition.

'She cares for nothing and nobody in the world but herself

and her own comfort,' thought Lady Grace. But she was Augusta's chosen friend of the moment, and had accepted much hospitality from her, and she knew that any display of intimacy with Blanche would be tantamount to disloyalty in the eyes of the jealous younger sister. It would not be 'playing the game.'

Therefore she could not immediately respond to Mrs. Ralt's overtures.

'Perhaps, later, if you are so kind as to ask me again,' she said, reflecting that by the end of the summer Augusta's affection would probably have cooled down.

'You can write and tell me any time you're free,' said Blanche, winking openly and cheerfully at her companion in order to indicate that she understood the situation perfectly, 'fit in any odd moments, you know, to suit yourself, between more attractive invitations. Bob and I are a dull couple; but, however, he suits me, and I suit him. The great thing is to marry for companionship when all is said and done, since love in the nature of things is bound to be evanescent. I don't know that we ever pretended to be in love with each other. But first we hobnobbed over horses, and now we hobnob over motors. Look here, I will show you a capital short cut to Bridescombe if you don't mind going through the churchyard and across a couple of fields.'

'Far pleasanter than the high road,' said Lady Grace.

'I know no prettier churchyard,' said Blanche, threading her way among the quiet hillocks and old moss-grown headstones to the turnstile in the low wall, over which the foxgloves were nodding in profusion above the fern, on the outskirts of the adjacent orchard. 'Here we are on George Chilcott's land, and very good land it is, poor fellow.'

'Why poor fellow? He appears to be well off. I like George Chilcott,' said Lady Grace languidly.

'Then I wish you'd marry him. Somebody ought to marry him, and if you like him I do not see why it should not be you,' said Mrs. Ralt, with great animation.

'I should be delighted, of course, but he hasn't asked me.'

'Of course he hasn't asked you. He's not had a chance. He'd ask you fast enough if he had, I make no doubt. And now I come to think of it,' said Blanche, pursuing her idea with great interest, 'you would be the very person to tackle that awful mother and sister. Now, do be sensible, Grace; I'm very fond of George Chilcott, and he's one of the best fellows in the world.

I always call him Nathaniel, because in him there is no guile; or was it Nicodemus, I declare I forget! Anyway I call him Nathaniel. I'll get him to Ralte this summer if you'll only come.'

'Of course I'll come,' said Lady Grace, and she smiled so calmly that Blanche could not be certain whether she were in jest or in earnest.

George Chilcott, unaware of these plans for his future happiness, sat wearily in his study, with the local newspaper in his hand, pretending to read; and wishing that after all he had walked to Shepherd's Rest with David, instead of waiting passively at home to hear the result of his embassy to Catherine.

Becoming aware of footsteps on the gravel path, he looked up impatiently, expecting to see Clara once more; but instead he perceived Lady Grace, in her pretty summer dress, with a flounced parasol shading her delicate face. Though her features were too thin and too marked for actual beauty, her whole appearance was that of an exquisitely well-bred and graceful woman, whose good looks were thrown into high relief by the pronounced plainness of her companion's face and attire.

George Chilcott came through the open casement to greet them with an acute sensation of relief and pleasure; he had been in the shadow of disgrace with his own womenkind all day, and it was agreeable to meet the sunshine of Lady Grace's charming smile.

'Do forgive us for turning up at this unseasonable hour. I assure you we were going to ring at the front-door bell. But we're off to-day; Grace to town by the afternoon train, and I to motor with Bob. So as I'd made up my mind to come over before we left, and have a look at the gees, why here we are!' cried Mrs. Ralt heartily.

'I disclaim all responsibility,' said Lady Grace gaily.

At this moment old Mrs. Chilcott, attended by Clara, came round the corner of the house upon them, as they stood in the centre of the path.

Both ladies wore the severe and mournful aspect of persons who have but recently participated in a painful scene; and as neither was versed in the art of disguising her feelings, both continued to wear it, so that the greeting and shaking hands with Mrs. Ralt and the presentation of Lady Grace to old Mrs. Chilcott, whom she had not previously met, were but melancholy ceremonies.

Mrs. Ralt's cheerful explanations of her early intrusion were

received with mournful incredulity by Clara and chilling gravity by her mother, and George cut them short.

'We'll go at once. Excuse me, I'll get a hat.' He dashed in and dashed out again. 'It's only a few yards to the stables—but as you are in a hurry——'

'I think the garden is far more in my line,' said Lady Grace, 'perhaps I may be allowed to wait for you here?' she looked at Mrs. Chilcott for permission.

Mrs. Ralt was about to protest, but she suddenly recollected that for the success of her plans it might be as well that Lady Grace should make acquaintance with her destined mother-in-law.

'Well—we shan't be long. In fact, we daren't be long,' she shouted over her shoulder as she strode off beside the squire.

'Something disagreeable has happened,' thought Lady Grace, who had observed that George did not look at his relatives, and who read the expression of their faces very clearly; and she exerted herself to make conversation of the kind she thought they would prefer.

'How very beautiful your garden is looking.'

'It is considered pretty, I believe,' said Mrs. Chilcott sternly, as though she had no opinion on the matter personally. 'Of course we do not pretend to compare it with the gardens at the Abbey.'

'I think your roses are even finer. What a magnificent Niphetos. It is my favourite rose.'

'My son is a great gardener. He gives a great deal of attention to his rose-trees.'

'It is an odd thing for a gentleman to do,' said Clara solemnly.

'It is a fascinating study. I used to bud roses,' said Lady Grace.

'Do you live in the country?' said Clara.

'Alas, no! I live in a small and solitary flat in town, to which I am returning to-day.'

'Then you cannot have much opportunity for gardening.'

'I have none at all now, I am sorry to say!'

'I should have thought a house would have been more private than a flat if you live alone,' said Miss Clara.

'You are quite right,' said Lady Grace, smiling, 'but a flat has one convenience—some people think it the only one—you can shut it up and go away.'

Neither of her auditors smiled.

'Then I cannot see the good of having one, if it is no more use than that,' said Clara.

'Nobody cares to stay at home, I believe, nowadays,' said Mrs. Chilcott, without relaxing her disapproving attitude.

'My brother is going to stay in a flat in London next week with our relative, Colonel David Moore,' said Clara; 'it is only a furnished flat. I do not think he will be so comfortable as in his own house.'

'I am quite sure he won't,' said Lady Grace.

'It's in Buckingham Gate Mansions, and it belongs to a brother officer who has lent it to Colonel Moore.'

'A most convenient situation,' said Lady Grace politely. 'Mine is on the other side of the Park—a long way off.'

'I wonder you like to live the wrong side of the Park,' said Clara impressively.

'The wrong side? I don't know why I do,' said Lady Grace vaguely; and thought to herself, 'after all, I rather wish I had gone with the others.'

Mrs. Ralt did not, as she declared, dare to linger unduly over her inspection of the Bridescombe stud; but walking to the farm was an affair of ten minutes, and the shire horses had to be examined and discussed, so that nearly three-quarters of an hour elapsed before her return, during which time even Lady Grace, who was usually proficient in small talk, had exhausted her conversational powers. She gave vent to something very like a sigh of relief when her friend appeared, somewhat overheated by her rapid progress, and chatting loudly with the stalwart squire, whose good humour had been obviously restored in her cheerful company.

'Must you go? I wish you would stay to luncheon,' he cried with much sincerity; for indeed he dreaded the coming meal, when he must presently sit opposite his offended parent, with his disapproving sister on one side, and his penitent child—or, worse still, her vacant chair to remind him of her misdeeds—on the other. 'Won't you stay?'

'No, no, it would be more than our places are worth,' said Mrs. Ralt, shaking hands all round without delay. 'Come, Grace, we must run for it, and it's not weather for running.'

'You had better go through the shrubbery. I'll show you the way. It is by far the coolest path,' cried George zealously.

'Thank you, we will. By the bye, where is Grace's little

friend?' said Mrs. Ralt, suddenly recollecting her deep-laid schemes.

George paused imperceptibly before muttering that she was not very well, and his mutter was overborne by Clara's conscientious explanation.

'Lady Grace has already asked for her. I was sorry to be obliged to tell her that Lily has not been at all good,' she said, with a severity intended for Lily's father. 'And she is consequently in disgrace, and has had to be punished.'

'I can feel for her. We shall be in disgrace when we get back,' cried Mrs. Ralt, with her loudest laugh. But Lady Grace looked straight before her with an expression which was not lost upon those piercing black eyes set in Mrs. Chilcott's wrinkled face. Her continuous sharpness had hitherto failed to shake her guest's unfailing graciousness in the very slightest degree, and Mrs. Chilcott was piqued; she thought she perceived a vulnerable point at last, and attacked without hesitation.

'I suppose you disapprove of our old-fashioned methods. I believe nowadays modern children escape all discipline, and are allowed to do and say exactly what they choose,' she said with almost an offensive intonation.

Lady Grace looked at her calmly. 'I disapprove of the theory of punishment—yes,' she said lightly but very distinctly, 'I believe it to be a relic of barbarism. Reform, not revenge—is my motto. But I dare say I am quite wrong you know,' she added with a charming smile. 'There are generally two sides to every question, aren't there?'

George perceived that Mrs. Chilcott was angry; but his admiration for Lady Grace rose very high. He felt none of the discomfort and alarm which had assailed him in former years, on the rare occasions when Delia had encountered his autocratic parent. Delia had then shown hot sparks of a temper hardly inferior to Mrs. Chilcott's own; and losing her self-control, had taken part in the violent scenes which had embittered existence at Bridescombe since George's earliest recollections. She had declared that her only safety lay in flight, and during her lifetime avoided her husband's family as much as possible. But here was different mettle. Lady Grace was cold, smiling, gracious; her self-command was absolute. He realised that here was a woman fully capable of fighting Lily's battles or her own, without growing angry at all.

'I suppose you are a Radical,' gasped Mrs. Chilcott.

'I suppose I am,' said Lady Grace, smiling yet more graciously. 'Not when they are in the majority, however. I am always for the weaker side.' Her calm blue eyes met the fiery gaze of George's mother, and Mrs. Chilcott knew that for the second time that day she had encountered a spirit stronger than her own.

'What do you think of her, mamma?' asked Clara, before the two ladies and their escort were well out of sight.

'I think she is a very artful woman,' said Mrs. Chilcott angrily. 'After the way in which you told me she behaved the other day, petting Lily, and driving home in the dog-cart with George. I consider her coming over here just another proof that she is making up to him in the most barefaced manner. But I hope I showed her that her foolish attempts at flattering me made no impression, even though she does happen to be the daughter of an ex-Cabinet Minister.'

'Her father was a very celebrated man, though,' said Miss Clara, awestruck at her mother's contempt for the great Lord Magloire's only child.

'Of course he was in his day. But that is no reason why his daughter should be languid and affected,' said Mrs. Chilcott sharply. 'He left no fortune at all. Everyone knows that, and a great many things were said about him both before and after his death.'

'I thought she must be badly off to live all by herself in a flat,' said Clara, and she beamed with odd satisfaction; taking almost equal pleasure in the fact of Lady Grace's poverty and her own perspicuity in discovering it.

Catherine, too, had an unpleasant quarter of an hour to face at Bridescombe, when she sat opposite Mrs. Chilcott and Clara in the morning-room, after delivering her invitation to her god-child. But expostulations, satire and indignation were now alike wasted upon George, who would not, after all, permit Catherine to bear the brunt of battle unsupported; but first announced his determination that Lily should accept the invitation immediately, and then sat in sullen silence while the child's preparations were being made and while Catherine endeavoured in vain to soften the indignation of her aunt and cousin by dwelling upon her own loneliness, and the kindness it would be to her to spare her this little companion until Philippa's return. One barbed arrow from Mrs. Chilcott's inexhaustible quiver flew straight to her niece's heart.

'I wonder you should care to undertake the charge of another child when everyone knows you can't manage your own, Catherine.'

Poor Catherine was white and trembling by the time she had uttered her farewells, and found herself seated by George's side in the dogcart, with Lily squeezed between them, and her minute trunk on the back seat with the groom.

Lily herself was as silent as her elders; frightened, yet possessed by a secret joy and amazement.

Was it possible that her dream of dreams was after all to be fulfilled, and that she was going to stay at Shepherd's Rest with her godmother, in her wonderful cottage full of books, and away from her aunt Clara?

Though she clung to her father's neck when he set her down at the rustic gate and kissed her very seriously and bade her be a good girl, it was with an almost incredulous sensation of bliss that she saw him actually depart, leaving her behind. Up to the last moment, and even after she had seen her small trunk borne upstairs to the bedroom under the brown eaves, Lily had feared he might change his mind, and decide upon some less extraordinary form of reprisal for her misdeeds.

Her grandmother's parting speech, that to be sent away from home as a punishment was the most fearful disgrace that could befall a little girl, weighed down her mind with a secret sense of guilt that made her even paler and quieter than usual as she followed Catherine into the cottage.

She was awed by the gentleness with which her godmother lifted her presently on to her knee, and put both arms round her, and laid her own tired face against the child's soft dark curls. Was it possible that Cousin Catherine was crying?

Lily's self-control gave way upon this conviction, and she burst into tears herself, and sobbed passionately with her thin arms tightening convulsively round Catherine's neck. She thought it must be her own wickedness that had caused those tears to flow.

'Oh I will be good, I will be good. I'm sorry, indeed I'm sorry,' she cried, hiding her face against that soft bosom in an outburst of childish shame and misery.

George came to Shepherd's Rest to bid his little girl farewell before going to town, and was startled to come suddenly upon his child flying like the wind across the lawn, her dark curls blowing about her cheeks, and her eyes bright with laughter. He flushed

a dull red all over his heavy face when she stopped short at sight of him; he could not help seeing that the merriment died out of her wide eyes.

'Are you afraid of me, Lily?' he asked.

'No, Papa,' she said nervously, but her nervousness was explained by the faltering question, 'Have you come to take me away?'

'No, to say good-bye,' said George, and his heart ached to see the quick look of relief.

'David is right, she has been unhappy,' he thought sadly.

He took some comfort, however, in the demonstration of affection and welcome which followed his assurances that she was to stay at Shepherd's Rest for the present, and they walked about hand in hand, while she showed him, with newborn importance, her favourite corners of the garden.

David followed with Catherine, and was well content with the improvement in Lily's looks, and the obvious success of his experiment.

'After all,' he said, 'it's not very wonderful she should be happy here. It's a child's Paradise. What a bower of beauty you have managed to make of poor old Tedburn's farm.'

'You should see her dairy,' said George proudly, 'and her new cider-press. She beats me there, I can tell you. There isn't a farm in the country, of the size, that can hold a candle to her's. I would never believe it could be the work of a woman.'

This was the highest praise George knew how to bestow, and he gave utterance to it with honest warmth.

'Oh, George, I owe nearly all I have learnt to you,' said Catherine, who was cast in far too feminine a mould to resent any such assumption of manly superiority; and who therefore took her cousin's praise as it was meant, in simple good faith.

She led the way through her red-tiled house-place, and down the worn step beneath the sunken archway, into her dairy. Here stood rows of bright tin pails holding newly-scalded milk covered with wrinkled yellow cream; and the great red earthen bowl where the clotted cream already skimmed was heaped in rich and luscious folds.

The wooden churn, scoured to whiteness, lay sunning itself on the high window sill, where the rays penetrated through the green curtain of leaves, into the fresh cool twilight of grey stone arches, granite flags, and rows of slated shelves.

A low doorway in the north wall led through a dim porch into the farmyard; and here George began a tour of inspection which only ended at tea-time, when they were summoned to a feast of strawberries and home-baked cakes, spread upon a little white-covered table in the porch.

Soon after partaking of this refreshment the two men took their leave and went away together, pausing simultaneously to wave farewell before turning the corner of the lane which hid from view the garden where Catherine stood, in her grey gown and shady hat, holding Lily's hand.

In their ears rang her parting words of entreaty.

'I am taking care of your child. Do what you can for mine.'

'Trust *me*. If there were anything—anything—but what could she want?' David had said, looking kindly and laughing into those wistful hazel eyes. But George had wrung Catherine's hand in silence. He knew not how to express the gratitude which filled him, save by that mighty and painful grip.

(To be continued.)

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WROTH.[1]

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE is a salon in the Palazzo Mordante, small in comparison with the state apartments, which has escaped their solemn gloom. It takes a corner and looks from cross windows, one on the narrow street, one over more lowly dwellings towards the white spaces of Santa Croce.

This room had been allotted to La Roche-Amand; and here in the days that followed the arrival in Florence he had spent most of his time. It had been a pleasant and mellow solitude. Here the gentle philosophy of his years had returned to him, displacing the untoward emotions engendered by Juliana's ill-jointed love affairs. It is the privilege of the old to be wisely patient, to be content to await the ripening moment. It is only the young, with so much time before them, who have this precipitation of desire; the young who cannot endure delay, who must gather the bud and drive their teeth into the green fruit.

From his coign apart, Spiridion watched with infinite indulgence the moods of Juliana this first week. To begin with, there was an austere, religious mood. Her door was condemned to all but some charitable elderly ladies who formed a league of ultra devotion and good works: a small black circle, disapproving and aloof from the gay world of Florentine society. Juliana had always been a lavish subscriber to their charities; she now added

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her personality. What with meetings at each other's houses, discussions, visits to hospitals, the overseeing of old establishments, the founding of new, it was no wonder that she had few moments to spare, even for the old godfather.

Then came the *volte-face*. One morning Juliana ordered the great silver basket of cards to be brought up to her, as she sat for a rare idle half-hour in the corner room. All Florence had called upon her, it seemed, since her return. Among the grand historic names and coronets, there were six cards all bearing the same inscription: 'Lord Wroth—Palazzo Bandinelli.' It was the seventh day after their arrival.

Juliana laughed a little as she laid the six in a row upon the marble mosaic of the table.

'Every day, the poor boy!' said Spiridion, looking over her shoulder. His eyes were full of gentle amusement and content. These children! It had ceased to seem tragedy to him and had become a *comédie sentimentale* after the style of his youth, a comedy of which he could no longer doubt the happy ending. That marriage with the fantastic young lady of the green feathers seemed an infinite absurdity, a contract *pour rire*; there had been no seriousness in it. Without seriousness it must dissolve.

As he stood, smiling upon Wroth's card, a footman entered bearing another on a salver. Juliana glanced at it.

'Have you denied me?' she asked.

'*Ma* . . . !' Your Italian is quick of intuition. Giovanni's elbows flew to his ears, he grinned deprecatingly: 'These were her Excellency's orders.'

'Yes, true. Go, go,' said Juliana impatiently. She added the new card to the row with musing precision.

'It is the first time he has called so early,' she said, dreamily.

'Child,' said Spiridion, with some impatience, 'you cannot for ever refuse to see him.'

'I am not going to refuse any more,' said she abruptly, 'him or anyone else. We'll throw the salons open, *mon parrain*. We shall have a feast with music; you shall play for us; let it be for to-night. Battista has but to go round—he'll be charmed with the task.' She bundled the cards back into the basket. 'I go to confer with Battista.'

She nodded to Spiridion from the door. The severe beauty of her face was softened by an air of wonderful, youthful gaiety.

'I do not know my Juliana any more. I do not know her any more, faith!' said Spiridion, shaking his head. 'I cannot imagine what she means to do. And the young man who has never even been to see me—well, well, all is sure to come right.'

Meanwhile he had to practise, if he was to do his Juliana honour at such abrupt notice. The decision was over-sudden for his gently-moving age. Yet, to see her smile as she had smiled just now . . . it was worth far greater sacrifice!

The morning after Juliana's reception Spiridion sat once more in his little room, an open letter on the table before him. Good old man, he had seldom found himself in so singular a frame of mind, torn between conscience and inclination, between the dictates of a reasoned benevolence and the impulses of his heart.

The letter was from the Curé at Compiègne, indited at Madame Thomas's request to narrate the story of Miladi Wroth's seizure, and of her present condition of weakness. 'I believe the poor lady to be very ill,' wrote the Curé, 'but the doctor thinks she may recover, though the chest will always be in danger.'

That she would die—this gaudy butterfly, who had fluttered so irresponsibly across the lives of the two he loved—what solution, thought Spiridion, could be more simple, more satisfactory, more desirable? It was against this practical thought that conscience rebelled in vain: it reappeared in the wake of every new reflection. The party had left upon him a vague sense of uneasiness. Juliana had looked beautiful and the throng had been brilliant. The music had been academic enough, and his own contributions (he flattered himself) had been appreciated. But there were three or four things that puzzled and haunted him.

Imprimis, Milord's attitude. Wroth, man of the world, urbane, airy, discussing indifferent things with indifferent airs, was an hitherto unknown personality; there had been no trace of the impassioned lover, no trace of the romantic *beau ténébreux*, left in him last night, nothing of the man of single passion and single thought, whom Spiridion knew and had grown to love. The new Wroth Spiridion mistrusted. He was hurt, too, that towards himself there had been the same aloofness, the same mere social courtesy as towards all others. Yet twice or thrice he had caught, or fancied to catch, some strange looks cast by the young Englishman upon the group about Juliana.

And here came the second cause for anxiety. She had been very much surrounded—as indeed was to be expected. And the

attentions of two or three of the most brilliant young representatives of great Tuscan houses had been unmistakably marked. One goes quick in these matters under the skies of Florence; and where the prize is so rarely precious, the race for it can scarce be soon enough entered on, in the simple minds of her sons.

Juliana's manner, it is true, had been, as usual, queenly and detached; but, as hostess, she was bound to be gracious to all. Spiridion saw that Wroth had no word in private with her, except some parting phrase, as he bent to kiss her hand. What that phrase was the old gentleman had no conception; but a silence had come over her from that moment. Decidedly the news of that poor inconvenient creature's death, if it was to be, could not come an hour too soon.

Fresh anxiety there was, then, weighing upon Spiridion's good heart that morning, together with a sense of guilt connected with his own unholy desires. Yet the very atmosphere about him irresistibly inspired other sensations; a kind of reckless confidence that all must be for the best in a world where the sky was so blue, the sunshine so tangible. He wandered to the window recess, mounted its step, and stood looking out through the depth of wall over the low roofs to where Santa Croce blazed in white splendour. He held a glass of the yellow wine from the paunched *fiaschone* on the breakfast table and sipped it absently.

On the steps of the church a flower woman had installed her wares. Roses and irises were pink and mauve against the marble, carnations glowed like sunset glamour. Her umbrella was green, her kerchief orange; what a captivating city it was! Through the open casement the rumour of the town filled his ears; his old soul wandered out happily into the spring air; he did not hear lackey Giovannino's knock, nor note his entrance till the panting voice was in his ear: Her Excellency demanded his Excellency's presence immediately in her apartment.

Spiridion started. Through all his optimism the sense of impending event had hung over him all these days. The boy's face, he thought, was charged with importance. He set down his glass, paused a second by the table in hesitation over the open letter, then thrust it into his breast and hastened after the messenger.

Giovannino clattered down the stone stairs, padded across the great shining gallery with accustomed sureness, and flung open one of the panelled doors with a flourish.

As Spiridion approached, he heard Juliana's voice cry out from the room : ' I receive no one to-day. Understand ? No one.' He found her pacing up and down, very pale, her eyes aflame ; the folds of her grey silk dress rustled and rippled and scolded with each angry step.

Upon his entrance she halted, wheeled round upon him, and stood looking at him, the fine wings of her nostrils flickering with her hurried breath.

' Heavens, how beautiful she is, and how terrible ! ' thought the old man.

' You sent for me, my daughter,' he stammered, as if he had been the culprit. ' Something has happened——'

' Yes, something has happened,' she answered, with a short fierce laugh, her voice vibrating on strings of passion. ' Sit down, godfather. Yes, something has happened.' Again she took a stormy turn and again halted. ' Lord Wroth, the man who professed to love me, he has shamed me in the eyes of all Florence. The town is ringing with my name and his.'

' Just heaven ! ' cried Spiridion, in utter blankness of astonishment.

' You saw him last night,' she went on. ' I might have known. Did you watch him, godfather ? I might have known, under his air of quiet, his charming social manner, there was the wild beast ready to spring. I caught his eye once or twice. It had the glare of his own wolf in the dark Abbey. He kissed my hand as he said good-bye. It was no kiss—it was as savage as a bite. Do you know what he said to me ? " You are mine, mine, mine ! " In French it cannot sound to you as it does in English. I loved him——' Her voice suddenly trailed off, veiled, softened by rising tears, but she fought them back, burning them away with a fresh flame. ' I would not have that love—that love is insult to me. I might be his mistress, as all Florence thinks me to-day——'

' In the name of heaven,' cried Spiridion shrilly, ' what has he done ? '

' What has he done ? Five of my friends, oh, my dearest friends ! have been with me this morning with the story of what he has done. Go out in the streets, you will find my name bandied about in every corner. It seems the Marchese Canovai kissed my hand twice in farewell last night. It seems that young Prince Liechtenstein placed his hand on the back of my chair during your music. It seems that Florio Settignani, whom I have known

all my life, called me Juliana. Lord Wroth lay in wait for each one as he went away from the house, met each one in succession this morning, and has left a bullet in each one's shoulder . . . at exactly the same spot!'

The rare sound of an oath fell from Spiridion's lips (no worse one indeed than *Ventre-Saint-Gris*); it expressed intense astonishment, but at the same time an irrepressible admiration.

'This is phenomenal,' cried the old aristocrat. 'Three in one morning—shades of *Bassompière*!—each at the same spot. What a shot the scamp must be!'

'You do not understand,' cried Juliana storming. 'My name! my name has been used!'

'It is true,' said Spiridion, reflectively, 'these three very gentlemen are indeed already reputed to be aspirants for your hand.'

'But is it not that what I am telling you?' she fulminated, and indignation went from her like the breath of the tempest. 'I am his! He has blazoned it abroad, and no one must dare come near me! I am his property! You know the tongue of Florence? You know how even the most rigid lives here are food for gossip? Conceive what I am thought of now! Does he think to force me thus? Oh, my instinct was a true one.' She flung both hands over her bosom as if guarding its treasures. 'I knew his love was no right love!'

Into Spiridion's withered cheek crept all at once the sullen red. Another aspect of the situation presented itself. His Juliana smirched! Her good name attacked! The sweet sanctity of her life desecrated! She was right, this was infamous betrayal, the young man's undisciplined passion had led him into the grossest outrage. But, worse than all, there was that deadly grain of truth about the position without which no lie can live.

Wroth, a married man, had followed Juliana from England to France, from France to Italy. And though Juliana had had moments of righteous rebellion, she had subtly encouraged, tacitly admitted. And, woe for Spiridion, he had been accomplice and abettor! He gave a groan, and dropped his head into his hands.

'My poor child—what a disaster!'

Then he was minded of the letter in his pocket. The solution! In his antique, conventional code of ethics, marriage repairs everything. This augur of freedom for both, he now thought, might do something to soothe the hurt pride of his poor child. So far can the most sympathetic mistake the mind of the one he loves best!

'Read that,' he murmured, and tendered the sheet with averted eyes.

She took it impatiently; went to the window with it. Then he heard her laugh and, glancing up, saw her coming towards him again, dropping the letter from her touch.

'Do you think I want her to die? Do you think that that would make a difference?'

Her voice was weary with the uttermost disdain; all fire had gone out of it. She let herself fall upon the great couch that ran at the foot of the carved and painted Florentine bed. She looked up at the smiling face of her dead husband and cold visions came upon her of that smile as she had last seen it, when, set in immovable irony, it had seemed to mock her youth and hope. Life so base a thing, and death the end of all! The last sting of the wasp.

And Spiridion was chiding himself; knowing her noble nature, how could he have thought to console her with such hope as this?

'*Hélas*,' he cried, 'I am punished! The wrong seemed almost right. But wrong is never right. We both did wrong, my daughter, and I the greater: for you rose from your weakness and tried to fly. Whereas I——' He broke off. 'I was most to blame, and cruelly we are punished.' He thought of the duel out of which he had been cajoled. Whatever the issue might have been it must have placed a barrier between Wroth and Juliana. He thought with deep repentance of his yearning to the culprit, his secret aid, his deliberate dallying with the irregular situation.

'We are punished where we sinned,' he cried again. 'Neither you nor I, my daughter, are of those who stoop to sin; but we were frail through our affection.'

He broke off suddenly. Juliana had straightened herself among the cushions and was fixing him with a glance of such anger that the purple of her pansy eyes seemed black. The olive of her cheek had turned death-white.

'What do you take me for?' she panted.

A second he stared, bewildered; then, still uncomprehending, perceived only that he had hurt her, and hurried to her side, full of the tenderest apology. But she flung herself from his touch.

'Only leave me!'

Sighing profoundly, feeling that the best of women must remain enigmas to the masculine mind, he withdrew in deep perplexity and distress to his apartment, to cogitate upon the course now to be pursued. Something must be done, that was urgent. Juliana's fair fame must not be left at the mercy of her mad lover.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Spiridion was attiring himself in his most precise fashion, it became clear to him that there was very little choice of action for him. Only two or three things could be done The seeking out of a few Florentine notabilities, and some discreet conversation anent the eccentric Englishman's infatuation—that must be his first move. A little straining of the truth would have to be tolerated here and there for the complete vindication of the Contessa Mordante's fair fame. But there would be scant deception in the asseveration that Juliana had given no encouragement here to the frenzied youth, unless the inclusion of him among her guests could be so considered. (He mentally rehearsed the gesture with which he would tap his forehead, dilating upon the proverbial Britannic madness.) He must, of course, make light of the matter, as far as it affected Juliana.

He might be believed, or he might not; something of his conversation, at any rate, would remain. And Italy is the country where the insanities of love are most easily understood and condoned. This tiresome round accomplished—club, casino, café, salons—he would next seek the sinner himself. Stern grew his brow upon that project. This time the offence had been unpardonable.

He found Wroth magnificently installed in the *piano nobile* of the well-known Cardinal's palace on the left bank, the present owners of which had been but too delighted to receive as tenant so notable and wealthy a lord. The windows overlooked the swirling race of the Arno between the two historic bridges; glancing down stream there was the sun setting blood-red over the weir; glancing up there were the high hills already purpling against an austere sky.

The note of the cypress pointed the evening in that eastward view with indescribable solemn emphasis, so late was it already by the time the old Count had finished his diplomatic peregrination. He could not feel that, with all his airy tact and persuasion, he had carried much conviction. Florence so much preferred to entertain its own picturesque version; it was too openly delighted with a scandal of such freshness and romance. In one salon Spiridion was teased about his championship, amiably bantered.

'Ta-ta-ta—tell that elsewhere, *caro*!' In another house, where one of the wounded was a close connection, he was not allowed to place a word in edgeways between torrents of abuse of the mad Englishman. Such an one was a danger to the world at large, and ought to be shut up. The grand ducal authorities should be invoked. As for la Mordante! Oh, la Mordante would have done better to remain in England with her lunatic! The idea of going over all that way to fetch him and let him loose upon us!

In fact La Roche-Amand entered the Palace with a lurking suspicion that he had done more harm than good, as is generally the result with such well-intentioned meddling. It did not tend to make him any the more affably disposed for his interview. This time he sat down; there could be no question of his adding the supreme absurdity of another challenge to the situation. But he waved Wroth's hand away with an irritable gesture. He was tired, dispirited, avowedly cross.

Wroth had sprung to meet him with a buoyant step, a light in his eye, a glow in his pale cheek. The old man was in no mood for these young Apollo airs.

'You have but one thing to do, milord,' he began abruptly, 'it is to pack up and depart.'

'I?' said Wroth.

He stood with his back against a round marble table, inlaid with the inevitable Florentine mosaic, leaning on it with both hands. 'I?' he repeated, and tossed back his head with a laugh.

'You, you and no other,' growled Spiridion, 'unless you wish the grand ducal police to undertake your removal. A pretty business you've made of it, young sir; a pretty return for my confidence! The lady whose name you have dared to take as a pretext for your odious bullying is gravely incensed. You have had mad hopes, Lord Wroth, resting on the most equivocal foundation. But such as they were, you have madly destroyed them. To be gone out of this place is now the only reparation which, as a *galant homme*, you can offer.'

The set mask of impassivity had fallen on the young man's face during this severe indictment. He glanced down, and there was a lengthy silence.

'I have touched him to the heart,' thought Spiridion, and instantly began to feel a relenting.

Suddenly Wroth swung himself backwards to a seat on the table, caught up one knee and clasped it with both hands. Then

he shot a full glance at his mentor. The look, the movements, were instinct with boyish spirit.

'But, my most dear Count,' he cried, 'this is on the contrary the very moment when I must remain in Florence. Oh, is Juliana angry with me? Do you know, I don't think I mind that. Anything rather than her pretence of indifference. Now, my dear, dear, excellent friend! (What, you're not my friend? Well, I'm yours to the death, anyhow!) What's all this to-do about a simple matter? Yes, it is a simple matter if you'll only understand it, the simplest in the world. I love Juliana. She loves me—pray let me speak—she loves me and you know it. Let two men utter the naked truth for once. Ours is a love, rare, simple, complete. Only for that empty convention of a marriage (which is no marriage) against us, we should be together—a union so glorious that the world has held but few such before! Antony and Cleopatra, Paolo and Francesca, Romeo and Juliet—two that must come together in spite of God and man. Well, what have I done? I am letting Florence know that she is mine. Is that so heinous in your eyes?'

Spiridion tried in vain to stem the flood of words. His first protests had been indignant. At last it was with an unwilling laugh that he flung out both his hands.

'For heaven's sake! But you are mad, *fou furieux*, my poor boy.'

'Mad?' echoed the other. He sprang up from the table to cast himself on a stool close to his visitor. 'Mad? Nay not mad, but a great deal more sane that all you folk who go hemmed in and bound by the wretched tape of convention. Look at it, for once, with the eyes of a man—without the social glasses. I must wait before I can marry Juliana, true, but she is mine already for all that; and I shall exercise my right to protect her from popinjays, presumptuous fools, and conquering bullies. It is my right to protect her, and I will.'

'Protect her!' ejaculated Spiridion, driven free of his last shred of prudence; 'but, good God, man, all Florence has it to-day that you are her lover!'

'Her lover!' echoed Wroth. A wave of emotion swept over him, dyeing his face and ebbing away to leave it paler than before. Radiance seemed indescribably to transfuse itself about him, as if some inner lamp had been kindled. 'Her lover! And am I not her lover?' he cried, and fell into a deep muse.

'My faith, a fanatic! . . . As good try and reason with him as with a dervish!' Yet the wonted spell was working upon the old man's sensibilities: the spell of the youth, the beauty, the passion itself, with its ruthlessness and single-mindedness.

'*Mon Dieu*!' he said to himself, 'we have the poet who is mad on his conception, the musician who is mad on his harmonies, and here, for once, there is a lover whose love is like genius itself, an absorbing flame colouring his every thought. . . . It burns all before it, listens to no reason, but, heaven forgive me, in that godlike frame how beautiful it seems to my old eyes!' He put out his withered hand and touched the shapely clasped fingers close to him. 'Listen,' he said coaxingly, 'believe me I understand far more than you think. But after all, this is a world of conventions; they must be conciliated from time to time. You've been—yes, yes, I must say it—you've been insanely rash, young man. Make the little sacrifice for her sake. Go away for a while until this is blown over. It will be for her peace, for her good name; and then later we can combine some plan—we shall see.'

What of La Roche-Amand's stern resolve? What of his wrath? Here was he, temporising again; sympathising—nay plotting.

'When you have heard from your lawyer—' he resumed. This point brought back the memory of the Curé's letter. It was a powerful argument for the discretion of absence and delay. 'By the way,' he cried, bringing out the sheet in triumph, 'read that, *mon jeune ami*, and learn that your deliverance is probably nearer than you anticipate.'

Wroth started from his abstraction. It had seemed as if he had heard very little of the old gentleman's discourse. But the word deliverance aroused him; he took the letter, glanced at it, first vaguely, then with a kind of surprise; then finally, much as Juliana had done, he dropped it from his touch, with repulsion.

'I do not wish to hear or know anything of that creature again!'

'But I tell you she is dying!' shouted Spiridion, despairingly.

'She—die?' cried Wroth, turning a savage eye upon him. 'Such as she never die. Do you not know that?'

La Roche Amand picked up his letter without another word. One and the other, Juliana and Wroth, they were equally unreasonable, equally incomprehensible. He was at his wit's end how to deal with them.

'But you will leave Florence, leave to-night, even for a few days,' he pleaded almost tearfully at last.

'I?' cried Wroth again, leaping round upon him, with a return of his first manner. 'I? Beloved adopted father, I have another little meeting to-morrow morning, and'—as upon a sudden delighted inspiration—'the fellows at the Embassy tell me they dare not support me any more. You, therefore, shall be my second.'

Spiridion started on his chair. He choked.

'What! Another? This is too much!'

'Wait a minute, till you hear,' said Wroth. His face grew suddenly black. He laid his hand on Spiridion's knee; it had so great a weight of wrath that the old man could neither shake it off nor rise. 'Yesterday, one of Liechtenstein's seconds, a Florentine dog, said after our business: "You give yourself a great deal of trouble, milord. Do you think it worth while?" "Evidently," I said. "The old wasp himself was not so particular," he said then and laughed; he added something about old husbands and young wives—something he had not time to finish for my glove caught him on his foul mouth—and it is to be swords to-morrow, since the blow gives him the choice of weapons,' continued Wroth, with an abrupt change of manner. 'But I'm not going to be content with winging him like these others.'

He yawned and stretched himself, showing his white teeth like some splendid young animal playing with his own vigour.

Spiridion, who had been staring at him, bewildered, scarcely able, with the wearied mind of the old, to follow him in his various moods, felt a stab of apprehension at his heart. So full of life, so sure of himself, so audacious in his defiance of fortune. . . !

'Ah, *mon enfant*,' he exclaimed, 'never boast! I have seen many a meeting in my day, and how many have I not seen where your man who went out to kill was himself brought home!'

Wroth snapped his teeth together at the end of a second yawn.

'Must he not be killed, then, that blasphemer?'

''Tis a Florentine: nothing is sacred to them!—and it is you who have set tongues wagging.'

'Then I'll silence them,' said Wroth.

As Spiridion went slowly and wearily home, the image of the young man in his arrogance of health and nerve and beauty, his defiance of the whole world, his reckless indifference to danger, haunted him with ever-increasing melancholy. He had accepted

the responsibility of acting as second; indeed, he could not have endured to let Wroth go out to this meeting without what little protection his presence, his age, his experience, his moderation, could give him. But boding was upon him. Was this to be the end of it all—the solution?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'JULIANA, I have bad tidings for you.'

Juliana stared at Spiridion a second with uncomprehending eyes; then she looked down again upon the spring flowers she was sorting, picked up a heavy-headed rose and settled it in the vase before her. Spiridion caught the moving hand between his.

'My child,' he began again, 'you must listen to me. . . . There has been another duel this morning.'

She opened her wide gaze upon him, suddenly noting the grey pallor of his face, the trembling of his lip. She rose from her chair with a single movement.

'He is dead!'

'No—badly wounded.'

'I will go to him.'

It was what he had come to ask her to do; but her look, her toneless voice, the fashion with which she blindly pushed him on one side and rushed to the door, robbed him of speech. She did not hesitate a second or stop to snatch cloak or veil, but into the street she went with an incredibly straight, swift step; passed with the same unseeing eyes the coach that Spiridion had left in waiting, and took unfalteringly the most direct lane for the riverside.

The coachman turned to stare and call after her and then hailed his grey-headed employer, as the latter came hurrying forth in his turn with shaken speed.

'Useless!' signalled Spiridion. He broke into an uneven run and caught up Juliana as, turning the corner, she crossed from the narrow shadowed alleys into the blaze of sunshine and airy spaces of the quays. He took her hand, still trotting by her side, and she let it lie in his like a child.

Many turned to look after them. Some stood still to watch and comment; some even followed curiously—the wonderful pale lady, with her fixed eyes, and the old gentleman, half running to keep up with her strong swinging pace, both bareheaded in the

sun-beaten street; he, with agitated face working as he talked; she silent, not even turning her head.

Spiridion never knew whether Juliana heard one word of what he said to her during that short, terrible way. But, out of his over-charged heart, he had to speak, first in faltering attempts at comfort, then in explanation.

'It is not hopeless, my daughter, now that the bleeding has been stopped. True, it is a bad wound. But he is young—ah, and admirably strong! So long as this bleeding does not begin again. . . . He asked for you, insisting—the surgeon was anxious you should come at once. . . . But, there—there, I am a fool, a clumsy old fool to let you think so much of it! Such young wild cats have forty lives! So long as he is not agitated—that is very important; very important, you understand. He must not be thwarted—no shock, ah, that is all important! He must be soothed. . . . Soothe him, all will be right. No question of prudishness this morning—my poor little one—life is at stake. . . . Thank God we are in sight of the Palace!' They had crossed the Ponte Vecchio and were once more hastening down the river bank. 'A few yards, my Juliana (God, God, what a morning it has been!)—I was his second, you know; you will blame me? Alas! my only desire was to do all I could for him—the duel had to be. Heavens, nothing could have kept those two apart! Wroth had struck him . . . that Aldobrandini who had spoken lightly of you, struck him on the mouth; and the Florentine came on the ground in a state of hatred such as I, who have seen many meetings, have never beheld in a morning combat before. They meant to kill each other. The night had been all too long awaiting the moment. Positively we seconds were of no use. . . . I could not tell you how it happened—such inveteracy! Our Wroth was the cooler of the two, but none the less fierce; the other—for all his repute as a blade—became like a madman the instant they joined steel. He was for ever closing—and the whole thing so quick that before we had time to exclaim it was over. . . . Wroth drew the first blood: Aldobrandini, in his rage, never felt the wound—so he said, at least. How it may be, I know not; but even as Wroth, seeing the red on his opponent's shirt, dropped his own point loyally . . . the other sprang for the opening. Eh, my God, had I been younger and quicker! . . . I ought not to have been second, I am too old. . . . Ah, the door, at last—now gently, remember, my little Juliana, gently!'

With the same singleness of intention that had held her ever since she had received the news, Juliana saw but one thing in the pompous bedchamber : Wroth's livid head upon the pillow.

He was stretched on the little camp bed which he had from the first ordered for his use instead of the monstrous canopied edifice proper to the room.

They had settled him low on account of the recurrent faintness, and he lay motionless, with upturned face ; but as Juliana bent over him, he opened his eyes and there was triumphant life in them. Her heart, which had stopped, started beating wildly again He had seemed so still, set in a beauty terrible like that of death.

She hung over him a moment or two before speaking, gazing into his gaze. The surgeon, a harsh-looking elderly Austrian of military bearing, watched her with angry intentness. His patient's existence hung in the balance ; women were proverbially fools—and at the first display of emotion he was ready to eject her. Sebastian Picard sniffed audibly. Spiridion drew back into the shadows, averting his eyes—how could he watch his poor children at such a moment ? The unconscious tears were running down his cheek.

She knew nothing of these presences—she was alone in all the world with him.

' Wroth, beloved——'

A transient smile came to his lips.

' All is very well, then.' He spoke no louder than a whisper, but with extraordinary clearness. He lay silent a second, gathering his forces with indomitable will. Then came the clear-breathed words again, ' I will live.'

' Oh, my dearest—yes, you must live for me ! '

The smile returned—leaped to his eyes.

' You know what you owe me ? '

Her heart melted over him like a mother's ; the merest flicker of life in him ; these exhausted veins, and the old perverse spirit untamed ! She bent to his forehead ; but something drew her—not the languid hand he could not lift, but the fierce purpose within him—to his lips. A moment it was as if the life she yearned to give him were leaving her for him. Then he sighed ; his lips grew cold beneath hers. She straightened herself and flung a terrible look round the room.

' He is dead ! '

Already the surgeon had sprung to the bed. Spiridion caught Juliana in his arms ; he, too, thought it was the end.

'Take her away,' cried the surgeon, in an angry rasping voice. 'What did I say ? No, no, he is not dead, but he will be so to-night, if we have more of this. (You, my friend, instead of snivelling there, bring over that phial.) Take her away, I say ! '

They were in the salon, the double doors closed between them and the sick man's room. The whole place was still filled for Spiridion with that glory of youth and strength he had beheld there over night ; his heart was stabbed by the memory of the inert figure within, the countenance set in death-like quietude. Never would he forget the vision of those two faces close to each other, as white one as the other. He recalled the day when they had met—radiant in spring vitality—in the sunshine of his park, and he had watched the blood leave their cheeks.

His poor children. His heart lamented with the ever repeated cry.

'*Ah, mes pauvres enfants !*' he ejaculated, letting himself fall weakly into a chair.

Juliana started from her stony trouble. She turned and looked at Spiridion and her lip began to quiver.

'I am his wife ! I am his wife, and I cannot tell him ! I am his wife ! If I tell him now he will die. He will die and never know it ! '

For one moment Spiridion thought the shock had turned her brain.

'Juliana—Juliana ! '

'I am his wife ! ' she cried on a yet more piercing note.

'Juliana—my child ! '

She struck her breast fiercely where the wedding ring lay hidden. 'I have his blood upon my soul. The blood of the man I love.' Her anguish rose with every word. 'I loved him, and I have murdered him. My husband—and I dare not tell him ! O godfather, our first kiss is our death kiss ! '

Falling on her knees beside him, she flung herself into his kind arms. It was as if he held passion, grief incarnate. Sobs tore her ; the tears streamed. His heart was bleeding for her, his mind bewildered to confusion.

'But Juliana—but, my little Juliana ! ' . . . He could find nothing to say, nothing to do for her but to hold her close.

Juliana Wroth's wife! On the face of it, the thing was incredible. Yet, as he enfolded her, the conviction was borne in on him that the incredible was true.

By and by, when the storm had of its own violence exhausted itself, she told him her story; the singular, inexplicable story; the most inexplicable side of it all her own persistent holding of her secret to such complication, misery, and final tragedy.

'But, heaven be good to me!' he exclaimed irrepressively, 'since you loved him, since he loved you?'

The blood rushed to her face.

'I feared his love—I doubted it . . . I resented it!' The last words were scarcely distinguishable, but the old man, bending, caught them.

'Resented?'

'Oh, godfather, do not torture me!' She turned her face against his breast. 'I could not endure he should love me—so lawlessly—as a man loves a mistress.'

Spiridion sat silent for a moment or so, then he laid his hand on the dark hair.

'Eh, my daughter,' he said simply. 'What a mistake! Since it was no wrong in you to love him, since it was your duty even, you should, on the contrary, have given much and generously and without hesitation. See, child—where it is permitted, never fear love, never fear to love. By love alone is love sanctified. With each step apart you took in your pride you have pushed him down to a lower step of passion and resolve.'

He suddenly checked himself as her head drooped upon his knees. She lay like a majestic flower beaten down by the gale, drenched by the tempest rain. Fate had avenged itself upon her, as it does upon all those who play with great issues and elemental passions for some lesser stake of their own.

Juliana and Spiridion lingered in the Palace; the day drew to its close, and yet they were not readmitted to the sick-room. Spiridion's attempt to re-enter it had been met by the surgeon with almost brutal rebuff.

'The bleeding has broken out three times already; if it happens a fourth time, it is good-bye. No more of this sentimental nonsense, these emotions, these embraces. She was all but the death of him, I tell you. I'll not have her near him again, nor you either.'

'You do not quite understand how it is between them,' began La Roche-Amand, with his painstaking courtesy; but the other interrupted, overbearing.

'I understand that I have got the finest bit of anatomy I have ever handled to keep the life in—and I mean to keep the life in it. Good day to you, Monsieur le Comte.'

And before the inexorably closing door Spiridion had no choice but to retire.

The long, long hours through, from burning midday to the creeping of purple shadows, he sat with the stricken woman and scarcely a word passed between them. After her outburst, Juliana's silence had fallen upon her, charged this time with the bitterest knowledge that can enter woman's soul; she had injured the man she loved. Hers never was a hopeful nature; there was no ray of light on her horizon; she saw nothing before her but Wroth's death.

To Spiridion, however—incorrigible old sentimentalist!—as the moments went by they brought an ever-increasing conviction that the tangled affairs were beginning to be straightened out, that the young man must live, since Juliana was his wife. Inconsequent optimism! God (thought this man who had been himself horribly robbed of all he loved) would not permit these two poor hearts to be parted now. That kiss of Juliana's should prove life to her lover. Her presence would be of more help to him than potion or bandage. Let her be his nurse, and the moment would soon come when he would be strong enough to hear the wonderful truth. Yonder rough Austrian, who spoke of the young man's anatomy, what indeed did he understand of such a lover? It was the flesh he reckoned with, not the spirit.

It was quite evening when Sebastian appeared at length with a summons for the Count to his master's side.

'I shall come back to fetch you, my daughter,' cried Spiridion in triumph, and went hastily.

On the threshold of the bedroom the surgeon met him.

'He is better. He has asked for you. I give you five minutes,' drawing his watch. 'If you agitate him, his blood be on your head!'

The imperious, harsh voice started mingled resentment and apprehension in La Roche-Amand's mind as he passed silently into the room.

'By my faith, he speaks to me,' thought the old aristocrat,

'as if I were one of his "Kaiserlick" troopers. And, eh, *mon Dieu*, how shall it be given to me to keep this wild boy from agitation?'

But in the shaded light Wroth lay in a great placidity. Spiridion discovered that he had not been sent for to talk, but to listen. There were faint signs of increasing strength about the wounded man. He slowly turned his head at Spiridion's approach. The smile on the lip, the triumph of life in the eyes, were more distinctly present than before, showed in more singular contrast to the bloodlessness of the face. His voice was a shade more human, less of a mere ghostly whisper.

He took scarce one of his allotted five minutes to say his say; and when it was said it filled his hearer with amazement not unmixed with admiration.

'Bend to me close—that is well. Is she here? Take her home with you. I am going to live. When I am strong I shall come for her. Till then I will not see her. Have you understood? Make her understand.'

The eyes that had held Spiridion now released him. The slight tension of the prostrate frame relaxed, but the white lips still moved. Spiridion stooped anxiously to listen till he realised that the words were not for him.

'In the wings of her black hair there are hidden violets. Black hair has my beloved—purple eyes . . .'

The old man drew away quickly, in terror of the prohibited agitation. But if Wroth was wandering, it was in pleasant fields; a serenity, almost a joyfulness, was on his face.

'And there he lies and plans, at death's gates, oblivious of that other to whom he believes himself shackled. What a character; good heavens, the dear scamp; what audacity, what a will and what a love!'

Juliana returned to the Palazzo Mordante unresistingly. She made no comment upon the Comte's account of his visit and Wroth's message; she folded herself in her great silence as in a mantle. But when they came into the room where the flowers lay as she had dropped them that morning, and the pungent, sweet scent of them rose to her nostrils, she turned livid.

'No, I'm not going to faint,' she cried, as both her godfather and Panton hurried to her, 'only take the lilies away.'

(To be concluded.)

MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD, 1890.

By C. R. L. F.

Saturday, February 1.—'There is a beard upon the chin of man which, pointed at the tip, leads on to fortune.' At breakfast this morning I found H. H. H., A. C. H., J. S. G. P., A. H. H., C. W. O., C. H. R., and Mr. Gladstone. The Old Man rose and bowed as I came in and of course I bowed back. I took the vacant seat right opposite him, and we had much delightful conversation which I will endeavour to put down. But what was my amazement, when I got up to get my bacon and coffee from the fire, when he said, 'I want a word with you afterwards, if it is not trespassing too much on your valuable time.'

'My time has no value, Mr. Gladstone [I had three pupils waiting for me at 10, 11, and 12 respectively—poor beasts], but if it were much more valuable than it is, it would be wholly at your service.' [Blue funk on part of F. for the rest of breakfast.]

H. H. H. said: 'Half the people in crowded towns are unbaptised.'

G. 'Not so in Catholic countries. A curate of ours went from Hawarden to a populous place in Nottinghamshire and found he had to baptise 1,600 people in a year; as for those of confirmation age and above it, he thought it best not to ask them whether they had been baptised. No, it wasn't Nottingham itself. I can't recall the name of the town, my memory is not what it was [then it must have been prodigious—it's big enough now, though very erratic and capricious]; but it was a great scandal to the great landowner [1] of the place. Who was he? I can't tell you; no, not the Newcastle family, but I can't recall who.'

Someone asked him if there were fees for baptism. He didn't seem to know. Indignant chorus from H. H. H. and A. C. H.: 'No!'

[1] This reference to the 'great landowner' illustrates a point in Mr. Gladstone's view of English life which Mr. Morley has admirably brought out in his 'Life.' The world was often to him the pre-Reform Bill world, in which the 'great landowner' would naturally look after both the souls and bodies of his tenants. Anything more out of touch with the world of 1890 than the notion that an owner of property in a large town would be supposed to know if its inhabitants were baptised or not can hardly be imagined.

G. 'But I think in Catholic countries all the sacraments are charged for.'

F. told J. D.'s story of the couple who lived for two months by getting their baby baptised in a fresh parish each day and getting a dinner out of the Vicar for their piety. G. laughed heartily at it.

A. C. H. 'Do you like the addition to our reredos, Mr. G.?'

G. 'I hardly noticed it, but I will look.'

A. C. H.: 'We shall look for your opinion on it. There is great division of opinion on it in College.' [C. W. O. groaned.]

C. H. R. 'You know the heads of the statues in the reredos were copied from the heads of Fellows of the College living when it was put up?'

G. 'Yes. . . . it must have cost Bathurst a great deal of money.'

A. C. H. 'More than he intended, I believe.'

G. 'The sculptor, too, I've heard, was a man to make a good thing out of it. What was his name again?'

A. C. H. 'Geflowski.'

G. 'Ah, yes, he was a shrewd man. But [to C. W. O.] you have been at Florence lately, and you've seen the new facciata of the Duomo? My friend Mr. Leader is San Callisto there.' [Meaning that the statue of San Callisto is copied from Mr. L.'s head.]

C. W. O. 'Oh, yes, the man who has just written the life of Sir John Hawkwood.'

G. 'It was, I believe, a joint composition. Marino (?) got a lot of documents together for it.'

Someone started the question whether Warden and Fellows could still be buried in College Chapels. A. C. H. of course knew the law: 'The Warden always; Fellows if they die in College.' Then someone asked me if it was true that leave had been refused to bury the late President of Magdalen in the Chapel. (I did not know.)

G. 'Leave? From whom?'

A. C. H. 'From the Home Secretary. I forget who he was at the time.'

G. 'Ah yes, of course I remember Palmerston refusing leave for a Canon of Westminster to be buried in the Abbey, which seems hard considering what a lot of people they bury there who have no connection with it.'

F. 'They still bury in the cloisters at Salisbury; do they bury in cloisters at Eton? Would a Provost have the right to be buried there if he had died in College?'

G. 'I don't know. Where was the late Provost buried?'

F. 'Either in Somersetshire, or in the Churchyard of Eton College Chapel.' [1]

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[1] See below, p. 608.

G. 'The Chapel was the parish church of Eton, of course.' [He remembers much more about Eton than about Oxford.]

The conversation drifted back to fees for sacraments, and A. C. H. said: 'Fees on marriage are irrecoverable by law. I am bound to marry two people properly banned and licenced, but have no means of getting the fee unless they please to give it me.'

G. 'It's the same with doctors.' [Wrong, Mr. G.; new Act, perhaps you passed it.] 'Now my doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, he's a very clever man and a very hard-working man. Eight hours a day? Sir, he works more like sixteen. He often gets no fees, though he has made a fortune larger than any doctor ever made. People send for him long distances into the country, and then give him nothing or the ordinary fee. He takes what he can get. He is utterly unmercenary. But you would be surprised to hear that no less a person than Dr. Hawtrey told me that I would never believe it, if he were to give me the names of people who never paid their sons' bills.'

F. 'It was the same at Westminster. I had a most interesting document in my hands the other day—a manuscript diary and account book of Dr. Busby, and it contains endless entries, against the highest names, of bills unpaid.'

G. 'Ah, that's very interesting. Now why doesn't someone write a life of Dr. Busby? that would be a volume of great interest. Busby was the founder of the Public School system of England, and the Public School system is the greatest thing in England, not even excepting the House of Commons. Those two: the Public Schools and the House of Commons!' (slapping his hand thrice on the table). 'Busby was a wonderful man: if I am not mistaken, he was made Headmaster under Charles I. and continued to be so until William III.'

H. H. H. (*laughing*). 'He must have been a pretty fair time-server then.'

G. 'No, and this is the point at which I am aiming—no one ever called him a time-server: he made the times serve him. Well now, his life must be written.'

F. 'Dr. Rutherford could do it very well; he is much interested: he wanted the Oxford Historical Society to publish this Diary, but, as it contained no reference to Oxford, we were obliged to decline.'

A. C. H. then led the conversation to Christ's Hospital and the precarious position of its endowments, and asked whether the scheme was completed. Someone told a story of how he had been there lately, and had had a conversation with the old porter, who declared he wasn't going to move whatever the buildings did. G. laughed heartily, and asked what they were going to get for the site.

A. C. H. '650,000*l.* I was told.'

G. 'What does it cover?'

A. C. H. 'Five and a half acres, I believe.'

G. 'It is to the south of Holborn, is it not?'

A. C. H. 'No, to the north.'

Then G. got boggled in his geography about the position of St. Bartholomew's, Newgate, etc. C. W. O. whispered: 'He likes maps, draw it for him.' F. drew and handed it over to him. Then he asked where St. Martin's-le-Grand was. He has quite forgotten his city, if indeed he ever knew it. Anyhow, he found H.'s figures far too low, and the conversation turned on the value of city sites.

G. 'I remember a firm—a very good firm, who had two small rooms in Tokenhouse Yard, and their rent was 300*l.* They began to expect it to be raised, perhaps to 400*l.* or even 500*l.* So when the landlord next called they were very polite, as he was to them, and he said they were such excellent tenants he would let them stop on at 1,000*l.* They were staggered, but accepted and made a very good thing out of it afterwards.'

He then quoted several instances of enormous rents which I can't recollect. H. H. H. asked him: 'Do you expect London to go on growing?'

G. 'Yes, continually. In another century London will have ten millions of people.'

H. H. H. 'But will not the decay of the docks and all the industries depending on them affect London very much?'

G. 'We can't tell yet. London is not like the great towns of the North, where there are a few great industries liable to sudden upset. Why do we never hear of great distress at Birmingham? Simply because its industries are so subdivided. Small industries are preferable to great ones for the prosperity of a town. Now everything is made at Birmingham; all the sham oriental curiosities you buy as you jump ashore through the surf at Madras [Why Madras? he's never been in India, has he?] are made there. But the whole system of Lancashire industries will be upset by the Manchester Ship Canal. That will cause a stupendous industrial revolution.'

C. W. O. 'Will Liverpool suffer?'

G. evaded the question, but spoke of the difficulties of the bar at Liverpool, and said that the Manchester Canal was likely to lead to the opening of another mouth of the Mersey.

O. 'Above or below Liverpool?'

G. 'They mean to cut through the narrow neck of the Cheshire peninsula.'

H. H. H. 'But don't you remember that at the time of the war scare the Liverpool bar was supposed to be a great protection—could easily be rendered impassable?'

I forget how the conversation got back to London, but something led Mr. Gladstone to say, with great emphasis: 'Now that those *infamous* coal dues are taken off. . . .' He didn't exactly know whether they were off or only to come off, but C. H. R. supplied the information and recounted how, when he was City Remembrancer, a petition was got up against these dues, and how the City got up sham and bogus meetings, 'as they know how to do,' in defence of the dues.

G. (interrupting and with humour): 'Nowhere is the art' [of getting up sham meetings, he meant] 'better understood.' [Much laughter, which delighted him.] 'But, do you know, I think Randolph Churchill's speech had a great effect in getting those dues abolished. Most remarkable man is Randolph Churchill. He went to that office [Exchequer] knowing nothing of figures, but having a natural capacity for the grasp of them, and I can tell you he impressed the Treasury and Revenue men very greatly. . . .'

One by one during breakfast people had dropped in and out, and of course many people took a part in the conversation, and much was said which I cannot now recall; but the protagonists were always H. H. H., C. W. O., and A. C. H. A. H. H., who is of course by far our best talker and likely to know more *de par le monde politique* than any of us, hardly said a word. Sometimes there was a little court of people half round and half behind Mr. G., who pushed his chair a little way back; and he had the prettiest way of half turning round to people and changing the address of his conversation. There was only one old Westminster boy present, F. W. B., and I think that, as usual, he had got up late, for he came in after the episode about Busby; but someone mentioned him as a Westminster to Mr. Gladstone, who forthwith asked him a string of questions about the school, and said 'in the seventeenth century it was much the greatest school in England,' and he reeled off the names of some of its greatest sons: 'Eton,' he said, 'only took the lead from the time of the Walpole family.'

The butler poured out Mr. Gladstone's tea for him, and to everything that was handed him he always said, 'Oh, thank you, thank you.' A radiant smile mantled on the butler's solemn face, and he looked a 'nunc dimittis.' You know that till '86 he was a great admirer and an ardent politician. He even christened his son 'Ewart' after the name of his hero.

Mr. G. half looked round at the butler who was handing him butter, when he said, 'the pats of butter are of the same size as they were in my undergraduate days, and so are the pieces of fish!' Yet he could be sharp, too. He quite politely but firmly shut up one of us, who, with singular want of tact, tried to draw him about the reasons of the unpopularity of the London County Council.

'Indeed; he had not heard of that—was not much in the way of hearing current gossip.'

A similar instance (writes W. R. A.) has been recalled to my memory by C. G. L. 'One evening some of the Junior Fellows, perhaps wickedly, tried to test the astuteness of the 'old parliamentary hand.' It was well known that Mr. Gladstone had not been altogether successful on his mission to the Ionian Islands in 1859; so X. started some subject connected with the Mediterranean, and gradually drew the talk nearer to the Ionian Islands. But long before we reached them something seemed to put the old gentleman on his guard, there was a momentary and very characteristic lifting of that well-known right eyebrow; and then, with perfect courtesy, he rose saying, "And now I think it would be very pleasant to see the moonlight in the quadrangle."'

I could add another. One evening in Common Room his neighbour was getting on to some political subject—I think it must have been Liberalism in Wales—and he turned it off by a story about Bethell which I have never heard elsewhere. Bethell was conducting a case before Lord Justice Knight Bruce, whom he did not love and who did not love him. Knight Bruce was of Welsh extraction and disliked any allusion to it: he was also a scholar, and fond of quoting classical authors. Knight Bruce interrupted the argument with a classical quotation. Bethell's opponent was at that moment in conversation with his junior, and becoming aware that the Lord Justice had said something, looked up and said, 'I did not catch his Lordship's remark.' 'Neither did I,' said Bethell, 'it was an observation couched, I believe, in the Welsh language.'

N.B.—Mr. G.'s Lancashire accent grows on one: he almost says 'gyarden' for garden, and does say 'propourrtion.' At last about 9.55 (this had lasted some fifty-five minutes) there were only two people left beside him and me; and I, thinking he might have forgotten, got up and bowed, intending to slip away; but he was up like a shot, and said, 'Yes, yes, come along, I won't keep you long'; but he didn't get up, so I stood by the fire through a short fit of silence. At last he moved and I followed him; he had forgotten his cap and gown, which I fetched, and he said: 'This is my own gown but a borrowed cap, and, as you see, it doesn't fit—my head is a difficult one to fit' (laughing). He led the way to his rooms.[1] F. said: 'You begin to know your way about College, Mr. Gladstone.'

[1] The situation of Mr. Gladstone's rooms is a matter of historical importance. They were on the second floor of the staircase immediately beyond the buttery, with windows looking over the

G. 'Yes, but when I was last here my base of operations was the Warden's house, and that was in a different part of the College.'

F. 'I hope you are comfortable—they're very nice rooms you've got.'

G. 'Charming, everything I could wish.' (He then led me to the table, which was piled up with letters, and, taking one up, gave it to me.) 'This is from young Peel (the President of the Union Debating Society), and you see how it concerns you.' I saw that it didn't concern me in the least, and was beginning to wonder if I should call for help. I supposed at first he had mistaken me for some secretary to the Union (the letter was one inviting him to make a speech at the Union) when he suddenly began: 'Now concerning our conversation of last night, I thought better to ask your advice in the matter. . . .'

F. 'I see, Mr. Gladstone, you have made a complete mistake. I hadn't the honour of being presented to you last night.'

G. 'I beg a thousand pardons. I took you for Mr. Pelham' [who had sat next him in the Common Room last night].[1]

F. 'The mistake has been a most happy one for me. Pelham has often teased me about my growing a beard in order to try and look like him; and it's a great compliment too, for he's one of the handsomest men in Oxford.'

G. 'My dear fellow, it was the beard! My eyesight is not what it was—you must forgive an old man—nor my hearing either.'

F. 'But you'll let me take a message to Pelham for you now. I'll go directly, and I'm sure he'll come.'

G. 'No, no, don't trouble, do sit down. Now I remember a man in the House of Commons when I was young whom we knew as "the man with the beard." Nobody wore beards then, and that was the origin of my mistake.' [And he laughed—a deep gurgling sort of chuckle.] 'But what I wanted was this. Mr. Pelham and I were talking last night about Egyptology and Assyriology and their connection with Homer' [My stars! thinks I, I've heard he does this kind of thing by the hour, and my Greek

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large quadrangle on the one side, and over the Coffee Room Garden, towards Queen's, on the other.—W. R. A.

C. W. O., whose rooms were immediately beneath Mr. Gladstone's, says that he has 'a most vivid memory of the noise of feet up and down the staircase all day long, as deputation after deputation, and individual after individual climbed to the second floor to pay its respects to our visitor.'

[1] Henry Pelham was then Camden Professor of Ancient History and a leading University Liberal. He was the guest of the Warden at dinner, and Mr. Gladstone and he got on extremely well together.

is devilish rusty]. 'Now that, you know, is a subject in which I am much interested, and I have lately devoted much time to investigating the effect of the Assyrian and Egyptian myths on Homer's phraseology. And I thought perhaps, if, instead of speaking at the Union, I were to give the young men there a sort of informal lecture' [he's eighty-one, ye gods!]—'a friendly talk, in fact, on the subject, it might be of interest to them. But Pelham said he thought (not apropos of this proposal, for I hadn't laid it before him) that the subject was hardly yet in sufficiently exact condition to lay before them [quite right, Pelham] as a regular part of their curriculum, and I wanted to consult him as to whether there would be any harm in my acting as I now propose to act.' [1]

F. 'I should think it would not in the least affect his standpoint, which was, I understand, confined to the question of the regular teaching at Oxford. All he meant was it was too early for it to come in as a subject in 'the Schools.''

G. 'Yes, I'm sure he'll agree it would do no harm. But, do you know, I've discovered the strangest things about it. Now there's that epithet πυλάρτης, the 'gate shutter,' applied to Aidoneus' [he pronounces Greek in a foreign way that I never heard before, and, as I said, my Greek is rusty]. 'Liddell and Scott give no meaning for it [2] (and I'm going to talk to Liddell about that), but why should he be called the gate-shutter? Persephone

[1] This lecture at the Union was a strange performance. He told me a day or two before that he had been in some difficulty about a subject. I suggested that any personal recollections, either of Oxford in his undergraduate days or of the House of Commons when he first entered it, would be of immense interest. He said no, there were reasons against either of these, but that he had hit on a subject which he thought was sure to be acceptable. It was the 'connection of Homeric with modern Assyriological studies.' I wondered, and was silent; so did the audience wonder, while it was being delivered—wonder what it was all about. But when, at the close of the address, a vote of thanks to him was proposed, then we got the real thing to which we had been looking forward, ten minutes of genuine oratory, in which he told us how pleased he was to come back to the Union, to find that the President was the grandson of his old leader, Sir Robert Peel, and to live again, even for a short time, in Oxford, in a place of which 'he loved every stone in the walls.'—W.R.A.

[2] Liddell and Scott do give the meaning, and the one Mr. Gladstone mentioned. Moreover, it is not to Ἀϊδωνεύς but to Ἄϊδης, of which Ἀϊδωνεύς is only a lengthened form, that the epithet applies in the three passages where it occurs in Homer. (*Iliad*, viii. 367; xiii. 415; *Odyssey*, xi. 277.)

was the ruler of the infernal regions, and Aidoneus had nothing to say to it. . . . But I find in the series of myths given in [somebody or other's] collection of Assyrian antiquities that there were seven gates of those regions, and that when Ashtaroth, being a goddess, went thither on her own concerns she had to pass these gates, and, though she had some difficulty in getting in, she had none in getting back—whereas with mortals the difficulty was to get back. It's curious, very curious.' [N.B.—I failed to see how it bore on *Ἀϊδωνεὺς πυλάρτης*, but that was probably my ignorance.] 'And again there's that number seven. There was a system of *Ἑπτά*-ism in the ancient world—the seven gates of Thebes, for instance. And in the Assyrian version of the Deluge there are seven days of storm and one day of calm; which again is affiliated to the seven days of creation. [I have always heard that 'mystic numbers' are one of the last infirmities of noble minds.] Yes, Homer's epithets are very curious. They haven't been half enough studied, and they all have a meaning and many of them a mythologic meaning. Now again of the numbers. Why should Hephaestus make twenty seats for the Olympian gods?[1] There were not twenty gods, or rather far more. But Thetis finds him making twenty. Now Rawlinson says that this number twenty was the mystic number of the Assyrians. . . .'

All this was poured out without my having a chance of getting a word except Yes and No, and other respectful expressions of astonishment. How long he would have gone on I can't say, but it had already lasted half an hour when the porter entered with a card from Sir Henry Acland, who was below. So I rose and said I would go at once to Pelham, and that I was quite sure that Pelham would approve of anything he, Mr. Gladstone, thought fit to do about his lecture. He again begged forgiveness for the mistake, and I assured him that it had afforded me the greatest delight; he said we should meet again at dinner. And I went off to tell Pelham, who immediately said he should go and get shaved.

Sunday morning, February 2.—I'm afraid Vol. III. won't be as interesting as Vols. I. and II., for the editor is tired. Last night at dinner I sat about three places off him, and the conversation was chiefly carried on with W. R. A., C. W. B., and C. C., C. H. R. hovering about the fringe of it.

G. 'Tennyson was the greatest poet of the century. Swinburne, yes, great, but rather same.' W. R. A. depreciated Swinburne. G. to a certain extent stood up for him. G. also spoke of the extraordinary sale of Lewis Morris's works: all depreciated him.

W. R. A. 'Have you read Bryce's book on America?'

G. 'Not all of it. I can't say all, but enough to see what a

[1] *Iliad*, xviii. 373.

valuable and laborious book it is. The Americans are astonished at it. The development of millionaires in America is extraordinary. Now there's Carnegie—Carnegie began at four shillings a week and is making 360,000*l.* a year. He wrote a book about it, which I did my best to have disseminated in England, but without success; but I got him to write an article in the '—— Magazine,' which I regard as most remarkable. He there argues for the duty of making great fortunes and enumerates three ways of spending them. Two are bad—one is good. The bad ones—mind I don't go with him here—not in the first one—not for a moment—are (1) bequeathing it to your wife and children; (2) bequeathing it to anything else—in fact, to charitable institutions. THERE I AGREE WITH HIM, EVERY WORD' (slapping his hand hard on the table). 'The good one is (3) giving it away in your lifetime. He's always giving away, in England as well as in America, giving 50,000*l.* to a public library in America every now and then. Extraordinary thing the number of public libraries in America; they say there are over two thousand of them; there are no circulating libraries there. When the Royal College of Music wanted money and was begging twenty pounds here and fifty pounds there with great difficulty, and the Princess of Wales was trying everywhere for money for it, my daughter wrote to Carnegie and he sent her a cheque for 1,000*l.*, and the Princess was wild with delight. Now Quaritch deals enormously with America—it's the Americans who give the long prices for early editions, so he tells me. Does your library deal much with Quaritch? No? With whom then?'

W. R. A. 'With various booksellers.'

G. 'The rage for early editions is wonderful. Now, I had a little book, a first edition of Alastor, and someone suggested to me that it was valuable, and I took it to Sotheran or Westell, I forget which, who sent it to auction, and, after deducting the liberal commissions charged, I got a cheque for 8*l.* or 9*l.* Ah! but I burned my fingers the other day: I bought a little book, Sterling's Poems, for two guineas, and met a friend afterwards who had got an equally good copy for 12*s.*'

The storage of books was a favourite theme with Mr. Gladstone. C. G. L. remembers how he launched out on this theme one evening in the Common Room, and illustrated his scheme of bookshelves by an elaborate use of knives, forks, glasses, and decanters. In the Library, says C. W. O., the thing that interested him most was the collection of sixteenth-century Bibles.

The conversation slipped on to Lord Houghton and he told a story of Houghton's extraordinary love of paradox which he wished kept private, and another which he didn't wish kept private: 'It was one day at breakfast at Milman's (Macaulay was there)

and Houghton said that he thought any author was entitled to perfectly indefeasible copyright for ever and ever in any book; and in the next breath he declared that any person ought to be at perfect liberty to quote, extract, hash up, detach, pillage any piece out of any book he liked. And he maintained the two with perfect seriousness as both true.'

We came back to Carnegie somehow or other.

G. 'I dined with him not long ago at the Hôtel Métropole, but no pomposity, all very simple and nice. Yes, but a mere leveller, a mere leveller in politics; quite seriously, I dislike his politics. He has been taken up by someone whom I won't mention in the political world, who has made some use of him and floated a newspaper. No, I never see that sort of newspaper.'

The conversation turned on a then leading Radical politician and journalist, and W. R. A. boldly said that he mistrusted the man. R. C. H. spoke of the man's trying to make himself out worse than he is and ascribing to himself, in the smoking room of his club, all the vices under heaven.

G. was guarded, and spoke of him as 'an able man, a man of whom he knew little,' &c.

Much that I didn't catch; then

W. R. A. 'Yes, I put Boswell at the very head. The four best biographies ever written are Boswell [something inaudible], Morley's 'Life of Cobden,' and Southey's 'Life of Wesley.'' [1]

G. 'Ah! you're right, but not about Morley's 'Cobden.' I don't like it. I have the highest opinion of Morley. But I knew Cobden intimately, and he was a most remarkable man. The way that man worshipped Peel! The way he stuck by Peel and surrendered his own judgment to him. But the fact is that he had the most generous mind and one of the most sensitive. I remember Palmerston wounding him very much, quite unintentionally; Palmerston said lots of things which he did not mean, and never meant to wound anybody. But Cobden had said something in his speech which reflected on the conduct of foreign affairs, and Palmerston in reply applied to him the line "ne sutor ultra crepidam." Cobden was terribly hurt. Not an orator like Bright, but such a noble character, so simple and so strong.'

At coffee time I took an opportunity of asking Mr. Gladstone whether he had seen Pelham; he said, 'Yes, he came yesterday

[1] I do not think that I was so dogmatic. I said that, if I had to name the four best biographers, I should name Boswell, a long way ahead, then Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, and Morley's *Cobden*. If I recollect rightly, Mr. Gladstone accepted the first two readily, thought there was much to be said about the third, but that I was wrong about the fourth.—W. R. A.

morning soon after you left' : and then laughed immensely over his mistake again. Then he bade me sit down by him, and still, I suppose, under some vague idea that, if not Pelham, I was his shadow or at least an ancient historian,[1] he began to speak of the conditions of the study of ancient history. Then my long walks with Pelham in Norfolk five years ago stood me in good stead. At first, like the Russians at Zorndorff, I 'stood still to be sabred like oxen, yea like sacks of meal' (see Carlyle's 'Frederick'); gradually I began to find my tongue.

G. 'And Rawlinson's lectures were not much attended?'

F. 'No, I believe not, indeed I think he did not lecture much latterly.'

G. 'Why did he resign?'

F. 'I think because he was made a Canon of Canterbury.'

G. 'No, no, he has been a Canon of Canterbury for years' [poking his finger at F.].

F. 'Of course, I beg pardon, it was because he got a City living and had to resign one of the three preferments, and chose the professorship.'

G. 'Yes, yes, that was it. But he is an authority, is he not? I mean his books?'

F. 'Yes, I believe great, especially on Phoenicia, though I saw a very unfavourable review of one of his last works in the 'Spectator' not long ago.'

G. 'He and his brother Sir Henry Rawlinson led the way to the discoveries of the most ancient histories of the East. I fancy he utilised his brother's knowledge largely.'

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[1] T. R. illustrates this when he says, 'Mr. Gladstone always seemed to be more interested in subjects than in persons; he did not readily find out what kind of man he was talking to, and was often oddly forgetful of what a man in his position is usually careful to remember.'

C. W. O. adds another illustration of this: 'Mr. Gladstone remarked that we should consider it strange to be told that Cardinal Newman was unacquainted with the works of Dante; 'the proof of it which I can give is this,' said he; 'the last time that I saw my old friend at the Oratory, I took the opportunity of telling him that I considered his 'Dream of Gerontius' the most striking glimpse of the other world that had been conceived since the 'Paradiso': I was proceeding to enlarge upon this theme when he abruptly changed the topic of conversation, from which I could only conclude that he knew nothing of Dante.' That Newman had a modest desire not to talk about his own works had evidently not struck his interlocutor as likely.'

F. 'Mr. Sayce is the great authority on these things now. I don't know how far he has upset Rawlinson.'

G. 'But I am thinking of thirty years ago. Sayce is quite young. Pelham is great on Greek History, isn't he?'

F. 'Greater on Roman. You know he is a favourite disciple of Mommsen. When Mommsen was last over here he stayed with Pelham, who is following his plan of teaching. He wants to make a new Britannia Romana on Camden's model. I believe he has got a great work on the stocks.'

G. 'But how is that not to clash with Merivale? I thought Merivale was the standard work.' [F. don't know much Roman History, but he knows better than that—Merivale is exploded. F. didn't know what to say, wriggled and twisted, with the eagle's blue-grey eyes glaring at him about eight inches off his own—looked up to W. R. A. for help, but W. R. A., who was standing just above us, either heard not or wouldn't hear.]

F. 'I am afraid I'm not competent to say, Mr. Gladstone. I fancy Pelham will be able to fill up some lacunae in Merivale, especially in the later period.'

Somehow we got back to some of our breakfast subjects and back to Eton, as he so often does. F. said: 'We might refer the question of where a Provost is buried to W. R. A., he is on the Governing Body.' W. R. A. said: 'Provost Hawtrey was buried in the Chapel. I was at his funeral when I was a boy. The late Provost was buried in the cemetery on the Eton Wick Road. I attended his funeral, as a member of the Eton Governing Body, in 1884.'

G. 'Headmasters are appointed very young nowadays.'

W. R. A. 'Yes, when I was on the Governing Body of Dulwich several candidates were rejected because they were over forty.' G. seemed quite astonished at this, and said, 'But surely none was ever appointed under thirty.'

Chorus. 'Montagu Butler, Welldon, Rutherford.'

G. 'Ah!' [It would require black letter to give an idea of the depth and richness of his 'Ah!']

Chorus mixed up with itself again, and left G., W. R. A., and F.; and F. said to W. R. A.: 'I remember when Warre was appointed to Eton some people were afraid he would be cut out by a younger man.' W., knowing whom I meant, smiled.

G. 'Warre has been very successful, has he not? I hear the school is 1,050 in number.'

W. R. A. 'No, Mr. Gladstone, it has never quite touched a thousand. In 1877 it was within a few of that number—then came agricultural depression and the number fell off: now again it is at its highest.'

G. approved warmly of F.'s great enthusiasm for Warre. W. R. A. led the conversation to some question of finance, which led G. to

say: 'The man who knew least about finance, who was ever at the head of the Treasury, was the first Lord Ripon.'

W. R. A. 'Prosperity Robinson, you mean?'

G. 'Yes, he was so-called because he inherited a wonderful year of prosperity and a full exchequer.'

F. 'Was that the result of Vansittart's lowering of duties?'

G. 'Vansittart wasn't at all an able man.'

F. 'I only know about him from Miss Martineau's 'History of the Peace.' She gives him an excellent character, and so, I think, does Greville.'

G. 'Two very different witnesses to character. I've always heard he was a good man, but an able man? No.'

W. R. A. adds:—A financier of that period of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke with great respect was Mr. Herries, whose appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer was an episode in the brief ministry of Lord Goderich. I think that the name of Mr. Herries arose on another occasion than that referred to in the text, when Mr. G. was talking of the Crimean War and of the scanty recognition given to the services of Sidney Herbert as Secretary at War. He then said that in time of war the work of organising supplies of all sorts was an ungrateful task, in which every shortcoming was denounced, while difficulties of administration were unheeded, and what was done well was unnoticed, and that the military men were always exacting beyond reason, and then he instanced Herries. Without the work done by Herries, he said, the Peninsular campaign could not have been carried to a successful issue, and he referred me to a Memoir of the life of Herries in which he told me that I should find a full justification of his praise. Herries was Commissary-in-Chief from October 1811–1816, and the Memoir, though in part of a controversial character, designed to rebut some disparaging remarks of Sir Spencer Walpole on Herries' qualifications as Chancellor of the Exchequer, establishes to the full Mr. Gladstone's estimate. But when did he, in the midst of politics, theological controversies, and Homeric studies, find time to read a little known biography of an almost forgotten statesman?

W. R. A. then spoke of Sir James Graham's great work in administrative reform, to which G. assented, but without enthusiasm.

Chorus gradually gather round G. in a half-moon, and G. begins to lay down the law on finance.

G. 'There isn't a country in Europe that has a sound system of finance except England. Now I'll tell you what it is. The instant the financial year is ended we in England have a complete, though rough, account presented to the House of Commons. ['Complete though rough' were not his words. I think the word was 'approximate,' but he used 'complete though rough' a minute

afterwards to describe the same thing.] It could be presented on half a sheet of note-paper—[he seized on that engine of finance, which happened to be lying on the table by his side, and flourished it about]. Now the French Chamber has a most elaborate and detailed system, but no one knows how far the Ministers will keep to it in the coming year. [I gathered from this tirade that the French Ministry pretend to present their accounts to the nation, and really present only the shell or exterior of them, and are then at liberty to walk round parliamentary restrictions at will. This I am sure was his sense, though I couldn't understand the details.] And all other European nations have followed the French instead of us. Their accounts are all a SHAM. We should be amazed, for instance, if we could learn the truth of the financial state of Italy. The aggregate interest of her debt is greater than our own. Yet she has only been twenty or thirty years making it.'

Someone said: 'I think she had a clean start before Florence became the capital?'

G. 'Yes, I believe she started with a clean bill of health then. There may have been some slight debt over from Piedmont, but there was none from the other provinces.'

C. W. B. 'And the local debts in Italy are so gigantic. In Naples they are raising loans at 15 per cent., and much the same in Rome.'

G. 'Really? It is amazing. But why don't the Italian funds fall? they are still standing at 95. What *do* the people in Naples and Rome do for a livelihood?' [Ah, Mr. G., they were better off as honest brigands before you upset poor King Bomba.]

C. W. B. 'Taxation has reached its limit in Italy, has it not?'

G. 'I should say it had certainly.'

C. W. B. 'And then there's the octroi' [G. shook his head sadly.]

G. 'But when I was last in Tuscany I saw no signs of distress; jolly prosperous farmers, coming in with their goods to Florence; they have very easy landlords, and seem to have a fair market.'

F. 'Val d'Arno's a very rich country—you mustn't judge the rest of Italy by that.'

B. thought the Po was in the Val d'Arno, and G. corrected him with great alacrity. Something then led Mr. G. to tell a story of a Greek who found his way to Hawarden, knowing no word of English but Ἀλαδστών.

G. 'And I was at home at the time, and some of my people—the coachman, I think—went out and found him asleep in a barn—and at first they were for suspecting him; but one of my sons went to him and they fetched me. I couldn't understand him, and my nephew Jack was there. Where's George? Here, George, you're wanted—your brother was there, and he made him write down his Greek words of which we couldn't understand his pronunciation, and so we made out that he had come to see me.'

W. R. A. 'And why?'

G. [rising and shaking himself like an old lion]: 'Because he thought that in some way or other I was a friend of the Greeks. We didn't know what to do with the man; he hadn't a penny in his pocket. Heaven knows how he got there. But I got him a place in the Greek Consulate at Liverpool, where he is doing very well, and he writes me grateful letters.'

W. 'One is glad to know when an incident of that sort terminates so happily.'

I think this was the last point. It was 10.20; he rose and said Good-night all round.

[Then, of course, the rest of the juniors danced round F., harrying, badgering him, and pinching him to tell the story of the private interview of the morning; of which, of course, A. H. H. has several splendid versions already going, the best perhaps being this:—

'And then you know F. got in a blue funk when they were left alone and the door was shut, and Gladstone began in a solemn voice: "The remarks which in your levity you made last night about Egypt. . . ." and F. thought he must have been frightfully drunk over night and accused the old man on his foreign policy.']

At 8.45 this morning in chapel Mr. Gladstone was resplendent in his Doctor's hood; the Bible-clerk walked to T. R., our Dean, and asked who should read the Second Lesson, and then, on being told, went and led out the Great Man, who began at once: 'Here beginneth the Twenty-First Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel—No; of the Revelation,' and then read that great chapter very simply, with his broad rolling Lancashire accent. F. H. T., who is a born singer and orator, had already performed Genesis i. with extreme beauty.

T. R. afterwards told me that when he asked him before chapel whether he acknowledged the authority of the Dean (*i.e.* to send him out to read), the old man answered: 'Mr. R., I acknowledge all constituted authority. I am the most conformable of men.'

'It is difficult,' says T. R., 'to describe Mr. Gladstone's rendering of the lesson; there was no striving for effect, but his reverent sense of the message he was passing on to us, and his perfect articulation, seemed to invest the familiar words with a new meaning. One day, when he read the Second Lesson at the Cathedral, Canon Bright (a strong political opponent) was reported to have said: "I can forgive him much for the light which he has thrown on the mind of St. Paul."'

C. G. L. adds: 'Equally remarkable was his reading of the Psalms. His deep sonorous voice continued reading each verse long after the rest of us had finished it. I can see him now bending over the book as if absorbed in the effort to realise each word: he seemed

quite oblivious of everyone else in chapel; and it was this same detachment that made his rendering of the Lesson so striking.'

At breakfast I was about the middle of the table and Mr. G. at the end, so I didn't catch much. Sunday breakfast is always a fuller table than week day. The conversation was principally between A. H. H., A. C. H., and himself.

G. 'A Norwegian or a Dane is more like an Englishman than a German is, a South German more like than a North German because of the Slavonic element so largely mixed with the population of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania' [? Wendish—and is a Wend a Slav or even an Aryan ?].

G. 'I have lived out of, and again into, the period when it is the fashion to give Sunday breakfasts. Now there's my friends Lord and Lady S.; they are famous for keeping the best table in London; when I first stayed with them they (being very strict people about Sunday) would have no cooking done on that day, but next time I stayed I was surprised to find a hot breakfast and a large party—they had been obliged, they said, to give in.'

Followed a story about Christopher Wordsworth which has escaped my memory.

G. 'Yes, I knew the Princess Lieven. She flattered and petted and toadied [the first Earl ?] Grey till she could twist him round her little finger. It was quite a different thing, as she found, when she tried to play the same game with Lord Aberdeen.'

I did not catch the whole of his remarks about Grey, but the general tone of them was, to my surprise, disparaging.

G. 'When I was an undergraduate we ate no lunch except Leman's biscuits, which were all the thing then.'

A. C. H. 'But you dined at five—what long evenings you must have had.' [To my great regret I failed to hear more of this topic, but he went on for some time at it.]

After to-night I shall have few chances of meeting him except breakfast; he dines out every night for the next few days till he goes, which will be on Friday.

Monday, February 3, '90.—A poor budget. I thought I had had enough favour and kept discreetly in the background. At dinner last night there was a larger party, and I saw and heard nothing except when he chaffed me about my beard and said Good-night to 'Professor Pelham.'

Breakfast this morning; he told an excellent story apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's and the Duke of Cambridge's habits of swearing.

G. 'Lord Mark Kerr had sworn at some troops at a review before the Queen. The Queen sent for the Duke of Cambridge and said he must reprimand Lord Mark, which the Duke did as

follows: 'Look here, Mark, H.M. heard you swear, and she said she was damned if she'd stand it.'

G. 'The English people are extraordinarily difficult to work up to excitement on any question; one may hammer away at them, and very likely they will remain quite indifferent; and even if they wake up, unless you keep them hot long enough to carry it through they will go to sleep, and it may be fifty years before you can wake them up again.' [What a commentary on recent politics!]

G. [Eton again.] 'Now when I was at Eton there were four classes of boys. There was the idle and clever boy, and perhaps he had the best enjoyment of all out of the school; then there was the idle and stupid boy, and he was well off too, *for his idleness compensated for his stupidity*. The clever and industrious boy was not so well off; he did everyone's verses for them, and was generally made a beast of burden. But the worst off of all was the stupid and industrious boy. He had *nothing to compensate for his stupidity*.[1] I remember a specimen of the last class who had somehow or other achieved, with huge labour, a copy of Iambics. His tutor took them up between his finger and thumb, when they were presented, and said, with a contemptuous air, 'Todd, what demon has prompted *you* to rush into Greek verse?'

G. 'I was present in Convocation at Oxford when the question of Catholic Emancipation was before the country.'

A. H. H. 'I suppose there was a brave debate.'

G. 'Debate, sir, not at all. Congregation [*sic*] agreed by — votes to five (slapping his hand on the table) to petition Parliament against Catholic Emancipation.'[2]

G. [Of Scottish patriotism, Carnegie again.] 'I remember one passage in his book. His first ideas of the majesty of office were derived from the Provost and Corporation of Dunfermline in their robes and chains (he was born at Dunfermline). 'What Mecca,' he says, 'is to the Moslem, what Jerusalem is to the Jew, what Rome is to the Catholic, that and more than that Dunfermline is and will always be to me.' He has a true Scottish patriotism.'

T. R. once got Mr. Gladstone to talk of the Free Church of Scotland: 'I spoke of Chalmers as a 'High Churchman'; he demurred to the phrase: 'No doubt there was a certain agreement

[1] This story was evidently a favourite of Mr. Gladstone's. I see from the Life that he had already told it in two speeches to schools, one at Mill Hill and the other at Marlborough. The next story is also mentioned in the Life.

[2] In the Life, where he again tells this story, the gist is the same, but he mentions forty-seven votes as given against the majority.

between high Presbyterians and high Anglicans, but not fundamental agreement,' and then he passed from the topic. I think his view was that a Church might have deep spiritual life though deprived of 'spiritual independence'; but that there cannot be a deep religious life in a Church which has not an adequate sense of the importance of the Sacraments.'

On the whole I am surprised to remember that there was little theological talk. He exhibited (on the first afternoon, I think) much interest in the fact that Bismarck had recently received a theological degree, and said that he was surprised that Jowett held no degree in theology. C. G. L. was able to inform him that Jowett was a Doctor in Theology of the University of Leyden.

There is an unaccountable lacuna in the letters between February 3 and 8. Letters were certainly written each day, though none so long as those of February 1 and 2, and I think that on each day, except one when Mr. Gladstone breakfasted out, I met him at breakfast. It is possible that the letters were lent to friends or otherwise mislaid.

Saturday, February 8.—Well, it's all over, and the Great Man is gone. The Domestic Bursar said last night it would be quite a relief when he had quitted the College without any mishap, for he (the bursar) felt such a responsibility on his shoulders. Last night there was a great party at W. R. A.'s house, and my wife and I were invited to the drawing room. When the gentlemen came in from the dining room, Mr. Gladstone came in alone and looked round, and presently came and talked to me. I presented my wife, and we had a good deal of pleasant talk. He was exceedingly polite and kind to her, but it was quite evident that his old Oxonian Toryism resented the idea of 'married Fellows,' and we heard from other sources that the whole of the woman element in modern Oxford was profoundly distasteful to him.

T. R. further elucidates this point: 'He spoke kindly of efforts to improve the education of women: one of his own daughters was a tutor at Newnham, Cambridge; but colleges for women at Oxford! —a deep 'Ah' indicated that Mr. Gladstone had misgivings. When Mrs. Gladstone was in Oxford a lady spoke of her visit as a 'pleasant surprise'; 'Not at all, not at all, ma'am,' said the old man in a tragic voice, 'there are far too many ladies in Oxford already.'

He told a lovely story about a Highland boatman which I reserve till we meet, and then got on to the late Bishop of Durham, whom he had met at Braemar and in Norway, and was much interested when I said that I had been in his house at Bournemouth during his last illness. He remembered J. R. H.

[the present Bishop of Rochester] on the Braemar visit, and asked what he was doing. He spoke much of the hurry of life in modern Oxford, and I said that I believed if the terms were longer we should not be so hustled. He agreed and commended the Scottish system of six months' term, and when I said everything Scottish was to be commended he smiled cordial approval, and spoke of the nobility of the Scottish student life and the peck of meal in the garret. Harcourt came up, and the wife and I retired. He at once began to Harcourt on Homer, which, as the latter is a man of science pure and simple, was a little hard on him. When he said Good-night to me, which he did very warmly, he said how happy he had been in College and how he would gladly end his days here. But, truth to tell, he was tired to-night, and though I suppose he lives an even more exciting life all the year round, the mere amount of talking that he does is bound to take it out of a man of his age.

This is the end of the letters.

The generation that knew Mr. Gladstone personally is passing away, and, as Lord Rosebery recently pointed out, the combination of 'bookishness' and statesmanship—to use the word 'statesmanship' in its popular sense, as equivalent to 'the art of governing'—is becoming rarer every year. But we who were young when Mr. Gladstone was old will, I think, never regret the week which we spent in the company of one whom the most pressing and arduous duties of political life had never been able to divorce from his catholic affection for all manner of books, and in whom no changes of political standpoint had weakened his affection for the University of Oxford.

TROPICAL CLIMATES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

A COMPARISON of the condition of any region of the earth's surface in two far distant periods is a study of extraordinary fascination, giving rise to reflection of a still wider range. Such a comparison is most striking in the polar regions, because the contrast is much greater than elsewhere. Let us turn, then, to the discoverers of traces of the very earliest age in the regions of the pole. It was here that the present writer first began to read 'sermons in stones.'

Early in September 1850 the ships employed in the search for Sir John Franklin's expedition were fast to an icefloe which barred their way to the westward. Winter was rapidly approaching, and the ships had to winter in the open pack between Griffith and Cornwallis Island in 74° 34′ N., 95° 20′ W. Anyone can see the place on a map by looking where Lancaster Sound opens to the westward from Baffin's Bay, and carrying his eye along Barrow's Strait.

Being fast fixed in the ice, rather more than half a mile from the north side of Griffith Island, we were able to make frequent excursions to the shore.

I and my companion, the present Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, took many walks along the beach, and up the ravines of Griffith Island. The northern side consists of an imposing line of lofty cliffs, ten miles long, with a talus and beach, broken at distant intervals by snow-covered ravines, where beetling cliffs rise high above the white slopes. As we strolled along the boulder-strewn beach, we were much interested by the numerous fossils. The first that attracted our attention was a flat slab covered with the long, many-jointed stems of *encrinites*, some separate perforated joints like little beads. Soon we came upon many more of these slabs scattered over the beach. There were also two species of *orthoceras*, one afterwards receiving the name of *Griffithi*, three or four brachiopod bivalves, and some corals.

After exploring the beach for several days, we went up one of the ravines whence there were glorious views over the wide expanse of ice to Cornwallis Island, and the double hills of Cape Hotham marvellously refracted. In this ravine we were able to keep

warm by tobogganing down its sides, and here we repeated our parts for the theatricals. But my researches were not stopped by the snow of the ravine. Eventually I got beyond it, and reached the gentler slope on the southern side of the island, where a more interesting discovery of fossils awaited me. For on these southern slopes the frost had detached many trilobites from the overhanging rocks, singular crustaceans of a remote age, whose presence completed the revelation of the condition of the region now occupied by Griffith Island, in the distant past.

We thus came to know the fossils of Griffith Island, and were able to make a comparison between the condition of the region in two far distant ages. Personally, we knew islands bound in perpetual frost, with the temperature at $-50°$ in March, and the sea covered with ice for ten months in the year. But looking back over countless ages, there was a change indeed. With the mind's eye we could picture to ourselves a warm tropical sea extending to the pole, probably a shallow sea, with a hot steaming mist hanging over it. The fossils of Griffith Island told us of the tenants of this warm sea. The trilobites were crustaceans with armour in transverse lines, so that they could roll themselves up like hedgehogs, and many were found rolled up. There were also two deep longitudinal furrows which divided the back into three lobes. We never found a head, but this missing part is well known in other parts of the world. The trilobites probably lived at the bottom of the hot primeval sea, and with them were great crowds of *brachiopoda*, bivalve molluscs with two shells not connected by a hinge. Their abundance indicates a plentiful supply of minute organic life in the Silurian seas. There were corals and madrepores, and forests of the beautiful stone-lilies (*encrinites*). On the surface of the Silurian polar sea sailed several kinds of *orthoceras*, including the *Orthoceras Griffithi*, a cephalopod like a nautilus uncoiled and extended in a straight line, with cells like a nautilus, and smooth septa. If a nautilus may be compared to a ship, the orthoceras is a canoe, the prototype and first development of the more perfect form. It pursued a free swimming life, ' highly organised for the catching and destroying of the weaker marine animals, the lords of the organic world in their day.'

Thus, with a knowledge of the fossils on Griffith Island, we were able to build up, in imagination, the condition of the same region with all the denizens of its tropical sea, countless ages before it became a group of frozen islands with an ice-covered sea. The

comparison of the two periods must add immensely to the interest of those frozen regions.

Another comparison may be made between Melville and Banks Islands with their frozen soil and rigorous winter, and the same region when covered with tropical vegetation. There was indeed a contrast. Now there is a climate of extreme severity. McClure must have perished with all his people if he had not been rescued by the *Resolution*. The Griffith Island region was once a warm Silurian sea. That of Melville and Banks Islands was all forest-covered land. It is now a mass of close-grained white sandstone, containing numerous beds of bituminous coal, and scarcely any marine fossils. In former ages there were forests now represented by the coal-beds—forests which flourished for centuries, and then came to an end. But there are later evidences of the vegetation, either growing *in situ* or drifted. On Ballast Beach, on the north-west side of Banks Island, there are great accumulations of fossil trees lying about from the seashore to a height of three hundred feet. Layers of trees (*Abies alba*) were visible, obtruding from the rock. In one ravine there was a mass of wood for a thickness of forty feet. A cone of spruce fir and some wood had been fossilised by brown hematite. All this timber is, of course, much later than the coal vegetation. It resembles the present driftwood. Sir Roderick Murchison was of opinion that, at the period of its deposition, large portions of the Parry Islands were submerged. Trees and cones were drifted from the nearest lands on which they grew, and were eventually deposited on submarine rocks. Then there was a gradual elevation of land, carrying with it the drifted timber. Those portions of the wood which had been exposed to alternations of frost and thaw would become rotten; whilst those which remained enclosed in mud, when brought to light by the opening of ravines or other accidental causes, present a fresh appearance. The wood has been preserved in its ligneous state for thousands of years, owing to the excessive cold of the region.

Although the winter in Banks and Melville Islands is rigorous, the summers are times when the land is visited by game, and the Arctic flora is comparatively rich. Numbers of geese and ducks breed round the lakes in the southern parts of Banks Island, and there are herds of musk oxen (followed by their enemies the wolves), reindeer, hares, ptarmigan, and lemmings.

The comparison is between the Arctic Banks and Melville Islands of the present day, and the dense forests of the Carboni-

ferous period on the same sites. Then the land of forest slowly subsided, and was covered with an iceless sea. The submerged land was thickly strewn with masses of driftwood, and in the course of ages it rose again with its forests converted into bituminous coal, and its ravines piled thick with the driftwood, and it rose again into an Arctic climate. Here the sequence is more complete. We can imagine the growth and disappearance of the primeval forests, while the subsidence and upheaval explain the presence of wood in the ravines of Ballast Beach.

The greatest interest of all, in the history of the polar regions, lies in the semi-tropical forest which covered the Arctic continent in the miocene period. The discovery of this flora, which has also been found to exist in other parts of the Arctic regions, was first made at a place called Atanekerdluk, on the west coast of Greenland. The island of Disco consists of a vast tableland rising to 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and covered with an ice-cap, with slopes descending from it, ending in valleys and low land under the cliffs. The greater part of Disco is formed of gneiss, with an overflow of basalt forming a thick cap. The northern shore of Disco is separated from the mainland of Greenland, here known as the Noursoak Peninsula, by a channel called the Waigat, and at the head of it there is a discharging glacier, whence icebergs break off and float down the Waigat into Davies Strait. Opposite to Disco, on the Noursoak Peninsula, is the fossil-bearing cliff of Atanekerdluk.

On both sides of the Waigat there is a miocene formation, consisting of shale and sandstone with numerous impressions of fossil plants, and horizontal strata of coal. A cap of basalt, due to subsequent volcanic action, overlies the miocene rocks, and forms the upper part of the cliffs. The whole section is shown on the cliff rising from the seashore at Rittenbenks Kolbrott on the north coast of Disco, but the greatest number of fossil plants has been found at Atanekerdluk on the opposite side of the Waigat, where a steep hill rises to 1,080 feet. The rock in which the fossils are generally found is a sparry iron ore, turning reddish brown on exposure to the weather.

Collections of fossils were made by Captain Inglefield, Dr. Rink, Baron Nordenskiöld, and others. These collections were entrusted to Professor Oswald Heer, who in 1868 startled the scientific world by the announcement that there was a rich subtropical forest in Greenland in Tertiary times.

It was not until July 1875 that I visited this interesting

locality, when I was on board H.M.S. *Valorous*, coaling from the seams at the Rittenbenks Kolbrott. The famous fossil-cliff at Atanekerdluk, on the other side of the Waigat, was a point of the greatest interest, and on July 18, at 1.30 P.M., we started in a sailing cutter to visit it. The wind was foul, and it took us upwards of five hours, beating up amidst numerous icebergs and loose berg pieces, before we reached the harbour of Atanekerdluk. The hills rise abruptly to a height of 3,000 feet, ending in sharp basaltic peaks and serrated ridges. I visited the lower part of the section described by former collectors. The fossil strata are of ferruginous clay, 1,200 feet above the sea. I crossed a sandy isthmus which forms the harbour, and first came upon a mass of bright purple flowers (*Epilobium alpinum*), then ascending a ravine for about four hundred feet. From this point I was able to study Nordenskiöld's section—shales, with thin sand-beds, and coal-seams, the whole crossed by vast dykes of eruptive rock which are weathered out into distinct walls on either side of the ravine, or occasionally into conical pillars. One of these pillars is called 'Rink's Obelisk,' after the well-known Danish author.

It came on to blow hard with rain, and threatening dark clouds were banking up across the Disco mountains. The scene was indescribably wild and grand. A perfect army of icebergs was drifting down the Waigat, some of them of great height, peering up through the wild scud and mist, while overhead a gleam of sun, now and again, brought out a peak of the Disco range in bright relief, amidst the dark clouds. We hurried down to the beach and found the boat's crew cooking with the boat's stove under the lee of a spare sail. But it was time to be off, and the wind carried the boat swiftly out of the harbour with only the squared oars. Then we hoisted a close-reefed foresail, and scudded before the squalls at a furious pace, the boat breasting and dashing through the waves, while the white spray curled around us and flew from the bows. The spray also dashed wildly over the icebergs which were drifting down the Waigat rapidly, calves crashing off them with loud reports. It was no easy task to steer clear of these bergs, so thickly were they crowded together, and once a shift of wind, in a squall, took us aback, but there was plenty of way on, which saved the boat. It was a wild and somewhat dangerous passage, and we did not get back to the ship until 11 P.M.

This personal experience is given, in order to present a sketch of Atanekerdluk and its surroundings at the present time. Now

let us look back over the ages, and, under the guidance of Professor Heer, let us see what would be the conditions, in the same locality, during the miocene age.

The climate was at least 30° warmer, for some of the plants that were discovered will not ripen their fruit at a lower temperature than 65° Fahr. The country was covered with a magnificent forest. Oak, beech, and elm trees spread their branches over an undergrowth of ferns and mosses. There, too, were birch trees and chestnuts, planes, and poplars, seven species of pines, five trees of the fig tribe, cassias, two kinds of cycas, walnut trees and junipers, six kinds of *viburnum* (Guelder rose), three of *myrsine*, willows, and many ferns and mosses. There were also two kinds of *cinnamomum*, eleven leguminous trees, and magnolias. There were twelve species of *sequoias*, the most representative, the *Sequoia Langsdorfii* requiring a semi-tropical climate.

Such a glorious forest, for the beauty and wonderful variety of its vegetation, is unrivalled by anything in the world we now inhabit. In its vast extent it is also without a rival. The very same miocene forest has been discovered in Spitsbergen, limes, junipers, and poplars growing as far north as 78° 36′. From still further north, in 81° 45′ N., Colonel Feilden brought from the coal-beds discovered there the evidence that a miocene forest once flourished, consisting of ten species of conifers, elm and birch trees, poplars, cypress, and willows.

The assumption is justified that all the Arctic continent up to the pole, if there was land there, was once covered by this splendid miocene forest. The distribution of land and water was very different in miocene times, when there must have been an extensive polar continent, clothed with forest. The winter darkness in the far north is not a great difficulty, for it is a mistake to suppose that there is darkness during the whole period of the sun's absence. The warmth is not so easy to explain ; though its existence is made certain by the presence of sub-tropical vegetation.

In a very remarkable book called ' Paradise Found,' by William F. Warren, published at Boston in 1885, it is contended that the pole was not only the mother region of all plants, but also of all animals. Thoughtful men have looked to the regions round the poles as the direction whence vegetable and animal life have spread themselves over the world. This gives a general and not only a local interest to the study of the polar regions in geological times, when they were under the influence of a tropical or a sub-tropical

climate. For we must recognise that it is to the polar regions that we must turn for the explanation of many important problems which cannot be solved without the aid of polar discoveries.

The story of the north polar miocene forests has been revealed to us in considerable detail by Professor Oswald Heer. It gives rise to many speculations; but above all it must impress every thinking mind with the importance of making similar discoveries in the Antarctic regions. They must tell the same story. Captain Scott discovered a long range of lofty mountains in the far south, composed of sandstone capped by basalt, like the island of Disco. The furthest southern peaks, in 82° to 83°, were 12,000 feet high, so that there was no symptom of any termination of the range. It probably extends over the pole. One vegetable fossil was found, but so injured by contact with a flow of basalt that it could not be identified. Still it points to the probability that further investigations would be rewarded. Dr. Blanford has recorded an opinion that sedimentary rocks, containing remains of plants and vertebrate animals, may be largely developed in the Antarctic continent. He holds that the Permo-Carboniferous or *Glossopteris* flora came from the far south, travelled north, and replaced the older *Sigillaria* flora. Be this so or not, there can be no doubt that problems of world-wide interest await solution in the Antarctic regions. Deductions, from various points of view, all lead to the conclusion that, in the Miocene Tertiary period, and later, Antarctica was a warm region quite iceless, and with an iceless sea. The south pole may be supposed to have performed the same function in the distribution of vegetable and animal life over the southern hemisphere as the north pole is believed to have done over the northern hemisphere. Hence the paramount importance of continuing researches in the far south.

Not only is the interest of the history of the polar regions enhanced, but problems of world-wide importance may be solved by the study of periods when tropical and sub-tropical climates prevailed in the polar regions.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

A FARMER.

THERE are some people who, when they die, leave a gap in the world even for those who have only seen them at a distance. When he died, a whole country-side felt it so. Something had gone from the green glens and the purple mountain-sides; from the long, sweet, winding roads where one might never again hear the feet of his little pony trotting, and see him coming along with his kind old rosy face and his eyes bluer than a child's. People said: 'There is no one like him left. The country is not the same without him. He was a part of the country.' And it was so. He had become a part of the country. He was one of the immortals whose place in the serried ranks of the ages of men will never be filled by another made after his likeness.

He was of so dominant and energetic a character that the weakness of old age in him had a poignant sense of pain about it for one who remembered his prime. In the readjustment of things, that is always happening, day by day, for our dead, the memory of him as a quiet old man in the chimney corner, dreading the sound of a rough word, becomes dimmer and dimmer. Already we remember him only in his prime. He was an oak of the forest, and rightly one thinks of him in his strength, that stood a four-square battlement to all the winds of heaven.

If one were asked straight off, without thinking, to name his strongest characteristic, one would say, I think, his fearlessness. He feared nothing. Under his wholesome health he had nerves and imagination not known among his fellows; but his nerves had nothing to do with nervousness. I have driven with him in a thunderstorm along miles of tree-hung roads, when the blue lightning leaped in chains within a foot of us, and his voice, talking to and soothing his pony, kept the little creature from wild panic as his absolute courage put courage into my quaking heart. With him it was impossible to be afraid.

He had chosen a farmer's life, and it was the one life which seemed right for him. He had the intense love of the land which seems so peculiarly Celtic, and he had put every penny he was owner of into land—land of an unexampled richness, in which the

grass was to your knees any day of the year. He loved the land he had acquired for himself, loved it like a child; but dearer to him still was the little farm which had belonged to his grandfather, on which he had spent his childhood; every field, every hedgerow, of which had its stories and its associations for him.

The farms lay, almost side by side, in the lap of the mountains, swept by the sweet winds from the mountains and the sea; yet to hear him it was as though one pent in the city had escaped to the moorland and mountain when he had driven behind his pony the little space which divided the two farms. To be sure, the little farm held the fields of his childhood; and it was a far cry from them to the days when he should farm his own fat land.

He would pull in his pony at the top of an upland pasture, and sit inhaling deep breaths of the mountain air, while he gazed down over the placid fields where his own roan and strawberry cattle were standing in quiet groups.

He could spend hours in those fields, alighting now and again to feel the sides of his cattle, who bore his inspection with entire placidity, or merely pulling up his pony by a feeding group of them and eyeing them contemplatively, while he pulled away at the pipe which was never out of his mouth.

He had his stories of those fields, the very names of which—'Larry's Field,' 'The Cuckoo's Field,' and so on—had magic for him. There was a little ancient castle or watch-tower of the early Irish somewhere midway of those dream-haunted fields, which had its rath, its ghosts, and fairies. Under the shadow of the tower was a little thatched cabin of two rooms. He was so fearless that any story of the supernatural coming from him had a curious impressiveness. Once, as a boy, having been up from day-dawn with his grandfather's men when they went out milking, he fell asleep on a heap of straw in the inner room. In the outer they were playing cards by the light of a tallow candle. He could make you see it all, as he saw it through the doorless aperture between the two rooms. He could make you see and smell outside the night, the dews, the white moon of May, and the intoxicating air of the hawthorn, as they call it in Ireland. Within, the rough heads bent over the filthy cards, the dirty walls of the cabin, furnitureless but for the table and a few makeshift seats, the black thatch showing through the rafters, the shadows of the players' heads on the wall, their clutching fingers and bowed shoulders. He had the literary sense to make you realise all those things.

Suddenly he was awakened from his sleep by the loud voices of the players. One, ill-famed for the foulness of his speech, was in bad luck, and was uttering blasphemy after blasphemy, growing worse as his anger increased. Even his rough companions murmured and shrank away from him, and the lad, lying on the straw, felt appalled. There was a viler blasphemy than any that had preceded it, and suddenly a great wind forced open the door of the cabin, flung the players on their faces, threw over the table and the light, and drove through the place, dying away as suddenly as it had come, leaving the undisturbed beauty of the night as it had been.

Of his fearlessness I must tell one or two stories.

Once he had a friend who suddenly developed homicidal mania. Word came to him that the man had escaped to a loft above his stables where, naked as the hour he was born, he held at bay those who would seize him, for he was armed with a razor.

He never hesitated for a second. The entrance to the loft was by a square aperture above the heads of the horses in the stable. One had to climb first the manger, then the rack, and to pull oneself up to the floor above. That ascent into the loft, occupied by the naked madman with the razor, was, I think, a feat few would have cared for; the one ascending was so absolutely defenceless.

But so fearless was he that he was not conscious of any bravery in the act. He simply could not be afraid. He heaved himself into the loft as though it held nothing but the hay.

'Isn't it a shame for you, John,' he said, 'to be sitting there without your clothes? Here, I've brought them to you! Put them on for goodness' sake, and then we can talk in decency.'

He sat down on 'a lock of hay,' as he would have called it himself, and proceeded to empty his pipe of the ashes and fill it again. I can see him so well with the empty pipe on his knee, while he mixed the tobacco in the palm of his hand and talked in an even flow as soothing as the fall of waters. Meanwhile the naked madman in the corner had begun to clothe himself.

'Surely to goodness, John,' went on the quiet voice, 'you wouldn't be hurting yourself or anyone else with that razor! What on earth are you doing with it open like that? Why you might cut yourself, so you might! If it was shaving you wanted, the barber would do it for you. Put it down, man, before you cut yourself with it.'

The madman put down the razor quietly, and allowed his

friend to take possession of it. More, when he was clad, he allowed himself to be driven to the big lunatic asylum by the man he trusted. That was a part of the adventure which hurt *him*.

'I shall never forget,' he used to say, 'poor John's face as he looked out from between the big keepers. "If I'd known you'd have done the like on me," he said, "I'd have cut your throat with the razor." Poor John, sure it had to be, for his good!'

Another time it was a wicked cow that had nearly killed a man, and had a long list of sins to her name. She was loose in a field and no one would approach her. They were talking of shooting her. Anything that he did not know about cattle was not worth knowing. He walked into the field, despite the efforts of those who would restrain him. The cow came at him with her head down to charge. He waited; and at the moment of the charge he received her with a kick in the nose. She lifted her head and looked at him in amazement; then trotted quietly away and began grazing. He kept her for a considerable time after that, and she was quite harmless. Oddly enough, too, she evinced a particular affection for him. 'She'd let me handle her calf when no one else dare go near her,' he said. It would have been a serious matter for him if he had missed that kick, for she had been an ill beast from the hour of her calving, and her latest victim was only one of a long line. He was not young, then, and he had ceased to be agile. We used to reproach him saying: 'What would have happened if you had missed?' 'I didn't miss,' he would answer, 'and I knew I wasn't going to miss. And look at her now! A kinder cow you wouldn't meet with in a day's walk.'

Another time it was a dangerous bull, delivered to him in a frenzied state by a pack of yokels, half of them hanging on to it by ropes fastened to the ring in its nose, or its horns, the other half belabouring the poor splendid beast with blackthorns. He swept them away with one of his tempestuous bursts of anger, and they scattered like chaff before the wind, when they discovered that his purpose was to set the bull free. 'Hold on to him! Hold on to him!' they kept shouting from a safe distance. He opened the gate of a field where a herd of young cows was grazing, and turned the bull in. There was no further trouble with the bull after that.

I have known him to drive through a field of his own into which a neighbour's wicked bull had escaped, to cross the field with the brute roaring and pawing the ground in most unpleasant proximity

to himself and his pony, he flicking his whip gently about the bull's head as he went. Arrived at the gate through which he must pass to enter the next field, he clambered out of the pony cart, opened the gate and led the pony through, closing the gate behind him in the face of the astonished bull.

His fearlessness occasionally led him to do things alarming to his neighbours. Once he bought and sent home thirty Spanish bulls. The panic of the men who went to the boat to receive the cattle and were met by the wilderness of wide tossing horns, the terror of the quiet country through which they were driven, may be imagined. After all they proved to be gentle beasts, and no evil results followed.

Animals always loved him despite his tempestuousness. In anger he was tempestuous, splendid, like the storm wind. I can remember a big Irish kitchen with an enormous rosy fire that sent its glow far out into the night. From the hill half a mile away you could see the window-panes illumined in the night by that rosy glow. A 'half-door' gave entrance from the farmyard into the kitchen. Before the fire would be basking half a dozen dogs in perfect content. Presently in the yard outside would be heard a tumult. Something had happened; a man come home drunk in charge of a horse and cart, cattle overdriven: some such malfeasance or neglect of duty. The master's voice would be heard in a mighty shouting; and the dogs getting stealthily to their feet would steal one by one into the shelter of a huge kitchen-table, below which they could lie with their noses on their paws sighing because the master was angry and someone in trouble.

The odd thing was that no one resented those violent outbursts, not even those who had had a violent handling, well-earned, from him. His men were to a man devoted to him. Women always loved him; and an insolent domestic whom he had discovered browbeating his young daughters and turned out, declared always that it was the aforesaid young daughters who trembled before the termagant that were to blame, and not he.

He had in a most extraordinary way the spirit of the country. He was a wonderful talker, and as you sat listening to him by the fire he made live again for you the days that were over. Always he was filling his pipe or smoking it, interrupting the narrative to ask for a straw to clear the stem of it, or a match to light it, or it might be a wad of soft paper to put in the bowl of it to absorb the nicotine. He was an intemperate smoker, the only one I have

ever known who kept pipe and tobacco by his bedside and woke up at intervals during the night to smoke. He smoked very strong tobacco, enough to make the head of a younger man reel. He used to amuse himself by calculations as to how much richer a man he would have been if he had not been a smoker. As it was his splendid personality, his abounding health, the rose of his cheek, the unsullied blue of his eye, were a counterblast to the haters of tobacco.

He loved to talk of the Ireland which was out of our memories, the Ireland of the dances at the cross-roads, and all the old customs, when he was young, before the famine had brought the death into the hearts of the people and the emigrant ships had carried them away. He had been a famous step-dancer, and used to boast that he knew an incredible number of steps. He had much to tell. Reconstructing the old life in the glens of Wicklow, he would tell the history of this one or that one, branching off from the main narrative to tell what befell the other characters in the story: 'like a Saga,' said an Oxford professor who listened to him entranced for the length of a day, and would have gone on listening for many days if he might.

I pick up a book published in the late eighties by an American, who visited Ireland and sifted patiently all the evidence that came before him from men of opposite creeds and classes and politics and points of view, regarding the Irish question. The American took down what he heard *verbatim*. Here is a bit which recalls the days that are no more, in which his utterances have the Saga-like quality noted by the Oxford professor. 'A massive man,' the American describes him, 'dressed in thick blue serge of the wool of his own sheep, with a magnificent Landor-like forehead towering over a face that was one large smile.' I can see him and hear him as he talks, driving his guest through the mountainous country, flicking his pony gently with the whip as he talked.

'We took a delightful drive,' wrote the American, who was a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of literary taste and performance —an exceptional American indeed, who bore the name of an English noble house and called cousins with a dozen English families of the aristocracy. 'We took a delightful drive through the valley and back along the Wicklow hills. Here and there the lofty walls of some gentleman's demesne cut off the view; again we clattered along the ill-paved streets of a little village; and near every village were the ruins of deserted mills, and melancholy rows of cottages

with broken window-panes, of long-forgotten mill-hands. "There were fourteen or fifteen paper-mills here in my boyhood," he murmured; "now they are all obliterated, simply because the great thinkers of the Empire decided that there should be no tax on knowledge, and so newspapers were sold for a penny instead of for sixpence. All this looks well but it doesn't work. There were even up to three years ago ten or twelve flour-mills at work in this neighbourhood. They are all gone, ruined by American competition." In the good old times things were very different. I forgot the jolting of the car as he slowly recalled the past and some of its beloved figures. "My grandfather Cullen was a farmer with plenty of land. He supplemented his farm-work by dealing in timber. He would buy twenty or thirty acres of oakwood and strip the bark, dry it, and sell it in Dublin. Of the timber he would select what was good enough for shipbuilding, and the *débris* he made into charcoal. He and his two sons were weavers and all his daughters carders, and the family wove and carded the wool of their own sheep, and sold the flannel and dressed themselves in it: coats, jackets, and trousers were all home-made. They had plenty of money to spare for everything. Now there is not a weaver in the county of Wicklow. My great-grandfather Kelly was also a farmer in Wicklow with a hundred acres, but he was a hatter besides, and kept fifty men at work supplying hat-frames for the English army. I remember him well, and he remembered when the O'Tooles held Wicklow." '

He would go on then to tell the stories of those who lived in that long-ago time; but the American chronicler, who only wanted to find out what the Irish question was all about, records no more of it.

This quotation reminds me of his wonderful hospitality. Every Sunday his delightful house was packed with guests—as many to dinner as the table would hold, with occasionally an overflow party in another room—additional guests afterwards for tea and an informal supper later. Tennis, croquet, cards, occasionally dancing, were for those who liked those forms of recreation; but the symposia in the dining-room after dinner were such as surely were not to be found in any other farmhouse before or since.

Story-telling, political discussions, literary arguments, were carried on with the greatest animation and good humour. Let me recall some of the guests. There would be John O'Leary, the old Fenian chief; there would be Douglas Hyde; there would be

W. B. Yeats ; there would be George Russell—A. E. There would be, or might be, one or two members of Parliament. Those were fighting days, and he and his household were tremendous Parnellites. During Mr. Parnell's last sad and glorious campaign he followed him to all his great meetings. He always called Mr. Parnell 'Charlie,' and he wore his picture, with a favourite daughter's, in a locket till the day he died. There would be journalists from the Dublin newspapers. There would be visitors from over-seas, all men of affairs, men of letters and politics; women too. One of his daughters was a writer as well as a politician, and to her came constantly English, American, Colonial visitors, with letters of commendation where they were not already friends. There came parsons and doctors, lawyers and priests. There was a time when the priests came hardly at all—at least on the occasions of the Sunday symposia. Those were the days when feeling ran so high that even the magnificent spirit of hospitality could hardly tolerate an anti-Parnellite ; and the unhappy one who strayed by chance into that Parnellite fold was apt to find things somewhat unpleasant. In time the priests came back, and in later years, when the great soreness and grief for Parnell's betrayal and death were less raw, the priests came in for friendly hard hitting, and took it like the gentlemen and men of the world they are. At one time or another men and women of many classes, creeds, and opinions met at that hospitable table. Only the dullard was barred out.

It was a part of his fearlessness that he was always ready to oppose the priests in secular matters, where he thought they were in the wrong. The Parnellite man of those days was apt sometimes to oppose the priests unreasonably. Occasionally some of the hot-headed would even stand up and walk out of the church during Mass because a priest had delivered an anti-Parnellite diatribe from the altar. He was never so illogical and unreasonable. He had always opposed the undue domination of the priests in politics, from the time he had been a Young Irelander and adored John Mitchel. He opposed them when it came to a question of abandoning Mr. Parnell, and fought the campaign against them fearlessly. But when the first rankling bitterness was done and over, the priests came back to the hospitable board in the hospitable house. They respected the man who had fought them logically and fearlessly ; and being, as I have always maintained, the most reasonable body of men in Ireland, they took the hard hitting like the men of the world and the other-worldly men they are,

and gave him the solace of their friendship and their help in the years that followed.

So many strangers came to that hospitable board. There was hardly a Sunday of the year when he did not drive off after breakfast to pick up a couple of visiting English or Americans or Colonials at the light-railway station, and to take them a drive through the country before bringing them home to lunch. He was always ready to entertain those visitors in the first place for his writing daughter till she should be ready for them. He had such a wonderful interest in things and people. Sometimes he had no clue and she had no clue as to what the visitors might look like. He was always ready to discover them and receive them in a way that filled them with pleasure. He would pay an innocent, audacious compliment to a woman which was irresistible. Once he met an American mother and daughter.

'My daughter told me,' he said, 'to look out for two ladies who were mother and daughter. She did not tell me that I should find two so young and so pretty that they might pass for twin-sisters.'

He delighted all manner of men, but still more all manner of women. Being of that dominant nature that he would sometimes roar down a man in argument, he was invariably gentle with women and he had peculiarly the gift of pleasing them.

Some of his memories went far back. He had known various historic personages. Major Sirr, hated in Ireland as the man who captured and mortally wounded Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the bright, the beautiful, the immortally young, had patted his curly flaxen locks as a child. His evidence about Major Sirr was rather in the direction of rehabilitating him. He was never one for conventional beliefs; and while he yielded to no one in his love for Lord Edward, he was none the less impartial as regards him whom many people would call Lord Edward's murderer.

'When I was a flaxen-haired child,' he said, 'I used to play about the Castle yard. One day we had been playing marbles on the steps of a house when the door opened, and a man whom I took to be a tall man hurriedly came out. My companions scattered, but I remained. He took me by the chin, and lifting it up looked down into my eyes. "Well, little boy, do you often play marbles on my steps?" he asked. "Very often," I said, fearlessly. "And hop-scotch, and spinning tops, and all your other games?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you can go on playing them, and don't be afraid."

After he had gone the others, running back, cried out, "Did you know it was Major Sirr?" I had had no idea indeed that it was he whose name was something of a bugaboo to frighten children in the dark.

'Hated as he was, however, he had the reputation as a magistrate of being fair and impartial. There was a friend of my grandfather's, Edward Byrne, like himself a Wicklow man, settled in Dublin. One night he was walking home after enjoying an evening with some friends. He was three sheets in the wind, and as he was going down George's Street he struck up a good old Croppy song —"Billy Byrne of Ballymanus"—in a most loud and stentorian voice. He was suddenly confronted by a tall man who walked up to him, and, without speaking a word, struck him a blow on the side of the face, which, Byrne not being very steady, knocked him into the gutter. Byrne, who was a powerful and athletic man, belonging to a very pugilistic family, and being own uncle to Simon Byrne who never met a man that he could not beat boxing, leaped to his feet, rushed on his assailant with all the force and power in him, and knowing he had a foe of both courage and science to contend with, he rained a shower of terrific blows on him, which felled him to the ground. "Get up," said Byrne, "I strike no man when he is down," at the same time receding some paces. In an instant the man leaped to his feet, but instead of advancing to the fray he emitted a piercing whistle, and in a minute there rushed up ten or twelve of the most powerful men of the Dublin Watch. After a prolonged struggle they succeeded in felling Byrne, bound him, and carried him off to the old Werburgh Street lock-up or watch-house.

'Now Byrne was well known to the watchmen, and one of them summoned my grandfather to stand by his friend in his trouble. The next morning the two appeared before Major Sirr, in whom Byrne, to his alarm, recognised his opponent of last night.

'The Major looked steadfastly at him.

'"Your name is Edward Byrne, I see, but you are not a Dublin man."

'"No, indeed, sir. I belong to Wicklow."

'"Ha! So you are one of the Wicklow Byrnes. Mr. Byrne, what right had you to be disturbing the peace of the citizens of Dublin after midnight, when I was fortunate to meet with you?"

'"No right, sir. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know it was Dublin at all. I thought myself back on the Wicklow hills."

' " Mr. Byrne, are you as good a man to-day as you were last night ? "

' " I am not, sir. It wasn't me was in it last night : it was the drink I had taken."

' " Mr. Byrne, will you promise me that I shall not find you brawling in the streets of Dublin again ? "

' " Indeed I will, sir."

' " Well, then, you may go with your friend." '

' Of Major Sirr's personal courage there was no doubt. He went the rounds of the city every night alone, though there were watchmen within sound of his whistle. Yet he knew that three-fourths of the citizens of Dublin would rejoice in his death.

' My grandfather had a case before him once. He had bought a horse from one of two brothers, and it having been in his possession some days, the other brother claimed it, saying his brother had no right to dispose of it. He had brought a number of his friends with him, and, my grandfather disputing his claim, they made an attempt to seize the horse by force. My grandfather's neighbours rallied round him, and after a pitched battle he was able to retain the horse. He then summoned the man before Major Sirr for assault and attempting to seize the horse by force.

' " How much did you pay for the horse ? " the major asked my grandfather.

' " Twenty pounds, sir."

' " Are you prepared to hand over the twenty pounds and take your horse ? " he asked the other.

' " No, sir."

' " In that case," said the major, " the horse is the property of this man who purchased him. All I can do for you is, if you will bring your brother before me I will transport him." '

To me it brings the most vivid sensation of comfort and quiet safety to think of him in his arm-chair as he told this and many another story. I used to come home down the hill from a long winter's walk, part of it in darkness, the intense darkness of the tree-overhung Irish roads. At the top of the hill I would see below me in the valley shining the lit kitchen window. There I knew I should find him sitting, new come in from his fields, his leggings still on, and the clay of the fields about him, talking to his old steward of the work and the crops and the cattle, and what beasts were ready for market, and what were the prospects for this and that crop, and the coming fairs, and so on. It used to lift up my

heart in the darkness to think of him sitting there in the firelight, the dogs at his feet, talking away as quietly as the flowing of a river, till it should be time for him to get out of his outdoor things and join the family meal in the dining-room beyond.

He was extraordinarily generous. In fact, so giving was he that many people supposed him to be a wealthy man when he was no such thing. To those he loved he would give royally. He exhaled a certain big generosity. His rich sense of humour was touched once when a tinker—*i.e.* a gipsy—who had year after year, times innumerable, opened the gates leading to his fattest pastures or his most promising meadow and turned the whole herd of asses (to speak of a donkey in Ireland is to give yourself airs) to graze upon them, invited him to pay for getting the asses out of pound. Those asses were the plague of the countryside. No man's crops were safe from them. It was a great blessing when the tinker did a deal with Government and sold the asses for exportation to South Africa. 'Aye,' said the tinker, 'they've gone where they ought to go, to Road-Aisy. Isn't it what they've been lookin' for all their lives?'

Not at all *à propos*, I remember a mule which was also bought for the transport. He was struck dumb on hearing of its sale: it belonged to a neighbour. He described the age of the mule thus: 'Farrell Fox of the Green Hills died the other day, a very old man; and when Farrell Fox's father was a child he knew that mule, and he used to say that no man then knew how old the mule really was.'

Another time when he had prosecuted a notorious *vaurien* for annoying some of his workpeople who occupied an adjoining cottage and had described the gentleman's language when he was in a state of intoxication as being 'laborious,' the *vaurien*, being bound over in a certain sum to keep the peace, turned cheerfully to him to pay it.

While he lived there were many delightful tales that might be told of his humour and the humorous happenings which befell him: but now that he is dead his death seems to forbid it. It has left one without heart to smile. I remember him coming in once from an encounter with a philosophic tramp, to whom he had offered a meal of bread and meat and a shilling if he would take a fork and broom and clean out a stable.

'Now look here, mister,' said the tramp, 'd'ye see that town over there in the smoke? Well that town has a population of nearly half a million. It has so many streets, with an average of so many houses to each street, every street worth at least tuppence

to me. Now I ask you, wouldn't I be a fool to spend my day working for your bit of bread and meat and your shilling ? '

' I had to acknowledge that from his point of view he would,' he said, smiling delightedly over the reminiscence. ' I was so taken with the philosophy of the fellow that I gave him the bread and meat after all. But sure he wasn't hungry, for he left it on top of the dog-kennel, when my back was turned.'

His interest in men and things was extraordinary. I have never known anyone so interested, so eager to hear what others had to tell. For all that what he had to tell himself was so well worth the hearing he could be silent or almost silent for hours, only putting in now and again the word that stimulated the talkers. It made him a wonderful host at those Sunday symposia, where he sat in the midst of a group of men, mostly young enough to be his sons—he had a great fascination for young men and they for him—looking from one to the other, his face lit up, his applause ready and eager, his eyes shining just a little more when one of his own blood or connexion was getting the best of it in an argument. He would hear the young men read their stories or their poems hour after hour, and would be amazed to find how the hours had passed. His was an interest which was inexhaustible.

He had no shibboleths at all. He was a Nationalist in the broad sense, but he was never a conventional one. Like John O'Leary, the other great old man of these gatherings, he had no patience with what John O'Leary used to call ' sunburstery,' that is to say, a flamboyant and insincere patriotism, the ' First Flower of the Earth—First Gem of the Say ' kind of thing which O'Connell made a bad fashion in Ireland. In simplicity, in straightforwardness, in sanity, as in a strange, beautiful innocence of nature, those two were very much alike. ' Everyone knows O'Leary is an Englishman,' said one of his friends, when the old patriot had expressed an admiration of certain of the English qualities ; and I remember the fine old smile and the shake of the fine old head.

He was perhaps too great a theorist ever to have made a really practical farmer. If he had worlds enough and time, to paraphrase Marvell, he might have received back from his land the gold he poured so lavishly into it. As it was, the gold lies there for his successors to dig out. He was not of the middle classes, not at all of the middle classes, to achieve a great practical success. By right he was a farmer because he was a part of the mountains and the country, and the land represented to him the poetry of life.

By right he was not a farmer, because he had fine imagination and great ideas, and the farmers round about him were dullards, content with their old grooves. But a few thousand men like him might well be the salvation of Ireland or any country. What other farmer could have sympathised with the idle dreams of the poet and the idealist? What farmer of them all would have laid down his gold to help on an unprofitable verse-writing daughter to the summit of her ambitions? To the beautiful room of pictures and books and china he gave her, the like of which was surely never under any farmhouse roof between the four seas of Ireland, he used to come tired after fair and market, and if she was not there would sit down with her St. Bernard dog—another gift of his to her, for he gratified all her desires—to await her return. These two lovers of hers were happier to be in her atmosphere even though she was absent than to be anywhere else in the world. He chose his own grave within sound of the passing feet in the village street, by his fields, under the mountains that are always golden or silver. 'I'd like to lie,' he said, 'where the poor could drop in any moment and say, "God rest you, Andy!" And his men carried him to the grave on their shoulders, down the long winding road to the mountains, the labouring men and women and the poor pressing behind and talking of him with a subdued cheerfulness, because death in his case was as natural as the death of the year and the changes of the woods and the fields.

I have tried to keep some salient bits of him, but it should have been done by someone to whom he was less dear. He was all strength and all sweetness. And so much was he of the fields that for one at least he walks not only his own fields still, but all fields. She can never see a grass-blade spring without thinking of him coming towards her, not old and sorrowful, but strong and splendid in his prime. By which he makes to her of all fields holy places.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

'SOMEHOW GOOD.'

If it were necessary to account for Mr. De Morgan's popularity, I should be inclined from among other obvious causes to select one in particular: that he writes for those who, to quote Mr. Henry James, 'like to read with the senses as well as with the reason.' Mr. De Morgan's work is cheerfully concrete, showing indeed an impartial delight in the material world seldom found unimpaired in the years that bring introspection. His characters also make their first appeal to eye and ear, following the practice of life. It would be convenient, a saving of barren friendships and of much talk at cross purposes, if our fellow-creatures would introduce themselves psychologically scheduled as possessing such and such distinctive habits, tastes, and hereditary tempers. Something of the kind—when science has taken polite society in hand—we may one day see accomplished. Meanwhile, we must embark on new acquaintances with no more preliminary light than may be derived from the outer man, from gestures and tones of voice more or less constrained, and fragments of talk more or less insincere. Long afterwards only do we learn the intricate mechanism controlling solid structures grown familiar, though capable of altering strangely to an altered point of view. Mr. De Morgan's people take gradual shape in much the same way. They are not only alive but—more rare in books—have a distinct faculty of growing. It would not be easy to say exactly how it is Mr. De Morgan builds up his men and women until they live and move and speak almost with audible sound. He is a master of detail, but his method is not in the main descriptive, still less analytic, but rather one of suggestion. Here and there we may complain that the process is long drawn out, needlessly minute, but the final result is successful beyond all cavilling.

It is also true that Mr. De Morgan can achieve his end by more direct and economical means when he chooses, as we see in one of the minor characters of 'Somehow Good,' Jack Roper, the 'real major.' Twice for a short space of time we are shown the purple-

faced asthmatic old Anglo-Indian 'talking himself hoarse about society' in the Hurkura club; starting the hounds of gossip on the tracks of 'that very charmin' woman,' Mrs. Rosamond Nightingale; in idle vanity likely to work more mischief than the combined malice of the widow Vereker and Mrs. Professor Sales Wilson, though in aim he is innocence itself: 'Don't you go puttin' it about that *I* told you anythin'! You know I make it a rule—a guidin' rule—*never to say anything*! You follow that rule through life, my boy! Take the word of an old fellow that's seen a deal of service, and just you *hold your tongue*!' An arrant old gossip, a club bore, *bête comme un vieux militaire*. But that his garrulity hits the main business in hand, he claims our interest hardly at all. The author puts him on the stage again, and our sum of knowledge is barely increased; a little more hard swearing, a few more blundering indiscretions, gallant but clumsy attempts at retrieval for the sake of somebody's daughter to whom the first page of her own history must at all costs remain dark; a glimpse of year-long cronyship with the much older major, Sally's Colonel Lund ('I knoo our friend Lund forty-six years ago in Delhi. Forty—six—years, and all that time, if you'll believe me, the same obstinate moole') ; of the foolhardiness with which habits of friendship will inspire old age—what, after all, has the author done? Very little it seems, but at the end of the few pages Jack Roper becomes one most intimately known, and his sudden, pitiful, obscure exit from life, stealing an involuntary march on that of the 'other Major,' the least forgettable thing in the book.

These central chapters with their simple concentrated narrative, force of vision, and fine restraint are an interesting commentary on certain criticisms with which some of us have tempered our welcome of Mr. De Morgan. For agreed as we are that Mr. De Morgan's success is deserved, we are yet more agreed that his deserved success has had very little to do with art. Mr. De Morgan is like a stranger who has safely traversed a difficult and hostile country provided with neither guide nor safe-conduct. He has been congratulated on his feat, but official dignity has hastened to point out that, strictly speaking, he ought to have perished by the way. This, by all the rules, should have been the fate of one possessing neither form, nor reticence, nor care for art. In the interests of discipline, reflections in this strain, mildly reproachful, we have felt compelled to make, though perhaps we do not quite mean all the severe things we say. For if Mr. De Morgan's humour is unrestrained—and none

the worse for that—we see quite well that in his pathos there is an admirable reticence. And we must admit that if there is no care for art, say in the scenes grouped round the death of Colonel Lund—then art has taken care of an ungrateful child. 'Joseph Vance' and 'Alice-for-Short' undoubtedly were overloaded, and might have cast some of their cargo with advantage, but only pedantry will find the same fault with 'Somehow Good.' The movement, indeed, is leisurely (since when has art been in so great a hurry ?) and digressions—not without method—certainly there are, but if Mr. De Morgan sins here, he sins in high company.

There remains Mr. De Morgan's style, which, to tell the truth, has shocked us not a little. If to express your thought in the form of common speech is to be heretic against art, then Mr. De Morgan is hopelessly heretical. With much modesty he confesses that an 'intermittent' style is his only means of imparting information, but it is admissible to believe that had others more orthodox been open to him he had still selected this one. Mr. De Morgan claims to write as a close observer of the actual, and in particular of the actual as regards human intercourse. 'Very rarely indeed does a human creature say what it means. . . . The congenial soil in which the fruit of intelligence ripens is suggestion.' Deliberately, one must think, Mr. De Morgan has chosen the 'disjointed lines of talk' in real life to be the medium of his expression. He seeks of set purpose the colloquial phrase, as another strives for the remote epithet. 'Try to mean what you want to say and leave the dictionary to take care of itself' is a maxim dropped by the author, but though in a sense he leaves the dictionary to take care of itself, his is the writing of one more than commonly interested in words and their use and misuse. Much of the author's humour—like Lewis Carroll's—has this intellectual interest at the base. We see it in Mr. Pritchard the builder, who inadvertently re-christened Mrs. Nightingale's villa, and defended his error on the ground that 'the names were morally the same, and it was absurd to allow a variation in the letters to impose on our imagination. The two names had been applied to very different turns out abroad certainly ; but then they did all sorts of things abroad. If Saratoga, why not Krakatoa ? . . . Mere differences of words ought not to tell upon a healthy mind.' We see it in the German baron catching up a lady's sentiment : 'How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight' by the correction : 'It would sount the same in the tay dime, the fibrations are the same' ; in Professor Sales Wilson who

dissects the conversational ambiguities of his family with a malicious enjoyment second only to that with which he proves pretentious sciolists to be 'mere' beyond a doubt; in Mrs. Vereker, whose precise violations of sense almost impose upon the imagination: 'My dear, you *said* nothing, but if your father could have heard what you did *not* say you know very well what he would have thought'; in the singular boy who has no way of communicating with his species but through defiances and refutations, and in the running commentary throughout the narrative on confusions of thought and speech. To the same cause it is doubtless due that the book contains many more characters than visibly appear. Thus, the author has a way—slightly disconcerting, as when your horse changes his leg as he canters—of giving place to some unknown speaker of whose dialect he has momentary need. The introduction of the carpet-stretcher's jeremiad has perhaps no defensible cause of existence, other than the author's love of technical jargon in an illiterate mouth, but who would wish the delightful soliloquy away?

In the same free and confidential manner as of one who talks rather than writes, Mr. De Morgan with equal felicity will put before you an evening party or a fight in a London slum; midsummer weather or the foreboding that is in a rough night closing over the sea; an old man's dying or the flirtations of Sally and 'Prosy' Vereker. But the means of transmission, if it is to be admitted as style at all, is certainly an undress style. It is not a style for Sundays nor for the library. The tool is excellently fitted to its purpose and to the workman's hand, but it was never forged in any workshop of art. This has been our conclusion, and it is perhaps for this reason that books essentially masculine in character have been praised in terms more usually reserved for the encouragement of the untutored sex. Of the majority of novels published, it would be hard to tell off-hand whether they are written by men or by women. With Mr. De Morgan's books the question could never arise. It does not need the name on the title-page nor the traditional ring in such a sentence as this: 'Sally was no lawyer. We do not love her the less for our part,' to tell us the author's sex. For good or ill we have here indisputably such books as women never yet have written, and in all probability never will write. It is singular, therefore, and slightly entertaining to note how some of us have elected to express our commendation exclusively in terms suggesting attributes mildly feminine and passive—'charm,'

'knack,' 'sense of character,' 'nice observation,' and the like. It is true that prominent aspects of Mr. de Morgan's work deserve words of quite another import, but that cannot be helped. Those others are big words, sacred to works of art and the artificers, and Mr. de Morgan has only himself to blame—did not the road of observance lie open before him?—if he has had to be content with lesser adjectives, denoting lesser gifts, blind nature's 'casual dew.'

In Boston, says Mr. Wells—and his Boston has no geographical limits—only the authors of works 'toned and seasoned' may be lectured upon without indecorum. Mr. de Morgan, it is to be feared, may never be included in company so select. This is regrettable; but after all perhaps it does not very much signify. There are books which are better to talk about than to read. Mr. de Morgan's, it may be, are better to read than to talk about. Read at all events they are, and doubtless for various good reasons will continue to be. Though possibly, human nature being what it is, if some high-nosed Bostonian, snuffing the air for a taint of Philistinism, come upon us while we read, we shall thrust 'Joseph Vance' or 'Alice-for-Short' or 'Somehow Good' into the background, and draw forward works mellowed by age or imitation and discuss, with such decorum as we can muster, the immortals, or some modern maker of a smooth and elaborate mosaic easily recognised as style.

ELEANOR CECIL.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MINX.

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE OF THE MANY.

He wondered if it would ever end, this hot and weary afternoon; if these five rows of whispering schoolboys would ever exhaust the tricks they played unceasingly—tricks that seemed to increase in power of annoyance as the boys grew more irritable with the day, with the school, with the lesson.

So, from that class-room, whose very atmosphere was charged with ennui and disgust, no one more ardently longed for escape than did Robert Engle, the young assistant-teacher. Pale of cheek and narrow-chested, his deficient vitality told against him at every step of the lesson, and rendered fruitless his patient endeavours to gain the attention of his pupils. He might, indeed, as well have tried to crib and confine the small clouds floating on high that could be seen from the window.

This hour was one supposed to be devoted to the teaching of English literature. From a book of poetical selections Shelley's 'Ode to the Skylark' was being read. One by one the boys stood up and gabbled, in a monotone, verses to which the teacher listened with as much enjoyment as might be expected, seeing that he had for these same verses an admiration so passionate as to be at times a poignant anguish.

With all the energy left him he endeavoured to make the schoolboys feel that here a poet had poured forth his soul for their delight, but even the few pairs of eyes that were fixed on him remained dull and uncomprehending. At length a despairing resignation settled upon him. He made no more attempts to explain or praise, and he spoke only to call boys to order.

'Smith, you sit up and attend, sir!'

'Ford, you come out and put on my desk all the sweets you have in your pocket!'

Ford obeyed. As he returned to his seat he found an opportunity to amuse his friends with a series of grimaces made behind his teacher's back. Having thus thrown half the class into silent

convulsions of merriment he felt that he had not lost his sweets in vain.

Robert Engle knew full well that as a disciplinarian he was painfully lacking in strength. This fact, many times impressed upon him by his headmaster, completed the sum of the misery he suffered in school.

He would have been a more useful member of society had he not suffered from too acute an artistic perception, a love of poetry over-keen for an elementary school-teacher, an imagination that broke bounds and was apt to wander and stray as he tried to do his daily work. In his day-dreams unheard melodies and haunting visions beset his mind; lines of poetry that he had read echoed and re-echoed through his brain, and as he awoke from these alluring phantasms the sordid rigidity of his life hemmed him round like a prison.

The sound of a cane with which the master in an adjoining room unceasingly belaboured the shoulders of his pupils, the unhealthy atmosphere, the rough, dirty clothes and hobnailed boots of the boys, their unintelligent bovine faces, the contemptuous grins with which they greeted his attempts to awake in them some sense of honour and beauty—all these were a nightmare under which he laboured daily.

Now, with an eagerness which none of his pupils could equal, he glanced through the glass doors of his class-room, watching the clock in the corridor outside.

The last five minutes, leaden-footed as they were, came to an end, and then the shrill sound of the headmaster's whistle gave permission for lessons to be closed. Prayers were read with singularly little of devoutness; out scuffled the boys, single-hearted in their eagerness to escape; a boy who had been kept in began to scribble his lines defiantly, and the teacher turned to his desk, where a pile of exercise-books was ready for correction.

To-night the task was beyond him. Some half-dozen, indeed, were marked, but then the after-school atmosphere oppressed him beyond all bearing. With unpardonable weakness he released the boy who had been kept back, and bundled the unmarked books into a cupboard, heedless of a decree which said that all exercises should be corrected the day they were written.

'I will be here early in the morning to mark them, in case the inspector comes to-morrow,' Robert Engle assured himself, knowing

meantime from past experience that there was little likelihood of any such effort on his part.

He took his hat and passed hurriedly through the central hall, avoiding a group of his fellow-teachers who were standing there eagerly discussing some obscure point in the latest Code issued by the Board of Education. So elastic was Engle's nature that as he passed across the asphalted playground, out of the iron gates, and along a depressing street of smoky dwarf houses, his spirit soared again. Forgetful of school, he luxuriated in happy thoughts of a meeting which was to take place anon.

For he would see her in three and a-half brief hours, the woman who in her person retained the grace and the mystery of the elect few who had charmed his mind since the magic of the printed page first held him captive.

To him she had the wild elfish sweetness of the Belle Dame sans Merci, the pathetic innocence of Elaine, and the majestic beauty of Guinevere. She had the haunting eyes of the Damozel. And was not her hair the colour of ripe corn ?

That she was a dressmaker's assistant and a friend of his strident-voiced landlady were incongruous details which he was happily able to wave aside.

Hitherto Engle had been single-souled in his worship of the deal, and the few women who had attracted him he had been content to admire at a distance with a fugitive and qualified admiration. This had lasted until he had returned one evening from a science class to find a girl named Etty Clark sitting with his landlady.

Just then his mind, weary and depressed, craved something more tangible than the dreams upon which it had been nourished. In the lamplight Etty Clark, smiling and fresh, seemed to him the embodiment of his most ecstatic vision.

His appearance seemed to put an end to the conversation. Miss Clark said conventionally to her friend the landlady that she thought she must be going, giving at the same time a quick glance in the direction of the young school-teacher.

Being untutored and obtuse in such matters, Robert would have let slip this golden opportunity had not the landlady struck in with a meaning smile :

' Perhaps Mr. Engle would not mind seeing you to the corner, my dear ? '

With a blush he hurriedly declared his readiness to see the visitor home.

Of the walk that followed he had afterwards no clear recollection. It appeared to his mind through a haze, wine-coloured and honey-scented. All that he could remember definitely was that, somehow, he had promised to meet her in two days. From whom the suggestion had first come he could not quite recall, only that the desire had seemed wonderfully mutual.

That afternoon upon the wished-for day he sat musing over his empty cup and plate until his landlady came to clear away. He was happily unconscious of the contemptuous glance that she flung at him; but her noisy rattling of the tea-things awoke him from his Elysian dreams. With a half-sigh, half-smile, he sat down to occupy a weary hour with a text-book of physiography.

His divinity did not leave her workroom before eight o'clock. She had promised to meet him at half-past that hour, the brief interval being devoted to purposes of personal adornment. Truth to say, the girl was not particularly gratified by this her latest conquest. To her mind Robert Engle had 'no go' in him; indeed, if she had not at that time been lacking an avowed admirer she would hardly have cared further to pursue the chase.

As malicious fate would have it, the day after she had promised to meet Engle a grocer's assistant, whose moustache was as abundant and black as that of any villain of melodrama, showed an unmistakable desire to become further acquainted with her. This was flattering, but a trifle inconvenient.

'Just my luck!' she said to the apprentices in her workroom, who listened with unfeigned interest to highly coloured and romantic versions of her love affairs. She proceeded to relate that she had got well on with a gentleman madly in love with her—she could tell them he was quite the gentleman; then there had come this other fellow, saying he had been waiting, goodness knew how long, for an introduction. She had seen him smile at her day after day, but she had always held her head high, as they might guess. That had only made him think the more of her; and here he was, ready to take her to a play, Earl's Court, anywhere she would like to go to; but she had fixed it up with this other one. It was a bit awkward, as they must see.

A senior apprentice said shrewdly, as Etty stopped to bite off a thread of cotton, that the thing was—would this other one be any good?

For a few moments Etty Clark looked dubious. With a toss of her head she regained confidence.

Yes, he meant business, she declared. 'At any rate, if he doesn't I'll soon find it out. After all, there's nothing like a gentleman. I have always been a bit particular—too particular, perhaps. I've never been one to mix myself up with a common lot.'

At half-past eight that evening Robert Engle was at the meeting-place with a feverish punctuality. He had not long to wait before Etty Clark came in sight. With various cheap adornments she had done her best to destroy any natural charm she might have had. A subtle sense of this entered Robert Engle's mind as, with a look of non-committal, he eyed the string of imitation pearls around her neck, the feather boa flaunting on her shoulders, the elaborately trimmed hat perched rakishly on the side of her head.

They exchanged greetings.

Then Engle asked where should they go for a walk, and she replied that it was all the same to her.

One who was used to the ways of Etty Clark might have discovered a slight note of aggression in her voice. In spite of her assurance to the other girls, she was beginning to regret that she had wasted so much time upon this young schoolmaster, who might, after all, be unprofitable. As if to arouse her discontent, she had on her way to this meeting passed the grocer's assistant, resplendent and debonair, and by contrast Engle appeared dull and stupid. His manner of quiet deference, which at first had been somewhat pleasing, quickly palled on her, and did not promise much excitement. 'I know of a pretty walk,' he said; and he thought of a country lane, some two miles away, which possessed rural charms hardly to be expected within ten miles of the great city. He anticipated innocent joys hitherto undreamed of, and believed that the coming hour would redeem many a weary day in the past. Unfortunately his companion lacked the nature and the mood for a country ramble. She paced demurely by his side, somewhat piqued when they came to unfrequented parts and she found that Robert Engle did not offer his arm.

He paid her none of the compliments that her soul craved; his conversation was purely impersonal, and he betrayed no sign of the passion that consumed him. Etty dangled provocatively a plump hand squeezed into a tight kid-glove, but Engle did not take it in his, as she expected. He walked at her side, his face

pale and restrained, only an unusual glint of his eyes betraying emotion.

Etty chattered volubly, in a manner that she considered wholly charming, upon various topics that appealed to her. She laughed shrilly at her own jokes, while her companion listened with a vague bewilderment. He was provokingly dense, seeming not to regard her various hints that one love-scene in the piece now being acted at the nearest suburban playhouse was suggestive of their own situation. He expressed no regret when she told him that she had not been to Earl's Court that summer, nor did he seem interested when she told him that her birthday was next week.

Finding that these shots had missed their mark, Etty began to show annoyance. She bit her lip and gave sulky monosyllabic answers to the few remarks Engle made from time to time. He was supremely happy, and had forgotten the imitation pearls, the smart hat, and the tight gloves. The tender radiance of a summer evening was all around; on one side a green smiling valley, on the other broad pastures; while in the breeze and rustle of the trees he heard the pipes of Pan.

To the girl the scene was unutterably dull, and her companion likewise. She could hardly listen with patience when in low tones he spoke of the beauty of earth and sky.

The mischance of Robert's life was that he possessed the soul of a poet, while his lips remained sealed. Every poetic instinct was there, but it seemed as if expression had been denied him. Often the metre of a dumb verse would flash through his mind, and here and there a word or a phrase of exceeding beauty break forth. His mind contained fragments of dream-like stories, delicate and rare; but, strangely enough, the unfinished manuscripts hidden away at his lodgings were harsh and crude. To his bitterness he was beginning to realise that it was not his lot to be maker of song or story.

However, that mattered little at this moment, when at his side was the tangible embodiment of his fairest dreams. Thus they sauntered on, the girl growing more and more irritable. Suddenly she stopped short and turned on her heel.

'Look here!'

The vixenish quality of her voice jarred upon her companion as he awoke from his ecstasy.

'I've had enough of this!'

'Of this? Of what?' he stammered, puzzled and alarmed.

'Why, of mooning along here like a pair of ninnies. I'm tired to death. I didn't come out to tramp the country at this time of night.'

The merest shadow of a silver crescent moon hung in a pale purple sky.

Something in the amazed look with which Engle regarded her increased Etty's annoyance. She grew more voluble and shrill, her petulance increasing as she went on.

He heard like a rattle of small arms that she was not accustomed to this sort of thing; that she was faint and tired, as might be expected after such a walk; that this was not the way she should be treated; she knew manners if somebody else didn't, and no gentleman would have treated her so.

That the volley was received with amazement enraged her still further, and she became more explicit. It was her opinion that, unless there were a definite engagement, it was far better to go to a place of amusement. She wasn't accustomed to be dragged about country lanes, and she didn't think it the right thing, without a clear promise.

Robert Engle listened like one half-stunned.

'I am sorry,' he said; 'I beg your pardon. I did not think you would object.'

Something in his strained tones helped her to regain some thin rag of self-control, and she walked along in silence, half sullen, half remorseful. Soon they reached the lighted suburban streets, where the school-teacher wished his companion 'Good-night.' Shamefacedly she murmured something about having said more than she meant, and that she for one was ready to make it up. She might have spared herself this effort, for Robert Engle had relinquished any claim he might have had upon her society, and, so far as he was concerned, the grocer's assistant had no rival.

He left her and walked to his lodgings, his heart full of bitterness. He felt his soul defiled by the vulgarity and greed of one whom he had set upon the high altar of his soul. All life seemed base and sordid that night.

He reflected, with bitterness, that while he remained in his present position most of the women he was fated to meet would prove to be of this type, odious and predatory. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? They, like himself, had to fight for what they wanted. With a sort of terror he thought of the occupa-

tion he so unwillingly followed, and realised that it held him captive as a maimed rabbit in a steel trap. Despondency filled his eyes.

. . . . . .

But the horror passed, as horrors will, and the slender episode in no way changed the hue of Robert Engle's life. He bore his disillusionment philosophically, regarding his own emotions with a cynicism by no means unpleasing to himself. For was it not something of an adventure to have fallen in love at all ?

He bore without flinching the news brought to him by his tidings-loving landlady, that Etty Clark was engaged to be married to Mr. Henry Judson, the grocer's assistant aforesaid.

The betrothed pair called one evening upon that lady, and in this way Engle spoke for the first time to the bridegroom-elect, who was hilarious to a well-nigh unbearable degree. Etty was unusually quiet. Once or twice the discarded Robert found her eyes fixed upon him with a meaning that he failed to understand.

When the pair had gone, the landlady told him that the marriage was to take place in a surprisingly short time.

'Henry Judson is to be made manager of a new branch just being opened,' she explained. 'That's why they've got to hurry up. If he didn't marry he'd have to engage a housekeeper, for he's going to live over the shop. I hope it won't be a case of "Marry in haste and repent at leisure" ; that's what I say to Etty. There's no denying he's handsome and rising-like, as one might say ; but there, one never knows.'

She shook her head oracularly, and went away, leaving the young school-teacher regarding the vision of his shattered ideal.

Months passed ; the couple were married. Engle continued to teach the same class in the same room of the same school. He read poetry with more assiduity than ever ; the wheels of life jogged on, in fact, in their accustomed ruts. Without effort on his part the remembrance of Etty with her cheap fascinations and her unlovely cravings passed from his mind.

He moved to fresh lodgings, and thus it was that he had no news about her until a day when an announcement in a local paper told him that 'Etty, the beloved wife of Henry Judson,' had died in her twenty-fifth year. An infant, prematurely born, had died also.

It scarcely moved him. He had a passing regret that one who had grasped at life with such avidity should have been swept out of reach of all that she craved ; but that was all.

One Sunday afternoon he was walking past the gate of the nearest cemetery when he met, face to face, Henry Judson, the widower, clad in respectable black, returning, apparently, from the grave of his wife.

The two men recognised each other and stopped mechanically. 'Mr. Engle!' said Judson, raising his hat in a slightly theatrical manner. 'I am glad to meet you once again, sir.' Robert, awkward and embarrassed, murmured some commonplace phrases of condolence.

'I am glad to meet you,' repeated the widower—and he jerked his head backward in the direction of the cemetery—'for her sake as well as my own. It was a great loss, Mr. Engle—a great loss.' His weak face became convulsed with grief, and he blew his nose violently.

'I am sure of that,' said Robert Engle nervously. 'It seems awfully hard lines.' He cast about in his mind for some more consoling words, and then he added:

'—especially as you were so devoted to each other.'

The widower stared fixedly at Robert Engle.

'Ah!' he said at length; 'that's the worst of it. I cared for her, but she didn't care for me. I ought never to have married her. Mr. Engle, sir, I feel I can speak to you freely. I feel you will understand me, as you knew her and appreciated her, and were such a great friend of hers.'

'Well, hardly a great friend. In fact, I don't think I met her half a dozen times.'

The widower shook his head disconsolately.

'I know all about it. She never hid anything from me, did my poor Etty. I tried my best to be a good husband to her; but she never really loved me. I thought that when the baby came it would make everything different; but you see this happened, and I've lost them both. Yes, you were the only one she loved.'

'I the only one? Oh, no! This is some mistake. You don't mean that, I am sure.'

'I do mean it,' declared the widower bitterly. 'She loved you as she never loved me: her heart was yours to the last.'

'I can assure you . . .' But Judson waved aside the stammering protest.

'I don't blame her, and I don't blame you. She was not like other women'—here a strange little note of pride crept into his voice—'it was your intellect, I suppose, and your manners.

She used to say that you were such a refined man, and so well educated. She set great store on education, and I never had much of it. She often said she wished she had married you.'

His voice had a pathetic quiver; he was a child grieving over a broken toy.

'I must tell you,' said Engle, desperately, 'that it is impossible! Why, I have never seen her since her marriage.'

'I know that well enough. She didn't forget I was her lawful husband; don't you make any mistake about that, Mr. Engle. If you had seen her it wouldn't have made any difference. She was as straight as a die, sir; but she told me that she walked out with you before she was engaged to me.'

'Once!' said Robert Engle, his face as pale as death. Then he stood still. 'It is quite unnecessary to discuss this now,' he added. 'It could do no good, even if what you suppose were true. I hope it is not true. Good afternoon.'

He turned and walked away, almost overcome by a surprising surge of feeling that made him feel dazed and sick at heart. His thoughts flew far and wide like leaves before an autumn wind. He wondered if it were possible that the dead woman had really cared most for him, in spite of her manner. When he was alone in his room he wept for her.

He had misjudged her, he told himself; he had wrongly attributed to her base and sordid motives; he had, in his folly and ignorance, thrown away a pure and unselfish love, such as life might not hold for him again. The thought was intolerable, but it remained with him, gradually losing its poignancy as time went on.

Out of the memory of the commonplace and narrow he step by step created an ideal image, which became more and more real, obscuring all her faults, annihilating all her sordidness, and winning his worship. He did not realise that this divine creation was no more like Etty Clark, as she had existed in the flesh, than the glow-worm by night is like the glow-worm by day.

. . . . . .

So a year passed, and one evening, as he was returning from school, Engle again met Judson, no longer the disconsolate widower, but jaunty and smiling. Seeing Engle, who had hoped to pass by unnoticed, he stopped and greeted him with unlooked-for enthusiasm.

'How do you do, sir? How do you do, Mr. Engle? . . . Glad to see you once again.'

Robert took the proffered hand, feeling meantime something that was not unlike a cold pang of jealousy. For this man had been the husband of the divinity he now worshipped; this man alone had the right to remain faithful to her memory.

'I hope you are well,' said Robert Engle mechanically, trying to shut out one hateful picture his mind would conjure up.

'Capital! A 1. Doing well in business; first-class. Hope you're the same.'

'I? Oh yes, thank you.'

'Right you are! I say, Mr. Engle . . . ' here Judson lowered his voice to a confidential whisper—'I've a bit of news. Guess what it is.'

'Guess! Really, I can't. What is it?'

The young grocer laughed in a knowing manner, and put his hand familiarly on Engle's shoulder.

'I am going to enter a second time the holy estate of matrimony. Wish me luck.'

Engle gazed at him, astonished, almost revolted.

'A second time! Well, I hope you'll be happy.'

Even while speaking he realised that his words were more true than he had intended. Now he could be, indeed, the sole cherisher of one radiant memory.

Judson enlarged upon the merits of the woman he was now proposing to marry, not the least of these being the fact that she was the owner of a 'tidy little income, sir, which'll start us in a business.'

The school-teacher went home more firm than ever in fidelity to the vanished woman, or at least to his conception of her; irradiated within by a sort of joy that he at last was her exclusive possessor, sweet phantom only though she was. She whom he now worshipped was an ecstatic vision, an embodiment of grace—happy, beautiful, pure, and spiritual beyond earthly women, and she was now *his*.

As at that sad time when he had been the prey of a needless and cruel disillusionment, he leaned from his bedroom window gazing out into the night—far into the night.

From the darkness came an answering murmur, one that grew and swelled. He heard the carol of a bird hidden in the shades—a carol that became a pæan of rapture and transcendent sweetness.

He listened, enthralled, till his soul leapt up and swam out to greet the heavenly singer ; care dropped from him like a garment, and he entered into the kingdom that was his by right.

His soul brightened, even beamed, under the influence of a joy that is given to few. The happiness he found in this dream of one who was his own creation was embodied in the far-off song he heard. For it was no bird of earth that sang to him that night, as surely it had sung to others in years now dead. Was not this the nightingale that Keats had heard, the skylark of Shelley—also dream-begotten like his idol—the bird that would sing to others when this poor poet's heart was clay ?

F. E. Dugdale.

ON A PLATTER AT MONTREUIL.

BY J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

I WAS no sooner come within the walls of the little old bourg on the hill than Hobbinol, an assiduous familiar elf whom every collector knows, must carry me aside to a window, show me an aged soup-plate, and whisper 'Remarkable old bit of printed blue, don't you think?'

'So it is, temptatious imp,' I admitted.

'Daresay they'd jump at a franc for it?' said he, leering.

'Worth more than that,' said I, 'if only to find out how it got here.' For Montreuil is a bit of old France, and the platter seemed a bit of old Staffordshire. Upon the upper disc of it, where in the starving days of Revolution and Empire *soupe maigre* had swum its greasy and fishlike 'eyes,' two fine old English gentlemen were depicted, in line and stipple and aquatint; warm and well-fed and jolly fellows, fishing down an English brook, within English park-palings and beneath an English sky of cloud and gleam. Top-hatted and curly-brimmed, shooting-coated, roll-collared, game-pocketed, high-legginged and muttonchop-whiskered tall Englishmen of their hands they were, 'all of the olden time'; there on the platter they stood and fished, superbly ignoring Montreuil. And 'No such noble sportsmen as those were ever seen angling here alive, I'll swear!' said I. 'This is a piece of pure Staffordshire. Eh, Hobbinol?'

Yet when I had paid the franc and gone off to mine inn—the hostel, by the bye, where Laurence Sterne saw 'the sons and daughters of poverty' surround him—and had washed the platter and made out the mark on the back of it, I could tell that my piece of old blue had been moulded and potted and decorated in old France; not at Burslem or Hanley, after all, but at Choisy-le-roi.

Which thing is a parable, and a piece of the true stuff of history as well. For note that Choisy-le-roi is a patriotic little town—the author of the 'Marseillaise' died and is statued there—and Choisy-le-roi lies inland, and is almost metropolitan, being hardly six miles distant from Paris itself. But what of that? In days

of Bourbon decline and Buonaparte crescence the Pottery District of Staffordshire thought little of Paris; the Pottery District of Staffordshire sent table-ware all over France. And nothing could keep it out. The English platters were so novel and irresistible, so smooth and cleanly, so finished and workmanlike and *pratique*—and *pratique* is the superlative word of admiration over yonder; they matched so evenly and fitted into each other so handily that a *garçon* might safely carry two tall heaps of them to table all at once, a pile under each arm. What *hôtelier* or housewife could resist the purchase of ware so convenient, wars so bitter and Imperial Edicts against England so fierce all the same?

So that even in patriotic Choisy-le-roi, next door to Paris, if native potters were not to have to howl 'We've got no work to do-o-o,' instead of the 'Marseillaise,' they must copy and imitate the Staffordshire ware exactly, and not in shape and substance alone, but in look and decoration also; in fact they must facsimile it, they must print on their French-made plates and dishes the very lineaments and habiliments of the big and burly, braggart and perfidious, haughty and hated Jean Boule; only a last and saving touch of patriotism kept them from forging the Staffordshire marks as well. So here is a curious piece of minor history, sought out to explain how this brace of fine old sportsmen came to be stolidly and perpetually fishing English water at Montreuil.

Minor history, did I say? I was wrong; it is history major. Your historian-in-ordinary is the great fictionist, before whose conceptions and inventions the common novelist must vail his crest. The man who will tell the story of a race, a nation, or a period according to the clothing, dwellings, utensils, and everyday art of it will be, I vow, the only true historian of them all, and vividly in his pages the age and people shall live again, though wars and dynasties and that elaborate comedy called politics be but the edges and binding of the book. So let us glorify our hobby, Hobbinol my friend. Is it not part of the true stuff of history? Don't we know that about the doings of eighteenth-century English potters rests a nimbus of chronicle as well as of romance? *We* can hear the jangle of packhorse bells, the stalwart roll of wagon-wheels, the crack of whip and creak of linchpin and leather, as tinkling loads of crockery go jogging out of Staffordshire over Cheshire heaths towards Liverpool, little Liverpool, a town of hardly thirty thousand then. And *we* can see the sleepy smooth glide of pottery-laden barges along the solitary green canal. The

crates go down to the ships in the river, or to the workshops of Sadler and Green. For John Sadler, copper-plate engraver, modestly working in line and stipple and aquatint in a cottage at the back of Lord Street, had hit upon a rich discovery; Senefelder's own was not more accidental. Pulling a proof, and throwing it down in dissatisfaction, he had turned sad eyes upon his children, for he knew himself to be a poor hand with the graving tool at his best. When an unsuccessful man regards his 'young barbarians all at play' so happily *insouciant*, tragedy looms about them in his view. How are his youngsters to be housed, how are they to be fed and clad, how are they to be safely launched on the pitiless stream of life? The mother sits sewing, her eyes heavy with a mute reproach. 'Not what I expected when I married you,' she seems to say; and dumbly—'du cœur plein la poitrine'—the father laments his own incompetence and failure. In such a moment as that John Sadler saw his youngsters press the still-wet ink of the rejected print upon a piece of white crock, and transfer the picture from the paper to the glaze, merely for fun and pastime. Eureka! That spark of the accidental was to light many muffle-kilns; for the engraver reflected, called in a printer, and devised a new industry; so that soon after the year 1755 the firm of Sadler and Green began to turn transfer-printing into anything but child's-play, and Staffordshire ware, adorned and cheapened and multiplied marvellously, was now to penetrate into Europe; as French-born potters came mournfully to know.

Portland vases and jasper medallions, Toby jugs and Whieldon camels, Walton figures and Leeds centre-pieces were but the luxuries or eccentrics and fantasies in English pottery—the stand-by was table-ware; table-ware it was that became the characteristic Staffordshire product, just as tea-things became the typical effort in English porcelain; table-ware it was that went to Montreuil and Choisy and all over France. Till Sadler and Green began to work together within easy reach of Burslem the cost of decorating table-ware by hand had made it dear and kept its output small. But now that at Liverpool a design or picture in monotint could be printed on a plate for twopence, or on a sirloin-dish for fivepence, why, in 1765 Josiah Wedgwood is seen rummaging the London printshops for designs to send to Liverpool, and jingling over the Cheshire heaths every week-end or so go the dobbins that draw the crates of Queen's-ware to the workshops of Sadler and Green.

Perhaps the first earthenware ever made which could remain

quite cleanly and pleasant to eat from was turned out at Burslem, by Josiah Wedgwood about the year 1762; it was he who civilized and asepticized the utensils which people who could not purchase porcelain might use at table. Till then any dinner-service not made of gold or silver or china had been open to sanitary reproach. Majolica chargers and delft platters would scratch, scarify, crack, chip, or peel in the glaze by use, leaving fissures and depressions which the scullions seldom completely cleansed; the salt-glazed dishes of white stone-ware had a pitted or orange-skin surface upon which spoons and forks would rattle and jar; even the smooth Whieldon plates would harbour dirt in the floriated reliefs, as did, still later, the feather-edged and openwork ware made at Leeds. Josiah Wedgwood, that typical man of commonsense and business, sought after table utensils of a simpler, plainer, and cleanlier kind; there was money in that, he knew. So, taking the best clays procurable, he potted them into plates and dishes and tureens of simple, even, thin and uniform shapes, covered with a smooth and comely glaze, uninterrupted and lasting, of creamy or strawy or saffron tint, that a wet dish-clout could readily render clean in a minute. And he put the most perfect workmanship into the making and baking. It was his boast that 'twelve dozen can be piled up in one bung without falling over,' so neatly did the plates match and fit. 'Cream-ware' he called the new sort at first; until, sending a caudle-cup of it to Queen Charlotte for her lying-in, he got the title of Queen's Potter and an order for a dinner-service in return; whereupon 'Queen's-ware' the new sort was christened. In making his Queen's-ware Josiah Wedgwood made the fortune of the Potteries, for the new dishes and pans and tureens went abroad by the myriad, and travellers returning from the Grand Tour could attest their universal use. Wrote M. Faujas de St. Font in his 'Travels':

> Their excellent workmanship, solidity, resistance to the action of fire, fine glaze unaffected by acids, beauty and convenience of form, and cheapness have given rise to a commerce so active and universal that in travelling from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Amsterdam to furthest Sweden, from Dunkirk to the extremity of the Midi, one is served at every inn upon English wares. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied, and vessels laden with it sail for the East and West Indies and the continent of America.

It went to Holland and conquered there, even in the native land of delft.

And the fame of it penetrated even to the Kremlin; for in

1773 Catherine of Russia commanded the supply of a ' vast cream-ware service for every purpose of the table,' directing that on every piece of it—there were nine hundred and fifty-two pieces—a view of ' British scenery ' should be enamelled. For ' British scenery ' had now become a Continental rage. That every Englishman was a Milord rolling in carriages and wealth the Continent of Europe had long known, and of late the Continent of Europe had begun to learn from platters printed at Liverpool that Britain was a land of gentlemen's seats situate amidst arable scenery, where innumerable rich John Bulls, top-hatted and shooting-coated, fished or shot through arable landscapes, Palladian mansions in the distance; mansion and crockery and wealthy sportsmen being obviously the chiefest products of this happy land.

Said Wedgwood to his partner, when the Russian order came, ' All the gardens in England won't furnish subjects sufficient for this sett!' Said Bentley, ' We must send draughtsmen all over the country to take views—*real* views of *real* buildings!' Buildings were ' British scenery ' then, you see. Though Wedgwood was quite ' perswaded ' that ' not enough Gothique buildings ' could be found, draughtsmen were dispatched with camera-obscuras to every corner of the island, and Bentley advertised for prints and drawings of ' the most embelished views, the most beautiful Landskips, with Gothique Ruins, Grecian Temples, and the most Elegant Buildings ' that ' British scenery ' could boast. The ' views ' thus got together were copied ' in monochrome enamel of a delicate Black, which permits a shading and finish '; and within a year or so the service was ready for shipping to Russia with an invoice pricing it at 3,000*l*. But first it must be exhibited for a month to the fashionable world of London, at the Wedgwood showrooms in that fashionable part of London, Greek Street, Soho. Rank and fashion jostled there, inspecting what the catalogue described as ' A Complete set of Porcelaine or Queen's-ware '—of course it was not porcelain at all—' ornamented with Different Views '—there were twelve hundred and eighty of them, and no two alike—' of the Ruins, Country-houses, Parks, Gardens, and Picturesque Landskips of Great Britain.' Yet it was with anxiety that shrewd old Josiah threw open his showrooms on this occasion.

For (he wrote to his partner) ' Suppose a Gent[n] thinks himself neglected, either by the omission of his Seat, when his neighbour's is taken, or by putting it upon a small piece, or not flattering it sufficiently. He then becomes our enemy—Gains some of the Artists to his party, and Damns it with the R[n]. Ambass[r]. and with

everyone he is able. This is a rock and a dangerous one too, and I cannot see indeed how we can avoid it, *shew* or not *shew*, for if a Gent[n] asks if we have taken his Seat we must tell him, and if he further asks to see it, I do not know if we can deny him. . . . I am most afraid of our not having large Dishes and other large pieces enough to oblige our Friends who sho[d] be put into capital situations.'

Mrs. Delany went to Greek Street, and wrote that the service for the Empress of Russia was the common Queen's-ware ' of pale brimstone colour, the drawings in purple, the borders a wreath of leaves, the middle of each piece a particular view of all the remarkable places in the King's dominions. I suppose it will come to a princely price.' Mrs. Delany must have been a little colour-blind—she mistook black for purple ; and she never mentions the green frogs at all. The green frogs, say you ? *What* green frogs ? Which green frogs ? I mean, my dear Mr. Bull, the very rarest and most Imperial of frogs—the green frog that was painted on this Imperial ware at the cost of twopence ha'penny per frog. For the special mark of the table service made to Messalina of Russia's order was, strange to say, that cold-blooded animal the frog : a frog ' rampant gardant ' as heralds have it. Being both rampant and gardant the frog is up on his hind legs and full face at you, in fact a most ferocious kind of frog ! But why a *frog* to mark the ware, say you ? And not without trouble have I discovered the reason why. The ' vast creamware service for every purpose of the table ' was commanded for use at the Palace of the Grenouillière, the Frogmore of St. Petersburg, at Tsarskoe-Selo. And unless the Baltic was quite iced over before the twenty-two large crates of green frog ware could be got to Russia, there, at the Palace of the Froggery, in the autumn of 1774 Messalina and Potemkin would dine off ' British scenery,' and wonder at the thousand ' Elegant buildings ' which adorned King George's realm. And there the ' sett ' remains to this day.

Now the singular thing to note is that out of Wedgwood and Bentley's search for ' views ' came the rage for English ' stained drawings,' produced in gray or *bistre* with a reed pen and then tinted in colours ; English watercolour art may almost be said to have had its beginnings in ' stayned drawings ' of landscape prospects with country mansions in them ; and even to-day there are English folk who hardly enjoy what they call a ' view ' unless it has the residence of a peer in the foreground, or of a baronet in the middle distance at the very least. In 1774 rocks were still ' horrid ' and ' frowning,' but gentlemen's seats were ' picturesque ' and ' romantick ' ; even seventy years later Kinglake's Yorkshire servant ' rode

doggedly on' from Belgrade to Constantinople, you remember, 'in his pantry jacket, looking out for gentlemen's seats.' Wedgwood's idea when the Russian order came, that British scenery consisted of gentlemen's estates seen within parks and gardens, was typical of his period. So was the practical use of the camera-obscura, too. When, centuries earlier than that, old Wotton found the first of all camera-obscuras in Kepler's observatory at Linz he wrote to Bacon:

> I was much taken with the draft of a landskip on a piece of paper, methought masterly done; whereof enquiring the author, he bewrayed with a smile it was himself; adding, he had done it *non tanquam pictor, sed tanquam mathematicus* . . . for he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little tent around by degrees till he hath designed the whole aspect of the field.

It was Wedgwood's search for views of the mansions of the nobility and gentry, and the use of the camera-obscura for the purpose, which brought into existence 'The Copper Plate Magazine, or Monthly Treasury for the Admirers of the Imitative Arts, executed by the most capital artists of Great Britain, and calculated to enrich the cabinets of the curious, or to ornament the apartments of persons of Real Taste.' *Non tanquam pictor, sed tanquam mathematicus*, all that: yet Paul Sandby drew for the 'Copper Plate Magazine,' and so did Girtin and Turner, later on.

Wedgwood the literal and mechanical could employ a Flaxman to give 'the glory that was Greece' to his medallions and urns, I know, but even in that he was only accepting another convention of the day, 'the rather shallow conceptions of classic art then in vogue.' Buildings were 'views' and busts and cameos were 'art.' 'Wedgwood was a great potter but not a great artist,' says Professor Church; yet when it came to the bulk and stand-by of his work, 'no earthenware, native or foreign, combined so many technical perfections. Well-ground clays and flints formed the body. The "potting" was so good that every part and piece was in complete correspondence with every other, while no more material was used than was necessary to secure solidity. Plate rested perfectly on plate, lids fitted perfectly to kettles, basons, and tea-pots. The colours of the wares were refined and uniform, the firing complete, the glaze thin. And the forms of the "useful" ware showed an exact adaptation to their uses. The spouts and lips of milk-ewers and jugs and tea-pots permitted of their contents being poured out with neatness; the handles could be held; the lids did not fall off.' This master potter must have everything he

fathered be of the best quality; pitilessly the mediocre and merely passable was condemned. I see him stumping, wooden-legged, about his sheds and warehouses at Etruria, lifting his stick and smashing any non-excellent bit of ware; '*That* won't do for Josiah Wedgwood!' he growls. So that his Queen's-ware carried England at its workmanlike best abroad, England the skilful and *pratique* and excelling, England the soberly artistic and sensible, the England of quality as well as of the quality, England the true aristocrat among all industrial lands.

Thus in the courtyard of Sterne's inn at Montreuil, sitting under Whitsun leaves, with the platter in its proper place, on the table before me, did I meditate, six years ago; thus now, when the platter and a Queen's-ware dish hang on my wall with a 'stayned drawing' between them do I reflect again; while Hobbinol reminds me of the delightful wandering hours which went to the picking up of those relics of the Georgian arts. But my vagrant mind goes off again, to a villa near Fiesole, where to this day any English guest is served with what is supposed to be tea, in a cup which is certainly 'Wedgwood.' 'Inglees drink, Inglees cuppa,' says the affable and glowing host, in what he believes to be the English language. And I reflect how easily that 'Inglees cuppa' might have been not Wedgwood's but Turner's, or Adams' or Palmer's or Shorthose's, or Neale's or Mayer's; for with one consent other pottery firms in Staffordshire began to apply to Josiah Wedgwood the sincerest form of flattery, in and from the year 1765. Later, when cream-ware had given place to a cheaper and whiter and printed product, to the Staffordshire table-services much as we know them to-day, the exportation grew. And then the numberless views of gentlemen's seats that were sent into an astounded Europe! The awe of French and Italian sparrow-shooters as they lifted a mug or bent their meagre chests above a dinner-plate, and saw jolly John Bulls, top-hatted and muttonchop-whiskered, fishing strenuously or gloriously killing whole coveys of fat partridges, pillared mansions looking proudly on the while!

By the excellence of the engraving and the colour I know that my platter from Montreuil belonged to that later period, when Josiah Wedgwood had 'died worth half a million,' and his transfer-printers at Liverpool had also passed away. Their fame has not remained so unchallenged as his. John Sadler's claim to the discovery had been disputed almost from the first, not without apparent justice; in 1772 he ceased to be chief partner, and I

think he died that pathetically-resentful upbraider of life's inequity, a disappointed man. For his secret had escaped him, and an imbroglio of dates and origins and claims had begun, about which the illuminati differ even to-day. *Did* John Sadler, something of a duffer as a copper-plate engraver, by accident discover how to print on pottery, at Liverpool in 1749 ? Or was the discovery made at Battersea, and first used upon enamels ?

The ' Liverpool Guide ' in the year 1799 asserted that ' Copper-plate printing on china and earthenware originated *here*, in 1752, and remained for some time a secret with the inventors, Messrs. Sadler and Green.' But in 1753 Battersea was transfer-printing excellently, on enamel. The ' Liverpool Guide's ' is a statement bold, bald, and flat enough for anything. But it was made forty-seven years after the alleged event. Fifty-six years later still, the author of a ' History of the Art of Pottery in Liverpool,' one of those earnest people who possess every qualification for producing a good book except the power of writing it decently well, declared that ' several places have been selected as claiming the honour of the first introduction of '—I apologise for quoting such ' Inglees '—' the art which has helped to make English pottery famous throughout the civilized world, and has done so much towards making its production one of the greatest staple manufactures of the country. There are computed to be now nearly 110,000 hands ' (obviously an exaggeration) ' employed in connection with the art, and therefore '—again I apologise—' to set at rest the question of any doubt about it in future I give the evidence from the original documents now in my possession.' Then comes the text of the affidavit sworn by Sadler and Green on August 2nd, 1756.

Yet at least seven months earlier than that a certain Monsieur Roquet or Rouquet was sending word to France that not far from the china-works at Chelsea ' they have lately erected another manufacture, where they print some of their work. The subject you wish to stamp '—I quote from what is probably a poor translation, and no doubt the original word was *estamper*, which illuminates the meaning—' must first be engraved on copper. The impression is made on paper, the printed side of which is afterwards applied. . . .' Three months earlier than that, and nearly a year before the date of the Liverpool affidavit, Horace Walpole, prince of connoisseurs and correspondents, was writing to Wedgwood's partner, ' I shall send you, too, a trifling snuffbox, only as a sample

of the new manufacture of Battersea, which is done from copper plates.' In the first letter 'lately,' and 'new' in the second, are terms which may seem to limit the Battersea printing to the year 1755 perhaps; but there is extant a Battersea-printed snuffbox dated 1754 in Masonic chronology, and another printed with the figures 1753. 'Copper-plate printing, on china and earthenware, originated *here* in 1752' said the 'Liverpool Guide.' But in 1753 transfer-printing was being excellently done at Battersea, and in 1757 a porcelain cyder-mug was printed and dated at Worcester; Worcester certainly being the place where printing on china began.

It is difficult and perhaps presumptuous to love a Lord Mayor of London, but one's heart quite warms to the memory of Alderman Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen of the Mansion House, for what he did in enamel at York House, Battersea, when the first moiety of the Georgian century was coming to its close. For never elsewhere were enamels so delicate and gentle and tenderly frivolous distilled and fired. Limoges had produced enamels more striking, and Geneva enamels more gorgeously flaming with hues, but Battersea enamels are the sonnets and roundels and ballades, the Herrick's *Hesperides* and the Gautier's *Émaux* in that kind. Copper, and then a coat of liquid tin, and then the colours and the printing and the gold; enamel of turquoise and ultramarine, primrose and orange, grey and gold, grassy green and rose, on bon-bon boxes, needle-cases, snuffboxes, thimble-covers, decanter-labels, patch-boxes, nutmeg-graters, tea-caddies, candlesticks and inkstands—those were the dainties and *delicatessen* which an Alderman at Battersea set himself to send forth. And on the most prized of them appear the fine lines and designs and exquisite portraits which only transfers from plates that Hancock engraved could produce.

Hancock was a master of the burin, and Sadler was not; but the question is the date at which Hancock began to engrave for transfers at Battersea. Was it earlier than 1753? It may have been as early as 1750, but it could not be so early as 1749, for York House, Battersea, was standing idle then. And 1749 is the capital date as to the invention. For now let us hear the bold and true-ringing claim of Liverpool, uttered in 1756.

I, John Sadler, of Liverpoole, in the county of Lancaster, printer, and Guy Green, of Liverpoole aforesaid, printer, severally maketh oath, that on Tuesday, the 27th July inst, they, these deponents, without the aid or assistance of any other person or persons, did, within the space of six hours, to wit, between the hours of nine in the morning and three in the afternoon of the same day, print upwards of 1,200 earthenware tiles of different patterns at Liverpoole aforesaid,

and which, as these deponents have heard and believe, were more in number and better and neater, than 100 skilful pot painters could have painted in the common and usual way of painting with a pencil; and these deponents say that they have been upwards of seven years finding out the method of printing tiles, and in making tryals and experiments for that purpose, which they have now, through great pains and expense, brought to perfection.

There! the book is kissed and set down on the attorney's table with a bang.

Two printers 'without the aid or assistance of any other person or persons' doing work nineteen to the dozen, 'more in number and better and neater' than a hundred skilful painters on pottery could have done! It was a portent, it was Gutenberg and the missal-writers over again. Josiah Wedgwood was quick to see the meaning of it, and that is why Queen's-ware began to permeate an astounded Europe. And if in 1855 there were '110,000' persons (there weren't!) employed in printing on earthenware and porcelain, how many must there be now? For the Continental potters recovered from the paralysis of surprise, and began to imitate and copy, and transfer-print on baked clays themselves; as witness the noble sportsmen and English-oak park-palings on my platter at Montreuil; as witness the million ware which rolls, so to speak, out of the kilns in Silesia, Saxony, and Limoges to-day.

Josiah Wedgwood is dead and gone these hundred and thirteen years, and although the Pottery District spreads, like a mighty porcupine bristling with chimney-stacks and kilns, Queen's-ware is no longer made there, any more than at Choisy-le-roi. White earthenware has long come in, Silesia, Saxony and Limoges fume with the making of faïence and porcelain. And to think of modern Battersea in connexion with dainty enamels is to curve the lip and wrinkle the cheek. While Montreuil-sur-mer has slept within its Vauban walls the world outside has moved on more busily than ever, and Staffordshire and Liverpool, the pioneers, have had the glory of pioneers, which is to adventure and be followed. But still, while the ships go up to Fowey to load with china-clay for use in foreign kilns, I think of the beginnings; and I hear the jingle of packhorse bells, the stalwart roll of wagon wheels, the crack of whips and the creaking of linchpin and leather, as the loads of Queen's-ware go tinkling over Cheshire heaths to the workshops of Sadler and Green.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

LORD ROSEBERY, in his admirable Life of Pitt, thus summarises the character of the great Earl of Chatham. 'He was a political mystic; sometimes sublime, sometimes impossible, and sometimes insane. But he had genius.' This description may, with small modification, equally fit the Minister's grand-daughter, Lady Hester Stanhope. Mysticism appeared in her spiritual beliefs, sublimity was often evident in her aims and ideas, the position that she tried to assume in the world was impossible and doomed to miserable failure, she was eccentric to the verge, and at last possibly beyond the verge, of madness. But she undoubtedly had a great share of her family's genius, and if it had been allied to even a few solid qualities, if her ill luck had not always been conspicuous, perhaps also if she had lived in a less prosaic age, she might well have taken her place among the heroines who have influenced the world's history.

She was the daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, and her mother was Lady Hester Pitt, who died when she was only four years old. The fullest record of her childhood is to be found in the conversations embodied in her memoirs written by Dr. Meryon in after years, but it cannot be relied upon as being altogether accurate, for her memory had become confused and unreliable, some of the episodes related were certainly imaginary, and there was probably slight foundation for many of the remainder. The family life at Chevening, her father's place, must have been wretchedly miserable, for Lord Stanhope's second wife had no sympathy with the poor little girls whom she there found and saw little of them—so little, indeed, that Lady Lucy said 'if she had met her stepmother in the streets, she would not have known her.' Lord Stanhope himself was the sternest of autocrats in his house, his temper was imperious and inflexible, and he demanded the most unquestioning obedience from everyone. All his children looked upon him with dread, and all, boys and girls, longed to escape from his constant intimidation. Lady Hester, who little knew fear, then or at any time in her life, was the only child that did not utterly quail before him, and, as perhaps might have been expected,

was the only one to whom he showed any sign of regard. In his politics, probably more out of contrariety and self-advertisement than anything else, he outraged all his brother peers by taking up hotly the principles of the French Revolution, calling himself citizen Stanhope, and discarding everything connected with his title, even to the coronets on his park gates. But with all his unamiable qualities and his political eccentricity he mixed a studious disposition, a devotion to science, and an inventive genius that well gave him a claim to remembrance. He is said to have placed before the Admiralty in 1791 (twelve years before Fulton's first steamship was produced) a model of a steamship ; and his proposed method of propulsion was the screw, which, though not adopted by Fulton, has now completely superseded that inventor's paddle wheels. He invented a printing-press, a calculating machine, a lightning conductor, besides many other matters, and the results of his labours were by no means ephemeral, but in several cases proved to be of great and lasting utility. Such as her father was, who can wonder at any irregularity of mind in Lady Hester Stanhope ? The marvel would have been if she had grown up with even moderately conventional ideas and tendencies.

She put up with the life at Chevening till she was twenty-four, when she went to live with her grandmother, Lady Chatham, at Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire. Her two sisters had previously married and left their unhappy home. Her father was furious with her because she had facilitated the escape from parental thraldom of her half-brother Lord Mahon, who had not been allowed to go to school or college, and was retained at home, almost as a prisoner, in order that he might be compelled, on coming of age, to consent to alter the entail and give his father power to sell the family estate. To Chevening Lady Hester never returned.

One of the most amiable features in her character was her constant affection for her three half-brothers and the active interest which she ever took in their welfare. Charles, the second, seems to have been rather her favourite. He went into the army and was killed at Corunna, serving as a brother-major with Charles Napier in the 50th, and, before his death, earning by his conduct the personal praise of the gallant Sir John Moore himself. Adored by his men and marked as one of the most able young officers of the army (he was only twenty-four at his death), when he entered the service six years earlier he could not spell at all, owing to his father's neglect of his education. Truly a capacity for passing examina-

tions may not necessarily include everything that makes a soldier.

While she was at Burton Pynsent and for some years afterwards she maintained a correspondence with Mr. Jackson, in the diplomatic service and afterwards Minister at Berlin, and her letters have been preserved, but they contain little except references to family affairs. The most interesting notice of contemporary events is her opinion of the volunteers and yeomanry of the day, at least as they appeared to her in Somersetshire during the riots caused by the high price of corn.

> My military spirit always despised as well as opposed the Volunteer Associations: first, because they were quizzical; and secondly, because I was sure they would be useless, if not mischievous. The first, hereabouts they have completely proved. Some refused to act at all; others wished to go over to the mob, but were prevented, and their arms taken from them; this though was only a few individuals. But the worst of all was a troop of yeomanry cavalry, being called out to quell a riot obeyed very readily; but the mob surrounded the captain the moment they arrived at the place of destination, and all the rest galloped away.

Even in our day we may very profitably remember that, to be of use in even the simplest emergencies, the long habit of discipline is as essential to any body of troops as the familiarity with a soldier's weapons.

In another place, she says of her friend Sir Francis Burdett, what will not be denied by anyone who has read of that clever but dangerous man's political aberrations: 'I never could discover but one fault in my friend's character, compiled of a peculiar talent for making jumbles with a vast share of absence and inattention.'

Lady Hester Stanhope, taking advantage of the Peace of Amiens, like other English people who had been so long confined by Continental war to their own country, was abroad with friends in 1802 and 1803. When she returned to England, it was to find herself homeless. Her grandmother had died and Burton Pynsent had passed to her uncle, Lord Chatham, best known to posterity by the epigram written on his inglorious command in the Walcheren expedition,

> Lord Chatham, with his sabre drawn,
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan
> Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

And now began the really most important part of her life, though not that by which she is best remembered, the time when she

possessed influence so great as nearly to approach power, when she was in the innermost diplomatic circle, and when in society she was honoured and courted. William Pitt opened his doors to her, and placed her as mistress of his household at the head of his table. And this was an act of no common kindness on the part of the great man, for he knew little of his very vivacious and headstrong niece, and to receive her into his house meant a total change in his mode of life and a breaking up of all his habits. But the result was of the happiest description. He came to love Lady Hester with all a father's affection, she regarded him when living with the devoted attachment of a daughter, and after his death cherished his memory with something like worship.

When Lady Hester first was received by Mr. Pitt he was living at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Warden of the Cinque Ports, and his chief occupation was the raising and drilling of a volunteer regiment, which was to take part in the defence of Kent against the anticipated French invasion. William Pitt proved himself to be a great war minister ; he was 'the Pilot who weathered the storm,' but he knew nothing of the actual business of war, the expeditions which he directed against various parts of France and the Low Countries were generally ill advised and ill provided, they wasted England's substance, and, except as showing determination and perseverance, were practically failures. In a small way his personal military exertions while in retirement were the shadow of his military policy when he was Prime Minister. As Lord Rosebery says, 'amid the derision of his enemies and the apprehensions of his friends, he spent his days in feverish activity, riding and reviewing along the coast committed officially to his charge. He would not even go to London unless the wind was in a quarter that prohibited a hostile invasion.' His energy and example were above all praise, but how little could the raw volunteers, whom he had hastily raised, have done against the war-hardened soldiers of Napoleon, if Nelson had not held the seas ! In all his long rides from one parade to another, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles, Lady Hester Stanhope was his constant and enthusiastic companion, though even she, excellent horsewoman as she was, felt the fatiguing strain, besides in addition being consumed with anxiety lest her uncle should overdo himself and injure his health.

In May 1804 William Pitt again became Prime Minister and commenced that short period of administration when, with a feeble Cabinet, he had to meet the gigantic difficulties, both abroad

and at home, by which eventually his proud spirit and enfeebled constitution were mortally crushed. In the meantime, however, Lady Hester, as the mistress of the Prime Minister's establishment, was necessarily in the highest social position, and she fully and freely enjoyed it. Her joyousness and brilliancy enlivened the house, pleased and amused the usually stern and reserved statesman. And the general high spirits seem sometimes even to have taken the form of what would now be called 'bear-fighting'! Sir William Napier tells how, when he was a lad of nineteen and staying as a guest in Mr. Pitt's house, the Minister used to take delight in a romp with Lady Hester, the two young Stanhopes, and himself. On one occasion the party were trying to blacken Pitt's face with burnt cork, he vigorously defending himself with a cushion, when a servant announced that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool desired to see him on business. 'Let them wait in the other room,' was the answer, and the fun went on. After ten minutes, when the cork had been successfully applied, a truce was called and a basin of water and towel were required to remove the traces of the fray. The two lords were ushered in, and seemed to bend 'like spaniels' before the man who had just been so irreverently maltreated. His voice and manner changed at once to the utmost haughtiness. He heard what they had to say, made one or two short observations, and then dismissed his visitors with a stiff and curt bow. As soon as they were gone, he turned with a laugh, snatched up the cushion, and renewed the frolic.

It was at this time that Lady Hester Stanhope's previous acquaintance with Sir John Moore ripened into intimacy, and she learned to appreciate thoroughly his greatness. The editor of Sir John Moore's diary emphatically contradicts the belief he was engaged to her, supporting his opinion by a quotation from the Life of Sir Charles Napier 'which records the truth as known to Moore's own family.' On the other hand Lady Hester Stanhope's own family were convinced that there was an understanding, if not an actual engagement, between her and the heroic soldier, and that both hoped that, when his campaigns were over, he would be able to come back and claim her as his bride. However the truth as to this may be, it is certain that she always looked upon Sir John Moore with the utmost admiration and ever delighted in talking about him. Her advocacy of him was sometimes emphatic even beyond the bounds of good manners. She herself told how General Phipps, calling one day, repeated something to disparage Sir John

Moore in Pitt's estimation, and that she had said : 'You imagine, General, that Mr. Pitt does not greatly value Sir John's abilities, but learn from me, you nasty kangaroo'—alluding to General Phipps's manner of holding his hands, for the poor man was slightly paralysed —'that there is no one in the King's army whose services he values more highly.' 'Lady Hester, Lady Hester, what are you saying?' exclaimed Mr. Pitt, with an ill-suppressed smile, which betrayed his secret enjoyment of the scene, though he can hardly have altogether approved of his niece's outspokenness.

She had no great respect for Mr. Pitt's colleagues in the Ministry. To quote Sir William Napier :

> Lord Castlereagh she always called 'His monotonous Lordship,' and Lord Liverpool was a constant theme of ridicule. Thus, speaking of a design at that time entertained of conferring military decorations, she told me that it had been agreed to by Mr. Pitt, but was stopped by the meddling of Lord Liverpool, who insisted on being a copartner with her in choosing the colour and texture of the ribbons. *That*, she said, she thought, as a young woman, she might have been allowed to settle; but Lord Liverpool, being an old woman, was jealous, and sent her four thousand yards—she positively affirmed that—four thousand yards of different ribbons at the expense of the public, which he proposed to examine in conjunction with her for the purpose of fixing on the most suitable. She sent them back with her compliments, saying she declined the concert and could see no use whatever for the ribbons, except to make braces for supporting his Lordship's culottes, which she had observed were always weighed down by the heavy official papers in his pockets. This stopped all further progress in the plan for military decorations.

Poor British Army! Its interests are sometimes affected by strange and trivial circumstances!

But the day of poignant sorrow was drawing near. Mr. Pitt's health had been failing for some time, and, in January 1806, he passed away. All England mourned him, but his loss was to Lady Hester Stanhope crushing indeed. With the statesman's death everything in which she most delighted was taken from her—home, position, privilege, prospects, and above all the care and affection of the great man who had been more than a father to her and whom she regarded with the utmost honour and devotion. But she faced the situation courageously, and, thinking as ever of her two younger half-brothers, she took a house in London to make a home for them. She was in comparatively easy circumstances as regards money matters, for, in compliance with her uncle's last dying wishes, a pension of 1,200*l.* a year had been granted to her, as well as smaller pensions to her two sisters. The warrants for these pensions were the last papers carried by Lord Hawkes-

bury to the King for signature before the Ministry retired from office.

Only by degrees, however, she realised the complete alteration in her position that had befallen. Everything was changed. She who had been accustomed to take a leading part in society now found herself set aside. From having been courted and deferred to, she was now of no account, and she was slow in recognising that this was inevitable when the sun, whose glory she had in some degree reflected, was now set for ever. She became, in consequence, suspicious, irritable, and prone to take offence even from those who were most inclined to befriend her and most able to do her service. Her unreasoning pride was stirred up by what she considered to be unmerited neglect, and she began to entertain those misanthropic feelings which dominated the latter half of her life. Her latent eccentricities were developed, and the change had begun which eventually turned the brilliant young lady of London society into the self-centred, gloomy, and mystic Eastern recluse.

Two years later befell the catastrophe of Corunna, and Lady Hester had to mourn the loss on that fatal field of her favourite brother Charles, the only one of her family with whom she never appears to have had any misunderstanding. Then the death of Sir John Moore unquestionably came as an overpowering affliction. She had been in constant, and more than friendly, correspondence with him during his operations in Spain, and the last letter which he wrote to her, dated from Salamanca, spoke with hope of a happy reunion. She had indeed cause for deep grief.

And her bitterness against the world in general was accentuated by the unjust reflections cast upon the memory of Moore, both in and out of Parliament. She expressed her feelings very strongly in a letter to Canning, who had written a sympathetic letter to her. Canning, indeed, deserved reproach, if the story is true told by Sir William Napier :

> On the direct authority of Lady Castlereagh, Lord Castlereagh's duel with Mr. Canning was not, she said, in revenge for the intrigue which ousted the former from office. He was content to leave that for public judgement; but Mr. Canning offered to reinstate him if he would consent to sacrifice the reputation of Sir John Moore : an insult well answered by a shot.

Lady Hester Stanhope had spent a summer at a farmhouse in Wales to recruit her health and to seek for some peace after her troubles, but this change did not satisfy her. She was disgusted with London and the London world, and she felt it impossible to

renew her life in old scenes under changed conditions. She sold her house and resolved to travel. Probably she had no present intention of forsaking England altogether, but her fate called her, and when, in 1810, she embarked at Portsmouth for Gibraltar she was to see her country no more. There were no passenger ships in those days, and travellers were dependent on such chance means of transport as presented themselves. There was every consideration, however, for such a personage as Lady Hester, and her party was accommodated in a frigate on convoy duty. After staying at Gibraltar for a short time, she got a passage in another frigate to Malta. The Continent was closed to all English people, and she had intended to go on to Sicily, then in British occupation, but that island was now threatened with invasion by Murat and could not be safely visited. She turned her thoughts to the East, the only choice that was left to her, and doubtless felt some of the romantic fascination which the conception of Eastern life and customs always exercises, to a greater or less degree, on the inhabitant of the more commonplace West. She visited Athens, where she met Lord Byron, and her estimate of him, which was hardly endorsed by his other contemporaries, is worth recording. 'I saw nothing in him but a well-bred man, like many others; for, as for his poetry, it is easy enough to write verses, and as to the thoughts, who knows where he got them? Many a one picks up some old book that nobody knows anything about, and gets his ideas out of it.' From Athens she passed on to Constantinople, where she remained nearly a year. There she met Mr. Stratford Canning, who, though only twenty-four, was then Ambassador to the Porte, the post which, as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Great Elchi, he still held at the time of the Crimean War. They were on the most friendly terms until he detected her in the act of trying to get a passport for France from the French Chargé d'affaires. She had conceived a mad wish to see Napoleon, and was resolved to gratify it at all costs. Of course the British Minister could not allow such an escapade without permission from the English Government, and the result was a bitter quarrel between him and the lady. Having thus failed in her attempt to go westward, Lady Hester decided to go to Egypt, and a Greek vessel was chartered for the voyage. But her usual ill-luck dogged her. Adverse winds delayed her, first at one island, then at another, and finally she was shipwrecked on a barren rock off the coast of Rhodes, barely escaping with life and losing every single one of her possessions and equipments. After suffering

the utmost hardships, she at last arrived at the town of Rhodes, where for a time she was prostrated by illness. When she recovered, she found that to replace her European female clothing was absolutely impossible, and there was nothing for it but to dress as a Turk—a Turkish man, for if she had dressed as a Turkish woman she could not have been seen to speak to one of the opposite sex. The Oriental dress, which she then of necessity adopted, she never again discarded. The dress itself, with its flowing draperies and voluminous trousers, had nothing really unbefitting a woman's use. The only point that might have invited criticism was the constant wearing of weapons, but this was hardly a matter of choice. They were a necessity to travellers, and there is no record that Lady Hester, in her many adventures, ever fired a shot or bared steel.

At length she managed with her retinue to make her way to Alexandria, being again conveyed in one of the then ubiquitous British frigates, and thence to Cairo, where the presence of an Englishwoman of rank was an unprecedented event, and she was received with almost royal honours. Egypt was little to her taste, however, and she went on to Palestine, where she commenced her long travels on horseback through Syria, riding *à la Turque* and in everything bearing herself as an Oriental of distinction. She followed what is now the beaten track of tourists to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Mount Carmel, Haifa, and Acre. Two remarkable men were met—one, whose story has been denied but nevertheless appears to be indisputable, was the Mameluke who, by riding his horse over a lofty wall, escaped from the massacre of his comrades at Cairo; the other, the celebrated traveller Burckhardt, who appeared as a barelegged Syrian peasant calling himself Sheik Ibrahim, the character in which he had been able to penetrate to many places forbidden to Europeans. A visit followed to the Emir Beshyr, Prince of the Mountain, who ruled the Druses of Lebanon, the people of vague history and mysterious legend. From them she went on to Damascus, one of the most fanatical towns in Syria, and insisted, contrary to the advice even of her Moslem friends, upon riding into it unveiled and in her male garments. Her audacity was perfectly successful and she was received as a Princess by the Pasha and people. The honours and adulation, dear to her heart, were rendered in the fullest measure. She wrote:

All I can say about myself sounds like conceit, but others could tell you that I am the oracle of the place, and the darling of all the troops, who seem to think I am a deity, because I ride and because I bear arms; and the fanatics all bow before me, because the Dervishes think me a wonder and have given me a piece of Mahomet's tomb.

Indeed, she had burst like an apparition into the most ancient and unchanged of eastern cities, and the very confidence with which she disregarded every prejudice of its inhabitants seemed to mark her, for the time at least, as a being who must be divine, or at least royal.

When at Damascus, Lady Hester Stanhope formed the project of visiting Palmyra, and this she was the more anxious to do because she was told it was quite impracticable, the place being at a long distance in the heart of a waterless desert and in the hands of wild Bedouin tribes, who were outside of any jurisdiction and defied Turkish authority. Probably, also, she had some half-defined idea that, with the prestige which she believed herself to possess, she might revive in her own person the glory of Zenobia and found a kingdom in the desert with the descendants of Ishmael as her obedient subjects. After many delays, the journey was successfully accomplished, and Lady Hester pitched her camp in the renowned Temple of the Sun. She had made friends with Mahommed-el-Fadel, the paramount chief of all the Anizi tribes, and trusting herself to him and paying him a considerable sum of money, had with many adventures and some amount of danger (for there was much internecine war among the Bedouins) done what no European lady and only three men had accomplished before. After her return, she wrote: 'Without joking I have been crowned Queen of the desert under the triumphal arch at Palmyra. . . . If I please, I can now go to Mecca *alone*. . . . I am the Sun, the Star, the Pearl, the Lion, the Light from Heaven, and the Queen.' She had really been treated with every honour, and though, doubtless, after the manner of all Orientals, the Arabs rather overstated their devotion, they must have shown to her an unprecedented amount of good-will. Still, with all her satisfaction, there appeared an undercurrent of something like disappointment that she had not been invited to remain and rule. It seems probable indeed that the wily Arabs had, in all their exuberant welcome, no thought of doing more than giving to her reverent and hospitable treatment as a fair equivalent for the money which she had paid to their chief.

During her journey to Palmyra she had one nerve-shaking incident. One day the Emir Nasar (Mahommed-el-Fadel's son), who was commanding her escort, behaved to her with unaccustomed rudeness and seemed very moody. It was whispered that he meant mischief and there was much consequent anxiety in camp, though Lady Hester remained cool and unconcerned. The next evening brought graver cause for alarm. After dinner, as they sat discussing what they should do if Nasar proved treacherous, they heard a great noise and confusion outside, and Lady Hester's servant rushed in to tell them that some of the mares were missing, a party of Faydan Arabs reported to be prowling round the camp, and all the Bedouins arming and mounting in pursuit. Nasar himself rode away with the rest, and they suddenly found the whole of their escort gone. They were left in the heart of the desert, without guide or bearings, knowing neither where they were, nor how to find the wells on which their existence depended, encumbered with a great pile of baggage, most tempting as booty, and so few in number as to be at the mercy of any strong band of marauders. The situation was extremely critical; but Lady Hester, undismayed, appeared 'as cool as in a ballroom.' She gave orders that every man should take his gun and pistol, and stationed her little garrison at different points round the camp. After a time, however, Nasar and his Bedouins reappeared, and it was shrewdly suspected he had been no further off than some neighbouring sandhills, behind which he had watched the effect of his proceedings. The whole scare was, in fact, a feint to test Lady Hester's nerve, and see whether she could not be frightened into paying a larger subsidy.

If this really was, as seems probable, a pre-arranged alarm it was entirely in accordance with the ideas of Orientals, who are always ready to devise a fictitious situation for the purpose of probing the real character of any one with whom they have to deal. How true this is will certainly be recognised by all students of the 'Arabian Nights.' And another instance was related by Lady Hester to Kinglake, when her courage was put to the proof. She was accompanying a tribe on a desert march (the actual occasion not being specified) when she saw preparations for an engagement going on. The Sheik would not at first tell her why danger was threatening. At last, however, on being pressed, he allowed that her presence was the sole cause of hostility between his people and another much more powerful tribe, but he added that of course he could not be false to the sacred duty of hospitality to his

honoured guest against any odds. She at once said that she could not allow herself to be a source of danger to her friends, and that she would sooner take her chance alone in the desert. The Sheik affected to dissuade her from such a course, saying that the enemy's horsemen were sweeping all the neighbourhood and that she could not possibly escape them. But she was not to be moved by any such fears, turned her horse's head, and rode away without friend or follower. Hours passed and she was solitary in the desert, when she saw some horsemen rapidly approaching. Presently a horde of armed Bedouins galloped up to her, apparently menacing her life with their spears. Cool and undismayed, she waited till the foremost horsemen had almost reached her, and then, standing up in her stirrups, threw aside the *yashmak* which in Eastern fashion had veiled her face, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried with a loud voice 'Avaunt!' The Bedouins recoiled from the terror of her glance, and then, changing their fierce yells for loud shouts of admiration at the fearlessness of the English lady, fired festive shots over her head as a salute of honour. The truth was that the party really belonged to the tribe which she had lately left, and the whole story of the threatened engagement had been contrived only to test her courage. It may be said that the word 'avaunt' would convey no meaning to the Bedouins, but the sonorous exclamation would not be less effective for being incomprehensible.

Lady Hester was now at the zenith of her reputation. Her name was known far and wide throughout the East, and faint echoes of her adventures had even reached England. From that period, however, began her decadence. The plague was raging in Syria, and after escaping the epidemic for a long time she unfortunately at last fell a victim, and only recovered after long prostration to find herself permanently shaken both in nerve and constitution. She had had till then no permanent habitation, but now she took up her abode at the old convent of Mar Elias on a spur of Lebanon, which she rented from the Patriarch of the Greek Catholics. She assumed all the importance of an accredited representative of England, and even proposed to send to the English Government the bill for the extravagant expenditure which she had incurred, saying that the payment was no more than her due for having gained so much reputation for the English name. It need hardly be said that this idea came to nought.

Lady Hester certainly gave very practical proof of her con-

fidence in the safe position which she believed she had achieved among the wandering desert tribes by dispensing entirely with an escort when she made an expedition to visit the mighty ruins of Baalbec, involving a six-days' march through a desolate and disturbed country. She accomplished it without the slightest interference or embarrassment, so her prestige in Syria would appear to have had, at that time, a very real existence. On the way back to Mar Elias, at one of their halting-places, the Maronite monastery of Mar Antonius (St. Anthony), the men only could be received, as the Saint's wrath was believed to wreak terrible vengeance on anything of the female sex bold enough to cross the threshold. Even the villagers' hens were kept cooped up lest they should stray into the sacred precincts. Lady Hester and her women were therefore lodged in a house hard by. No sooner had she arrived than she sent word to the Superior that she was about to test the Saint's gallantry, and proposed giving a dinner to him and some Sheiks that were with her in one of the rooms of his monastery on the following day, hinting at the same time that the Sultan's firman empowered her to visit any place she chose, and that opposition to her meant opposition to him. The horror and indignation of the unhappy monks at such sacrilegious impiety may be conceived ; but they did not venture to offer open resistance, and when the dinner hour arrived Lady Hester, mounted on her ass (a she ass), rode ostentatiously into the very hall of the monastery, visited every part of the building, sat down to dinner with the trembling Superior, and remained four hours within the jealously guarded precincts. Many of the bystanders every moment expected the earth to open and swallow her up, and the fame of her exploit was bruited near and far.

The usual beliefs and mysterious tales of the East began to have a powerful influence upon her, and of course the legends of hidden treasure took a foremost place. A document came into her hands purporting to tell of huge hoards of coin buried at Ascalon, and her own superstitious credulity also induced her to believe that she had only to seek and find. She persuaded the Turkish authorities to undertake the search, which continued for ten days, but, as might have been expected, proved fruitless. The failure gave a shock in Syria to her credit as a wise woman.

Mar Elias failed to satisfy her, and she moved to another deserted monastery called Djoun, further up the mountain, where she lived till her death twenty years later, and during the greater part of

this time she was a complete recluse, never going outside her garden walls. She entertained to the utmost extent the Eastern precepts of open-handed charity and gave to them the most practical interpretation. She intended Djoun to be a home for all proscribed refugees and for any wanderers who might come to the Lebanon. She made it an inviolate sanctuary, in which everybody was safe. And even the great chiefs and princes seem to have allowed her claims, never venturing to interfere with anyone under Lady Hester's protection. After the siege of Acre she harboured two hundred of the wretched population, Ibrahim Pasha failing to induce her to surrender some whose lives he particularly sought, and even he, truculent as he was, did not feel inclined to use force to make her do so. 'She sent him word that he must take her own life first, for, as long as the breath was in her body, the poor people who had sought her protection should remain unmolested under her roof.'

She was now merged heart and soul into Orientalism, and her thoughts became wilder and wilder. A fortune-teller in England had long ago told her that she would one day go to Jerusalem and lead back the chosen people, after spending seven years in the desert; and, curiously enough, two other soothsayers in Syria had predicted much the same thing, and also that she should partake of the Mahdi's mission. She was impressed with the idea that she was destined to play a great part in the East, and the success which she had met with in gaining influence over Druse, Turk, and Bedouin, though perhaps more fancied than real, gave some reason for her conviction. With her coming greatness in view, she studied the character and prejudices of those around her, and soon realised that in their profound belief in supernatural agencies lay to her hand the impulse by which they could always be swayed. She therefore applied herself to the study of astrology and the occult sciences, seeking out dervishes and magicians to be her teachers, becoming an adept in reading the stars, and making herself mistress of divination methods and aids to prophetic power. She was naturally credulous, with, as has been said, a tendency to mysticism, and there can be no doubt that, when she allowed her reason to sleep, she actually believed that she had acquired more than human attributes. Shrewd and practical as she still occasionally showed herself, her mind, when she dealt with spiritual matters, seemed entirely to lose its balance. Her religious beliefs became cloudy and confused. Looking upon herself as the future Queen of

Jerusalem, she thought that the Mahdi or Messiah, with whom she was to reign, was yet to come, and she adopted for her guidance a sort of combination of the Christian, Jewish, and Mahommedan creeds. Her presumption and the errors to which it led were lamentable, and the picture of a mind so distraught is most pathetic. Very, very seldom was any visitor allowed inside the walls of Djoun, and those who were permitted to have an interview with the 'prophetess' have carefully described it as one of their most interesting experiences of Eastern travel. Lamartine, Silk Buckingham, Kinglake, and others have told the sad story, but none has told it so well as Kinglake in his ever-delightful 'Eothen.'

In her latter days her eccentricities and her moroseness became more and more evident. Her expenditure had been far beyond her means, she was heavily in debt, and Eastern creditors are not very longsuffering. She was reduced to the greatest poverty and died at Djoun, robbed by the dependents to whom she had ever been too generous, and with no kindly tendance in her last hours. The English Consul at Beyrout and an American missionary hurried to Djoun, when the news that she was ill and helpless reached them, but they only arrived in time to place her in her grave.

TOM CAUSEY'S MASTERPIECE.

I WAS just in time to catch the finish of a twice-told homily of Tom Causey, professional rat and rabbit catcher to all who might require his services, as to the danger of putting ferrets into the North Devon cliffs: 'Us did put the verrets into the cliffs wan time, and wan of mun valled over, but 'e wasn't drownded, vor 'e swum over to Lundy and come 'ome in the skiff.'

Now Lundy Island is a mere trifle of anything between twenty and twenty-five miles from the shore at the point of which he was speaking. Causey concluded this terrific tale with an expression of countenance which was more than grave. It was fierce, extraordinarily fierce, so that not one of his auditors in the bar-parlour of the 'Ring o' Bells,' which is at the head of the town of Bidecombe, in Devon, dared show a smile on his face by way of hint that his credulity was insufficient to receive with gratitude so large an offering. I had come into the 'Ring o' Bells' on a matter of business with Causey connected with the purchase of a certain 'old vitchie verret,' as Causey called it, which I could see even now stirring in the pocket of one of the immense tails of his ancient velveteen coat. 'Vitchie verret' was Causey's name in the vernacular for a 'fitch' or 'fitchie' ferret, and 'fitch' is just another name for 'polecat'; indicating that this particular ferret was of the original dark polecat colour, almost of the hue of a sable, and not the pink-eyed albino. Thus I had come in for the recital of this tale, and hugged myself for my good fortune while I crossed the parlour to sit beside Causey and talk of the ferret's merits in a low voice, and see whether I could get him to abate a shilling off the price. The shilling was an affair of moment to a boy, and worth some bargaining; also, Tom Causey's conversation never failed to be informing; and, finally, there was the added joy that the very visit to a public-house, even one so reputable as the 'Ring o' Bells,' was a crime against authority in itself.

Causey drew the ferret from his pocket and petted it up against his great red cheek, while it nuzzled with its little nose in the grizzled ringlets which came down under his greasy felt hat. 'A proper beauty 'e be, sure enough,' Causey said, 'and that gentle—

there, a lady might carry 'un in 'er muff.' 'Is he game, though?' I asked, for these blandishing qualities are not of the essence of what is highest in ferret nature. 'Game!' said Causey with scorn; 'a proper tiger 'e be. I've seed this 'ere zame vitchie verret vor take 'old teu a great rat and shake the very life out of 'un, I have, very zame as 'e were a dogue.' That was better. 'And will he not lie up?' 'I wouldn't be vor saying,' Causey said, immensely candid, 'as if there was a nest of young rabburts in the earth with 'un as 'e mightn't lie by a bit vor enjoy 'eeself like, as any verret would; but there!—lie up when 'twas a growed rabbit as 'e was a-tackling, why, I'll lay as yeu'll never know un deu no such thing till the days o' Kingdom come.'

In the face of that it seemed hard to think of bating the price of such an animal by a shilling. In fact, as I took the ferret, and Causey the money, I was made ashamed by his saying that it was 'all the zame as giving of 'ee such a verret as that there vor take this money vor 'un.'

Causey drank beer at intervals from a great quart pot as we struck the bargain; but his head had seemed clear to discuss its points and the merits of the ferret, so that I was surprised when we left the 'Ring o' Bells' together, Causey saying that he 'was minded vor go 'ome early,' to find his big body swaying on my little one like a man far gone. There is only one right way for a man to go from the 'Ring o' Bells' to Bidecombe Bridge, and so across the water to where Causey lived, and that is the plain and simple way down Cold Harbour Lane. It is so steep that if Causey had lain on the ground he would have rolled down it to the bottom. Instead of that, though he rolled quite enough, he did it on his two feet, and, for all I could do, they insisted on taking him round by Market Street and High Street, and so along the quay. The greater distance was nothing, but what was something was that that kind of Carfax where the High Street went to the quay was the outlook place which Hutchings the policeman always occupied. It gave him points of view four ways, and every policeman in succession took his natural post there. The last man in the world that Causey ought to meet in his present state was Hutchings. So I tugged and pushed at his great carcase to make it go any other way; but it was like a dinghy trying to push a schooner, especially as all the ways were downhill ways, and he went heaving and yawing, with me vainly trying to steady him, down the High Street, straight on to his fate. Some kind of desperation had hold of him, so that

he would not even let himself be guided to the far side of the road from the policeman, but must come bearing right down on him, blundering actually up against him. It was no place for me then any more, and I sheered off out of danger and listened.

Joshua Hutchings was a man with a feeling heart for the sinner. Causey, besides, was big enough to be dangerous. I heard him say, 'Oh Lord, Tom! there yeu be again—obstreperous. Well, over the quay-head yeu will go, an' be drownded, zure enough. I'll 'ave vor tak 'ee to the lock-up, 'ees fai' I will, vor your awn zake like.'

I could see under the dim gas lamps—immense novelty and splendour of Bidecombe of that era—Causey clinging about the policeman with maudlin affection rather than natural hostility. The affection was just as bad for Hutchings as the normal condition would have been. I heard Causey, with a thick incoherence, begging to be taken to his own house rather than the police cell, undertaking that he would go along quiet, so he would, sure enough, if only Joshua was to take him home, and more than hinting that the walk would not be nearly such a pleasant one if it had to finish in the lock-up. I dare say Joshua Hutchings's motives were mixed in the course he took finally, for Causey left no motive without appeal; but the last thing I saw, following at a discreet distance, was Hutchings leading him over the bridge, by which I knew that Causey had won his case, and was being taken home, not to the cell, and Causey seeming to redeem his pledge and going, in spite of the natural lurchings, quietly.

I was busy the next day or two, making trial of that famous fitchie ferret, and consequently not well posted in the local news, or should have heard sooner of big events happening, of which Harris, the garden boy, first told me, saying:

'They'se a-got th' old Tom Causey this wance—they 'ave, zure enough.'

'How, got him?'

'Well, they baint a-got 'ee, but they've a-got th' old spud of 'un, what he left be'ind when he'd mos' broke the young veller's leg with 'un.'

All this was enigmatic, but it is the way stories are told in Devon—in pieces, like puzzles which you have to fit together, and as a rule they hand you the last piece first. The 'young fellow' whose leg had been 'almost broke' was Squire Hyde's under keeper, and the way it had happened was that the keepers had

heard someone moving in the coverts by night, got a sight of the man, kept him in sight while he brought down a roosting pheasant off a tree—they thought it was a catapult that he brought it down with, but would not swear to that engine; then they tried to close on him, but he saw them or heard them and got a bit of a start. The head keeper, an old man, did not make much of the pursuit, but the young fellow, slim and active, caught the poacher up, and by his own showing was going for his throat when the poacher cracked him over the shin with a great stick. 'An' off 'e goes again, and the young veller not over and above minded vor foller after 'un, 'cos the leg of 'un was purty nigh broke, and besides he'd seed purty well by that there who 'twas—th' old Tom Causey. An' what's more, when 'e caught the young veller over the shin the stick come right away out of 'ees 'and, so as they found 'un afterwards, and there 'twas, th' old blackthorn stick, same as 'e always 'ath along wi' 'un. Yeu know 'un, master, that there wi' the spud to the end of 'un for diggee out verrets.' Of course I knew it well.

'Zo the warrant's out against 'un, and 'ath been served on 'un, and th' old Tom'll be up bevoor th' bench a fortnight come Teusday.'

This was news of import and stood the light of examination better than most of its kind. In its salient points it was confirmed. Even Causey had nothing to say against most of them. He had been served with the summons. He had lost his spud when he was ferreting 'up along that way' in the afternoon; some 'poachin' rascal' must have picked it up and taken it along. But the most salient point in the whole story, as it was told by the keepers of Squire Hyde and had found credence enough for a warrant to be issued on it, he contradicted in the most clear terms. It could not have been Causey that was in Squire Hyde's woods that evening, for the plain reason that no man, ''specially a man o' my zize,' as he said, can be in two places at once, and ''tis plain for zure as I couldn't a-been in th' old Squire 'Yde's coverts, 'cos I wass 'ome to bed.'

Asked who he would find to give evidence to that effect, in the event of the bench showing such poor judgment as to prefer the evidence of the young fellow with the cracked shin to his, Causey replied readily that his wife would give evidence. Rimehouse, the river watcher, and naturally on the side of authority against the poacher, bearing a personal grudge against Causey beside, muttered that he supposed she'd give evidence to anything; but no one

paid much attention to Rimehouse because he was a South Devon man.

We tried to persuade Causey to have the services of young Frant, the lawyer who always opposed the magistrates' clerk on principle, because he belonged to the rival firm in the town and considered he ought to be clerk instead; but Causey said he would conduct his own case. He was big with mystery about it all, giving dark hints and obscure answers when questioned about the line of his defence. But of course the idea of defence was not taken seriously. There was the spud, and the young keeper was confident of his identification. For all that the case was opened in a crowded court with a strong smell of velveteen and corduroy.

The young fellow with the cracked shin was chief witness for the prosecution, and gave his evidence on the lines expected. When he had done, Causey was asked by the bench whether he would put him any questions.

'I'd like vor ask 'un this yer,' said Causey. ''Ow wass it when yeu come within vive yards o' me, as yeu'm zaying yeu did—supposin' as it wass me—'ow wass it, when yeu wass come so near as that there, as yeu couldn't say for zure whether 'twas a catapult or no as I vired with at the pheasant? 'Adn't been drinkin', 'ad 'ee?'

The young man was virtuously taken aback by the idea. Drinking! No. Had drunk nothing. It was a main dark night, and at five yards (or it may have been six or seven—the bench would understand that it was difficult to be accurate to a yard or two—'Quite so' from the Chairman—in the circumstances) it was easy to be mistaken.

'Be yeu sartain as 'twas any less nor vive-and-twenty yards?' Causey asked.

'Ees, I be sartain zure.'

'Be 'ee now? It mus' 'ave been a terrible dark night, zure enough. Zo 'appened,' he added, with an immense innocence, at which the court, including the bench, laughed freely, 'as I wass 'ome that night.'

'Ees 'twas,' said the young man, a little mugged in the head by the laughter, which seemed to be against him—'terrible dark.'

Then he heaved a sigh of heavy relief on permission given to leave the box, the opinion of the court being that Causey 'adn't a-made very much of 'un.'

Causey's own first witness was Mrs. Causey, whom he spoke of

as 'th' old 'oman,' and could not be prevailed on by any means to use any other designation for her. Her evidence was to the effect that Causey had come in 'in a terrible takin', zure enough,' in the afternoon before the night on which the poaching had been done, saying that he had lost his spud somewhere up among the gorse where he had been ferreting. 'An' didn't I tell 'ee, teu, as I'd seed a terrible poachin'-like rascal of a veller hangin' about, and made no doubt at all as 'twas 'e as 'ad a-taken 'un?' This was Causey's suggestion to his lady, and perhaps there are courts of law in which suggestion in this form put into a witness's mouth would not have been permitted; but there was no objection made in Bidecombe court, even though the magistrates' clerk was supposed to be against Causey. The fact was that North Devon had the habit of taking Causey as a joke, and there did not seem a serious element in all this defence. The bench thought that they and the accused and the witnesses and all understood each other perfectly; the only question really in their minds was the penalty to be imposed. Among the things that were understood was the fact that Mrs. Causey's evidence could not be taken seriously when she spoke for her husband. And what gave force to this was that Causey did not even go through the form of asking her whether he had been at home that night. He let her go out of the box as soon as her evidence about the spud was given. It was supposed that that was the end, and the Chairman, thinking it was so, got on his legs to ask Causey, as a matter of form, before the bench considered their finding, whether he had any more witnesses to call. Causey surprised all the court by answering, 'Ees fai' I 'ave. I calls Joshua 'Utchings.'

It seemed so good a joke that Causey should call the policeman, of all men, to speak on his behalf that the court received it in a surprised silence for a moment, and when it recovered from the surprise it went into universal laughter, during which Hutchings, most badly surprised of all, got into the box and kissed the book, mumbling, 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God,' after the clerk. But the court grew deadly silent then to hear Causey's questions.

'Do yeu mind wan night teu or dree weeks back as I 'appened vor meet 'ee teu the bottom of th' 'Igh Street, and yeu wass so gude as vor come 'ome 'long o' me?'

'Ees fai', I mind it well, Thomas, tho' I be main surprised as you'm willing vor call it up teu mind in open coort.'

'Be 'ee surprised, then? Why be 'ee surprised, Joshua?'

'Zeeing the condition as yeu wass in, Thomas.'

'Condition then! What be yeu meanin'?'

'I be meanin' this then, Tom Causey, as yeu'm minded vor 'ave it. It baint the vurst time by many as I've seed 'ee in liquor, but I'm blamed if I ever did zee 'ee zo var gone like as yeu wass that night. There now, I wouldn't 'ave told upon 'ee in open coort if so be as yeu 'adn't a-vorced it out.'

'Wass I that bad zure enough, Joshua?'

'Ees fai', Tom, yeu wass that. I seed 'ee 'ome, and I gave 'ee over to Mrs. Causey, and I says "Yeu mind 'un well, Mrs. Causey," I says. And 'er says to me, "Thank'ee kindly, Mr. 'Utchings, vor bringin' o' my poor Tom 'ome. Oh lor'!" 'er says, "'twill take 'ee the best part o' teu days," her says, "vor 'ee vor sleep off this yer," 'er says.'

The policeman waxed warm and eloquent.

'Teu days vor sleep it off,' Tom Causey repeated in a hang-dog penitence; 'wass I that bad zure enough?'

'Ees fai' yeu wass, Tom,' said the policeman.

'And what date was that 'ere day?' Causey asked the question with a *dégagé* air, of which he increased the effect by sitting down as Hutchings said, 'I can tell 'ee in a minute,' and began licking his thumb to turn the pages of a big black note-book which he brought from his pocket.

To me, a boy, listening in court, all eyes and ears and admiration, there was not much meaning attached to the date when the policeman did produce it. 'November 15, Thursday.'

'An' what day wass it?' Causey asked, standing up again with a sort of not-taking-much-interest-in-what-was-going-on air about him—'what day wass it as this 'ere poachin' rascal 'it the poor young veller across the shins in Squire 'Yde's woods?' Causey addressed this question to the court generally, and, everyone in court knowing the answer as well as Causey knew it himself, half the court shouted together, 'November 15, Thursday.' And then about a quarter of the court, taking the point, went into a guffaw of broad laughter, sternly repressed.

Joshua Hutchings went out of the box, and Causey took up his parable, beginning in the tone of the penitent sinner as he addressed himself to the bench.

'I be afeared, gen'l'men, as it be treu as I'd a-took a drop teu much—that vexed I were, as th' old 'oman 'ath a-told 'ee, vor lost

that there spud, as wass a prime favourite, an' I'd be obliged to 'e vor make order as 'e shall be give back teu me zo zoon as the coort rises. Well, there 'tis—I'd a-took a drop extra-like, an', mos' unfort'nit, I come 'pon Josh 'Utchings, an' 'e, minded vor deu ees duty as a Christian man, zees me 'ome, an' th' old 'oman, 'er zays to 'un, " Well, there, 'twill take 'e teu days, an' zo 'twill, vor sleep off this yer." An' Josh, 'e wass minded zame way. So there 'tis—an' this yer young veller, what I ain't got no quarrel wi', 'e zees a veller i' the dark, zame night, i' th' old Squire 'Yde's woods, and the veller catches 'un a great crack over the shins wi' a stick, an' the stick flies out o' the 'and of 'un, an' when they come vor pick'ee up 'tis that there zame spud as I'd a-lost zame arternoon. An' wi' that 'e puts teu and teu together an' 'e makes vive out of mun, 'e does, vor 'e zays as 'twas me as wass in th' old Squire 'Yde's woods and catched 'un the crack across the shins, vor all 'twas a terrible dark night, as the young veller zaid 'eeself, zo as 'e couldn't zee at no more'n vive yards whether the veller wass catapultin' down the pheasant or 'ow 'e wass a-knockin' of 'un down, an' me the while laid by in bed, as Josh 'Utchings 'ave a-told 'e, an' not like vor be able vor rise from 'un vor teu days. So there 'tis, an' if yeu gen'l'-men on the bench be gwine vor zay as a man what wass brought 'ome blind drunk to ees 'ouse at nine o'clock could be knockin' down of the pheasants, let alone o' the keepers, in Squire 'Yde's woods, vive mile away, avoor eleven, why, all I'm minded vor tell 'e is as yeu'm better informed nor what I be 'bout 'ow the drink takes a man when it's got a hold of 'un.'

Causey sat down, and the bench left the court to deliberate in private. Then Mr. Vine, landlord of the ' Ring o' Bells,' sitting two forms in front of me in court, turned round and asked in a thick whisper, ' Wasn't that there the zame evening as yeu come into the " Ring o' Bells " vor zee Tom 'bout buying a vitchie verret ? '

' Yes,' I said, ' it was.'

' An' didn't zeem to me,' Mr. Vine went on, ' as Tom wass so var gone as all this yer, time yeu wass talking and making a bargain like.'

' That he did not, Mr. Vine,' I said. ' It seemed to take him all suddenly as soon as we got out into the street.' And then I told him how I had by no means been able to induce Causey to go down the straight and natural way by Cold Harbour Lane, but he must needs go round by the High Street and so run foul of Hutchings, going right out of his way to do it, as if his destiny had hold of

him. Then Mr. Vine, who was one of those big fat men who shake all over when they laugh, like a jelly when the servant brings it in to table, began to wobble. 'That there Tom!' he said with admiration. 'If this yer baint a proper masterpiece!'

'What do you mean, Mr. Vine?' I asked.

'Weren't no more drunk that night, Tom weren't, nor yeu nor I be, master,' and he turned back again and went on wobbling and shaking so that they had to pat him on the back to bring him to.

Presently the bench came in, after deliberation, and said that the case was one which presented points of difficulty, but that after hearing the evidence of Police Constable Hutchings it was impossible to believe that Causey could have been in Squire Hyde's woods at the time and date stated, and that the young man must have been mistaken. The finding of the spud was, no doubt, suspicious, but it might have come there as suggested by the defendant. The Chairman was proceeding to improve the occasion by pointing out to Causey the disgracefulness of drunkenness and how nearly it had brought him into trouble on this occasion, but was checked by the clerk audibly whispering to him—as on a point of law—that in the present instance it was due to being brought home drunk and incapable that Causey was able to prove an alibi and escape conviction; so the Chairman ended, rather more shortly than he had meant, with 'Oh! ah! Yes. Case dismissed. Next case.'

Causey delayed a moment to get his spud, returned by order, and came out of court cheek by jowl with the young fellow, the under-keeper, who had given evidence against him. Causey was looking at his spud carefully, to see whether it had suffered injury; then, noticing who it was beside him, and seeing the young fellow still limped: 'I wass main sorry, Bill, vor give 'e sich a clip as I did,' he said, 'but I wass main hurried-like. Vor zartain zure yeu'd a-'ad me by the throat if I 'adn't a-caught 'e a purty good clip about the legs. But I 'adn't meant vor catch 'e such a stout wan—took th' old spud clean out of my 'and it did, zo as I come purty nigh to losing of 'un. I deu owe 'e zumthing, zure enough, vor picking of 'un up, an' thank 'e kindly.'

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

AT LARGE.[1]

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

XI.

SHYNESS.

I HAVE no doubt that shyness is one of the old, primitive, aboriginal qualities that lurk in human nature—one of the crude elements that ought to have been uprooted by civilisation, and security, and progress, and enlightened ideals, but which have not been uprooted, and are only being slowly eliminated. It is seen, as all aboriginal qualities are seen, at its barest among children, who often reflect the youth of the world, and are like little wild animals or infant savages, in spite of all the frenzied idealisation that childhood receives from well-dressed and amiable people.

Shyness is thus like those little bits of woods and copses which one finds in a country-side that has long been subdued and replenished, turned into arable land and pasture, with all the wildness and the irregularity ploughed and combed out of it; but still one comes upon some piece of dingle, where there is perhaps an awkward tilt in the ground, or some ancient excavation, or where a stream-head has cut out a steep channel, and there one finds a scrap of the old forest, a rood or two that has never been anything but woodland. So with shyness; many of our old, savage qualities have been smoothed out, or glazed over, by education and inheritance, and only emerge in moments of passion and emotion. But shyness is no doubt the old suspicion of the stranger, the belief that his motives are likely to be predatory and sinister; it is the tendency to bob the head down into the brushwood, or to sneak behind the tree-bole on his approach. One sees a little child, washed and brushed and delicately apparelled, with silken locks and clear complexion, brought into a drawing-room to be admired; one sees the terror come upon her; she knows by experience that she has nothing to expect but attention, and admiration, and petting; but you will see her suddenly cover her face with a tiny

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hand, relapse into dismal silence, even burst into tears and refuse to be comforted, till she is safely entrenched upon some familiar knee.

I have a breezy, boisterous, cheerful friend, of transparent simplicity and goodness, who has never known the least touch of shyness from his cradle, who always says, if the subject is introduced, that shyness is all mere self-consciousness, and that it comes from thinking about oneself. That is true, in a limited degree; but the diagnosis is no remedy for the disease, because shyness is as much a disease as a cold in the head, and no amount of effort can prevent the attacks of the complaint; the only remedy is either to avoid the occasions of the attacks—and that is impossible, unless one is to abjure the society of other people for good and all; —or else to practise resolutely the hardening process of frequenting society, until one gets a sort of courage out of familiarity. Yet even so, who that has ever really suffered from shyness does not feel his heart sink as he drives up in a brougham to the door of some strange house, and sees a grave butler advancing out of an unknown corridor, with figures flitting to and fro in the background; what shy person is there who at such a moment would not give a considerable sum to be able to go back to the station and take the first train home? Or who again, as he gives his name to a servant in some brightly lighted hall, and advances, with a hurried glance at his toilet, into a roomful of well-dressed people, buzzing with what Rossetti calls a 'din of doubtful talk,' would not prefer to sink into the earth like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and be reckoned no more among the living?

It is recorded in Tennyson's Life that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness; and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavour as a girl to stay her failing heart on the thought of Eternity at such moments. It is all in vain; at the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions, or the dim vistas of futurity, and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat, and the appearance of one's collar, and the glances of one's enemies; the doctrines of the Church, and the prospects of ultimate salvation, are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis, and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned!

The wild and fierce shyness of childhood is superseded in most

sensitive people, as life goes on, by a very different feeling—the shyness of adolescence, of which the essence, as has been well said, is 'a shamefaced pride.' The shyness of early youth is a thing which springs from an intense desire to delight, and impress, and interest other people, from wanting to play a far larger and brighter part in the lives of everyone else than anyone in the world plays in anyone else's life. Who does not recognise, with a feeling that is half contempt and half compassion, the sight of the eager pretentiousness of youth, the intense shame of confessing ignorance on any point, the deep desire to appear to have a stake in the world, and a well-defined, respected position? I met the other day a young man, of no particular force or distinction, who was standing in a corner at a big social gathering, bursting with terror and importance combined. He was inspired, I would fain believe, by discerning a vague benevolence in my air and demeanour, to fix his attention on me. He had been staying at a house where there had been some important guests, and by some incredibly rapid transition of eloquence he was saying to me in a minute or two, 'The Commander-in-Chief said to me the other day,' and 'The Archbishop pointed out to me a few days ago,' giving, as personal confidences, scraps of conversation which he had no doubt overheard as an unwelcome adjunct to a crowded smoking-room, with the busy and genial elders wondering when the boys would have the grace to go to bed. My heart bled for him as I saw the reflection of my own pushing and pretentious youth, and I only desired that the curse should not fall upon him which has so often fallen upon myself, to recall ineffaceably, with a blush that still mantles my cheek in the silence and seclusion of my bedroom, in a wakeful hour, the thought of some such piece of transparent and ridiculous self-importance, shamefully uttered by myself, in a transport of ambitious vanity, long years ago. How out of proportion to the offence is the avenging phantom of memory which dogs one through the years for such stupidities! I remember that as a youthful undergraduate I went to stay in the house of an old family friend in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. The only other male guest was a grim and crusty don, sharp and trenchant in speech, and with a determination to keep young men in their place. At Cambridge he would have taken no notice whatever of me; but there, on alien ground, with some lurking impulse of far-off civility, he said to me when the ladies retired, 'I am going to have a cigar; you know your way to the smoking-room?' I did

not myself smoke in those days, so foolish was I and innocent; but recalling, I suppose, some similar remark made by an elderly and genial non-smoker under the same circumstances, I said pompously—I can hardly bring myself even now to write the words—'I don't smoke, but I will come and sit with you for the pleasure of a talk.' He gave a derisive snort, looked at me and said, 'What! not allowed to smoke yet? Pray don't trouble to come on my account.' It was not a genial speech, and it made me feel, as it was intended to do, insupportably silly. I did not make matters better, I recollect, on the following day, when on returning to Cambridge I offered to carry his bag up from the station, for he insisted on walking. He refused testily, and no doubt thought me, as in fact I was, a very spiritless young man.

I remember too another incident of the same kind, happening about the same time. I was invited by a fellow-undergraduate to come to tea in his rooms, and to meet his people. After tea, in the lightness of his heart, my friend performed some singular antics, such as standing on his head like a clown, and falling over the back of his sofa, alighting on his feet. I, who would not have executed such gambols for the world in the presence of the fairer sex, but anxious in an elderly way to express my sympathy with the performer, said, with what was meant to be a polite admiration: 'I can't think how you do that!' Upon which a shrewd and trenchant maiden-aunt who was present, and was delighting in the exuberance of her nephew, said to me briskly, 'Mr. Benson, have you never been young?' I should be ashamed to say how often since I have arranged a neat repartee to that annoying question. At the same time I think that the behaviour both of the don and the aunt was distinctly unjust and unadvisable. I am sure that the one way to train young people out of the miseries of shyness is for older people never to snub them in public, or make them appear in the light of a fool. Such snubs fall plentifully and naturally from contemporaries. An elder person is quite within his rights in inflicting a grave and serious remonstrance in private. I do not believe that young people ever resent that, if at the same time they are allowed to defend themselves and state their case. But a merciless elder who inflicts a public mortification is terribly unassailable and impregnable. For the shy person, who is desperately anxious to bear a sympathetic part, is quite incapable of retort; and that is why such assaults are unpardonable, because they are the merest bullying.

The nicest people that I have known in life have been the people of kindly and sensible natures, who have been thoroughly spoilt as children, encouraged to talk, led to expect, not only toleration, but active kindness and sympathy from all. The worst of it is that such kindness is generally reserved for pretty and engaging children, and it is the awkward, unpleasing, ungainly child who gets the slaps in public. But as in Tennyson-Turner's pretty poem of 'Letty's Globe,' a child's hand should be 'welcome at all frontiers.' Only deliberate rudeness and insolence on the part of children should be publicly rebuked; and as a matter of fact both rudeness and insolence are far oftener the result of shyness than is easily supposed.

After the shyness of adolescence there often follows a further stage. The shy person has learnt a certain wisdom; he becomes aware how easily he detects pretentiousness in other people, and realises that there is nothing to be gained by claiming a width of experience which he does not possess, and that the being unmasked is even more painful than feeling deficient and ill-equipped. Then too he learns to suspect that when he has tried to be impressive, he has often only succeeded in being priggish; and the result is that he falls into a kind of speechlessness, comforting himself, as he sits mute and awkward, unduly elongated, and with unaccountable projections of limb and feature, that if only other people were a little less self-absorbed, had the gift of perceiving hidden worth and real character, and could pierce a little below the surface, they would realise what reserves of force and tenderness lay beneath the heavy shapelessness of which he is still conscious. Then is the time for the shy person to apply himself to social gymnastics. He is not required to be voluble; but if he will practise bearing a hand, seeing what other people need and like, carrying on their line of thought, constructing small conversational bridges, asking the right questions, perhaps simulating an interest in the pursuits of others which he does not naturally feel, he may unloose the burden from his back. Then is the time to practise a sympathetic smile, or better still to allow oneself to indicate and even express the sympathy one feels; and the experimentalist will soon become aware how welcome such unobtrusive sympathy is. He will be amazed at first to find that, instead of being tolerated, he will be confided in; he will be regarded as a pleasant adjunct to a party, and he will soon have the even pleasanter experience of finding that his own opinions and adventures, if they are not used

to cap and surpass the opinions and adventures of others, but to elicit them, will be duly valued. Yet, alas, a good many shy people never reach that stage, but take refuge in a critical and fastidious attitude. I had an elderly relative of this kind—who does not know the type?—who was a man of wide interests and accurate information, but a perfect terror in the domestic circle. He was too shy to mingle in general talk, but sat with an air of acute observation, with a dry smile playing over his face; later on, when the circle diminished, it pleased him to retail the incautious statements made by various members of the party, and correct them with much acerbity. There are few things more terrific than a man who is both speechless and distinguished. I have known several such, and their presence lies like a blight over the most cheerful party. It is unhappily often the case that shyness is apt to exist side by side with considerable ability, and a shy man of this type regards distinction as a kind of defensive armour, which may justify him in applying to others the contempt which he has himself been conscious of incurring. One of the most disagreeable men I know is a man of great ability, who was bullied in his youth. The result upon him has been that he tends to believe that most people are inspired by a vague malevolence, and he uses his ability and his memory, not to add to the pleasure of a party, but to make his own power felt. I have seen this particular man pass from an ungainly speechlessness into brutal onslaughts on inoffensive persons; and it is one of the most unpleasant transformations in the world. On the other hand, the modest and amiable man of distinction is one of the most agreeable figures it is possible to encounter. He is kind and deferential, and the indulgent deference of a distinguished man is worth its weight in gold.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host, who had invited a party of simple and unimportant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for dinner, and was introduced to the party; he made a series of old-fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man, at the conclusion of the ceremony, turned to his host, and said, in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: 'What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms! They pour well!' The social frost broke up; the company were delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which everyone

might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humblest conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects. The fact is that, in ordinary life, kindness and simplicity are valued far more than brilliance; and the best brilliance is that which throws a novel and lambent light upon ordinary topics, rather than the brilliance which disports itself in unfamiliar and exalted regions. The hero only ceases to be a hero to his valet if he is too lofty-minded to enter into the workings of his valet's mind, and cannot duly appraise the quality of his services.

And then, too, to go back a little, there are certain defects, after all, which are appropriate at different times of life. A certain degree of shyness and even awkwardness is not at all a disagreeable thing—indeed it is rather a desirable quality—in the young. A perfectly self-possessed and voluble young man arouses in one a vague sense of hostility, unless it is accompanied by great modesty and ingenuousness. The artless prattler, who, in his teens, has an opinion on all subjects, and considers that opinion worth expressing, is pleasant enough, and saves one some embarrassment; but such people, alas, too often degenerate into the bores of later life. If a man's opinion is eventually going to be worth anything, he ought, I think, to pass through a tumultuous and even prickly stage, when he believes that he has an opinion, but cannot find the *aplomb* to formulate it. He ought to be feeling his way, to be in a vague condition of revolt against what is conventional. This is likely to be true not only in his dealings with his elders, but also in his dealings with his contemporaries. Young people are apt to regard a youthful *doctrinaire*, who has an opinion on everything, with sincere abhorrence. He bores them, and to the young boredom is not a condition of passive suffering, it is an acute form of torture. Moreover, the stock of opinions which a young man holds are apt to be parrot-cries repeated without any coherence from talks overheard and books skimmed. But in a modest and ingenuous youth, filled to the brim with eager interest and alert curiosity, a certain deference is an adorable thing, one of the most delicate of graces; and it is a delightful task for an older person, who feels the sense of youthful charm, to melt stiffness away by kindly irony and gentle provocation, as Socrates did with his sweet-natured and modest boy-friends so many centuries ago.

The *aplomb* of the young generally means complacency; but

one who is young and shy, and yet has the grace to think about the convenience and pleasure of others, can be the most perfect companion in the world. One has then a sense of the brave and unsophisticated freshness of youth, that believes all things and hopes all things, the bloom of which has not been rubbed away by the rough touch of the world. It is only when that shyness is prolonged beyond the appropriate years, when it leaves a well-grown and hard-featured man gasping and incoherent, jerky and ungracious, that it is a painful and disconcerting deformity. The only real shadow of early shyness is the quite disproportionate amount of unhappiness that conscious *gaucherie* brings with it. Two incidents connected with a ceremony most fruitful in nervousness come back to my mind.

When I was an Eton boy, I was staying with a country squire, a most courteous old gentleman with a high temper. The first morning, I contrived to come down a minute or two late for prayers. There was no chair for me. The Squire suspended his reading of the Bible with a deadly sort of resignation, and made a gesture to the portly butler. That functionary rose from his own chair, and, with loudly creaking boots, carried it across the room for my acceptance. I sat down, covered with confusion. The butler returned; and two footmen, who were sitting on a little form, made reluctant room for him. The butler sat down on one end of the form, unfortunately before his equipoise, the second footman, had taken his place at the other end. The result was that the form tipped up, and a cataract of flunkeys poured down upon the floor. There was a ghastly silence; then the Gadarene herd slowly recovered itself, and resumed its place. The Squire read the chapter in an accent of suppressed fury, while the remainder of the party, with handkerchiefs pressed to their faces, made the most unaccountable sounds and motions for the rest of the proceeding. I was really comparatively guiltless, but the shadow of that horrid event sensibly clouded the whole of my visit.

I was only a spectator of the other event. We had assembled for prayers in the dimly lighted hall of the house of a church dignitary, and the chapter had begun, when a man of almost murderous shyness, who was a guest, opened his bedroom door and came down the stairs. Our host suspended his reading. The unhappy man came down, but, instead of slinking to his place, went and stood in front of the fire, under the impression that the proceedings had not taken shape, and addressed some remarks upon the weather

to his hostess. In the middle of one of his sentences, he suddenly divined the situation, on seeing the row of servants sitting in a thievish corner of the hall. He took his seat with the air of a man driving to the guillotine, and I do not think I ever saw anyone so much upset as he was for the remainder of his stay. Of course it may be said that a sense of humour should have saved a man from such a collapse of moral force, but a sense of humour requires to be very strong to save a man from the sense of having made a conspicuous fool of himself.

I would add one more small reminiscence, of an event from which I can hardly say with honesty that I have yet quite recovered, though it took place nearly thirty years ago. I went, as a schoolboy, with my parents, to stay at a very big country house, the kind of place to which I was little used, where the advent of a stately footman to take away my clothes in the morning used to fill me with misery. The first evening there was a big dinner-party. I found myself sitting next my delightful and kindly hostess, my father being on the other side of her. All went well till dessert, when an amiable, long-haired spaniel came to my side to beg of me. I had nothing but grapes on my plate, and, purely out of compliment, I offered him one. He at once took it in his mouth and hurried to a fine white fur rug in front of the hearth, where he indulged in some unaccountable convulsions, rolling himself about and growling in an ecstasy of delight. My host, an irascible man, looked round, and then said: 'Who the devil has given that dog a grape?' He added to my father, by way of explanation, 'The fact is that if he can get hold of a grape, he rolls it on that rug, and it is no end of a nuisance to get the stain out.' I sat crimson with guilt, and was just about to falter out a confession, when my hostess looked up, and, seeing what had happened, said, 'It was me, Frank;—I forgot for the moment what I was doing.' My gratitude for this angelic intervention was so great that I had not even the gallantry to own up, and could only repay my protectress with an intense and lasting devotion. I have no doubt that she explained matters afterwards to our host; and I contrived to murmur my thanks later in the evening. But the shock had been a terrible one, and taught me not only wisdom, but the Christian duty of intervening, if I could, to save the shy from their sins and sufferings.

> Taught by the Power that pities me,
> I learn to pity them.

But the consideration that emerges from these reminiscences is the somewhat bewildering one, that shyness is a thing which seems to be punished, both by immediate discomfort and by subsequent fantastic remorse, far more heavily than infinitely more serious moral lapses. The repentance that follows sin can hardly be more poignant than the agonising sense of guilt which steals over the waking consciousness, on the morning that follows some such social lapse. In fact it must be confessed that most of us dislike feeling fools far more than we dislike feeling knaves; so that one wonders whether one does not dread the ridicule and disapproval of society more than one dreads the sense of a lapse from morality; the philosophical outcome of which would seem to be that the verdict of society upon our actions is at the base of morality. We may feel assured that the result of moral lapses will ultimately be that we shall have to face the wrath of our Creator; but one hopes that side by side with justice will be found a merciful allowance for the force of temptation. But the final judgment is in any case not imminent, while the result of a social lapse is that we have to continue to face a disapproving and even a contemptuous circle, who will remember our failure with malicious pleasure, and whose sense of justice will not be tempered by any appreciable degree of mercy. Here again is a discouraging circumstance, that when we call to mind some similarly compromising and grotesque adventure in the life of one of our friends, in spite of the fact that we well know the distress that the incident must have caused him, we still continue to hug, and even to repeat, our recollection of the incident, with a rich sense of joy. Is it that we do not really desire the peace and joy of others? It would seem so. How many of us are not conscious of feeling extremely friendly and helpful when our friend is in sorrow, or difficulty, or discredit, and yet of having no taste for standing by and applauding when our friend is joyful and successful! There is nothing, it seems, that we can render to our friend in the latter case, except the praise of which he has already had enough!

It seems that the process of anatomising the nature and philosophy of shyness only ends in stripping off, one by one, as from an onion, the decent integuments of the human spirit, and revealing it every moment more and more in its native rankness. Let me forbear, consoling myself with the thought that the qualities of human beings are not meant to be taken up one by one, like coins from a tray, and scrutinised; but that it is the general effect, the

blending, the grouping, the hue, the mellowed surface, the warped line. I was only yesterday in an old church, where I saw an ancient font-cover—a sort of carved extinguisher—and some dark panels of a rood-screen. They had been, both cover and panels, coarsely and brightly painted and gilt; and, horrible to reflect, it flashed upon me that they must have once been both glaring and vulgar. Yet to-day the dim richness of the effect, the dints, the scaling-off of the flakes, the fading of the pigment, the dulling of the gold, was incomparable; and I began to wonder if perhaps that was not what happened to us in life; and that though we foolishly regretted the tarnishing of the bright surfaces of soul and body with our passions and tempers and awkwardnesses and feeblenesses, yet perhaps it was, after all, that we were taking on an unsuspected beauty, and making ourselves fit, some far-off day, for the Communion of Saints!

CATHERINE'S CHILD.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER X.

THE Adelstanes' house in Belgrave Square had been newly painted in the spring, and consequently presented a clean white front to the passers-by, and was further ornamented by window-boxes and hanging baskets of pink ivy geraniums and gay awnings of striped red and white canvas.

The green leaves fluttering across the black trunks of the trees in the Square were still fresh and bright, and afforded an agreeable shade to Philippa when she walked round and round the gravel paths in the morning, with Roper, to exercise Augusta's French pug.

Lady Adelstane had taken great pleasure, the day after her arrival in town, in driving her young cousin round to various dressmakers, tailors, and milliners, and ordering clothes and hats for her; which she did with the more liberality since it was quite understood that the bills were to be sent in to Catherine.

The subsequent fittings rendered necessary by these orders, however, Augusta had neither leisure nor inclination to attend; so, since Roper was too inexperienced a Londoner to be of much use, she was obliged to send her own maid with Philippa, and highly inconvenient she presently found such obligation to be.

'It gives her an excuse, you see, to be out whenever I want her,' she lamented to Lady Grace; 'besides which it turns out that Roper does not know her way about London at all. I cannot think what possessed Catherine to send such a fool. Philippa must walk out with somebody. I cannot have her with me for ever, you know, and she finds it tedious to go out in the Square.'

'She is a very pretty girl; I had no idea she was so handsome. You have dressed her quite charmingly,' said Lady Grace. 'It is extraordinary what a difference *clothes* make. I admire her although she does not like me. It amuses me to see her draw her brows together whenever I appear.'

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'The fact is, she is jealous of you,' said Augusta, with great complacency. 'She cannot bear anybody to speak to me but herself. It is really embarrassing at times, for you know one can talk of next to nothing before a girl of that age.' Augusta was uneasily conscious that Philippa's great blue eyes had been fixed wonderingly upon her already during many a pleasant chat with an acquaintance. 'I wish Cecil were in town to take her off my hands, instead of dawdling away his time over imaginary business at Welwysbere. He could take her to see the sights. Imagine, she wanted to go to the Hippodrome! She is mad about performing monkeys and things of that sort, and there I had to send her—she is very insistent—with Holland and her own old dunderhead of a maid, whom I am positively afraid to send about with her. And I was going to one of that delightful German's lectures with Florrie Brooke, where I could not possibly take her, you know, as Florrie wasn't even sure what it was about.'

'And what was it about?'

'I forget now—it was the day before yesterday. But it was a great take-in. Quite dull and humdrum. Nothing *risqué* at all. However, everyone was there.'

'So I heard.'

'I have taken Philippa twice to the Opera, but she hates music, and got a headache from the bad air, and looked like a ghost next day. Really girls are very tiresome things. And now she has taken it into her head that she mustn't go to the Lundys' because she promised her mother she wouldn't go to dances. I do think it very odd of Catherine to exact such promises from her when she is under my wing. She ought to have trusted to me. I said I wouldn't take her to dances. Of course I didn't mean childish things like the Lundys',' added Augusta, hastily. 'The fact is, Philippa is too old and too young. I can't send her to bed when I dine out, and I can't take her with me; so there she sits by herself, with nothing to do, making me feel as though I were neglecting her.'

'She ought to have a governess,' said Lady Grace, sympathetically. 'After all, one really only begins one's education at sixteen.'

'Her mother has always taught her herself, so absurdly out of date, though I must say she speaks French very well,' said Augusta, discontentedly. 'Of course, Catherine was brought up in France, so there is nothing in that.'

'It's no credit to her then,' said Lady Grace, with a twinkle.

'Not in the least. But the tiresome thing is, I stipulated she was to have holidays here, not dreaming what a bore they would be. Still, I might get a companion,' she said, brightening up. 'I have often thought of having one myself. They write letters and do tiresome things for one. It would be a very good idea, Grace. I will see about it immediately. It would be delightful for Philippa, and convenient for me.'

Augusta generally acted on impulse, and carried out her caprices without giving herself time for reflection—a habit which enabled her to believe herself a remarkably prompt and practical person.

On the very afternoon of her conversation with Grace Trumoin she drove to a foreign registry office, and engaged a middle-aged Frenchwoman who happened to be personally known to the proprietor of the establishment, and to be possessed of the highest personal references from her last situation.

Augusta was enchanted by her good luck when she interviewed this lady, and found her not only presentable and well mannered, but willing to enter upon her duties immediately.

It was settled that she should come on the morrow, and Augusta looked forward with some apprehension to breaking the news to Philippa.

A constant stream of visitors from five to seven made it impossible for her to have any private conversation with her young guest during the remainder of the afternoon; though Philippa was present in the drawing-room during these hours, embarrassing her cousin by her constant attention to the conversation, and habit of abruptly stating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whenever a question was by any chance addressed to herself.

'She is very *farouche*,' sighed Lady Adelstane across the low tea-table to Lady Kentisbury, whom she had invited, as she told Grace, entirely for Philippa's sake, since she had no personal inclination towards dowdy women given to good works. 'She is *farouche*, but such a dear! And she leads such a dull life in the depths of Devon, and her mother never stirs from home. I do want her to have a good time while she is with me, but I haven't an idea how to begin. Do advise me. I know less than nothing about girls.'

'Surely, she ought to be in the schoolroom,' said Lady Kentisbury, looking at Philippa with a maternal expression, and shaking her head.

'Of course she *ought*; but she is being brought up so oddly,' said Augusta, apologetically, 'that really ordinary rules don't apply to her. Her mother has educated her entirely herself, so of course she is more advanced than girls who are left to governesses and people. But she has seen nothing of girls and boys of her own age. I assure you Catherine has guarded her like a dragon.'

'So I have heard,' said Lady Kentisbury. 'Lady Sarah tells me that she has devoted her whole life to her child. How charming that is!'

'I am sure you have done the same,' said Augusta, vague but complimentary. 'And I do hope you will let her see something of your young people while she is with me.'

Lady Kentisbury was nothing loth, and, in fact, agreed to the proposal very warmly, and invited Philippa to luncheon on the very next day, for Lady Sarah Adelstane, who was her great-aunt by marriage, had, with her customary promptness, been beforehand with Augusta, and hinted that her grand-niece might search the United Kingdom in vain for a more suitable daughter-in-law than Philippa.

'Her mother is a saint,' the old lady had remarked, 'and the girl has never been out of her sight day or night. She is as innocent as a baby, and as pretty as a picture. Of course you will say it is odd she should be trusted to Augusta. But the fact is that was my doing. I over-persuaded her mother. Girls with Philippa's looks and Philippa's expectations don't grow on every gooseberry bush in the country you know, and hobbledehoys do; and I had no idea of her being snapped up by the parson's son or some one of that kind. Not that the parson at Welwysbere *has* a son, but the principle is the same. One never knows. The women of our family ripen early, and she will marry young or not at all. I know the breed, my love, very well. So I persuaded her mother to send her here. But between you and me, my love, Augusta is the last person in Europe I would have entrusted her to, if I were not so very sure of the girl herself. She has been over-mothered and a trifle spoilt, but she has the very highest principles, and all the strength of mind which so many young men seem to lack nowadays,' said Lady Sarah, significantly.

'They do, indeed,' said Lady Kentisbury, with a sigh. There was no need for explanation. Both ladies were aware of the possibility of inherited tendencies in the young Marquis, which rendered it highly desirable that his wife should be a person of

principle and character. 'It would be very charming, dear Aunt Sarah, but of course it could not be at once, as she is so young. However, an engagement steadies a boy more than anything in the world.'

'Why should it not be at once?' said Lady Sarah, impatiently. 'People always put off that sort of thing until the day after the fair. Do but think of the daughter-in-law my nephew Rye presented to my poor sister Maria the day he came of age. As I told her, I blamed her own shortsightedness. She should have found him a suitable wife, tied him up young, and seen that he had a legitimate heir. After that young people must please themselves. One has put them in the right way, you know, and done one's duty by the family, and one can't dry-nurse them for ever. The rest depends on the wife. Philippa is her father's daughter. I don't know that I need say much more than that,' said Lady Sarah, and a genuine tear shone in her blue eyes, which were still bright, though set in a network of wrinkles beneath snow-white hair.

'No, indeed,' said Lady Kentisbury, warmly. 'I always looked up to him as the most nearly perfect human being I ever met.'

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again,'

said Lady Sarah, and the tears gave place to a smile. 'My love, I must be growing old at last, since I have taken to quoting Shakespeare. However, my poor Philip was not so much a man as a rock; and, now I come to think of it, rocks are apt to be heavy, though very solid to lean against. Philippa is solid and heavy.'

'Heavy!' said Lady Kentisbury, alarmed. 'If she is not amusing, I am afraid Charlie will never——'

'My dear Jane, wait till he sees her. A boy of that age finds a pretty girl amusing when she says "How do you do?" And, for heaven's sake, rescue her from Augusta as often as you can!'

'Lady Adelstane has asked me to tea,' said Lady Kentisbury.

'*Déjà*,' said Lady Sarah, with a laugh.

Philippa was very much pleased to accept Lady Kentisbury's invitation to luncheon, after a dutiful reference to her cousin for permission, which bored Augusta and pleased her would-be hostess.

'My daughter is a year or two older than you are, but not nearly so tall,' she said graciously to her young relative. 'She came out last year.'

'I wish I were out,' said Philippa, with a sigh.

'Are you so fond of gaiety?'

'I don't know,' said Philippa, bluntly. 'I have not tried. But I should like to go everywhere with Cousin Augusta very much indeed, and I am obliged to stay at home by myself because I am not out, so the evenings are very dull, as I do not care for reading. And it is very tiresome always walking with a maid.'

'We must try and get up some boy and girl parties for you,' said Lady Kentisbury, sympathetically.

'My mother made me promise not to go to a dance,' said Philippa, discontentedly.

'Are you not going to the Lundys'? I understood you were to go.'

'I can't. I promised mummie I wouldn't. I have told Cousin Augusta,' said Philippa, and her face assumed an obstinate expression that brought out her resemblance to Sir Cecil with odd emphasis.

Lady Kentisbury departed with the conviction that Lady Sarah had correctly described her granddaughter as high principled; she was naturally unaware of the impatient rebelliousness underlying Philippa's faithful adherence to her mother's command, or of the indignant remonstrances she had addressed to Catherine on the subject.

Philippa was depressed, in spite of the pleasure which Lady Kentisbury's invitation caused her.

She was already beginning, as Lady Sarah had foreseen, to be disillusioned concerning her adored cousin, and to turn the severe gaze of her observant youth—now diverted from her parent—in the direction of Augusta. There were many points concerning Augusta which were ill adapted to sustain such an inspection.

It was scarcely to be wondered at that her hostess was becoming almost nervous in the presence of this tall, severe young vestal, who looked her through and through with grave blue eyes, and faithfully corrected her when she detected her in the slightest inaccuracy.

'Really she is worse than Cecil,' thought Augusta, peevishly; but she could not help discovering that Philippa was a great deal more clear-sighted than the solemn, handsome gentleman whom she so nearly resembled.

Augusta's oldest friend and most constant adorer, Major Cymbert, was the last of her callers to leave, and as he stayed late

and she was dining out early, she had to hasten to her room to dress the instant he departed. Thither, as usual, she felt obliged to invite Philippa to accompany her, though the presence of a child of sixteen may be sometimes embarrassing at the toilet of a lady of forty bent upon making the most of herself; and Augusta was often hard put to it for excuses to get rid of Philippa whilst she administered the finishing touches to the picture she saw reflected in her mirror. But the custom had begun at the Abbey, where her young cousin's innocent admiration of her charms had flattered Augusta's vanity; and it was not easy to abandon it now she had tired of its continuance without disappointing and offending her worshipper, who was of a somewhat exacting disposition, and accustomed, besides, to getting her own way.

'It is quite a comfort to me, darling,' said Augusta, submitting to the removal of the larger portion of her golden *coiffure* by the dexterous hands of her maid, and contemplating herself without it in the Dresden mirror, with perfect calm and satisfaction, 'a real *relief*—that I shall not be obliged to leave you alone in the evenings any longer.'

She reflected that this was an excellent way to break the news of the engagement of a companion, to Holland, as well as to Philippa.

Neither could very well express before the other any disapproval of her arrangements.

'Aren't you going out any more? Are you going to stay at home, for my sake!' cried Philippa, with the incredulous joy of reviving faith; and Holland raised surprised eyes and looked at her mistress in the glass; her mind was filled with the suspicions begotten of experience.

'My dear! How could I throw over my engagements? Unless I were ill, or having an operation, or something of that kind,' said Augusta, reprovingly. 'I, who make a point of never disappointing anybody. It is part of my creed. I am one of those people who can always be depended upon. No, but a most charming French lady is coming, who will take you out, and sit with you whenever I am engaged elsewhere, you know; and as you speak French so well, you are certain to get on capitally. For my own sake I should have preferred a German. I speak German and French and Italian much about the same,' said Augusta, truthfully. 'But, however, thinking of you, I resolved to engage a French woman.'

'To engage—do you mean I am to have a governess?' demanded Philippa, starting to her feet indignantly.

'My dear Philippa,' said Augusta plaintively, 'pray do not spring up like that, you quite startled me. Certainly not a governess—you forget I promised you should do no lessons while you were with me. Against my better judgment I own, but still, to *me*, a promise is a very sacred thing.'

'But, Cousin Augusta, you said——'

'Holland, you are pulling my hair,' said Augusta, 'and by the by, I wish you would tell Mrs. Joliffe that the room next to Miss Philippa's must be got ready for Mme. Minart. Or I could see her myself for one moment when I am dressed. Yes? Forgive me for interrupting you, Philippa. As I was saying, I have put off and put off getting a companion for myself, and now at last I have found a suitable person. These things take time and thought. She will write my notes, you know, and do a hundred things besides. I am so terribly overworked. And it will be company for you in the evening.'

Philippa made no answer. Her heart swelled with astonishment and resentment, but her pride prevented any utterance of the reproaches which rose to her lips.

She, who had moved heaven and earth, and sacrificed even her own mother to her devoted affection for her friend—for in this light did her desire to visit Augusta present itself to Philippa—to be calmly relegated to the society of a hired companion, while Cousin Augusta continued to pursue her frivolous course, without troubling to entertain the girl whom she had declared she looked upon as her own child.

Philippa realised, with almost incredulous wrath, that she had never in her life been treated with so little consideration. Her first impulse was to announce her intention of immediately returning home, or, as she put it to herself, of quitting Augusta's roof for ever. But an uncomfortable conviction, in the background of her thoughts, that such a course of action would be rather punishing herself than her inconsiderate friend, caused her to hesitate; and while she hesitated Augusta calmly rippled on, assuring her of the benefits she would derive from Mme. Minart's companionship, and praising the qualities of this paragon, as revealed to her during an interview of rather less than ten minutes' duration. Her enthusiastic remarks passed unheeded over Philippa's bent head, and caused Holland's lip to curl with contempt.

'We shall hear a different tale this time next year, and probably sooner,' thought the maid to herself, for Lady Adelstane changed

her domestics frequently, and they were all treasures when they first arrived, though they developed with strange unanimity into monsters before they were sent away.

'Perhaps, Philippa, dearest, you will go downstairs, and ring, and desire that Mrs. Joliffe should be sent up here to me at once,' said Augusta, prudently ignoring the lowering expression of the handsome young face. 'I shall certainly be late if I go on chattering like this, and when you are here I find myself talking all the time. It is such a pleasure to me, in my lonely life, to find a sympathetic listener. I don't know what I shall do when you are gone, darling.'

'You will have Mme. Minart,' said Philippa, unable to resist this curt expression of her resentment. 'I will go and do what you ask, Cousin Augusta,' and with the mien of an offended queen she marched out of the room.

'How ungrateful girls are!' complained Augusta, snatching this opportunity to improve the exquisite complexion which Nature had already bestowed upon her. 'Naturally, I only engaged this person for Miss Philippa's sake, and for *yours*, Holland. You have been very good about it, but of course it's not your work to be always taking her about.'

'It's very kind of you to think of me, my lady, I'm sure,' said Holland, with a hint of satire in her tone; which plainly conveyed to her mistress that she was not impressed by this sudden display of consideration.

'Holland is a most unpleasant creature,' reflected Augusta; 'I shall certainly get rid of her before long. I hate a person with a nasty dry manner like hers. It's very unfortunate she should be such a good maid and such an industrious needlewoman. All good maids are disagreeable.'

Augusta departed for her dinner-party in a less amiable frame of mind than usual; but the dinner proving unexceptionable and the company pleasant, she presently forgot her troubles, and recovered her customary good spirits and satisfaction with herself and her surroundings.

Philippa maintained her attitude of proud composure throughout the solitary meal which was served to her in the great dining-room, where her cousin's tall and solemn servants punctiliously waited upon her.

But clear soup, roast quail and iced asparagus could not assuage

her wounded feelings, and even the giant strawberries from Welwysbere were only enjoyed mechanically.

She was glad to find herself alone in the drawing-room upstairs, seated beside the open window in the pleasant summer twilight. Here she could look out into the Square and indulge her feelings unseen.

Her little cambric handkerchief was presently wet with tears, for her disappointment and grief, though childish, were very real.

She went over and over again, in memory, through the fond phrases and flattering assurances which Augusta had heaped upon her a few weeks since, in response to her own sincere admiration.

'If I had not thought she really loved me, and liked to talk to me—that she was really going to be, as she promised, my greatest friend in all the world,' sobbed Philippa to herself, 'I do not think that *only* the pleasure of coming to London and being fashionable and seeing things would have tempted me. I don't *think* so. Of course I know mamma believes it was only because I wanted gaiety and change and all that, but I know it wasn't—only I couldn't tell her how I long sometimes for a real companion and friend, to whom I could tell everything without getting everlasting good advice in return. Poor mamma, I don't mean that. Of course it's her duty to be always lecturing, and I know I'm careless, and all that.'

Philippa was sobbing out her complaint half aloud in the darkness, but the room was empty and there was no one to hear.

'If I went home now, they would all *feel* "I told you so," though they wouldn't say it. I won't go home, I will see it through; only I can never, never feel the same to Augusta again. It is the climax. These long lonely evenings have been bad enough, but to have a stranger thrust upon me—I wish Cousin Cecil would come back. She pretends he is selfish, but I know better now. It is she who is selfish, and who doesn't speak the truth, and who—oh, to think I am saying such things about *her* of all people in the world!' and Philippa was obliged to admit to herself that her admiration of Augusta had declined almost as swiftly as it had arisen.

'But it is not *I* that am changeable, it is not, it is *not*,' she thought miserably. 'I could almost wish it were. It is she who is unworthy, and who has failed me; I won't show her my feelings though.' Here she was forced to swallow an uneasy suspicion that Augusta would not greatly mind if she did. 'I will go through

to the end. But all my pleasure in London is gone now; no matter where I go, or who I meet, I shall never, never be the same again.'

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. RALT, to the astonishment of her husband, now installed herself in one of the most luxurious hotels in London, and suddenly announced her intention of passing the remainder of the season there.

'But you hate London,' said Mr. Ralt, as though afraid she must be mistaking her own wishes.

'So I do.'

'You said you would never come up for the season again.'

'So I did.'

'And yet you have come.'

'So I have,' said Mrs. Ralt, and her small eyes twinkled merrily. 'My dear old man, we must sometimes put ourselves about for other people. When I've taken a thing in hand I like to see it through, and in this case seeing it through means a short stay in the metropolis.'

'I suppose you want to do a lot of shopping?'

'Not I,' said Mrs. Ralt, 'unless you want to see me a bit smarter, old man. I suppose I am a trifle dowdy. However, neither you nor I ever set up for being beauties,' she added, dispassionately.

But Mr. Ralt was apparently quite contented with his wife's appearance, for he protested fondly; though at the moment she was far from looking her best, being clad in a gentlemanly striped dressing-gown, with a small pigtail of iron-gray hair hanging down her shoulders, and a much larger one laid openly upon the dressing-table.

'I'm sure you always look very nice, Blanche. I don't know anybody who gets herself up in a more thoroughly sensible manner. And as for me, I ain't handsome and don't want to be; but I've got a good old-fashioned sporting kind of face,' said Mr. Ralt, very simply. 'What more can a man want? And I suppose you saw something in it, or you wouldn't have had me.'

'To be sure I shouldn't,' said Blanche.

Mr. Ralt waited for a moment in case his wife showed any inclination to explain herself further concerning her sudden determination to stay in London; but, as she did not, he shook his head with a puzzled expression and remarked,

'Well, I know you're always doing kindnesses to someone, Blanche.'

'H'm, this may prove a very doubtful kindness,' said Mrs. Ralt grimly. 'But meantime, Bob, as we are here, and as we mean to stop here, we may as well enjoy ourselves.'

'By all means. I'll make out a regular programme at once,' said Mr. Ralt, with brightening eyes. 'You know, Blanche, *I* like London well enough. It's *you* who don't like it.'

'I hate smart clothes and I don't care much for smart people,' said Mrs. Ralt candidly. 'Not that I've had much to do with either for the last twenty years. Papa was a great one for society and so on, but I leave all that to Augusta; it is more in her line than mine, though I have no doubt she makes a fine fool of herself. Her head is not one to stand being made a fuss of.'

'I don't see why people should make less fuss of you than of Augusta,' said Mr. Ralt, in offended accents. 'You must not forget that if you *have* married a poor fellow who doesn't set up to be a swell, you are quite as well born as your sister.'

'I am not likely to forget that,' said Blanche, laughing heartily. 'Something very odd indeed would have to happen before one twin sister could be less well born than the other! And as for my father, everyone knows old Sam Mocha was a self-made man, who owed both his money and his peerage to his own exertions, and the more credit too. All nonsense about birth, dear old man. If the Bible's true, we all came from Adam and Eve; and if it isn't, we all came from protoplasms'; in this airy manner did Mrs. Ralt sum up the history of human origin. 'Whichever it is, I cannot see that it gives us much occasion to boast. Now look here; I've got a nice little luncheon party for Sunday. George Chilcott and David Moore, and George's boy Hector, who's got an exeat or something. Anyway, he's come up to see his father and uncle. And Augusta is going to bring Grace Trumoin and Philippa, and an odious Frenchwoman whom she's taken a violent fancy to; so we shall be quite a pleasant party. And as soon as you're dressed I want you to toddle round and secure a table at the Navarre.'

'But why not ask them to dine?'

'You don't suppose I could get Augusta to dine under three weeks' notice! but I've booked some of the others for dinners and theatres,' said Mrs. Ralt cheerfully. 'Augusta rather likes lunching at restaurants, and she told me the Navarre had a new *chef*, which was a pretty broad hint. Meanwhile, I'll leave you

to take places somewhere for to-night and to-morrow for our two selves. Something light and bright in the musical comedy line, eh ? '

' It's the only kind of show *I* have any use for,' said Mr. Ralt, with much relief. ' A man doesn't want to have to think, you know, after he's eaten a good dinner.'

' No, no, nor a woman either,' said Mrs. Ralt; ' and we needn't be in town at all in the daytime—to speak of,' she added, soothingly, ' with the little car always ready to nip off anywhere at a moment's notice.'

' No more we need,' said Mr. Ralt, and his rubicund face shone with satisfaction at the reminder.

At sixteen even despair is transitory, and three days after her melancholy disillusionment concerning Augusta's perfection, Philippa wrote to her mother as follows :

My darling Mum,—The reason I have not written for so long is that I waited to be able to tell you about Mme. Minart, the companion whom Cousin Augusta has engaged to write her letters and do lots of other things ; but while I am here she takes me for walks and has meals with me when Cousin Augusta is out.

I would not write at once, as I know you think my judgments are apt to be hasty, but I can now tell you that Mme. Minart is by *far* the nicest person I have ever met. Of course, it helps my French very much to be talking to her all day. Cousin Augusta likes her as much as I do, which is a great comfort. I know *now* what you mean by being tactful when I see Mme. Minart with Cousin Augusta. I assure you in three days I have learnt more tact from Mme. Minart than in all the rest of my life without her. Now, mamma, you used to say I ought to have a finishing governess, and of course I hated the idea ; but if you could only persuade Cousin Augusta to let you have Mme. Minart for me, I should be simply delighted. She is thoroughly able to finish girls, for she lived with a Grand Duchess in Russia and finished all her girls ; she told me so herself. This is quite my own idea about her coming to me, and to show you how discreet I am, *I have not told her* I am writing to ask you about this. She is very good-looking ; I don't know if you would call her handsome. *I* do, but it is a face which grows upon one. At first sight I thought her almost plain. She is very dark, inclined to be yellow, and has a slight moustache ; but even this is fascinating *when you know her well.* Cousin Augusta says she is sure she has Spanish blood. Her eyes are simply enormous, such *a dark brown* you can hardly tell the pupil from the iris, and her black hair comes down nearly to her knees, you never saw anything like it. Of course, Cousin Augusta's maid is jealous of her, and poor Roper can't bear her, but you know how prejudiced servants are against foreigners. She is not young, she must be at least thirty, but quite well preserved and active, and it is a comfort to walk with someone who can walk as fast as I do. Holland has an absurd train and high heels which trip her up, and Roper gets so breathless that she bursts her dress, and even her boots, whereas Mme. Minart wears such neat shoes and short. very smart, skirts, and is so interested in everything one tells her that she is a delightful companion. To please you, mother darling, I am going to take

more interest in my clothes, especially as I now have much prettier ones. To show you how delightful Mme. Minart must be, though I had been looking forward so to luncheon with Lady Kentisbury, I was actually quite sorry to leave her when the time came yesterday for me to go. Lady K. was very kind to me, and said I must call her Cousin Jane; and the others called me by my Christian name as we are cousins. Charlie is very fair and rather pretty, which must feel wretched for a boy. He looks no older than Hector, and is not half so broad though he is twenty-one, but he has very nice manners, almost like Cousin Cecil, and does not give himself airs because he happens to be a year or two older than oneself; so we got on very well, especially when Cousin Jane left us alone. I like him much better than Joanna, who is an affected pig; she is eighteen, and not so pretty as Charlie. To-morrow Charlie is going to take us all down to Ranelagh in his new motor. He is going to teach me to drive it, but don't be nervous, as Lady Kentisbury will be with us, and she is far more frightened about him than even you are about me. I am now enjoying myself very much, but I wish you would let me go to the Lundys' dance. Granny said I was to ask you again. Their daughter is only seventeen, and it is only for boys and girls. Charlie and Joanna are going, and Joanna said with a horrid smile, 'Of course you can't go as you're not out.' I am a head taller than she is and look years older. There is a horrid old Major Cymbert always coming here who once wanted to marry Cousin Augusta. He talks to me exactly as though I were a child. I must say it is very annoying. Mme. Minart has shown Roper a lovely way to do my hair; neither up nor down, but just right for a *jeune fille*. Please, please say yes about the dance. I'm afraid I wrote rather horridly about it the other day, but if you only could understand how hateful it is to be treated like a little girl when you're so nearly grown up you *would* let me go. Please write at once to say you will, dear mummie.

Your affectionate daughter,
PHILIPPA ADELSTANE.

This letter brought no particular consolation to Catherine, who lay awake at night, wondering what kind of woman this could be who in three days had obtained so much influence over her daughter. She penned a long, apologetic, anxious letter to Augusta on the subject, and the reply brought only partial satisfaction. Augusta wrote of course in a violent hurry. The words, In Haste, might have been inscribed on her notepaper with her address, so invariably did they recur in her communications to her relatives and friends. Like most persons who have nothing to do from morning till night, she never had a moment to spare. She assured Catherine of Mme. Minart's excellent qualities as an instructress and guardian of youth; and almost in one sentence added that she was a most trustworthy and devoted companion for Philippa, and that Philippa was scarcely ever with her, as nothing would induce Augusta to allow the girl out of her sight for a moment. Catherine was obliged to gather what comfort she might from these contradictory assurances.

Meanwhile the blank of Philippa's absence was perceptibly

lessened by the companionship of little Lily. Catherine experienced occasionally a bewildered feeling that the child of her dreams had come to life, and felt almost jealous for Philippa's sake; almost resentful that the little arms which clung to her so faithfully were not Philippa's arms; yet realising that such demonstrative love was not in Philippa's nature.

Lily showed no preference for Miss Dulcinea, but followed her godmother about like a shadow.

In the morning, poor Catherine daily spent an anxious hour over her letter to Philippa; writing and re-writing; wording her news as carefully as though she were framing a diplomatic despatch, fearful of offending her child's susceptibilities by giving too much good advice, and of neglecting her duty by withholding it altogether. During this long hour Lily sat like a mouse in a corner; poring over her lesson, and ready to repeat it perfectly the moment Cousin Catherine closed her envelope. Lily learnt to listen for the little sigh which heralded this moment, and it never failed to come.

In her heart she felt she knew why Catherine sighed, though she could not, perhaps, have put the feeling into words; but Catherine never guessed how intently the black eyes watched her as she bent over her little writing-table in the green-shaded parlour. When she rose, and went out into the kitchen garden, the little figure in a pink sunbonnet followed her there. Catherine cut lettuces and pulled spring onions, and gathered young spinach with her own hands; and Lily carried the basket, and helped to pick the green gooseberries and ripe strawberries, making grave comments which often obliged Catherine to laugh.

In the afternoon the child played mysterious games with fir-cones, under shrubbery bushes, talking to herself all the while; or, if she were permitted, buried herself in a story-book, and remained lost to earth until she was called to tea. In the evening she took the smallest watering-pot, and watered the geraniums and the ferns and the young lettuces as carefully as could be wished; and Catherine smiled to recall Philippa's early efforts in this direction: the trampled flower-beds, the soaked shoes, and the dripping skirts which inevitably resulted.

Children have often far more delicacy of feeling than their elders give them credit for, and Lily preserved a large share of that natural reserve which is common in little maidens towards their elders; Catherine respected it, and never attempted to lift

the veil of the child's silence concerning her home life. But she watched the little face grow daily brighter, the frightened twinkle develop into a frank smile, unafraid and unconcealed, and she perceived that this elfin furtive creature was in reality possessed of a merry soul, while the coaxing ways, which the Chilcotts called artful, only recalled to Catherine the affectionate warmth of heart and manner which had characterised Lily's mother. Though the child's caresses might sadden, yet in a manner they consoled Catherine for much that she had lost.

The love of Delia's child was precious to her, and she grew daily more interested in the training of a mind precociously intelligent; though its native sincerity had been, alas! warped by fear.

'Lily, things that aren't true have no real meaning. The world is full of tangles, and every time you tell a fib you add another little tangle, instead of helping the brave men and true who are striving all over the world to set things straight.'

'Like sowing more little weeds in a garden,' said Lily, sympathetically.

Catherine felt the surprised sense of being understood that often assailed her when she talked fancifully to Lily.

'I will help you pull up the little weeds, and you must start fresh and only let flowers grow in your little garden. When you have said something that is not quite true, stop and correct yourself,' said Catherine encouragingly, 'that will be pulling up the weed.'

'Won't you be angry with me?'

'No; I shall know it is only a bad habit, and that you are trying hard to cure yourself.'

Into this scheme for her own improvement Lily entered with much zest, and found it as good a game as any she had ever invented for herself.

Down the path of Fate now came stepping daintily, to meet George Chilcott, the languid, slender form of Lady Grace Trumoin.

David Moore was by no means sure that he approved of this result of his earnest counsel to his brother-in-law, or whether the calm and experienced woman of the world were altogether suited to be the successor of Delia. He had imagined a fresh young bride, who would brighten the dull existence of George, pet little Lily, and disperse the gloom which hung over Bridescombe.

Lady Grace was an unknown quantity. Nobody could foresee

what she would choose to do, but it was very evident that she would do what she chose; and that George was attracted by the very elements of strength and reserve in her character which most repelled David. This David perceived a very few days after their arrival in town; but, however amenable George might be to his influence, there were limits to the advice which could be offered him; and his brother-in-law could only rejoice to perceive that Lily's father had shaken off his depression almost immediately after depositing his child in Catherine's care, and that every day spent in their bachelor rooms appeared to restore to him something of the careless jollity and placid good nature which had characterised his boyhood.

'It was time I had a change, David,' he repeated more than once. 'One begins to take a jaundiced view, you know. Yes, that's it—a jaundiced view of one's surroundings, if one looks at them too closely for too long at a time.'

Being of an optimistic and modest disposition, he even grew inclined to blame himself for the state of things which had arisen at Bridescombe, and which, as he frankly owned to David, made his life at times almost unbearable.

'I've no great gift for organisation, David, and I sometimes don't feel sure that going into the army is the best preparation for settling down on one's own place, after all; and yet I can't help being glad Hector's set his heart on soldiering. Hope he'll pull off his exams. all right, but he ain't remarkable for brains, I'm afraid. I suppose I ought to hold forth to him about working and so forth, poor fellar, more than I do. But I ain't much of a disciplinarian.'

'I don't believe jawing a boy does a bit of good,' said David. 'Let's have him here, give him the time of his life, and have one or two of the best to dine and do a play with us. Inspire him more than any preaching of yours or mine.'

This form of discipline so recommended itself to young Hector, that he confided to Philippa at the Ralts' luncheon party that he wished his father would take up his abode permanently with Colonel Moore.

'He would be neglecting his duties at home,' said Philippa, severely. 'Oh, Hector, mamma has telegraphed that I may go to the Lundys' dance after all. Won't it be lovely? How I wish you were coming!'

'I'm jolly glad I'm not. I should hate it like anything,' said the civil Hector. 'Besides, it's only for half-baked kids, not a

real dance. I say, Phil, d'you think you'll be here for the Eton and Harrow ? '

'I think so. I was to stay six weeks.'

'That's all right. I shall see you there. Be sure you're properly got up. You might wear the rig-out you've got on now. That hat is really frightfully decent. Very unlike the things you wear at Welwysbere. I suppose Lady Adelstane chose it.'

'As if a boy of your age knew anything about hats. I chose it myself as it happens,' said Philippa, disdainfully, and she turned her shoulder upon the youth.

'Don't get stuffy,' he advised. 'I shall be gone to-morrow, and then you'll be sorry. Who is the foreign lady ? It makes everything stiff when people are obliged to jabber French.'

'It is Mme. Minart, Cousin Augusta's companion,' said Philippa eagerly.

'What does she want a companion for now she's got you ? '

'Oh, Hector, she's such an angel ! '

'Do you mean she's your latest craze ? ' said Hector, unimpressed.

'I don't know what you mean by my latest craze. She's my great friend. I only wish you had a tenth part of her tact,' said Philippa with dignity.

'I only wish I had,' said Hector, derisively. 'If I could butter up old Slocum as she's buttering up Uncle David, it would be very greatly to my advantage.'

'So Cinderella is to be allowed to go to the ball after all, eh, Philippa ? ' cried Mrs. Ralt. 'I wish you joy of your first dance, my dear. I wish you better luck than I had at mine, for I only got one partner ; and I tripped him up, so down I came, and sprained my ankle and had to be carried home.'

The noise of the band, the clatter of the service, and the chatter of the crowd in the restaurant rendered a *tête-à-tête* not only safe, but preferable to those who did not care to scream so loudly as Mrs. Ralt.

'I have really found a treasure,' said Augusta to Lady Grace, next whom she had insisted upon seating herself. 'Mme. Minart has been going through the accounts for me, and finds the household extravagance appalling. I have a very great mind to let her be housekeeper and get rid of Mrs. Joliffe. She was once housekeeper to a German baron and his wife, and is always pressing me to write to them about her.'

'How delightful!' said Lady Grace, vaguely.

'She has taken Philippa completely off my hands. This afternoon, for instance, they are off to the Zoo together. Imagine my relief. My last Sunday afternoon was a perfect frost. Men can't and won't talk before a girl of that age. Nobody in fact can open their mouths. She feels it herself, poor darling, and it makes her more *farouche* than ever. You will say I ought to cure her, but really it's easier said than done.'

'She looks happy enough now.'

'I can't think why Blanche asked that boy,' said Augusta, lowering her voice prudently, for George was seated next her on her other side. 'Nor his father either. The very people whom Philippa meets every day at home.'

Lady Grace knew very well why Mrs. Ralt had asked George Chilcott and his son, but she made no response to Augusta.

'Going to the Zoo!' cried Mr. Ralt. 'What an excellent idea! Blanche, do you hear? Philippa and Mme. Minart are going to the Zoo. Let us make up a party and go all together.'

'I can give you as many orders as you choose,' said Augusta, making it clear that she had no intention of joining Mr. Ralt's party.

'To the Zoo! One would think we were a lot of kids!' said Hector, in an indignant aside to Philippa. But since his father and uncle did not share his prejudices against this childish form of amusement, he was obliged to conceal his feelings, and consoled himself by the reflection that perhaps old Ralt would let him try his hand at driving the car.

'I tell you what, Augusta, when we call at your house for the tickets, you can let us have all the fruit you can spare for the animals,' said Mrs. Ralt cheerfully. 'They will appreciate a change from nuts and buns.'

'I never heard of anything so extravagant!' said Augusta, sincerely shocked.

'How wonderfully you speak English, madame,' said Colonel Moore to his neighbour.

'I have lived many years in this country,' said Mme. Minart's mellow contralto tones modestly. 'Not always in the same family—one does not improve so. One learns nothing. And besides, people grow tired of always the same governess—the same companion. I do not blame them. I feel the same. There are many,' said Mme. Minart, with a twinkle in her dark eyes, 'who

would be glad to change their family—their relatives—from time to time—if they could.'

'There certainly are. You are a student of human nature, I perceive,' said David politely.

'It is necessary to study in order to please,' she said, with a smile more melancholy than cheerful, and David's susceptible heart was instantly touched to compassion. 'I have had to please people so different—of so many classes, even. I know your family of the suburb very well—of your country gentleman—that is again different—of the Anglo-Indian—altogether another—of the parsonage—the professional—the Londoner—of the great families who have many houses. The worldly, the pious, the vulgar, the simple, are to be found in each class. But always the higher you go, the more simple—the more courteous. Before you can be quite simple you must be very great—is it not so, monsieur?'

'It may very well be so,' said David laughing. 'You have had more opportunities than I of knowing, I expect.'

'Ah, that to me reveals you,' she said archly. 'The gentleman who makes no pretence.' David's expressive face betrayed uneasiness, almost alarm, at this compliment; and she hastened to smooth it away. An inflection of pleading, of humility crept into her voice. 'I speak perhaps too plainly, but you will pardon me. For you seemed to me perhaps—not so English as——'

'I am half an Irishman,' said David.

'I knew it,' said Mme. Minart, and again her accent betrayed that subtle hint of flattery. But a moment later she was all attention to Augusta, who was begging Colonel Moore to escort her and Philippa to the Lundys' dance.

'But I don't know the Lundys.'

'I assure you they are dying to know you. And they are going to send you a card to-morrow,' said Augusta, determining to despatch a note to Lady Lundy and ask for this favour directly she returned home. 'I am afraid Cecil won't be back. It is too provoking of him, for I wanted him to see Philippa at her first dance; but so it is. And I have only boys and girls coming to dinner, and shall be quite too wretched without another old person to keep me in countenance,' said Augusta, comfortably.

'I shall be delighted,' said David.

Mme. Minart observed the frank flush of pleasure in Philippa's face, and the sparkle in her blue eye.

'She has everything in the world before her,' thought the French-

woman. 'Love, money, position all to come, and she has youth and beauty and a health that is perfect. She takes all good things as her due. What could I not have done—what could I not have been, with but half the chances of this child?'

Philippa's good spirits were now entirely restored. Though her cousin Augusta's friendship had failed her, yet that vacant place had been, as it seemed to her, miraculously filled up by this delightful Mme. Minart, who was, after all, a far cleverer and more agreeable companion than Augusta could ever be. The flattery of the Frenchwoman had in fact sunk deeply into Philippa's soul, and soothed her wounded self-esteem completely.

She looked forward to her first dance without any regrets save one—that Mme. Minart could not be present to behold her bliss. There was no doubt in Philippa's innocent mind but that such an occupation would afford her new friend the most exquisite pleasure. She was at this period of her existence well aware that middle-aged persons find all their happiness in looking on at the happiness of the young, and are not so unreasonable as to expect enjoyment on their own account.

(To be continued.)

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WROTH.[1]

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE late spring had deepened into early summer over the city of lilies and roses, and the air was full, almost to over-sweetness, of the breath of the iris. Roses foamed over the walls, ran riot in the gardens, scattered themselves on every quick breeze. Everything in the world, as bounded by those low hills, had gained colour, richness, perfume. The skies were solid blue, the very shadows permeated with sunshine. The heats were earlier than usual; and Florence—the gay, social scandalmongering, gossiping, easy-moralled, and kind-tempered—was scampering off to its villas or to the seaboard, to Paris, to Switzerland or Vienna. In the Palazzo Mordante there were constant preparations for departure, but the moment was ever delayed. There was a feeling of expectation, of waiting, in the whole atmosphere of the place.

'And when does your ladyship intend to tell the poor young nobleman that you are his lawful wife?' was Mrs. Panton's daily inquiry to her mistress, with the variants: 'How you can reconcile it with your conscience to let other people have the nursing of him, seeing it is your right and dooty?' or 'What's keeping your ladyship from his lordship? What does the surgeon know about it then?' 'How long does your ladyship mean to uphold this poor kind of game? It's nice tales they're tattling of us—I can let your ladyship know. And that wretched Peggie gettin'

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well there, at Munrepo, all under false pretences. Wicked, I call it, my lady! What did I say from the beginning?'

Juliana was very gentle with her irate old nurse; opened her heart more to her, upon some odd twist of reserve, than to Spiridion, with all his delicate refinement of imagination.

'O Panton, dear!—I am not to go to him till he sends for me; I must not dare to tell him yet, he has been so ill! Not till the wound is quite healed, Panton.'

And there then came the days of hidden feasts at the Palazzo Mordante, when Spiridion, the daily go-between, brought such snippets of news as: 'This morning, the wing of a chicken and a mouthful of wine,' or 'To-day our scamp is to sit by the window,' or yet 'To-day we are to be wheeled upon the terrace. We make progress, my daughter, such progress!—Inconceivable!'

With every such step Juliana bloomed into brighter beauty; she who had looked womanly even in her girlish years, now began to have about her a nameless, shy grace, an exquisite re-blossoming of virginal youth, before the promise of the hour.

The last spring flowers were dead; to the end of her days the odour of lilies would sicken her in memory; but with the breath of the roses would linger her tenderest hauntings.

She wore a bunch of dark-red roses in the bosom of her filmy black muslin gown; its delicate folds were gathered to her waist with purple ribbon. Her youth, her beauty, her glorious whiteness of skin, the night richness of her hair, the purple of her eyes, radiated from the cloudy setting, in so many notes of colour.

Spiridion gallantly shaded his eyes with his hand.

'A vision!' he cried, as he stood on the threshold, beaming upon her. His own countenance was beautiful with good tidings. 'We are ordered to the hills and to the fresh air, and I am commissioned to find a suitable villa!' he cried; 'and *subito*, as they say here! The doctor (I have taken quite a liking to the monster) would prefer it to be to-morrow if possible. It's quick march with him, now, the martinet! But where—— ?'

Juliana's eyes, which never sparkled nor flashed, but took to themselves deeper hues in moments of emotion, grew dark now. Spiridion took a seat beside her and gathered her long ivory hand in his. She drew it from him and he saw a light shudder pass through her.

'Take him to Torre di Montemuscoli,' she said after a pause.

'Juliana! . . .'

'Let him go to Montemuscoli. He does not know it is mine—yet. It stands so high, it is healthy and so cool, the view is so vast! All is ready there, all is waiting for us. The new wing on the garden, over the terraces, is prepared for the summer—the gardens, the gardens are in bloom——'

She spoke rapidly, her lids cast down over the tell-tale deepening of her eyes.

Spiridion sat looking at her and forgot to speak, so many conflicting feelings were in his mind: surprise, sympathy—that sadness which the old must ever feel at the sight of young joy; sadness too that she would so soon pass from him, and withal a great thankfulness. Juliana's tide of emotion battled a little while with her reserve. At last she turned to him passionately:

'Oh, indulge me in this! I have had dreams—such dreams in that garden!'

'But—my child! You would propose to join him there, then? Surely you do not mean to let him leave Florence without telling him your secret—that secret which you alone can tell——'

Juliana drew back into her chair and averted her head.

'I must wait till he comes for me,' she said, and paused.

He saw the blood rise in the pure oval of her face. 'I do not think,' she said at last, 'that he will leave Florence without me.'

Spiridion (what was he there for, as he said himself, but to do the bidding of these two he loved?) in the course of the day obediently carried out his mission with all the diplomatic skill he flattered himself was peculiarly his own.

He found Wroth testing his strength by pacing the length of his terrace. The young man wheeled round, a flame in each cheek proclaiming the recent exertion. He had grown thinner, and an air of delicacy lent an extraordinary spirituality to his countenance.

'I have taken twenty turns,' he cried triumphantly. 'That pestilent surgeon keeps me mewed up and thinks I am rolled about in a chair still—I have been a quarter of a mile to-day; I have reckoned it.'

'Wait till you get to the hills, in the cool breezes,' answered Spiridion, rubbing his hands. 'Sit down now, my boy; you'll want all your vigour saved up for to-morrow. Eh, I've not been idle. And I've been lucky. You've no idea what I have found for you. Such a place, such air, such scenery! An historic castle,

what do you say to that? And only two hours' drive from Florence.'

Wroth, who had let himself sink into his cushioned wicker couch with more alacrity than he would have been willing to confess, turned his eyes, fiercely eager, upon the speaker. The bright colour had begun to ebb from his face. Spiridion looked at the transparent hand, blue-veined, outflung with unconscious lassitude on the arm of the chair, trembling a little as it lay.

'It is high time indeed you should get out of this heat,' he cried in concern. 'And that is the beauty of my discovery—you can start, as I say, to-morrow——'

'To-morrow!' interrupted the other. The red leaped back into his cheek. Spiridion positively started at the fire of his glance. 'To-morrow,' repeated Wroth, closed his eyes, and leaned back against his cushions as one falling into a dream.

'Yes, yes,' said Spiridion, soothingly. 'Let me tell you now about this place,' he went on as if to a child; he was alarmed at the sight of so wild a spirit in a frame still so weak. 'Torre di Montemuscoli, an old mountain fortress, the seat of a once powerful family. It has been added to as late as the last century. Conceive the effect: medieval tower on one side; and on the other, terraces designed by Rubattino—yes, terraces, my young friend, and gardens, they say, that——' Here Spiridion had an inspiration. 'The rent,' he said, 'the rent is stiff, but that you will not mind.' ('Now,' he thought, 'I have put off any possible suspicion.')

Wroth, leaning eagerly forward on one elbow, had devoured the description.

'Terraces, gardens,' he repeated, 'and not all dilapidated, not merely a kind of old raven's nest on a crag? A place in fact one could bring a lady to?' the phrase escaped him unawares. He whitened and shot a furtive glance at the old man.

'Eh, eh, we are coming to it,' commented La Roche-Amand within. But, outwardly, he wore an air of such elaborate abstraction that, had Wroth been less absorbed in his own devouring thought, he must have perceived how transparently he was being humoured.

'Heavens,' he went on aloud, 'how well we are, on your shady terrace this hot afternoon! But this Arno hath a savour none too agreeable. Dilapidated did you say? *Nenni*—the place is in magnificent repair, so they assure me, even luxurious. The last owner was a very rich man. He is dead, the race is extinct, his

widow is glad to let. *Mon Dieu*, a young woman! what does she want in the mountains?—You authorise me then——?'

'Conclude, conclude!' cried Wroth. 'I'll start to-morrow.'

His leg flung over the side of the long chair, his hands on either arm, ready to rise, he was caught again by his deep dream.

Spiridion stood before him, waiting indulgently. Below stretched the Lung'Arno, half flaring sunshine, half deep shadow. Between the two banks the river shone copper green in the lee of the left; for the rest, one dazzling sparkle. The eye could scarce bear to rest on the whiteness of the further quay. With all the sunshine there was a puffing mischievous wind which blew as from a furnace, and carried swirls of dust in its fitful passage, together with scents from flower-laden walls—heavy pollen-laden scents of lime blossom and clematis to mingle with the indescribable odours of sweltering water and baking street.

'It will be beautiful in the mountains,' thought Spiridion; 'he means her to come to him there,' was the obvious intuition, he knew his own path lay now no longer with them; 'this lover who knows not he is husband. There will be no place for the old man.'

'Two hours' drive, did you say?' inquired Wroth suddenly; 'I will start at five to-morrow evening.' Then he cried sharply, 'But what are you doing here, Comte? Go, go and conclude the bargain! Hurry!'

The next morning Spiridion demanded to see Juliana before she had risen. So unusual a request filled her for a moment with alarm—the soul that loves is thus vulnerable: ever ready for misfortune. The first sight of her godfather's countenance, however, reassured her. It was quivering with suppressed amusement; and though it was perturbed too, the trouble was evidently of a humorous description.

'Forgive me, *filleule*,' he began, 'for this intrusion. I have had a letter'—an irrepressible chuckle broke from him—'and a conversation, early as it is, with that rascal Sebastien Picard who brought it. You will never guess, Juliana, what is preparing! Our young madman——' Again he broke off to chuckle. Juliana, more silent than ever these last weeks, spoke no word. She lay still among her pillows, in the semi-darkness, questioning with her eyes.

'My faith,' he began afresh, 'it is the most singular situation.

If you had listened to me, child, you would have gone with your story to your husband a week ago. Well, well, young wills must find their way——' Here he was interrupted by a long, approving sniff from Panton, who stood unnoticed by one of the great windows, her hand still on the undrawn purple curtain, in the attitude in which she had been surprised by Spiridion's entrance. The old man started slightly. 'I thought we were alone,' he said, warningly.

'Oh, you may speak freely!' said Juliana, 'I am done with secrets; and besides, she has known from the beginning. Pull back the curtains, Panton; let in the air and the light. I am listening, godfather.'

'I have here a letter,' he resumed. 'Oh, there are not many words in it.

Please tell Juliana I shall come and see her to-day, at a quarter to five o'clock, on my way to Torre.—WROTH.

'Short and to the point, is it not? But now comes the kernel of my news. Sebastien—that rogue! regular *valet de comédie* —makes up for his master's laconism. Eh, *mon Dieu!*——' La Roche-Amand laughed again; yet there was a shade of anxiety in the eye he fixed upon the face among the pillows—these women's souls with their pride and their fierce sensitiveness, their straining at ideals and their childish susceptibilities, one never quite knew where to have them! 'Our young man has formed a pretty little plan, it seems nothing else will serve him—he means to carry you off, my dear! An elopement *en règle. Hè*, it used to be quite the fashion in my young days—did matters come to a crisis: *Nous enlevons!* and all was right. But such a story as this; a man eloping with his own wife . . . and to her own house! Well —well, you can tell him the famous secret at last, Juliana, when he comes to you to-day, this hero, this madman, this lover of yours to un away with his own property.'

He broke off, Juliana's eyes were lost in space, her hand crept up to the hidden ring in her bosom.

'She's off in a dream, off in a dream, faith, just as he did yesterday. Well, realities come soon enough—let them dream!' As for himself, La Roche-Amand felt with increasing conviction that his hour of interference was over. They were being drawn ever closer to each other by the irresistible force of attraction—nothing must come between them now; not even he who loved them best.

Panton stirred him from the reverie into which he himself was falling.

'I'd better be packing her ladyship's things, I'm thinking, and prepare to start for Torry myself, as soon as her ladyship has gone off with his lordship.' She came to the foot of the bed, clasped its carved panel with both her plump hands, and looked pleasantly from her abstracted mistress to Spiridion, whose face was once more wrinkled with smiles. 'I am glad his lordship has come to so sensible a decision. I am sure it is high time. I trust,' she cried parenthetically, even in this moment of satisfaction, the habitual groan was not to be foregone, 'that his lordship's health will not suffer for ever from the trouble he's been put through, poor young nobleman! I'm thinking, your ladyship, there's that box of French clothes we scarcely looked at after it come last July. There's a lemon-yellow morning robe, if I remember right, which ought to suit your ladyship wonderfully.'

CHAPTER XXX.

THE stroke of five was floating in the air from Santa Croce's deep bell when Lord Wroth was announced in Battista's most ceremonious manner.

Juliana was alone in the great shaded *salon*, her heart beating heavily. She had come to no resolution as to her conduct, save one: that she who had so long refused herself to her vow would now let herself be guided by his least wish. He might do with her as he pleased. Her first impulse was to wait till he came up to her. But at the end of the long room she thought she saw him sway as he advanced; even from that distance, and in the grey dimness, the ravages of his illness were but too apparent. So she rose and went quickly towards him, and they met midway.

He took her hand—his grasp was ice-cold. He made no attempt to draw her to him. All the tide of her full heart rushing to her lips at last, in tenderness, anxiety, womanly helpfulness, was checked by his first words, by the look he fixed upon her.

'I am here to fetch you. I am here to take you away with me. It has come to the end with me. If you refuse to go with me—then I, who returned to life only for you, will die here at your feet. It will be quite easy. I have but to tear apart that scarce-healed scar. When you kissed me that day, and the wound broke

open and all my blood leaped, it was very sweet to feel my life flowing away for you. I lived because it is best to live for you, but the next best is to die because of you. Now you can choose.'

He spoke in set tones that betrayed no emotion, like one who has long prepared what he has to say.

Juliana, looking up into his face, was terrified by its death-like hue, the wild light in his eyes, the savage determination of his expression. She dared as little reveal as resist—here indeed was no moment for dramatic disclosure. . . .

'Yes,' she said, 'yes, Wroth.' Her accent was gently maternal. 'Yes, I will come with you.'

'Now?'

'Now. Where you will.'

'Then come,' he said. He dropped her hand and offered her his arm, still with that deadly air of composure that made her almost tremble for his reason.

As they went down the room, she could feel the effort with which he braced his weakness, and all her soul cried out to him in solicitude.

At the end of the gallery, Panton, with a businesslike air, stood waiting, a cloak on her arm, a hat in her hand. She curtsied as they approached and went forward to robe her mistress. Wroth stood apart then, and Juliana saw him wipe his brow. Spiridion had completely effaced himself. No one but the servants helped them into the *calèche*, and in deep silence they drove away together.

Spiridion, at first lurking in a doorway of the gallery, and then hidden in an upper window, watched the departure. In spite of himself there was a great sadness upon him as the last little flicker of dust fell back to the ground behind the carriage wheels. Doubts assailed him; the child of his adoption had gone from him, carried away in the whirl of a love as remorseless and lawless as it was passionate. Wroth had looked strangely, to his thinking: they all had been too precipitate, his health was as yet incompletely restored, his mental balance obviously disturbed. Spiridion was tormented by the thought that he could no longer watch over Juliana. Nothing left for him now but the few last details of business for her, the final household arrangements. Then . . . well then, the packing for his own departure.

He felt very old and desolate as he descended the stairs and came along the gallery to seek his own apartment. But the sight

of Panton, bonneted, shawled, weighted down on either side with huge bandboxes, moving her bulk, withal, with extraordinary celerity towards the hall, was an inspiriting spectacle.

'I am going, Mosser le Comte,' she announced, turning her large rubicund visage importantly towards him. 'And God knows if I'll arrive alive along these heathen roads with no better protection than that flibberty French fellow of his lordship's! Yes, sir, Sebastien has come for me in his lordship's curricle, with his lordship's luggage. We arranged that between ourselves this morning, as soon as I saw in her ladyship's eye that she meant to do it at last. Why, if I'd waited for that old Battista, it would be midnight before I got to Torry.'

So it was, after all, with a smile on his lips that Spiridion re-entered the little corner room where he had known such sunny and troubled hours.

Upon the mosaic table he found his *courrier* awaiting him. There was a letter in an unknown hand, sealed with gigantic wafers. It was a bulky packet, and an enclosure fell out as he opened it. It was covered with a sprawling illiterate handwriting, and signed 'Peggy Vaughan'; and with his unfamiliar acquaintance with English, it took him some time before he could decipher its purport.

Then he was filled with wonder at the irony of fate—six weeks ago, how much would the document have meant! How much anguish, sin, and sorrow would it have averted! Now it was of less consequence than one of those faded fluttering petals the clematis about his window was casting upon the evening breeze. He began to read afresh. The letter was a strange self-revealing piece of work. As he laboriously made out sentence after sentence, the woman's nature, in all its pitiful perversion, was laid bare before him.

'Sir,' she began, 'I address myself to you, because I feel you are a gentleman that will act fair to a poor girl, and see she gets her rights after being made a catspaw of for other people's aims.'—There was no use (she went on) in writing to her foster-sister, because she was as hard as nails. As for Lord Wroth, he was a madman, but she trusted 'that you, sir, will see he does me justice after all I've gone through. . . .' And the pith of it all was, that having recovered from her illness, she had seen the evil of deceit and was prepared to give up all pretension to Lord Wroth's name, on condition—it was humorous of poor Peggy to be making conditions, nevertheless

it was with a keen eye to the main chance, as the context showed—on condition that the allowance due to her from Juliana, according to bargain, should not be discontinued; and likewise that Lord Wroth should continue to pay the similar yearly sum, of which she had already received a first instalment. This was the least, she opined, that he could do as amends for his treatment of her. There were likewise the moneys left to her by the late Comte Mordante, to which Juliana knew she had as good a right as ever woman had.

The letter almost escaped Spiridion's fingers. Here was revelation indeed, here the explanation of much that had puzzled him in Juliana's attitude towards her dead husband—her bitterness, her reserve, her final and complete indifference to his memory! It was with a sensation of keen disgust that he forced himself to further perusal.

Peggy wound up by declaring, with her characteristic combination of impudence and pleading, that she had now an opportunity of settling herself in the world with a gentleman who had long been attached to her, Mr. Martindale—one well known to Lord Wroth himself. Were the necessary settlements made upon her, according to the desires above expressed, she naïvely remarked, there would be no difficulty about this marriage. But, were she denied—final threats of scandal and exposure alternated with pathetic appeals.

The old man flung the sheet from him on the table contemptuously. The creature should be paid her price because the name of Wroth was now sacred to Juliana, and her peace could not be bought too dearly. But as for the foolish being herself, what were her words, her threats? But as waves beating the foot of a lofty rock. They could cast up a little foam and slime from the troubled waters, no more.

He was absorbed in reflection; and on the painted walls of his room the ruddy sunset tints were beginning to fade when the porter entering informed him that an English gentleman, who desired earnestly to speak with his Excellency, was awaiting him in the anteroom.

Spiridion read on the card presented by the man the name vaguely familiar:

Mr. Minchin,
Great St. Helen's.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HASTILY thrusting Peggy's effusion into his breast-pocket, La Roche-Amand, with some feelings of impatience, descended the stairs. What could the stranger with the impossible name be wanting of him?

He found, pacing the anteroom, an angular, grey-faced man, the rigid decorum of whose attire and manner was pathetically at variance with the weariness and dishevelment of a long journey and of some evidently overpowering mental excitement and anxiety.

'You have desired to speak with me,' said Spiridion, in his laboured English.

'Sir,' began Mr. Minchin formally, with a stiff bow, 'I have ventured to present myself.' Then the emotion that possessed him broke forth. 'Thank heaven, sir, you understand English! The stupidity of these Italians! I have been three hours, positively three hours, in endeavouring to find traces of my Lord Wroth—I was at last directed to you.'

Spiridion interrupted, his face lighting up:

'Ah, now I comprehend—you are a friend of Lord Wroth. Will you not come in and be seated?'

He gave a genial wave of the hand; but suddenly pulled himself up, struck by a suspicion: perhaps this grimy and scarcely prepossessing person was some emissary of Peggy? It behoved the man of diplomacy to go warily.

'A friend of Lord Wroth? I trust I may call myself at least a friend of the family he represents,' said Mr. Minchin, as he passed into the *salon*. 'Yes, I have tried to be a friend to Lord Wroth.' A deep sense of personal injury betrayed itself in his grating voice, his thin lips folded themselves in repression, then he pursued: 'I am his lordship's lawyer, sir. I and my forbears have done the business of the house of Wroth for a century.'

Once again Spiridion's countenance cleared.—The famous lawyer!

'But how then, my good sir!' he cried, motioning his guest to a seat. 'I am delighted to see you. Lord Wroth has become very dear to me, has grown into my heart, I may say——'

He paused. The face opposite to him expressed no sympathy with this expansiveness. Mr. Minchin cleared his throat slightly,

and the sound expressed more eloquently than most words a dry divergence of sentiment.

'I have very important business with his lordship,' he went on; 'will you kindly inform me where I can find him? I have left England, at considerable inconvenience to myself—considerable inconvenience—not to speak of my business, and I have no time to spare. An intolerable journey, sir, I have travelled night and day, and the incompetence and insolence of the foreigners, ahem! May I trouble you for Lord Wroth's address?'

Spiridion began to feel a gentle sense of malice rise within him. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the features and form opposite to him with twinkling eyes. What a type, what a voice, what arrogance of legal importance, what middle-class self-assertiveness! And, to crown all, there was the skull under which had been conceived the mad scheme of Wroth's marriage! Romance, therefore, must have been there. Romance in that living personation of document and dry law? *Diable*, what a race these English were! Wroth, the ardent, the beautiful, headlong lover on one side, and this being on the other, to have met and produced between them such folly and such success!

'I—I believe—nay, I feel empowered to assure you, sir, that it will be impossible for you to see Lord Wroth for some days to come.'

His eyelids narrowed with amusement over the agitation Mr. Minchin instantly betrayed.

'But I must see Lord Wroth. It is imperative. Good heavens, you cannot have any conception of the importance of the situation! The fortune of the house of Wroth is at stake—the credit of my name, of the firm of Minchin, sir, a firm that has for centuries been noted for its ability, honoured for its integrity. Good God!' cried Mr. Minchin, mopping his brow with a dusty handkerchief, 'have you any conception of the monstrous folly which your friend Lord Wroth is contemplating?' He checked himself on the verge of revelation, with a positive jerk.

Spiridion was quite enjoying himself. He would soon be able to relieve the worthy person's distress, and his kind heart found pleasure in the thought; but meanwhile he permitted himself to keep him a little longer in suspense, partly in punishment for the lawyer's atrocious manners, partly to gratify that sense of satisfaction in his own control of the situation—a satisfaction against which even the most philosophic are rarely quite proof.

'You mean,' he said, joining his finger-tips and speaking with great suavity, 'you refer, doubtless, to that remarkable marriage contract into which Lord Wroth was induced to enter?'

Minchin's jaw dropped.

'You are aware of the facts, then,' he snapped, after a pause.

'*Mon Dieu, oui!*' Spiridion waved his delicate hand. 'Have I not told you—milord is my very good friend?'

'Then you know, sir,' exploded the attorney, 'what I did to save his fortune. You know, sir, the impossible nature of the young man, his obstinacy, his profligacy! I—I—it required an extraordinary combination, a knowledge of the law which I may say no other man in England could have put into practice, to legalise such a situation, beside all the weight of my repute to carry it through. He ran me to twenty-six hours' limit—did you know that, sir?—and in twenty-six hours I did it. I acted against my conscience to rescue him from—from beggary.' The admission leaped out before Mr. Minchin could check it. 'And what is the return he makes me? Read that, sir, read that!'

Mr. Minchin, with trembling fingers, produced a pocket-book, extracted from it a docketed letter, and dashed it open before Spiridion. In Wroth's characteristic writing ran the following characteristic lines:

Hôtel de l'Ecu de France, Compiègne.

MY DEAR MINCHIN.—You got me into a diabolical scrape. You meant well, but I am not going to remain in it. I must and will be free Break that marriage; I don't care at what cost to myself. You are so damned cunning: you'll find some way out of it, and save your own skin. I'm not going back on my word; I'll do nothing myself, I leave it all in your hands; you are clever enough, you can do it—you must. WROTH.

'Undo it! It cannot be undone. I can't do it, sir, I can't do it. If that marriage is broken, I am a broken man. The woman will fight. Lord Wroth will be a beggar; he's been spending money like water—money that would have to be refunded. There would be such a trial—such a scandal——'

Spiridion saw the moment had come for him to lay balm on the lawyer's anguish.

'Will it comfort you to know,' he insinuated, 'to know that milord has just started upon his honeymoon with his wife—and that that was my reason for suggesting he could not now be disturbed by details of business?'

Mr. Minchin's little grey eyes seemed to dart from their sockets,

then his eyelids fluttered violently. A dull flush rushed to his grey face. He caught at his neckcloth.

'*Mon Dieu*, calm yourself!' cried the Count. 'A glass of wine, sir? Nay, nay, I assure you all the information I have for you can only afford you satisfaction. This letter will help to enlighten you. Let us exchange documents.'

Mr. Minchin, still speechless, snatched the letter with an eager clutch and rose to carry it to the window-seat under the waning light. Sharp exclamations escaped him before he had read many lines. He caught his brows in his hands as if his brain were reeling; then fell fiercely on the perusal again.

'What is this? Substitution at the altar, personation of one of the contracting parties—merciful heavens, now I remember indeed, the lady under the veil, the lady I conducted home from the church—I was struck with the difference—I thought it all acting, sir, all acting! And Lord Wroth is away with his wife, you say? This person he has married then, who is she, what is she? For God's sake, answer quick, sir!'

Spiridion began with a gusto. Seldom had he tasted a moment of keener amusement and delight.

'The person, Monsieur Minchin, is a lady of highest rank, of remarkable beauty, of peerless reputation, of great fortune. She is the owner of this palace. She and Lord Wroth are this moment on their way to her castle in the mountains. She is the daughter of Sir Julian Tempest, late Ambassador in this country, and the widow of one of Florence's patricians. She was the Contessa Mordante Belgiojoso dei Vespi before she became Lady Wroth.'

Mr. Minchin let his bony frame drop into a chair, overwhelmed. As the sonorous title fell lovingly from Spiridion's lips, he glanced pathetically at him as if to make sure that he was not the victim of a cruel hoax. But the sight of the aristocratic head, of its kindliness and dignity under the white hair, seemed to reassure him. He glanced down again at the letter in his hand. Here besides was documentary evidence.

Then, back in a flash upon him, came the memory of the register. Belgiojoso, that outlandish name which he had thought emanated solely from the actress's garish imagination—Belgiojoso—Beljoy . . . Mary Campbell . . . Belgiojoso, at least was real; the register correct whatever might come of the misused licence—bah, a scintilla, in the circumstances! All was technically safe.

A weak chuckle shook him. It was the first genuine moment of satisfaction he had known these two months.

'Please excuse me,' he said faintly at last, 'the shock has been very sudden and I have been through considerable mental anxiety, not to speak of bodily fatigue lately. If I might indeed have that glass of wine you were good enough to proffer. I thank you, sir. I will not conceal from you,' said Mr. Minchin, his eyes watering after the first sip, 'that you have removed an overwhelming weight from my mind.'

'You give me pleasure,' said Spiridion. Then he fixed his eyes rather severely upon the man of law. 'For the future, sir, in your dealings with humanity, remember that money is not everything. The heart, Mr. Minchin, the soul, must be taken into consideration, or fatal indeed will be your interference.'

'The heart, sir!' said Mr. Minchin, putting down his glass, and looking across the table quite waggishly. Evidently an old sentimentalist, that foreign gentleman! But Minchin could afford to be generous: had it not been for these same material considerations of his . . . ? 'I suppose I may understand, sir, that my young client is at last satisfied in that region? What an extraordinary story! Ah, I thought there must have been some attachment! They had met before, no doubt?'

'Aye, and loved,' said Spiridion briefly.

'And the lady was bound,' suggested the lawyer with professional acumen. 'The lady, I take it, is not long a widow.'

He read his answers in the other's sudden and haughty air of reserve. Then, moved by a fresh train of thought, he turned once more to Peggy's letter. 'I will deal with this matter, if you please,' he said. 'I fear it will be wise—it is worth a sacrifice, to avoid scandal—to yield to some of this young woman's demands. My client can well afford it, besides.'

'No doubt, Lady Wroth would wish it so,' said Spiridion, rising to put an end to the interview.

'But I shall tie her up, sir,' said the lawyer, nodding. He had quite recovered his professional decisiveness of manner. 'I shall make stringent conditions. Our young couple need never fear that she shall trouble them again.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

PERHAPS the strangest experience of all these strange months for Juliana, was that drive from Florence to Montemuscoli. From first to last Wroth spoke not one single word.

Until they had reached the open country he did not turn his head, even to look at her; but as the uphill road broke at last into the fields and vineyards, he stirred from his immobility and fixed his gaze upon her. Then she saw a kind of incredulous joy drive something of the savage purpose from his eyes. After a little while he took her hand in his; but his lips were set as if they would never unlock again. His mood alarmed, puzzled, distressed her. She clasped her fingers round his still death-cold hand, longing to pour her vitality into him, and she was glad at length when she felt his palm grow warm beneath her touch. Again and again the words arose in which the truth was to be made known to him, but his unnatural air, the terror of the possible effect upon him, the very absence of all that demonstrative passion she had once dreaded, conspired to keep her dumb. Juliana, who had sinned by silence, was now by silence punished, almost beyond endurance.

They whirled along upon a cloud of dust, under a sky where the fierce radiance of the Italian day was fast giving place to the exquisite serenity of evening. Wroth, it seemed, had had his horses chosen for speed; and even up the ascending causeway they kept an extraordinary pace. The gay bells of their harness rang out a ceaseless chime to the serried rhythm of their hoofs. Now and again the fragrance of a beanfield flooded their way with an almost overpowering sweetness. Along the familiar road Juliana saw the old landmarks rise, with a mixture of yearning and apprehension. Here the wave-like slopes of vineyards; here the mystery of olive groves; here the incomparable green of the maize. She knew that cypress group on the advancing knoll, that cluster of red roofs round the quaint cupola of the church, with its frescoed front; she knew that lonely stretch of road, shadowless, broken only by the wayside shrines with the awful figure of the dead Christ—that minded her, with a sudden stab of recollection, of the Gothic crucifix in yonder room in the castle, now shut for ever from usage—and of the night that with Count Cesare's death brought her her freedom. Far otherwise had

she pictured her home-coming with the beloved. The weight upon her heart increased, as the air grew keener about them. The road took ever steeper turns; the luxuriance of the country fell away, and she recognised that she was approaching the mountain stronghold. The shadows which had been deepening in the valley gave place again to a mellow radiance on the height.

And now the last steep ascent brought even their courageous team to a foot-pace. In sudden rosy glow of dying sunset she saw the great arch of the entrance gate rise before her; and beyond, those frowning masses of masonry, jutting to the very edge of the crag that no sunshine ever seemed to illumine, so dark they stood and so wrapt, as it were, in a tragedy of old memories. None, gazing on the front that the Torre di Montemuscoli thrust upon the world, could have guessed of those gay terraces, of that irresponsible rococo wing at the rear, with its balustrades and its statues, its little fountains, formal boxwood hedges, flower-filled urns, and the riot of colour and blossom which every summer let free in the gardens.

At sight of the well-known gateway Juliana disengaged her hand quickly from the clasp that held it so fiercely. She felt Wroth's sharp glance of inquiry, as she drew the purple scarf from her shoulders and cast it over her hat and face like a great enveloping veil. Her hands were trembling in flurry. She thought of her servants' inevitable recognition, and the consequent abruptness of disclosure. It had never dawned upon her as possible that the silence between them should have lasted all the long way, to the very doors, indeed, of her home.

The children ran out at the gateway house to stare at the foreign gentleman, for whose coming the whole castle had been in preparation since the message by courier of the night before.

'*Ahi*, he's got a lady with him!' cried the black-eyed portress (for all of whose swarthy brood Juliana stood godmother). 'Run, Giuseppe, run and warn Zia Vanna.'

Zia Vanna in person stood curtseying at the great door. Juliana rather dreaded the latter's piercing gaze; but she was allowed to pass, apparently without recognition, for the curtsey was marked by reserve as to a stranger. How, indeed, could the decorous Zia Vanna permit herself to imagine that her mistress would return with a stranger, flaunting colours too, and his Excellency the noble Count not yet nine months in his vault? She showed the newcomers ceremoniously into a cool, gay, painted room,

opening wide to the terrace, full of the garden's fragrance, and then withdrew, announcing refreshments; she craved indulgence for the delay—she had not expected a lady.

The door closed. They were alone. Now they stood a moment opposite each other, she still veiled. Then she flung the scarf from her, casting her shadowing hat away with it, and turned towards him, hands outstretched. The tears that she would not shed misted her eyes; she tried to smile, but her lips quivered; his gaze was upon her, gloomy, miserable, brooding, his evil gaze—he looked so ill, her poor boy, and so wicked! There was no longer any sense of offence within her; no uprising of outraged virtue. She felt towards him as a mother may who sees her blind child struggling and wounding himself amid stones and brambles, with the fair path lying close to him if he only knew it.

Again an interminable half minute ticked itself away—it must, then, be hers to break the great silence. She sank into a chair.

'Wroth—' she said tenderly; her eyes dropped and a deep colour flooded her face.

At the sound of her voice the self-control which held him, and which seemed at once so rigid and so desperate, broke from him completely. He fell at her feet as if he had been struck down, and caught hold of the folds of her dress.

'I cannot do it—no, no, I will not do it; you are the white lily, I will not break you, I will not shame you! Oh, to see you veil yourself when you approached the house! You, Juliana, to be shamed! Go,' he cried, wildly, 'go. Better death, better the hell of my life without you, than joy at such a price!'

And so out of the very intensity of his lawless love, and at the very moment, it seemed, of its victory, had sprung the renunciation without which she once had vowed she would not give herself. Spiridion's words came back to her: 'Where it is right, never fear love, never fear to love. By love alone is love sanctified.'

Juliana flung her arms about her lover as he knelt; the tears streamed down her cheek.

'Beloved! I shall never leave you. It is my right to stay with you. . . . O my dear one, I am your wife! It was I who stood beside you at the altar, it was on my finger you placed your ring. See, love, your ring that I have worn over my heart, in secret, ever since. Beloved, look at the ring and believe—I am your wife!'

As he lifted his head, still with the look of agony upon it, she cried again: 'I am your wife!' It was no moment for her long story, maze of deception and mystification; no moment to plead her guilt or her excuses. She could not even stop to think of any way to prepare him, to soften the shock to his enfeebled frame. She must ease that pain, that torture of his soul, at any risk.

And for a moment, indeed, she thought she had killed him. His head fell back on her knee, his lips grew livid. She laid her own upon them, pressing kiss upon kiss, until the warmth of life came back to them, until his arms caught her close, and she felt as if she were swooning away in her turn upon the tide of his passion.

Below, in the garden, the serried lilies flung evening incense to the paling sky. The cypress trees were growing black against the horizon, one single faint yellow star trembled low between them—the garden of Juliana's dream!

EPILOGUE.

It was September once again over the Kentish wolds, and much such a night as that which had brought Juliana Mordante out of the well-ordered road of her life up the wild avenue of Hurley.

Across the wrack-strewn sky the autumn moon rode high, and cast swift cloud-images like flying scud over the wide stretches of the Abbey park. Bare still of its pride lay the land, but waste and empty no longer: for where every giant had been felled stood now a sapling that flung a lengthened quivering shadow on the moon-white grass. The great-grandchildren of the house of Wroth would play in their day under leafy shelter, and hear the singing of birds amid mighty branches.

Majestic, even in decay, the Abbey had ever stood. To-night the fantastic rays hid rather than displayed the recent work of restoration; the cloisters cast shadows, not as heretofore upon rank grass and broken stony patches, but on velvet sward; a shaft of fountain spray from the depth of a shrubbery now and again caught the gleam, like a stave of song leaping into the light. There was a fragrance of autumn flowers on the wide wind from sheltered gardens. As in the end of a fairy tale, the spell it seemed had been broken, the curse allayed; the Abbey was Hurley-burly no more, but fitly Lady's Grace.

Within its walls where, behind close-shuttered windows, a large and decorous household slept the sleep of the self-righteous, one unquiet spirit yet watched the night. Bertram, a shaded candle in his hand, wandered from place to place, up stairs and down, through echoing corridors and shrouded rooms, inspecting, pondering, touching here a fold of curtain, replacing there a chair with trembling hand; and ever at his heels, Brutus the hound, with drooped head and tail, sedately picking his way. Now and then the old man would pause, muttering to himself, and the hound would raise his great head, wise eyes gleaming out of the dark, tail faintly wagging.

Once Bertram drew a letter from his breast and, holding it to the light of his candle, began to con it over, as if for the first time. Yet well did he know it—by heart. How many times, since that happy June hour when it had come to him, had he not read it and rejoiced afresh? 'Dear old Bertram,' ran the familiar lines, 'you remember the lady who was blown in upon us like a bird by the wind, that night of our last revelry at Hurley? You remember how you said to me, that night—"A true lady, my lord!" Oh, Bertram, you remember how lovely she is and how good! She is my wife now and I am happy. We shall soon come home. Dear old Bertram, I know you will be glad!' Aye, Bertram remembered and was glad. His boy had found one worthy of him. The old, wicked, sorrowful days were over, and the master would soon be home! And now the moment was actually at hand, the morrow was to see it, see the home-coming of Wroth and his bride.

Bertram, folding the precious sheet and replacing it over his heart, looked round the hall and began to picture to himself the scene of arrival—till the fear seized him lest he scarce be spared life for such joy. A wild cry, piercing the outer wind-swept stillness with its lament, startled him out of his rapt musings; the hound at his side growled deeply. But Bertram smiled and fell to muttered speech again, half to his dumb companion, half to himself. That was old Lupus, baying at the moon from his pen in the kennels . . . and no doubt Professor Brown was grunting in his pit, and padding it up and down, for such wild moonlit nights made the wild things restless . . . Aye, aye, the wolf and the bear—a mad lad to have such favourities! My lord would be content to find them in good case. . . . 'But you and I, Brutus, are growing old. Eh, your muzzle there is well nigh as white as my head! We were none too young when he left us . . . and six

months makes a deal of difference at our age. Eh, Brutus, we've missed the master sore!'

All was in order against the morrow, from my lady's boudoir overlooking the walled garden to the suite of rooms for the honoured guest my lord was bringing with him, anent the preparation of which he had sent such minute instructions, and for whose use (an important personage evidently and a musician) the grand new pianoforte had arrived but yesterday from London town.

'All's ready,' said Bertram to the hound, 'and now one last look at the church—eh, Brutus?'

The wind was singing among the pinnacles as, followed by his grave-eyed companion, he crept through the holy-haunted spaces, moving in his own faint radius of light like some little spectral sacristan called back to old duties with the midnight disquietude of ghosts. Now the altar-table of the sanctuary shone out in the glimmer—restored to its high place; never again should any but sacramental cup be raised above it—now the faint flame flitted from pillar to pillar, arrested here and there to illumine some recovered statue, majestic in its niche.

On a corner of the Abbot's monument Bertram set his lantern down and paused to rest, while Brutus subsided at his feet, and stretched his head between his paws with a great sigh of comfort. The old man's mind was busy painting the dim spaces with tender-coloured visions of his own: 'They'll be christening the heir in here, one day,' he was thinking. 'If the Lord would but let me live to see that!'. . . .

A small secret air, sweeping vaguely through the church, set the flame a-dancing: it played on the wrinkled face that trembled between smiles and tears; on the marble countenance beneath it, on its upward gaze, its strong serenity seeking ineffable distances. Abbot Ambrose lay as he had lain through all the years of desecration and revelry, as he would lie in these returning times of order and dignity: indifferent with the high indifference of eternity to the changes of this world's fleeting show.

THE END.

A JACOBITE GENERAL.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

MANY an old Scottish family seems to carry in its chronicles refutation of the Scripture—'a house divided against itself cannot stand,' forasmuch as in every crisis of Scottish history (and in no national history have crises been more frequent) members of the same house were almost invariably ranged against each other; yet most of these houses flourish at this day. Little need to pry too closely into motives, or to inquire how far principle affected a practice which ensured in any issue a representative on the winning side, ready to put in a claim for such honours and possessions as might be forfeited by the losers. Such claims were nearly always successful, by reason that, under the old system of hereditary jurisdiction and military service, the authority and stability of the Crown rested mainly upon the good will of territorial chiefs, whose power, in turn, was derived from habit and tradition far more than from parchment and wax. The era of the *nouveau riche* had not yet dawned.

Of a house divided in the old manner, there is no later or more conspicuous example than that of the Murrays of Atholl, wherein father and son, brother and brother, uncle and nephew, espoused opposite sides in the last civil war that rent Great Britain. That brief warfare—with its mirage of vapoury hope, its miasma of suspicion and unfaith, its chivalrous enterprise and hare-brained blunders, whole-hearted devotion and poisonous jealousy—has been vividly recalled by the Hon. Evan Charteris in his skilful and frank editing of his great-great-great-grand-uncle's memoir of the Jacobite rising in 1745.[1] Herein David, Lord Elcho, depicts himself as the very incarnation of those qualities, good and not good, which made the rising possible and ensured its collapse. The narrative has all the glamour reflected from a cause, lost indeed, but carried so near success as to quicken the pulses of

[1] *A Short Account of the Affairs of Scotland in the Years* 1744, 1745, 1746, by David Lord Elcho, edited from the original MS. at Gosford, with a memoir and annotations by the Hon. Evan Charteris. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1907.

one reading the story of the losing. Who can declare what might have been the upshot had the Jacobite leaders, with Prestonpans and Falkirk to their credit, adopted the precepts of Robert Bruce, avoided a general engagement at Culloden, and marched to their right across the Nairn into the fastnesses of the Monadh-lia? The French treasure-ships were already off the west coast; those thirty thousand golden Louis were but the first-fruits of hope long deferred; had the Cause not been driven hopelessly upon the rocks on that wet and windy April morn, history might have repeated itself, and the struggle been prolonged, as in the war of independence, by the presence of hostile France upon the English rear.

Howbeit, it was not to peer into the might-have-been that I pounced upon Elcho's narrative, nor, indeed, was it in expectation of finding such matter as would magnify into a hero one who was in fact a very gallant, if not always a very dignified or scrupulous, cavalier. My quest was for fresh light upon one of whom the Chevalier Johnstone wrote, 'Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition, and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke.' Elcho, of course, frequently mentions Lord George, and never unkindly, but there is not much in his narrative to clear up what is obscure, though his editor has brought together passages from Charles's correspondence, showing how grievously the Prince's mind was poisoned against the ablest of his adherents—a high-souled gentleman who deliberately sacrificed his future in a cause which he deemed hopeless from the first.

Lord George Murray's early record is far from blameless. Fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl, in 1715 he held a commission in Orkney's regiment (the Royal Scots), and had therefore taken the oath of allegiance to King George. So had his elder brothers—Lord Tullibardine in the Royal Navy, and Lord Charles a cornet in the 5th Dragoons; yet all three deserted their colours and joined the Earl of Mar—official perjury having ever been lightly reckoned by the Scottish nobility. It was an awkward position for their father, the Duke, who was Lord Lieutenant of Perthshire, when, on September 26, Tullibardine proclaimed James VIII. and III. at Dunkeld, called out the Atholl levies, formed them into four battalions, took command of one himself, and appointed his brothers and his uncle, Lord Nairne, to command the other three.

The Duke remained staunch; so did his son Lord James, an

officer of the 1st or Grenadier Guards and M.P. for Perthshire; but their united influence failed to obtain pardon for their kinsmen when the rising collapsed after Sheriffmuir. Lord Charles, indeed, was taken prisoner at Preston, tried by court-martial as a deserter, and condemned to death; and it required the utmost exertion on the part of his father and powerful friends to obtain a reprieve.

Tullibardine and George escaped to France, to return in 1719 with the abortive expedition of that year. Lord George was wounded in the affair of Glenshiel, remained in hiding in the Black Mount for ten months, finally making good his escape to Holland, after which he served with some distinction in the King of Sardinia's army. Not until 1723 could he bring himself to acknowledge to his father 'his error and undutifulness,' as the Duke insisted he should before raising a finger to obtain his remission. Having obtained it, he succeeded in getting the promise of a free pardon for his younger son; but before that was made out under the Great Seal, the Duke died, and, Tullibardine being still under attainder, the title and estates passed to Lord James, who was at that time lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Scots regiment.

Now, the grace thus extended to Lord George was without question exceedingly generous. He had not only committed rebellion, but he had taken up arms against the sovereign whose uniform he wore, without previously resigning his commission, thereby incurring the penalty of death. It would be vain to deny that, in accepting a free pardon, he incurred an obligation of duty and honour binding him to act thenceforward as a loyal subject of King George. And such no doubt was his firm intention. Three years after his return from exile, he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. James Murray of Glencarse and Strowan, and settled down at Tullibardine to follow the life of a quiet country gentleman. How placid and devoid of ambition was that life may be read in Lord George's letters to his wife and kinsfolk. A keen sportsman, he found full measure of pastime in Strathtay, and the Duke gave him special charge over the game in Glenalmond. Modern sportsmen may be scandalised by the shooting of red deer and netting of grouse and ptarmigan at midsummer; but in the eighteenth century animals of the chase were taken when they were fit for the table, and there is no doubt that a stag in July makes far better venison than one in late September. Here are a few extracts from letters to his wife, written from a lodge in Glentatnich:

June 23, 1732.—I am now to begin to divide the six days of the week for my different Pastems—viz.: Monday & Thursday, Fooling [fowling]. Tewsday & Friday, Hunting the dear. Wedensday & Saturday Fishing . . . plenty of fine trouts, & they are easely catcht with the road . . . I really belive there is no day but there are 500 Dear within five miles of me . . . I shall send you by my nixt some of the follys of my Idle houres, but indeed I find I was not born for Poetrie.

July 5.—. . . I have delightfull Divertion in Hunting, &c. . . . yesterday I had ten Grehounds, but they were nothing worth, only we gott good divertion, having severall fair hundings. As I sat down at a burn's side in the Forest about one a clok to take a chak, we were disturbed by a dog runing a Fan [fawn] & the Hind not only defending her Fan, but with great fury ataked the dog, & made him not only Quitt his grips of the Fan, but if we had not interposed & hunted the rest of our dogs at the Hind, I really belive she had demolished the greay hound. However, the Hind escaped, which I was very glad off, seeing she had behaved so valiently for her young. We shott a Hind about nine in the morning . . . which I send, tho' it be not fatt, will make very good broth & colops. I hope the next will be better. Please also receve a leg of the Fan, which I belive will be very good meat, also a blew hair, which I send only for the rerity of the couller, & in winter they are milk white. There is also six Mourfooll & eight poots.

July 19.—. . . Please receve two & twenty old moorfooll, seven & twenty pouts & on Tarmagen . . . I helped to draw the nett over fourty of them.

The tranquil life of the Murrays was seldom overcast by any cloud. One sad little episode is the occasion of a touching letter from Lord George to the Duke. His third son William having died in childhood of smallpox, Lord George wrote requesting

the favoure of you that you will allow this Chaple to be the place of our Interment. We are both sensible that it is a matter of great indifference where the body lys after Death, but it pleases whilest in Life to think of being laid near to those we loved.

In 1744 matters were drawing towards another Jacobite crisis; rumours flew about that the French had planned, had even effected, a landing on the Scottish coast. Nobody wished for their presence less than Lord George, who on March 6 wrote from Edinburgh to the Duke promising to keep him well informed. On the 23rd he made acquaintance at the Dowager Duchess of Gordon's with 'Sir John Copp,' commander-in-chief of the forces in North Britain. Cope invited him to dinner, little as either of these gentlemen foresaw a future meeting—at Prestonpans! Eighteen months later, when

Tullibardine raised the standard at Glenshiel on August 19, 1745, Lord George had not the slightest intention of going 'out' again, being diligent, indeed, at that very time in supplying the Lord Advocate with all the information he could collect which might be useful in nipping the conspiracy in the bud. On August 20 he told the Lord Advocate that he was going to Crieff to meet General Cope, who was marching north to suppress the rising. Meet him he did, a fact in which, coupled with his having received pardon for the '15, which Tullibardine never did, we may discern the root of that distrust and ultimate hatred with which Prince Charlie rewarded his lieutenant-general.

Not a word or a sign remains to explain the influence which wrought upon Lord George during the next ten days; nothing to account for the amazing suddenness of a resolve from which, it must be confessed, every sentiment of honour should have restrained him. It is announced in the following letter to his brother the Duke, which must be given at length if any understanding is to be had of an interesting and commanding character:

Tullibardine, 3rd Sept. 1745, six at night.

Dear Brother . . . I was not a litle deficulted when you left this place, & gave me charge of your Daughters to bring them in to Edinburgh, for, to spake the truth, I was at that time resolv'd to take a step which I was certain you would disprove off as much when you knew it, as it would surprise you to hear it.

I never did say to any person in my life that I would not ingage in the cause I always in my heart thought just and right, as well for the Interest, good & Liberty of my country.

But this letter is not wrote with a view to argue or reason with you upon the subject. I own francly, that now that I am to ingage, that what I do may & will be reccon'd desperat, & tho' all appearances seem to be against me, Interest, prudence, & the obligations to you which I ly under, would prevent most people in my situation from taking a resolution that may very probably end in my utter ruen.

My Life, my Fortune, my expectations, the Happyness of my wife & children, are all at stake (& the chances are against me), & yet a principle of (what seems to me) Honour, & my Duty to King & Country, outweighs evrything.

If I er, it is only with respect to you. I ow obligations to nobody else (I mean the Court of London), & if you find you cannot forgive me, yet sure you will pitty me.

Think what a weght there is upon my spirets, my wife really in a dangerous state of health (for it is no feign'd illness), she has been

bled since I began this letter, & God knows how she will be able to suporte herself in her present state of health, & the load that is on her spirets by my being determin'd to venture our all at this juncture. But I must do her the justice to say that tho' she is much against my rashness (as she calls it), yet when she found me determin'd, she did not dispute with me upon it. For now that we have been togither above seventeen years, I can say, tho' sometimes she might differ in oppinion with me, she has ever yielded to my resolutions. And the present prooff she has given me of her acquiessing to my will, makes so deep an impression upon me, that nothing but so strong an atatchment as I have to the cause I am to imbark in could make me do what in all appearance must disturb her future quiet and Happyness. I laid my posetive commands upon her at parting yesterday to send to Stirling for me this morning, &, as she realy was exceedingly distress'd both in body & mind, she wrote me the truth, tho' she knew my purpose.

I will not venture to recommend her and my children to your protection. All I shall say on that head is, that a man of worth never repented of doing good natur'd offices. After what I have said, you may believe that I have weighted what I am going about with all the deliberation I am capable off, & suppose I were sure of dieing in the attempt, it would neither deter nor prevent me. . . .

Yr. most affect Brother & Faithful humble Servant

GEORGE MURRAY.

I forgot to tell you that I never spoke or interfered with any of the Atholl Men, but now they are up (as I hear) you will excuse my doing my best, both with them & others.[1]

It is clear from this letter, and many others in the correspondence, that the writer had but faint hope of success for the cause into which he felt himself irresistibly drawn. He must be acquitted of all self-seeking in the course he took—a course which his brother, his wife, and even his son viewed with boding and dismay. 'The step,' wrote his wife to the Duke, on September 5, 'which Ld. George has taken yr. Gr. may be perswaded most deeply concerns [distresses] me, but as it comes ill from a wife to blame her Husband, I must endeavour patiently to suffer what I cannot help.'

Lord George's son, an Eton boy, was more outspoken, and wrote at length to his uncle, the Duke:

Eton, Sept. 1745.

A late piece of news has quite shook me, and I am no longer able to bear up against it, which is that my Father has declared

[1] This letter, and others quoted here, are given in the *Atholl Chronicles*, vol. iii., privately printed.

for the prætender, which of all things I was most afraid of, but as your Gr., who has so long been at the charge of my education, is for King George, and as his Ma^tie has given me such an early mark of his favours as to make me a captain, I shall lay down my Life and shall spend the last drop of my Blood in his service. For althow my Father be not so much in the wrong for taking the Prætender's part, as he has been for that party always, and has held offices under him, yet it would be the greatest basenes in me not to assist and be for his Majesty King George, as I have a comition from him and have always been educated as his subject. Not that I pretend wholy to excuse my father in declaring for the Prætender because that he has had offices under him, yet he has likewise had a great favour from King George, namely, his life, which was forfeited in the year '15, and I think the best way he could have acted, if he did not assist the King, was to have stood newter, as I don't doubt but a great number in the same situation do; but to be shure he knows his own reasons for it much better than I do. I should be very much obliged to you If you would let me leave school and come down to Scotland, for I don't dout but that I could handle a broadsword or a musket well enough, for there are a gret many younger than I am who are both fighting in Flanders & else whare, and what I want in strenth I shall make up in willingness; for though I love my father as well as it is possible for any one to love his parent, yet it is impossible for me to think that he has acted Right in this particular.

The hand and spelling are those of the sage of sixteen, who was to succeed in 1764 as third Duke of Atholl, through the attainder of his father and his uncle Tullibardine, the death of his uncle James, second Duke, and the death of James's two sons in infancy; but the discerning critic may detect in the sentiments the guidance of an Eton master, trusting more to English bayonets than Highland broadswords.

Murray of Broughton, Prince Charlie's secretary and constant confidant, warned his master against trusting Lord George, whose conversion had been so suspiciously sudden. Broughton, despite his treachery later, was heart and soul loyal to the cause throughout the campaign. His distrust of Lord George, although absolutely groundless, was not altogether unreasonable, and he succeeded only too well in convincing the Prince that he was betraying, or about to betray, *somebody*. Yet in the dire dearth of military ability in the Jacobite army, Lord George's talents could not be dispensed with; or, if they could, the Atholl Highlanders could *not*, and they would only march under 'Geordie,' so Prince Charles had no choice but to appoint him lieutenant-general.

Wha will ride wi' gallant Murray ?
Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel' ?
He's the flower of a' Glenisla
And the darling o' Dunkell.

But neither the Prince nor his secretary Broughton ever laid aside their suspicion of him.

There were now two Dukes of Atholl—James, the legitimate chief, about whose loyalty to King George there never was any question, and his elder brother William, Marquess of Tullibardine, disinherited by attainder, whom Prince Charles had created Duke of Atholl also. Duke James fled from Blair on the approach of Duke William, who issued the following manifesto to the distracted tenantry :

Dunkeld, 4th Sept. 1745.

Gentlemen,—As I understand that you and the rest of my Vassalls and tenants do not bestirr y^r^selves with that activity that becomes Loyal Subjects for the King's Service, and that, according to my Circular Letters directed to you from Blair, I warned you of the dangerous consequences of disobeying my Commands as yr Superior, but rather then you should pretend ignorance by any excuse whatsomever, I once more desire and require you peremtorely on sight hereof to raise in arms all the men you can, and meet at Pitlochrie against the time formerly conserted, & joine the King's standard with all speed.

Your disobeying of this will oblidge me immediatly to call for a strong detachment from his Royall Highness to use you with that hostile rigour that all Rebells & disafected people to their King & country deserve.

ATHOLL.

Alas ! for the romantic illusion that Prince Charlie came as ' King o' the Hieland hearts,' and that the clansmen flocked enthusiastically to his standard. The poor fellows were concerned mainly about their precarious harvest, wishing nothing so much as to be left alone, and abhorring all cockades, whether black or white, with equal intensity. Five years later Ensign Small, whose reports on secret service in the Highlands are preserved among the Cumberland MSS., put the whole state of the case in a single sentence : ' The gentry are fond of a rising ; the commoners hate it.' The Atholl men were not brought out till extreme measures were taken against them. As late as September 26, five days after his victory at Prestonpans, Lord George wrote to Tullibardine : ' For God's sake let some effectual method be taken about the deserters. I would have their houses

and crops destroyed for an example and themselves punished in the most rigorous manner.' *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* Yet Lord George was not without sympathy for poor farmers, writing thus to his wife on his march to Edinburgh :

Thursday, September 12, 10 *at night* (much fatigued).—. . . I'm sorry I have taken off all your horse, but I do not like to oppress the poor people by taking theirs ; for whatever excuse we may have for our bagage, we have none for taking them to Ride.

He was humane to his prisoners also, writing again to Lady George on September 29 about sixty officers, prisoners on parole, who were being marched under escort to Perth :

. . . If you can make ready Beeff and Mutton, coald and hot, both made ready at home & with your neighbours, it will be an obliging thing and what they will be sensible off. . . . You need not dine with them in the big room, but send for Field Officers (particularly Coll. Haket) & tell them that both you and I are most desirous to show them all the Friendship in our power.

'My Lord Tulliebardine,' wrote Commissary Bisset to Duke James on October 15, 'hath not yet left Atholl. The men are turn'd intirely obstreperous, and very Fue will rise for him.' In spite of these difficulties, the Atholl brigade at Prestonpans was reckoned at 2700 strong ; but there was a constant leakage by desertion, especially after every battle. It was this that inspired Prince Charles with his distrust of Highlanders, which remained inveterate, till he learnt their true character during his months of hiding after Culloden. Throughout the campaign he relied constantly and exclusively on the Lowlander Murray of Broughton and the Irishmen Sir Thomas Sheridan and O'Sullivan, his quartermaster-general, all of whom disliked Lord George.

However, in the march to Derby, Lord George commanded the advanced guard, and, in the retreat, the rearguard. Passing over incidents of the advance into England, with which all readers of history are familiar, including the scene between the Prince and Lord George at Carlisle, when the latter resigned his command, and subsequently resumed it through the friendly intervention of the Duke of Perth, we need only note that even Tullibardine, who remained in the North, had become prejudiced against his abler brother. On November 15 Lord George wrote to him from Carlisle, reproaching him for 'hearkening to designing people and being

ready to blame me before I am heard. It is some time past,' he adds, 'since I observed things must go into utter confusion.'

It was during the retreat from Derby that Lord George's qualities as a commander were put to the severest test. Murray of Broughton assumed, and was permitted by the Prince, to interfere in all matters military as well as civil, to the great embarrassment of the lieutenant-general. Commanding the rearguard, his duty was to protect the main column, but there was thrown upon him also the task of collecting and bringing on ammunition from broken-down tumbrils. Confusion reached its height on passing over the dreary upland of Shap:

16th *December*.—. . . I got two messages from his Royal Highness that morning, who, it seems, had heard of the ammunition being left behind. I was ordered not to leave, upon any account, the least thing, not so much as a cannon ball; for he would rather return himself than that there should be anything left. I desired these gentlemen to see for themselves what care and trouble I had been at, & that they might assure his Royal Highness that I should do all that man could do; but I told them, when I undertook the retreat, it had been promised we should have no trouble with these things, which had proceeded entirely from the neglect of those who had the charge of ordering them.

He made the Highlanders carry the cannon balls in their plaids, 'the Glengarry men, not reckoned the most patient, but I never was better pleased with men in my life; they did all that was possible.'

The Prince was persuaded by Broughton that he ought to keep a town in England; to the strong remonstrance of Lord George and other officers he paid no heed; but in quitting Carlisle on December 20 left a garrison there. The place was quite untenable and surrendered on the 30th. Out of the forty-three officers of the garrison three died in prison and eleven were executed.

The Atholl men and other Highlanders behaved in the most exemplary way during this expedition, but no sooner did the army approach the Highland border than Lord George beheld his ranks dwindling daily and felt helpless to stop desertion. Lord Strathallan and Lord George Drummond, however, had four thousand fresh levies assembled at Perth, swelling the total with the Prince's standard to six thousand or seven thousand broadswords. But it was felt to be madness to enter upon another season's campaign under existing arrangements. The Prince, as commander-

in-chief, was in the habit of ignoring the authority of his generals, acting on the advice of 'little people'—Broughton and the Irish officers. Accordingly, on January 6, 1746, Lord George presented a memorial to Prince Charles, setting forth the evils of such a course and requesting that he would appoint a council of five or seven principal officers, presided over by the Prince himself, to determine upon all operations.

Had not a Council, ran the memorial, determined upon a retreat from Derby, what a catastrophy must have followed in two or three days. Had a Council of War been consulted as to leaving a garrison at Carlisle, it would never have been agreed to, the place not being tenable, and so many brave men would not have been sacrificed, besides the reputation of His Royal Highness's arms.

Charles was furious. 'When I came into Scotland,' began his written reply, 'I knew well enough what I was to expect from my Ennemies, but I little foresaw what I meet with from my Friends,' and ended, 'my authority may be taken from me by violence, but I shall never resign it like an Ideot.'

Lord George made the best of a hopeless position. On the eve of the battle of Falkirk, where he routed General Hawley, he found time to write a long and affectionate letter to his wife, then expecting her confinement. 'By all our tender Friendship, & the Love we mutually bear to one another & to our children, I conjure you to Arm yourself with fortitude and strength of mind. . . . If a Girle—Kathrine; if a Boy, what you please.' [1]

Then came the beginning of disaster. After Falkirk, Lord George had made all arrangements for an orderly march into the Highlands. He was dismayed to find battalions moving off and melting as they moved. It turned out that Prince Charles, without saying a word to his lieutenant-general, had sanctioned a go-as-you-please retreat, which most of the Highlanders interpreted as license to disperse. On January 31 a council of war was held at Crieff, when Lord George implored the Prince to name the man who had advised the retreat, 'for it was worth the Government at London's while to have given 100,000*l.* to any one who would have given such advice and got it followed.' The Prince declined to name anybody, 'and took it upon himself, so there was no more to be said.'

Lord George now made no secret to his wife of the despair with which Prince Charles's wilfulness filled him.

[1] It was a girl, named Katherine, and died in infancy.

I have all along had but faint hopes of our success, as we have the very worst regulations in all partes of our conduct. You know in parte, but not wholly, what a Burden I have had upon my hands, & often was resolved to demit & retyre into some corner of the earth, if I could not find a fitt occasion of falling in the field, which was what I most wanted, as I imagined to myself by that means to save my Familie from forfetry.

The little army went forward to its doom. The events of the following two months, culminating in the fatal mistake of offering battle at Culloden, are matters of common history. The miserable dissensions between the Scottish and Irish officers broke out into open wrangling on the stricken field. Elcho, according to a story noted by Sir Walter Scott in his Journal, when he saw the left wing of the Highlanders routed, rode up to Prince Charles and called upon him to charge at the head of two thousand men who were still unbroken. The Prince made some hesitating reply, turned his horse's head, and rode off the field. Elcho called after him 'There you go for a damned, cowardly Italian!' and never would see him again.

In Elcho's own Journal, a somewhat different account is given of this painful incident. 'He [Prince Charles] told me I might go anywhere I liked; as for himself, he was about to leave for France . . . whereupon I left him, thoroughly resolved never to have any more to do with him.'

Exit Bonnie Prince Charlie, leaving his Highlanders to butchery and banishment, and heaping execration on Lord George Murray as the cause of his overthrow. Writing to his father, the Old Chevalier, in 1747, he spoke thus of the man who had lost everything in his cause, urging that Lord George should be hunted down even in his lifelong exile. 'It wou'd be of ye most Dangerous Consequences iff such a Divill was not secured immediately in sum Castle where he might be at his ease, but without being able to escape or have ye Liberty of Pen or papers.'

In vain did the mild-spirited James remonstrate with the Prince and implore him to remember Lord George's great services; Charles refused to see Lord George when he waited upon him in Paris, tried every device to get the Government to imprison him, and, so late as 1759, wrote to James declaring that Lord George deserved to be put to death, for his 'vilany is proved out of all dispute.'

One thing only now remains due to Lord George Murray's memory, whereon a dastardly slander, deliberately forged by a

vindictive foe, has been suffered to rest for a century and a half. On the day after the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland issued the following order:

Inverness, April 17th.

A Capt & 50 men to march imediatly to the feild of Battle & search all cottages in the neighbourhood for Rebels. The officer & men will take notice that the publick orders of the Rebels yesterday were to give no quarter.

All men know how faithfully this sanguinary suggestion was interpreted, and how, for many days after April 17, the search was continued and the clansmen were dragged from their hiding and butchered in cold blood. But all men do not know—no man knew until the Windsor archives yielded up the ugly truth—that the Duke had published a garbled version of Lord George's general orders.

The true version has been discovered among the Cumberland MSS. endorsed 'General Orders under Lord George Murray's own hand, from April 14 to 15, 1746.'

True Version	Cumberland's Version
It is His Royall Highness posetive Orders that evry person atatch themselves to some Corps of the Armie and to remain with that Corps night and day till the Batle persute be finally over. . . . No body on Pain of Death to Strip the Slain or Plunder till the Battle be over.	It is his Royal Higheness' positive orders, that every person attach himself to some corps of the army, and remain with that corps night and day, until the battle and pursuit be finally over: *and to give no quarter to the Elector's troops on any account whatsoever.*

The falsehood wrought the purpose of its author. It lulled such qualms as English and Scottish officers might be expected to feel in inflicting justice (according to German notions) upon the broken clansmen.

For George Murray, the very flower of a Lost Cause, no more fitting epitaph could be devised than that pronounced by another Jacobite, the Earl Marischal, upon his brother, Marshal Keith:

Probus vixit, fortis obiit.

AN ETON PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Among the many changing scenes of life, during the strenuous labour of successful ambition, amid the pomp and circumstance of a triumphant career, it may have still occurred to the minds of many who see the end approaching, however well-spent and honourable their life may have been, that no eminence attained, no supremacy is quite like that pinnacle of fame which is the goal of an Eton boy's ambition. Never was a high position less willingly abdicated, and surely at the many turnings of the ways in life, the many partings and farewells, no lump in the throat has ever been so difficult to stifle as that which rose at the moment when one clasped the hand of the Headmaster and felt for the first time no longer an Eton boy. Truly also there is another aspect for affectionate regret, as with grey hair and spectacles one reads back into the book of one's own life, that book which must so soon be closed and put on the shelf with other musty and disused volumes, if not cast into the waste-paper basket of the future, and, as one reads, calls up the fair vision of one's last days at Eton when, as Charles Kingsley wrote :

> All the world is young, lad,
> And all the trees are green,
> And every goose a swan, lad,
> And every lass a queen.

How bright the faces seem, even at this long distance of years, how the memories come back and weave themselves into mysterious glowing figures of the past silhouetted against the sunset in a western sky. As the hand perchance turns over the pages of an Eton list, the history of one's own time seems to unwind itself through the imagination. Is it possible that the portly judge, whom we last met at some public function, beaming through his spectacles and regaling his friends with stories of his early career, can be the same as that stalwart youth with the strong hips and thighs and the splendid chest, whom we cheered as he drove his outrigger under the Windsor bridge, and won the School sculling by a bare length ? Is it possible that yonder pale emaciated but saintly form, bent with the sorrows of others, can be that long lithe

merry lad who, with head and elbows well back, staggered triumphantly into the arms of his friends, the winner of the mile race by goodness knows how much? Was not that magnate of diplomacy, whom we last saw glistening with stars and crosses, honoured with the confidence of sovereigns and prime ministers—was not he the boy who so often 'muffed' trials, because he could not, or would not, learn how to do simple arithmetic? As one sits and thinks and fingers the Eton lists the figures of one's contemporaries dissolve again, like the slides of a magic lantern, into the figures of the boys we knew, the boys we reverenced, the boys we loved, the swans who turned out to be geese, and the geese who were really swans, the stones which the builder refused but which have become the head corners of the temple.

It may be that, while calling up the visions of the past, memory is assisted by some old photograph album, in which we see our friends as they were. To us perhaps photographs mean a great deal, but they are, alas! as perishable as the memories which enshrine them as with garlands. What a picture we think would that boy have made with his glinting, clustered hair, his clear blue eyes, and delicate features. How little does the next photograph record of the almost kingly majesty with which that boyish figure was invested when Captain of the Boats by the admiring eyes of his humbler satellites. It is just such regrets as these which lend such a peculiar interest and value to a precious but little known collection of portraits of bygone Eton boys which is preserved in the Provost's Lodge and adjoining apartments in Eton College. Few Etonians possibly are aware of the beauty and artistic value possessed by many portraits in this unique series.

In the days when Edward Barnard was Headmaster (from 1754 to 1793) it seems to have occurred to that genial and popular pedagogue that he would like to possess as a recollection of some among his best-loved pupils a portrait of the boy in question, a wish carried out by some of the parents to whom it was confided.

There remains some doubt as to whether the presentation of such a portrait was at first intended to be a substitute for the 'leaving money' paid to the Headmaster at the time of leaving Eton, or was an addition to the gift made by the parents of the more aristocratic or the wealthier class. This 'leaving money' was a tax paid by the boys at their last interview with the Headmaster, and was the source of some discomfort to both donor and recipient. The sum paid was usually 10*l.*, though there appears to

have been no limit to the actual amount, which seems in later days to have averaged about 20*l*. The money was paid in notes and the transaction must have at all times been embarrassing. The custom for the Headmaster to present a leaving-book seems to have been in the way of compensation for this payment, for as far back as the end of the seventeenth century it is recorded that Dr. Newborough, the then Headmaster, used to give books 'to all young gentlemen who took their leave of him handsomely.' The custom lasted until 1868, when it was replaced by a fixed capitation fee. There are many Etonians still living who can recollect the embarrassing difficulties which waylaid the transmission of the cheque. The Headmaster at a certain stage in the conversation would turn and poke the fire, or find some other self-inflicted occupation, during which moments the cheque had to be deposited not too obviously within reach of the recipient, who at the same time had to become aware that the operation had been performed. Dr. Keate, as may be imagined, kept his weather-eye open for the occasion, and history relates that on one occasion when a boy's fumbling fingers had dropped the banknote on the floor, the Headmaster's foot had been skilfully advanced to cover it before the boy could stoop to pick it up. Dr. Hawtrey, like others, was extremely sensitive about this payment, and it is recorded that when his library was sold several ten-pound notes were found between the pages of various books into which they had been thrust by the Headmaster at the moment and subsequently forgotten.

The custom of presenting portraits to the Headmaster, whether as a substitute for leaving money or not, was at any rate at first voluntary on both sides, although the practice somewhat fortunately gave rise at the outset to some fashionable emulation. In later days it was adopted by tutors, thus in some cases producing a double tax. When the tutors, as in the cases of Keate, Hawtrey, Goodford, and Balston, became Headmasters in their turn, their collections of portraits remained at Eton, and became eventually the property of the College. In some cases the tutor on leaving Eton took, as might be expected, his collection with him, and one, that of the Rev. Harry Dupuis, was broken up and dispersed not very many years ago.

It is not likely that Dr. Barnard would have been instigated to this action by any love of art, but it was a most curious and felicitous piece of good fortune that the suggestion was first made at a time when the art of portrait-painting in England was just

reaching its zenith, and when the best of portrait-painters were willing to give their services for a very moderate payment. Moreover the noble and aristocratic parents who were willing and able to reward the Headmaster with such a present were persons who would not be likely to deign to employ in their services any but the best possible painters. It is to this happy combination of circumstances that the College owes this wonderful series of portraits of boys, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney, Thomas Gainsborough, Benjamin West, John Hoppner, and other great painters of the English school. At this date Reynolds was only charging from twenty to thirty guineas for a head (or three-quarters, as he would have called it), and Romney was charging about the same price or even less.

The earliest portrait in date, which seems to have been presented to Dr. Barnard, was that of the Hon. Henry Howard, who was to succeed his grandfather at an early age as twelfth Earl of Suffolk and third Earl of Berkshire. This portrait was painted by Allan Ramsay, the Scottish painter, who was then most highly esteemed by Court and fashion. Then comes a series of portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Charles, Lord Ossulston, afterwards fourth Earl of Tankerville; Robert Darcy Hildyard, afterwards fourth baronet of Portrington, Yorkshire; Alexander George, Duke of Gordon, who had succeeded to the dukedom at nine years of age, and enjoyed at Eton the society of his two younger brothers, Lord William Gordon, who was to achieve some gallant notoriety in connexion with the famous Lady Sarah Bunbury, and Lord George Gordon, who has acquired a curious immortality through the historical 'Gordon' riots; the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton and the husband of Anne Seymour-Conway, the sculptress, who took himself out of the world at an early age after a wretched life of disappointed promise; William Baker, a Plympton knight's son; and last, but not least, the Hon. Charles James Fox, the *enfant gâté* of Eton, of his family, of Parliament, and it may be said of English history. It is difficult to add anything to all that has been written about Charles James Fox, though the more that is known the easier it is to understand the unparalleled affection felt for him and his talents in spite of the irregularities of his life and the dangerous example of misused genius which he set to others. It is noteworthy to-day that it was Charles Fox who said to Sam Rogers, 'If I had a boy I would make him write verses. It is the only way to know the meaning of words.' Fox's own Latin verses have been

preserved by his biographer, Sir George Trevelyan, in an extract from the 'Vale,' or leaving poem, addressed by Fox to Dr. Barnard :

> Ut patriae, (neque enim ingratus natalia rura
> Praeposui campis, mater Etona, tuis,)
> Ut patriae, carisque sodalibus, ut tibi dicam,
> Anglice, supremum, Quintiliane, Vale !

Fox sat to Reynolds in 1762, 1764, and 1765, and paid the artist 50*l.* for two portraits, the second of which was lately in the collection of Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

Two remarkable boys are represented by copies after portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hugh Percy, Lord Warkworth, was afterwards as Earl Percy one of the few British generals to serve with honour and distinction throughout the disastrous war in America, and in later life was destined to hold a commanding influence over English society as second Duke of Northumberland ; his portrait at Eton was copied by Thomas Phillips, R.A., from the original portrait at Petworth by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Frederick, Viscount Morpeth, whose portrait here is a copy by John Jackson, R.A., was as fifth Earl of Carlisle, a title to which he succeeded when still an Eton boy, one of the most noted figures in cultivated and aristocratic circles in the days of Horace Walpole, his life being to some extent interwoven with that of his Eton friend and relative, Charles James Fox.

Dr. Barnard succeeded to the Provostship in 1765, and was followed as Headmaster by Dr. John Foster, whose reign of eight years was one of the least fortunate in the history of the school. A few portraits belong to this period, including four by Benjamin West—William Young, afterwards Sir William Young, M.D., F.R.S., and governor of Tobago ; Francis Vincent, afterwards eighth baronet and British envoy to Venice ; and two noted sportsmen in the persons of Charles Maynard, who succeeded his relative in 1775 as second Viscount Maynard of Easton, and of Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh, second baronet of his name. By Reynolds is a portrait of the Hon. William Ward, afterwards third Viscount Dudley and Ward ; by David Martin, one of George Brodrick, fourth Viscount Midleton ; by William Hoare, R.A., a pastel of the Hon. Edward Clive, afterwards created Earl of Powis ; and by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., Charles Manners, Marquess of Granby, eldest son of the famous General, who was to succeed his father as fourth Duke of Rutland. It is uncertain if these portraits were presented to the Headmaster or to the Provost, and it is possible that it was

Dr. Barnard still who solicited and obtained these favours, for a letter from him acknowledging the receipt of Lord Granby's portrait is among the family papers at Belvoir Castle. Dr. Foster was succeeded in 1773 by Dr. Jonathan Davies, who had a long and prosperous reign of nineteen years. During this period several portraits of the highest interest were added to the collection, and undoubtedly presented to the Headmaster himself. Two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds belong to this period, one of Francis Basset, afterwards well-known in Cornwall as Baron de Dunstanville, and John Bligh, fourth Earl of Darnley, the first of three successive earls, father and son, whose portraits appear in this collection. Dr. Davies's time is, however, marked by the remarkable series of portraits by George Romney, which belong to this period. No fewer than fifteen portraits were painted by this most gifted of painters, and some of them are among the most charming of his works. To no painter, even to Reynolds or Gainsborough, did the naïve self-consciousness of the growing boy appeal more than to Romney. There was just that element of mysticism in his nature which enabled him to exercise a kind of clairvoyance in reading the future. His portraits of boys are more than brilliant counterfeits of brilliant subjects, they *donnent à penser*, and, were the names missing from the portraits, one would fain ask what happened to those boys in after life.

Indeed it is well worth while to trace the history of some of the boys portrayed by Romney. This youth with the finely cut features is the Earl of Mornington, who came to Eton in 1771 as Viscount Wellesley, and was brought back to Eton at his own wish, as Marquess Wellesley, K.G., in order to be buried by the chapel which he had loved so dearly as a boy. How many pages in the history of England, of Ireland, of India, are to be found in the book of Lord Wellesley's life, a life in which Eton ever held a ruling place in his heart, Eton which has never failed to carry out Lord Wellesley's hopes :

> Det Patribus Patres, Populoque det inclyta Cives,
> Eloquiumque foro Iudiciisque decus.
> Concilioque animos magnaeque det ordine genti
> Immortalem alta cum pietate Fidem.

That boy with the refined face, seated in a pensive attitude with an open book in his hand, is Charles Grey, who was to walk in the footsteps of Charles James Fox as the great Whig leader in

Parliament, and as second Earl Grey was to be identified for ever with the first great Reform Bill. Another portrait is that of Samuel Whitbread, an honoured name in Parliament and society; another is that of William Henry Lambton, one of the Etonian coterie with Fox, Grey, and Whitbread, soon to make their mark as young Whig leaders, members of the 'Society of Friends of the People,' whose liberal views caused wings to flutter in many a parliamentary dovecote. Another portrait which for political reasons demands attention is that of William Wyndham Grenville, who succeeded William Pitt as Prime Minister, and died as Baron Grenville. One rather self-conscious boy is Charles Moss, the son of a bishop, and himself in due time to become Bishop of Bath and Wells. In Election Hall hangs a portrait of a large-eyed boy, perhaps the most beautiful in the series by Romney, whose diary records that Mr. Woodcock sat for two portraits at 'Bedford Row, 1788, January 7, 12, 19, 26; February 2, 9; June 5. Both paid for in full by Mr. Woodcock, fifty guineas, July 3, 1789. The copy sent to Mr. Woodcock's, July 17, 1789. The original sent to Dr. Davies, Eton, July 18, 1789.' Happy Mrs. Woodcock to be the proud mother of such a beautiful boy, and if he be, as seems likely, the Henry Woodcock who became Canon of Christ Church and Prebendary of Salisbury, it is comforting to assume that in his case at all events he was as good as he was beautiful.

Towards the close of Dr. Davies's reign the names of John Hoppner, R.A., and Sir William Beechey, R.A., begin to appear among the list of painters, and they contribute largely to the portraits painted during the ensuing reign of Dr. Heath from 1792 to 1802. Thirteen portraits are credited to Hoppner alone, excluding the large portrait of George Canning, painted at a more mature age. About twelve are by Beechey, whose art is very well expressed in portraits of this description. Specially notable are the portraits by Beechey of Henry Hallam, the historian; Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, the famous sportsman; and the Hon. William Herbert, afterwards Dean of Manchester, who edited the well-known 'Musae Etonenses' when still an Eton boy. To Dr. Heath's time also belong a few portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and that excellent portrait-painter, Thomas Phillips, R.A., whose works extend also over the ensuing reign of the grandiose Dr. Goodall from 1802 to 1809. Dr. Goodall was succeeded by the famous Dr. Keate, who reigned from 1809 to 1834. Portrait-painting in England was now beginning to decline, and although

a few portraits by Lawrence, Phillips, and even by Beechey belong to this period, the average excellence of the portraits is considerably lower than fifty years earlier. Harlow, Hayter, Sir Martin Shee and Margaret Carpenter are but poor substitutes for Romney and Hoppner. The interest in the portraits lies in the boys represented and their future achievements rather than in the quality of the painting. During Dr. Keate's reign moreover the Newcastle scholarship was founded, and as it was considered the 'blue ribbon' of an Eton boy's education, the Newcastle scholar was selected to have his portrait painted for the Headmaster. Art, however, serves money and rank more gladly than it does learning. Scholars, and especially King's scholars, at Eton did not come from homes where money was plentiful, and portraits became by degrees a duty to be performed with as little expense as possible, or within the limits of the customary leaving-money.

Dr. Keate, however, was lucky in securing a few really good portraits, such as those of the Hon. Edward Geoffrey Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby and the famous Prime Minister, painted by Harlow; Lord Clifton, afterwards fifth Earl of Darnley, a remarkable and attractive painting by Phillips; and Lord Brecknock, afterwards Marquess of Camden, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. One somewhat disappointing portrait, the painter of which is unknown, is said by tradition to represent Arthur Henry Hallam, the hero of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' William Ewart Gladstone, the chief hero of Dr. Keate's reign, is only represented by a portrait painted by William Bradley in later years.

Many an Etonian voice has joined in the words of the old Eton College chanty:

> Times are changed, and we are changed, and Keate has passed away.

And in time Dr. Keate gave place to Dr. Hawtrey, under whom the portraits, though not decreasing in number, declined steadily in the degrees of artistic excellence. Many are the names of interest which occur among the portraits of Dr. Hawtrey's reign, but the interest is personal, and the portraits in some cases are vapid and devoid of character. This may be attributed in great part to the rise in the scale of payment to artists. The leading portrait-painters of the day, however inferior they might be than Reynolds, Romney, or Beechey, still claimed a fee much higher than those of their great predecessors. Even artists of the second rank could not be expected to give their services within the limits

of the ordinary leaving-money. Fortunately the chalk drawing had been made fashionable by George Richmond, R.A., and could be employed at Eton. Thus the artistic decay was arrested for a time under Dr. Goodford and Dr. Balston—whose collection of pupils' portraits has only recently been bequeathed by his widow to the Headmaster—by Richmond's virile if uninspiring pencil. The spontaneity, however, of the offering had long since died out, and the boys themselves seem to have taken little pride in bequeathing their counterfeit presentments to the Provost or Headmaster. Perhaps it was not considered good form to ask for such a privilege, or perhaps the growing preponderance of portraits, representing boys who might in school language be stigmatised as 'saps,' produced a feeling of contempt among the more elegant and sporting members of the Eton community. With Dr. Balston and the establishment of a capitation fee the practice of presenting a portrait died out, and posterity will be unable to look upon and admire the youthful presentments of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Roberts, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and other notabilities who have carried on the great traditions of Eton oratory, Eton statesmanship, and Eton's captainship in the forum or elsewhere in the battlefield of life. Perhaps the portraits of the present Earl of Rosebery and Lord Fitzmaurice, which bring the long series to a close, have proved a sufficient deterrent to those who would have liked to see their portraits there, but who themselves or whose parents were not disposed to expend more than their ancestors did when Reynolds and Romney were painting portraits at twenty guineas apiece. Would that it had been possible for the series of portraits to have been continued by a selection from the best among modern Etonians, the most distinguished for their scholastic or athletic attainments, or for their personal beauty in the heyday of their youth, depicted by the magic brush of Millais, Watts, and Sargent.

Enough, however, has probably been said to excite some interest in the unique collection which does exist in the Provost's Lodge, more than two hundred portraits, which serve to illustrate many pages in the history of England during the last hundred and fifty years. The list of names in itself shows how little Eton has changed in the quality of the boys who come generation after generation to the old school. In the words of one, whose loss is still keenly felt by his contemporaries, 'They are all in the old school list' (J. K. S.). It is hope, however, not regret, which pervades and illumines the quadrangles and playing fields of Eton. Each year

the school, like the bole of some venerable oak, gives out the gladsomeness of bright, blossoming lives, and sheds each year ripe acorns of promise into its country's native soil. Under the honoured name of Lyttelton the pride of Eton can hardly be diminished. The roots of the tree are like those of the great ash tree of the northern sagas, which penetrated through and round the world, the mighty tree

> That reared its blessings roofward, and wreathed the roof-tree dear
> With the glory of the summer and the garland of the year.
> I know not how they called it ere Volsung changed his life,
> But his dawning of fair promise, and his noontide of the strife,
> His eve of the battle-reaping and the garnering of his fame
> Have bred us many a story and named us many a name.

Many a Sigurd has gone forth from Eton to earn imperishable renown. Many a name is to be found in this Eton portrait gallery. Many a story may be read. They are only a few among the names and stories which are to Eton an ever self-renewing garland of its fame.

LIONEL CUST.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

'JOHN DELANE.' [1]

If, in the middle days of the last century, you had seen the figure of a certain tall young man, ruddy of complexion and powerful of build, you might have foretold a dozen successful careers for him, as squire, lawyer, or man of business, but perhaps you would not have fitted him at once with his indubitable calling. That spark of genius, for surely it was not less, flashed in the brain of John Walter, proprietor of the 'Times,' when he saw the second son of a neighbour of his in the country riding to hounds or conducting a successful election on his behalf. John Thadeus Delane went to Oxford and distinguished himself there rather as a bold rider—'Mr. Delane is part and parcel of his horse,' wrote his tutor—a tennis-player, or a boxer (for the hot Irish blood in him would rise) than as a nice scholar or a mathematician. His letters to his friend George Dasent show him something of a Philistine, with a command of vigorous and wholesome English, lending itself happily to such casual remarks as those he had to make about his studies and his sports. He did not know, for instance, 'how I am to cram a sufficient store of divinity into my head. As the premises will only be occupied a short time with the last-named commodity, the trouble of storing it should be slight. [I must] try to secure a patent safety vehicle. . . . This is a most glorious country—capital people, excellent horses, prime feeding, and very fair shooting.' Such is the slang of the 'forties, which, with its comfortable lapse from the dignity of contemporary prose, reveals a young man lazily conscious of his power, with a capacity for shooting words straight if need be, and for distorting them at will, which is the despair of lady novelists who seek to reproduce it.

Directly he had taken his degree, in 1840, he went to Printing-house Square, and was occupied with various duties about the paper. Little is said of their nature, or of the way in which he discharged them, for he had now entered that unnamed world which is crowded but unchecked; there are duties which belong

[1] *The Life and Letters of John Thadeus Delane.* By Arthur Irwin Dasent.

to no profession, nor are the limits of work bounded so long as the brain urges on. He made himself familiar with the House of Commons, we are told, 'summarising the remarks of the principal speakers.' We must imagine how swiftly he took the measure of the world around him, gauging silently the capacity of his machine for reporting and perhaps for directing the turmoil. A year later, at any rate, when Mr. Barnes, the editor, died, Mr. Walter had no hesitation in choosing 'the youngest member of all the staff,' whose age was then twenty-three, to succeed him. Sense and industry and ability were his, but the easy margin of strength, as of a loosely fitting coat, which may be detected in his Oxford letters, marked him, to a discriminating eye, as the man who would put forth greater power than he had yet shown, with a competent tool in his hand, or would so weld himself to his instrument that their joint stroke would be irresistible. But it is one of the mysteries that tempt us and baffle us in this biography that the transition is almost unmarked. We hear Mr. Delane exclaim once, in 'tremendous spirits,' 'By Jove, John, . . . I am editor of the "Times,"' but in future the editor and the 'Times' are one, as in the old days the undergraduate was part of his horse. What the condition of the paper was when he came to it, or what private estimate he had formed of its scope, we are not told. But as all agree that the age of Delane was the great age, and that the paper grew with its editor, we may believe that he undertook the task without articulate reflection, conscious of a power within him that would soon fill all the space permitted it. 'What I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility,' he was wont to laugh, when people wondered.

Much of the paper's industry as chronicler and reporter and simple publisher was merely that of a gigantic natural force, sucking in and casting forth again its daily cloud of print impartially; and the editor was lost in its shade. But almost at once the brain of the monster, which expressed itself daily in the four leading articles, was given cause to show its quality. There was a 'Ministerial crisis' and Delane had not only to anticipate the rest of the world in publishing the news, but to express an opinion. No study, were there material for it, could be more fascinating than the analysis of such an opinion. Hawthorne himself might have found scope for all his imagination, all his love of darkness and mystery, in tracing it from its first secret whisper to its final reverberation over the entire land. A great Minister sends for the

editor to his private room, and speaks to him ; a note from someone who has picked up a word at Court is left on him ; instantly, with an audacity that may land him in disaster, he fits the parts together, and instructs his leader-writer to embody them in a column of English prose ; to-morrow a voice speaks with authority in Court and market and Council Chamber. But whose voice is it ? It is not the voice of Mr. Delane, the urbane gentleman who rides along Fleet Street on his cob, nor is it the voice of Dr. Woodham, the learned Fellow of Jesus. It has the authority of Government and the sting of independence : Downing Street trembles at it and the people of England give ear to it, for such is the voice of the 'Times.'

It is easy to submit to the fascination of the idea, and to conceive a monster in Printing-house Square without personality but with an infallible knowledge of persons, ruthless as a machine and subtle as a single brain. And there are facts in this book which seem to justify the most extravagant statement that we can make. There is, of course, the romantic story of the 'Times' and the repeal of the Corn Laws ; we read also how Louis Philippe and Guizot thought it worth their while to impede the paper's correspondence ; how the Czar heard of the Ultimatum of 1854 through the 'Times' and not through the Foreign Office ; how it was objected in the House of Lords that Cabinet secrets were made public, and the 'Times' answered, 'We are satisfied that it was useful to the public and to Europe' ; how the 'Times' foretold the Indian Mutiny, and was the first to reveal the state of the army in the Crimea ; how the 'Times' was foremost with the Queen's Speech and with texts and resignations innumerable ; making Ministries, deciding policies, exalting statesmen, and casting them down. The list might be lengthened, but surely without avail ; for already there is some risk lest we grow beyond our strength and forget, what these volumes should recall, the character, the individual will, directing this giant force and placing its blows in such tender quarters. His contemporaries certainly did not forget, for it was the independence of the paper that was chiefly valuable, or dangerous, as fortune chanced, and the spirit that preserved it from the blunt blow and shapeless mass of a machine was of course the spirit of Mr. Delane. Together with these triumphs of organisation we read of other triumphs that are no less remarkable. Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State lay aside (with relief one guesses) their impassive public countenance, and entrust Mr. Delane not

only with State secrets, but with private prejudices of their own. Here was one with greater knowledge than the best instructed of Ministers, with whom no secrecy availed, who was moreover so sequestered from the public eye that you might approach him without reserve, as patients their physician, or penitents their confessor. A letter from Lord Palmerston begins, 'I am told you disapprove . . .' and goes on to justify his action with allusions to foreign politics and the gout which, though each had a share in his behaviour, would not have been used to explain it either to the public or to his friends.

The anonymity which Delane took such care to preserve was no doubt of the utmost value in the conduct of the paper, investing it with an impersonal majesty; but there is reason to think that it came from no mere professional policy but was a deeply seated instinct in the character of the man. He was infinitely receptive, and so far 'anonymous' by nature that the broad columns of the 'Times,' filled with the writing of other men but sharpened and guided by himself, expressed all of him that he chose to express. When he left his rooms in the morning he rode about London, followed by a groom, calling at the House of Commons or at Downing Street, and took his lunch with one great lady and his tea with another. He dined out almost nightly, and met frequently all the great nobles and celebrities of the time. But his demeanour, we are told, was inscrutable; he was of opinion that society should be exclusive; and his attitude generally was one of 'observant silence.' He never mentioned the 'Times' after he had left the office, though the paper was always in his thoughts. At length, when he had stored his mind with observations, he returned to Printing-house Square, and, with his energies at full play and his staff circling round him, shaped the course of the paper in accordance with his own view until it was three or four in the morning and he must rest before the labours of the day. And yet, in spite of his silence—his broad way of looking at tendencies and institutions rather than at individuals—men and women, we read, gave him their confidences. They were sure of able consideration from a man who had infinite experience of men, but, as it appears from his letters, they were sure also of a massive integrity which inspired absolute trust, both that he would respect your secret, and that he would respect, more than you or your secret, what was right. His letters, however, can seldom be said to add anything that the columns of the 'Times' have not already supplied; but they are token again

of the literal truth of his phrase, when there was talk of his retirement, 'All that was worth having of [my life] has been devoted to the paper.'

There was not sufficient space between his professional life and his private life for any change of view or difference of code. We may find in that fact some clue to the amazing authority which he wielded, for it is easy to see that if you disproved some opinion of his or disparaged some method, you aimed a blow at the nature of the man himself, the two being of one birth. When he travelled abroad and visited towns famous for their beauty or their art he was unconscious of their appeal, but was inclined to adopt on such occasions the attitude of a portly gentleman with pretty children. Perhaps he had noticed some new factory or some stout bridge from the train window, and had found in it the text of a leading article. He travelled much, and visited any place that might become the centre of action; and in time of peace he went on pilgrimage through the great houses of England, where the nerves of the country come nearest to the surface. It was his purpose to know all that could be known of the condition and future of Europe, so far as certain great signs reveal it, and if he ignored much there was no wiser or more discriminating judge of the symptoms he chose to observe.

One quality seems to mark his judgments and to add to their value—they are so dispassionate. The indifference he always showed to what was thought of him came, naturally, from his well-founded trust in himself; but there was another reason for it, once or twice hinted in the course of this book, and once at least outspoken. The paper was more to him than his own fortunes, and, thus divested of personality, he came to take a gigantic and even humorous view of the whole, which sometimes seems to us sublime, sometimes callous, and sometimes, when we read certain phrases near the end, very melancholy. He was the most attentive observer of the political life of his age, but he took no part in it. When he was attacked he gave, with one exception, no answer. His anonymity, his reticence—no man was to take his portrait or to make him look ridiculous—are allied surely with the casual bluntness of speech and indifference to praise or blame which gave his opinion its peculiar weight. 'Something like consternation prevailed at the War Office and at the Horse Guards when it became known that Delane intended to be present upon Salisbury Plain.' But could he have cared so much for the world, for politics, for the

welfare of numbers had he not been indifferent to his personal share in it? or again, would he so soon have tired of the scene had some part of it touched him more nearly? Again and again the phrase recurs, 'The New Year found me, as the last had done, alone at Printing-house Square,' and the loneliness deepened as life drew on until we find such a sentence as this: 'Nobody now [his mother being dead] cares about me or my success, or my motives, and that weariness of life I had long felt has been gaining on me ever since. . . I have much to be thankful for, [but] I have become so indifferent to life . . . weary both of work and idleness, careless about society and with failing interests.' But it would be unwise to allow such a sentence to set its seal upon the rest, or to colour too sadly that colossal erection of courage and devotion which he called 'the Paper'; his success only was tinged with 'a browner shade' than it might otherwise have worn.

When he was middle-aged he bought himself a tract of common near Ascot, and busied himself in reclaiming the land and in playing the farmer. It is easy to see him there, looking much like a country squire with the interests of his crops at heart, as he rode about and drew in great draughts of the open air. From the clods of earth and the watery English sky he received a passive satisfaction, and came perhaps to enjoy an easier intercourse with these dumb things than with human beings.

VIRGINIA STEPHEN.

HARRIET DIXON'S AFTERNOON OFF.

Busy every hour of every day with the small self-imposed duties which were the serious occupation of her life, Harriet Dixon permitted herself on one afternoon in each week to make holiday.

This holiday was always passed in the home of her Cousin Sarah. She was on her way to the handsome residence of that fortunate lady now, and walked through the June sunshine with a brisk and springy tread, frisking beneath the burden of threescore.

About her daily work she went a dowdy little figure; her old black skirt, worn shower-proof cloak, and bonnet of a forgotten shape served her to visit her district in; to scour the town in, gathering subscriptions for her boot-club; to beat up small recruits for her Band of Hope. The delicate features of her faded, pretty face were screwed up at such times into an expression of great earnestness and pre-occupation, for she liked to think that she was a useful woman. Perhaps to the overworked clergyman of the big parish in which she lived she was of use—perhaps he kept her running about from pillar to post, knowing that the idea of being helpful to him was helpful to her.

But on her 'afternoon off,' as she was pleased to call it, she was a different person. Her clothes she believed to have a transforming effect on her. In her best bonnet, with the knowing little aigrette of jet on one side which gave her such a jaunty air, she held her head at a new angle. The lines of her face and her tightly screwed mouth relaxed as she listened to the frou-frou of her alpaca skirt upon the silk petticoat Cousin Sarah had given her. So incessant were her trottings to and fro upon its pavements that she knew most of the people in the town by sight, and with many had a bowing acquaintance. To these, mostly business people, she, with her assumption of the *rôle* of business woman, would give a quick little nod as she hurried by. But on the afternoons when she wore her elegant lace and silk mantle her salutation was more distant, courtly, and polite.

'I don't care a pin what I look like, or what people think of me, while I'm at my work,' she would say, carefully removing the smart bonnet from the smooth bands of her iron-grey hair in Cousin

Sarah's sumptuous bedroom. 'I'm just little Harriet Dixon, anybody's servant—what does it matter? I often get the rough side of people's tongues, doors are slammed in my face. "Hold on!" I say to myself. "Hold on, Harriet Dixon. It matters only to you, and so not at all." But when I get into my nice clothes I am a lady—a different woman. And when I start to walk to your house, Sarah, I bear a rudeness or a familiarity from no one.'

Sometimes she did not take off the bonnet until she had been for a drive with Cousin Sarah. That lady's coveted patronage was bestowed in some of the shops situated in the parish where Harriet worked. Standing in her cousin's wake she would look at the familiar faces of the assistants across the counter with her screwed-up lips puckered into a hundred lines, without a sign of recognition in her small, still glistening eyes.

'I should not dream of shaking hands with one of them while with you,' she would say, seated beside Mrs. Corney in the landau once more.

'If you did I couldn't take you shopping, Harriet,' Mrs. Corney would reply, with her self-approving laugh. 'When you are at Rome you do as Rome does, you know.'

And Harriet, contentedly acquiescing, would sit, slightly swaying with the motion of the carriage—the movement gave her almost the air of royalty graciously acknowledging the salutations of the people—would cut her humbler friends as she passed them in the street, would put her carefully gloved little hand upon the footman's arm as she descended, with quite the manners, she was satisfied, of carriage folk.

But to-day when she arrived at the Corneys' house—they lived in a handsome imposing place in the suburbs of the town of which Thomas Corney was mayor, that year; Harriet walked down a quarter of a mile of drive, going from sunshine to shadow, from shadow to sunshine beneath the avenue of beeches, before she arrived at the superlatively neat garden with its begonia beds, its ornamental shrubs, its glittering glass-houses—she found there was to be no drive.

'Dixie has come in,' Mrs. Corney said.

Dixon was the only child of the house. Corney senior was a wholesale grocer. The splendid bays in the smart landau, the over-gardenered garden, the over-upholstered house, were all due to that business, shrewdly and indefatigably conducted. Corney

junior, however, must have a profession, not a trade. He was a lawyer, therefore; or would be one when he had passed a last examination and qualified.

'Dixie has got an attack of neuralgia, and has gone up to his room to lie down,' his mother explained. 'He won't let me sit with him; yet I don't feel comfortable to leave him with only the servants; and there are some places I must call at this afternoon, and the carriage is ordered. So if you don't mind sitting here or in the garden, Harriet, and now and then giving him a look——'

It was a little disappointing to Harriet, of course; but if there was any person on earth whom she admired and loved more ardently than Sarah and Sarah's husband, it was their son. A greater honour even than to be driving in the mayor's carriage was it to be set in guard over Dixon!

'Sure it is not this examination he has just gone through which has been too much for his nerves?' she inquired as she watched her cousin dress for her drive. She put her head on one side as she asked the question, with the air of an interrogating robin.

Mrs. Corney repudiated the idea. 'Study is no trouble to Dixie,' she said with comfortable assurance. 'Tom says the boy is so naturally sharp and clever he has no call to toil and moil over his work like the rest of them. He's to hear to-day or to-morrow about passing; but none of us have any fear about it.'

She went off, smiling, waving a friendly hand to the pretty old maid on the doorstep, standing in the sunlight, pleasant to look at. They all of them laughed at little old Harriet, with her absurd affectations, her devotion to business that was no business, the airs of ladyhood she gave herself in her cheap alpaca with its 'tuckers' of a bygone age at throat and wrists; but it was agreeable to have a funny little thing like that belonging to you that you could make use of on any emergency—if there was illness in the house, if the servants wanted looking after while master and mistress were on their holiday. One, too, who had the good sense not to expect to be invited if anything really smart was going on. It was a pity Tom was always so sharp with her; he hadn't much patience with the poor little thing's sillinesses, and Harriet always jumped at the sound of his voice. 'Twas a shame of Tom, as Harriet bore no malice and was always saying how much she admired Mr. Corney. Dixie from his babyhood had laughed at her and played jokes on

her; but Harriet was so foolish-fond of Dixie and let him see he could do what he liked with her.

So the mayor's wife went off to pay her calls, plump, comfortable, handsome, smiling to herself, with no shadow of fear in her heart. Success and the Corneys had walked hand in hand; for all their married life no grief had come near them. Misfortunes happened to other people, certainly, but they always brought them upon themselves by some stupidity or other. Mrs. Corney and her husband, cautious, sensible people, and of a right judgment in all things, had nothing to be afraid of.

Sarah smiled as she drove away, and Harriet smiled to see her go, the sun shining on the shining equipage, the silver harness, the glossy-coated bays. She watched the smart carriage out of sight, and then her eyes ranged over the smart garden, its ribbon borders, its patty-pan beds gorgeous with colour, its emerald grass, its golden gravel. Ah, it was well to be Sarah, with such possessions! Harriet did not grudge them; she gloried in knowing they were hers.

'My Cousin Sarah's!' she said; and as she turned to go into the house, her eyes, small but full of colour still, glistened in the sun. She was quite content with her share in all the beauty.

She crossed the cool, shadowed hall, and tip-toed up the crimson and purple carpet of the stairs—so thick and rich it was, with such massive rods.

'I always take the best of everything because I can't get better,' Sarah would say in her comfortable, joking way. It was nice to feel your tread sinking into the best. At Harriet's lodgings there were no carpets on the stairs.

At the bedroom door of the son of the house she stopped and listened, her head on one side in its bird-like attitude. The young man with the neuralgia was heavily pacing the room, and as Harriet listened a great sigh was heard, and after a minute there was a groan.

'Dixon!' she called in her thin voice.

At the time of his birth his father and mother had been almost as poor as Harriet, who had been his godmother. Although in the family he was Dixie, she always gave him his baptismal title and liked to hear the handsome, prosperous young man answering to his name which was hers.

There was no answering now.

'Dixon,' she called again; and only a groan came in reply.

'Dear me,' Cousin Harriet said. She was overpowered with

concern and pity. Cautiously she opened the door, and peeped in. 'My poor Dixon, are you so very bad?' she asked.

His nerves must, after all, have been in a dreadful state; the face that flashed round on her was of a ghastly white, his voice came in a difficult whisper. 'What—what—what is it?' he asked.

When he understood it was only Cousin Harriet come to inquire for his pain, he told her, with no ceremony, and in one word, to *go*; shut the door in her face; turned the key upon her.

Yet, having hurriedly retreated and taken refuge in the drawing-room, where it was such a pleasure and high privilege to sit, Harriet had hardly taken up the knitting she always kept there, when a servant appeared to tell her that Mr. Dixon had rung for her to go up to him at once.

'Certainly,' Harriet said, 'most certainly!' and rose with great alacrity and laid aside the white Berlin.

The garments she in all her spare moments knitted for the poor were made in a cheaper, rougher wool, of crude shades, not according at all with the artistic hues of the upholstery in Sarah's room; Harriet had, herself, perceived this. When the white Berlin wool was all knitted up she unravelled it and knitted it again.

'Your face worse, my dear Dixon?' she inquired, her own face puckered into lines of anxiety and concern. Unboundedly as she admired Dixon she had, since he had arrived at man's estate, held a certain awe of him; and while she gloried in his youthful magnificence had been careful not to thrust herself upon his attention.

'Tooth's bad,' he said sullenly. 'Come in.'

He shut the door behind her and locked it.

'I've got something to tell you,' he said; he spoke in a toneless whisper, as if his voice were exhausted from emotion. 'You know about my exam.? They've ploughed me. I heard this morning.'

'Dixon!'

She subsided into a chair just inside the door; her arms fell at her sides. This was calamity. The sort of thing which happened to other people, not to the Corneys. She held her small mouth tightly screwed, and looked at the young man with bright eyes glued upon his face.

'What will your father say?' she asked him.

Corney senior was alarming even in success; when all things

went well with him a terrifying person; what would he be like under this?

'What will your father say?'

'He'll say nothing to *me*,' the young man said.

'How was it?' she asked him, breathlessly. 'Why was it?'

'It was because I have not worked. I have not read. I have not cared.'

'Dixon! You surprise me! The toothache? It hindered your application? Explain to your father, Dixon; make a clean breast of it. No—to your mother. Let Sarah break the news.'

'Not I. There won't be any need. There's worse—worse than this.'

He sat down on the side of the bed, where, she saw by its tumbled appearance, he had been tossing. He sat with hanging head, and curved back. He was a handsome youth, said to favour his mother rather than his father.

'The boy grows more like you every day,' had been one of the pleasant things Harriet was, every week, in the habit of saying to Sarah. Yet now it was not his likeness to Sarah that struck her, but to Sarah's brother—a young man of whom Dixon had never even heard, whose name Mr. Corney had forbidden to be mentioned in his house; a young man who had died long years ago in gaol.

Yes! What a dreadful thing! The recognition of this suddenly revealed likeness struck her with an added consternation across her dismay. She hoped Tom and Sarah would not notice it, but it was like Sam dear Dixon had all at once become. Poor Sam! of whom she (Harriet) dared never even to think in the Corneys' house, but with whom she had played in her youth and so could not quite forget.

'There's worse than this,' Dixon said, looking between his knees, limply fallen apart, upon the carpet. 'I've gone to the bad, Cousin Harriet.'

'Dixon! My dear Dixon! No! Don't tell me, Dixon! Don't tell me!'

'There's something I've done——'

'Ah, don't tell me!' she implored, and he was silent.

She had covered the sight of him away with her hands over her face, but presently drew the thin extended fingers below her eyes, and letting them rest upon the cheek bones, peered fearfully above them at the collapsed figure upon the bed.

'Tell me—is it disgrace?' she asked him. 'Just that—nothing more.'

'It's prison—if I'm here when they come for me,' he said.

'Ah!'

For a long time after that gasping sound no word fell. Clutching her withered cheeks she looked upon the young man, who, slowly doubling up more and more as he sat, looked upon the carpet. She looked at him, and she saw—Sam. Sam who had always been so good-natured; who had played with her and taken her part because she was so small!

All the ghastly, remembered business: the trial, the disgrace, the suffering, the shame!

Sarah in her landau with the high-stepping bays, the best dressed, most prosperous woman in the town. Mr. Corney, austere, proud, splendid—and mayor.

'Dixon,' she said, 'it must not be.'

'No,' said Dixon, in the exhausted whisper. 'But I want you to help me.'

'Tell me how. I will do it—if it was with the last drop of my blood.'

'Look here!' he said. One of his hands had lain inert in his coat pocket. He drew it out; it held a little bottle half filled with a dark fluid. 'Toothache—do you see?' he explained. 'Laudanum—for my toothache.'

She nodded with a dreadful comprehension.

'They would not give me enough at one shop, and I was afraid to hang about. I don't know how soon——. I want you to get me some more. Get it at two shops. Get enough.'

'Is there no other way?' she asked.

His dry lips, from which hardly any sound came, formed the word 'None.'

She made a minute's moaning, looking at him above the fingers which dug into her cheeks, rocking on her chair. Then she got upon her feet.

'For Sarah's sake—for your father's—for yours—I will do it.'

'Hurry!' was all he said.

She caught the tram which passed the Corneys' lodge-gate to the town; did her errand; caught the tram again; was back at the Corneys' house well within the hour. She emptied the contents of the two bottles she had brought, and the contents of the one Dixon had showed her, into a glass, and set it by the side of his

bed. He was lying there when she returned, his face hidden in his pillow. She did all swiftly, unhesitatingly. The bed was shaking with the shivering of the wretched boy who lay upon it. She went into another room, pulled the eiderdown from the bed and covered him with it.

She was dry-eyed as she went from the room. She had not said a prayer, nor spoken, nor kissed the unhappy lad. If she had allowed herself to do one of these things she would have broken down. Until his mother returned and she could escape she must not break down.

In the drawing-room, the soft-footed parlour-maid, wearing the latest thing in aprons, cap, and cuffs, brought in tea. The room in Harriet's eyes had been the model of taste and splendour. The sight of its silk curtains, its velvet carpet, its feather-screens and brocaded chairs gave her a feeling of physical sickness now. She took a cup of tea but could not drink it, could not stop in the house.

In the garden the blues and yellows and reds of the beds, the green of the grass, all swam before her eyes. She had a minute's unconsciousness as she leant against the pillar of the portico. Her eyes opened on Cousin Sarah's bays standing before the door, and Cousin Sarah descending from her carriage.

'Not going?' Mrs. Corney said; 'nonsense! Come in and get your tea.'

She would rather go home, Harriet said. She had not been feeling very well. Better now. Certainly better.

'How is Dixie?'

'Trying to sleep.'

'I'll run up to see him.'

No! Sarah must not do that. He had asked to be undisturbed; he wished to—sleep. Harriet had covered him up warm; he had some laudanum to rub on the outside of his face. He thought he would sleep—for a long time. He particularly wished not to be——

Harriet nodded; she could not complete the sentence; she walked away.

She looked very ill, Sarah thought. 'Have the carriage,' she called after her. The little old woman waved a hand and walked quickly and unsteadily away.

She had always refused to have the carriage brought to her lodging. It would not do for the coachman and footman to dis-

cover how poor was the roof which covered their mistress's cousin. Not even the best bonnet with the aigrette, the silk and lace mantle, the frou-frou of the alpaca skirt on silk could impress them after that.

Her landlady, a quite poor woman of the humblest class, was up with her all night. She was so very ill. In the morning, when an urgent message came requesting her to go at once to the Corneys', she was too weak and exhausted to stir from her bed.

The landlady, for all her lodger's prostrate condition, did not see fit to spare her news of which she was so full herself she must give it forth or perish.

'Young Corney—the mayor's son, the only one he've got—'s dead,' she said. 'Think o' that! Had the toothache, and took too much lodningham. A nice-looking young feller—I ha' seen him, times! Just to think he should be dead!'

To think of it!

It had been to save his father and mother and himself from a degradation of which it was too horrible to conceive in relation to them. She did not repent of what she had done. She had never doubted the necessity of it, she did not now. If it had to be done again, and she had the strength, she would do it all over again to-day. A worker in the cause of religion, an undoubting believer, a constant attendant at church—strange to say, the religious aspect of the case had never troubled her. What had taken place yesterday would have been a sin in other circumstances, other people being concerned——

Yes; but Sarah, Tom Corney, their only, splendid young son! It was a different matter.

But dead? Dixon. The house without him for ever. His handsome face, his laugh; his beautifully fitting coats; the silk neckties and socks his mother knitted for him. Dead. The house without him; the garden; no door opening to show him coming in; never his step sharp upon the gravel or light upon the stair. Morning; afternoon; evening; no Dixon. Dead.

Long after the story of the accidental death of the mayor's only son had grown stale, certain ugly whispers—which mercifully never reached his mother's ears—quite hushed up, Harriet Dixon, old and feeble, a shadow of her former brisk, alert self, crept in to one of the poorly attended week-day services at her parish church.

The first time that she had been able to get so far since Dixon Corney's death.

She wore her shabby, work-a-day clothes; her best, she felt that she could never put on again; never any more drive in desolate Cousin Sarah's carriage; never, never look upon the splendour of the reeling drawing-room or of the gay garden which had raced so dizzily round with her as she had clung to the pillar of the portico for support.

The service over, the tiny congregation dispersed, Harriet Dixon, going slowly, with trembling legs, a feeble hand laid upon a poppy-head, here and there, for support, made her way to the vestry.

The clergyman, waiting there for any of his flock who chose to seek him, said a few warm words of welcome and would have taken both her hands in his; but she kept him off.

'Listen!' she said; 'I am a murderer.'

She was a small and slight and little old lady; so bird-like and guileless; her life, whose ways, he thought, lay all open to him, had been such a labour of love for others, that he had much ado to keep himself from laughing as he heard.

'A murderer,' she repeated; 'and unrepentant.'

'Dear Miss Dixon——'

'Wait! You don't hold with confession, I know. Neither do I. Still I have made it. Here; in the church. I thought it was due. In these matters—however justified—something is due. I have made confession. Now; knowing what I am, will you still entrust me with parish work? Will you send me among your poor?'

He took her hands, and held them warmly and kindly in his own. She was evidently quite mad—poor little gentle, sinless, ridiculous old woman!—but it was best to humour her.

'Will I? Of course I will,' he said. 'You are the best and kindest, most devoted and selfless woman I know—we'll forget all about your being a murderer, dear Harriet Dixon.'

MARY E. MANN.

NATIONALITY IN HORSES.

The extraordinary success of the International Horse-show at Olympia last year, and the unprecedented preparations being made for its repetition next June, suggest to my mind that we are perhaps witnessing one of those curious results of transition that have more than once become apparent in the history of civilisation, a result, I mean, which is really the reaction upon a moribund form of energy produced by the birth of novel or more highly developed forms.

The art of fence was produced by the invention of gunpowder. Before then, swordsmanship meant merely cracking a man's carapace of steel by sheer strength. When armour, rendered useless by the cannon-ball, became lighter and less complete, your skilful fencer found his reward in slipping home, under his opponent's guard, into the unprotected body. The final perfection of foil play was only reached when duels had almost completely gone out of fashion. In just the same way, to see the real perfection of the sailing-ship, either in war or commerce, we had to watch them in competition with the first steamers. Nothing like the fast clipper service across the Atlantic which was produced by the competition of the first steamboat had ever been evolved out of wind and canvas in the history of navigation.

Many other industries were galvanised into fictitious life by the application of steam-power in other directions. My grandfather, for instance, who was largely interested in the carrying trade between Manchester and London, was the first to put a screw steamer designed by Ericsen on the water in England, not so much because he was interested in steamboats as because he was fighting for canal-barges against the threatening monopoly of railways. The railways ruined him, but not before his canal traffic had produced results superior to any seen before.

In precisely the same direction, I believe the coming triumph of the motor-car has produced the apotheosis of the horse. Certainly the biggest and best horse-show ever seen in this or any other country took place in the very year when records were being broken

for the first time on the new Brooklands Motor Track; and though I do not think that horses will ever disappear as completely as canals did before railways, yet every serious observer must have realised by now that the horse will soon take the same place, relatively to the various forms of motor-car, that sailing-ships and yachts now take relatively to various forms of steamboats. For certain forms of trade sailing still holds its own, and yachting as a luxurious and splendid sport will never die; in precisely the same way the big, docile, strong cart-horse will always find a place in our economy, and the luxury of driving four-in-hand, or riding to hounds across country, or watching the Derby and the Grand National will never be abandoned while England retains her national characteristics. But on the whole the horse, with the exception of a few expensive breeds, is doomed.

It is well, therefore, that the triumph of his passing should be fitly celebrated, in the country which has loved him more than any other, by two such gorgeous exhibitions of his beauty and his value as those of 1907 and 1908 in London. Some who saw last year's show at Olympia felt almost as if they were present at another feast of Belshazzar, and well-nigh expected to read the writing on the wall. It was there, though our eyes were dazzled by the clustering electric lights. And before such pageants become associated (as they will be in our children's minds) with the romantic struggles of a sentimental past against relentless progress, it may be well to consider what part this country has taken, as compared with other nations, in developing the finest animal ever bred for the service, the pleasure, and the sport of man.

It is rather the fashion nowadays for a certain class of high old crusted critics to deplore the international element that has so strikingly intruded itself into all forms of sporting and commercial activity. In the year of the Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush and the second International Horse-show at Olympia their voices have become particularly raucous and insistent. Their motto is that we have got on very well without the foreigner for so many centuries that they see no reason for welcoming him now. But they might as well complain of the precession of the Equinox, or speak in disrespectful terms of the Equator. It is true we were the home of sport for many a year. But our boundaries have long since been enlarged beyond the inviolate sea that guards our island shores. We have carried the gospel of sport, and sport in this connection means horse-breeding first and athletics afterwards, into all lands;

and our pupils refuse to sit still and hide the boast that they are beginning to better their instruction.

As a matter of fact, too, if it had not been for the foreigner and his Eastern blood we should never have had English horses worth the name at all, or through them have developed a stock which stands unchallenged as the best animal the world has ever seen—'the English thoroughbred,' as we characteristically and proudly call him, though he is neither wholly English nor wholly thoroughbred, and will soon, I fear, even more completely justify a parallel with Voltaire's cruel phrase about the Holy Roman Empire. Still, while he is here, let us enjoy our horse and be proud of him. Better opportunities were given the average spectator last summer of comparing English breeds with others than were ever possible before, and I have not the least doubt that this comparison was a dominant factor in the public interest so amazingly manifested every time the gates of Olympia were opened. Most of us knew all about our racing stock before. Many had good reason for their faith in English hunters. But few could have foretold, what was evident at Olympia, that our light horses were never all round either so good or so valuable as they are to-day; that our hackneys, probably as near perfection as the breed can get, formed part of a finer exhibition of harness-horses than had ever before been got together in one ring; that in our polo ponies, which showed as high an advance as any breed, we had succeeded in producing that satisfactory type of miniature hunter which the exigencies of the game demanded, and which every cavalry regiment in Europe would be proud to own.

In spite of all mechanical developments it would scarcely be rash to assume that, until flying is an accomplished fact, the victory will go in the next European war to the army which is better horsed than its opponents. It is certain at least that if England had not possessed such extraordinary resources in other directions, we should have been beaten on horses alone in the South African war. So long as there is cavalry to be mounted and artillery to be horsed, so long will superior mobility preponderate in the scale of military efficiency. But have we learnt the lesson of providing large and easily reached sources of supply of these small, wiry, active animals which can carry a man all night and fight in the morning? Not at all. Our Governments continue to rely almost entirely on individual enterprise, with the result that in any similar emergency we shall again have to scour the world

for fifth-rate remounts at famine prices, which will break down after a fortnight's active service. Though it must be evident even to a War Office expert that motor-cars are reducing our available stock of omnibus-horses, is the State giving any increased encouragement to the production of a breed that will pull field guns across country at a gallop? Not a bit of it.

While every other country that pretends to have an army at all is giving substantial State-aid to horse-breeding industries which will produce animals of general utility both in war and peace, England, the home of the best horse in the world, does practically nothing. The moment when horses are being slowly but surely driven out of general traffic is the very last moment Fate will offer to any Government to solidify our horse-breeding industry under State guarantees upon a firm and practical and business-like basis. Even if the foreign practice of Government studs is held to be impossible here, much can be done by taking over younger horses from the farmers, and much more liberal prices might be paid for the matured animals which breeders have to offer. Certain it is that importations from the Continent and America are becoming fewer every year. Unless something is done, and done quickly, the only remedy for the Council of National Defence will be to produce a fleet of airships. They have no other practical or possible alternative.

The importance of national strength in horses can scarcely be over-estimated. The prime necessity of good horses to an energetic people has existed from the earliest records of the breed. In the course of his 'Origin and Theory of the Thoroughbred Horse,' a work of wonderful research, though not invariably correct deduction, Professor Ridgeway points out that the acquisition of horses by the Arabs in the centuries immediately preceding the birth of Mahommed was one of the most momentous events in history. Previously the natives of Arabia had played an insignificant part in the struggles for the mastery of Western Asia and Egypt, in which the Babylonian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Mede, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman had all taken their turn. Certainly the Arab of the impregnable desert was always safe from attack; but an ambitious race is not for long content with staying on the defensive. A time arrives when the desire for expansion and conquest becomes irresistible. So it was with the Arabs. And the horse gave them their chance. It is on record that before the birth of the Prophet some of the great men among the tribes

of South Arabia had become possessed of horses. From that day the breed was fostered and developed on the tableland of Nejd in a manner that no other nation of horse-lovers has ever surpassed, and the Arabian foray-horse soon became a power in the land. No other nation has ever so fully grasped the meaning of nationality in horses. No other land has ever been so closely identified with 'man's best friend.'

'Every grain of barley given to a horse is entered in the register of "Good Works,"' said Mahommed, and various passages in the Koran betoken the Prophet's deep appreciation of the value of horses to his people. We know with some degree of certainty that horses were ridden 1000 B.C., that chariots were in use probably two thousand years previously. But it was left to the people of the Prophet to forge the true connecting link in the chain between our modern Derby winners and the horses of the prime. All through the centuries the Arab helped on this ancient breed, increasing the speed, developing the stamina by means of careful selective mating, selling their stallions sometimes when the inducement was considered good enough, but always retaining the finest mares to carry on the priceless strain. Arab horses have, of course, been exported to all corners of the earth, but seldom has it been possible to keep the breed pure generation after generation without a loss of some of its best characteristics. Generally the height has been increased, but symmetry and compactness lost. As a former Egyptian ruler remarked to a European purchaser, 'Even if you succeed in getting hold of genuine Arabs, you will never breed pure Arabs from them, for an Arab is no longer an Arab when he ceases to breathe the air of the desert.'

Happily we were able to take the Arab horse and his near relative the Barb, and by their help to evolve a distinct breed which is superior to both parent stocks in size, strength, speed, and perhaps in powers of endurance. I refer, of course, to our thoroughbred horse. The assertion that the modern thoroughbred is superior to the modern Arab in the points just mentioned may not exactly coincide with opinions which imply that our studies in pedigree have been all a mistake—and that the two centuries devoted to painstaking breeding in England since Charles II. sent to the East for those royal mares which really laid the foundation of the British stud have practically been wasted. Short-distance racing, we are told, has brought about the alleged deterioration of the thoroughbred, and we are left to infer that in general excellence our present-

day racers are nothing like so good as the horses that sprang from the original Arabian stock. But there is no proof that our thoroughbreds have deteriorated at all; indeed, the opinion of the majority of those who have gone closely into the subject, from Admiral Rous's time down to the present, is to the effect that such modern champions as St. Simon, Flying Fox, Sceptre, and Isinglass have been as much in front of Eclipse, Childers and other giants of old as the latter were superior to the native English stock which flourished before the introduction of Eastern blood.

True, the tendency of the Turf of to-day is to produce sprinters and not long-distance horses. But races are run at top pace nowadays, and the race for a mile in 1908 probably calls for as great powers of endurance as the slower run four-mile heats of a hundred and fifty years ago. Is there an Arab who could have been matched against The White Knight last year over a four-mile course? Is there an Arab who would out-distance the fine thoroughbred hunters which may be seen in the first flight when hounds are running with breast-high scent over the grass-lands of the Shires? Is there an Arab capable of showing greater endurance than thoroughbreds such as Cloister, Manifesto, Ascetic's Silver, or Eremon over a tremendous course like that of the Liverpool Grand National? I should be the last to attempt to belittle the Arabian horse, whose value to the light breeds of the world has been simply incalculable, and who to-day is an admirable animal with many beautiful qualities; but I hold that in the modern thoroughbred horse we have enormously improved upon his original ancestor.

Arabian blood, spreading into the Barbary States, thrived almost as well there as on its original soil at Nejd. It spread, too, into Turkestan and prospered, and thus we find that Barbs and Turks as well as Arabs were imported into England at the time when Charles II. was doing so much for the thoroughbred horse to come. The English racehorse certainly benefited beyond all computation by the introduction of Barb, Turk, and Arab, which had become known as distinct strains, but were all from the same fountain-head; yet we cannot quite explain how it was that the native English stock was ready to commingle so successfully with the Eastern importation. May it not have been because the earlier and more casual importations of Arabians into England had already impressed themselves so firmly upon our breed that there was no violent clashing of types when breeders came to mate the two together? It must be remembered that Arab blood was brought

to England earlier than the Norman Conquest. It is more than likely that the Romans brought Eastern blood as well. Later, Kings John, Edward III., and Henry VIII. were all importers of Eastern blood. Thus the English horse had no inconsiderable dash of the Arab in him when the Godolphin Arabian, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Royal mares of Charles II. found their way to these islands.

It can honestly be claimed, therefore, that the modern thoroughbred, though produced partly from native stock, is of almost pure Arabian extraction. This applies as much to the hackney breed as to the racing thoroughbred. Shales, whose blood is found in the pedigree of every well-bred hackney, was by Blaze, by Flying Childers, by the Darley Arabian. Thus the brilliant harness horses which were the source of so much admiration at the international show last summer are descended from the same source as Eclipse and the extraordinary family of thoroughbreds which trace back to O'Kelly's Champion, whose descendants we cheer on at Ascot and Epsom to-day. It has taken thousands of years to evolve a racehorse capable of covering the Derby course in two minutes and thirty-three and four-fifths seconds, and it should interest students of biology to compare the handsome far-striding thoroughbred with Polakoff's *Equus Prejavalski*, that wild horse still surviving in the Great Gobi Desert whom scientists identify with a species hunted by Palæolithic man some 30,000 years ago in the Rhone Valley.

Which is the national horse of Britain? Is it the thoroughbred, for new supplies of whose blood the whole world comes to us year after year? Is it the harness-horse, who was seen to such advantage at Olympia? Is it the hunter, whose prowess over field and furrow has given him a world-wide reputation, and who has come to a particularly high state of perfection on the eminently suitable soil of Ireland? Is it the hardy pony, who has roamed the wilds of Exmoor, Dartmoor, the New Forest and Connemara from time immemorial? Or is it the cart-horse, whose majesty is the admiration of our London streets and country roads, and whose ancestry traces back to the great war-horses of old? It is a nice point. But I think the distinction must be given to the thoroughbred. Other nations can challenge us in harness-horses, in ponies, and in cart-horses, but the English thoroughbred remains supreme, and if now and again he is defeated upon the racecourse by a French, an American, or an Australian competitor, be it

always remembered that in nearly every case the foreign or colonial representative came from stock imported from England.

In discussing the various types of horses characteristic of different nations, I can but touch on the fringe of many vital problems, and this is no place to raise the important question of the actual results of change of pasturage on a given strain. If it were, I might ask why the limestone pastures of New Zealand and Australia did such evident good to descendants of our older stock and sent them back to us invigorated and improved by their new surroundings; I might suggest that when modern in-breeding has reached such a pitch that all seventeen runners in last year's One Thousand traced back in four generations to the same sire, it is time to try some such invigorating change again. But I must keep to facts that are less open to controversy; and in the development induced on our own thoroughbred stock by transportation to the United States I have just such a fact as is appropriate to this article.

Of America the national horse is undoubtedly the trotter, and it is most interesting to note the complete change brought about in the original strain by selective breeding and new environment in the course of a century. The trotter is typically American, and those who breed him are proud of the type. It is something which they have evolved by their own judgment, and though we in this country, who have never thought it worth while to develop the accentuated trotting gait, may not easily share the American enthusiasm, we ought ungrudgingly to grant that, having set themselves to breed the fastest harness-horse in the world, they have succeeded admirably. The most famous of modern trotters, Lou Dillon, a chestnut horse foaled in 1898, trotted to a record of 2.00 at Readville, Massachusetts, in August 1903, and at Memphis, in the same year, he eclipsed his own record by doing 1.58½, these times being made with the assistance of a shield. The American pacer, who is closely allied to the trotter in conformation, but has a different gait and is given a separate standard in the American Trotting Register, is almost as good. With the aid of a pacemaker in front, Dan Patch covered the mile in 1.55¼ at Lexington, Kentucky, in October 1905. For the sake of comparison it may be added that the fastest mile ever accomplished by a racehorse in England was 1.33⅕ by the American-bred Caiman at Lingfield eight years ago, while the fastest time over the more severe Rowley Mile at Newmarket is Sceptre's 1.39 in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1902.

America has been breeding trotters systematically for fully a

hundred years, and now she can produce them to type just as easily as the Englishman breeds his thoroughbred, hackney, or Shire horse. Those who took the thoroughbred Messenger from Newmarket to Philadelphia in 1780, and the first Derby winner, Diomed, to New York a few years later, could little have imagined that those animals were destined to found a breed of horse entirely distinct in gait from themselves. Yet Messenger and Diomed, mated with the native mares—these probably the descendants of Yorkshire and Norfolk roadsters—were the ancestors of all of those brilliant American movers who delighted the eye at the International Show in Olympia. Associated with these and other imported thoroughbreds in the work of founding the breed was the imported Norfolk trotter Bellfounder (Jary's), and it was the happy combination of Messenger and Bellfounder blood which produced in 1849 the renowned trotting sire Hambletonian. Trotting tracks and speedways have increased amazingly in the States during the past forty years, and trotting fills much about the same place in the sporting life of America as racing holds in this country. American push and hustle is personified in the whirlwind trotting races, and the horse himself stands as a monument to American persistence of purpose.

In a land like France, where the horse stock is spread over a very great area, and different breeds are representative of different parts of the country, it is more difficult to say which is really the national type. A draught-horse, which is somewhat less massive in build than our own Shire horse and covers the ground with more of the true roadster action, is the animal most frequently encountered. And the Percheron, a grey trotting cart-horse, with clean limbs and a neat head, may be said to embody more than any other breed the equine characteristics of the country. Normandy always famous for its war-horses, is the breeding ground of these Percherons, formerly the post-horses of France, and their capabilities for heavy speed work have nowhere been held in higher esteem than in America. This Norman blood was mainly responsible for the magnificent team of six greys sent over to England by Mr. Ogden Armour last summer. The agility and handiness of these tremendous horses were greatly admired in every show at which they were driven, and the general opinion was that Big Jim, the pick of the team, was one of the finest Percherons ever foaled. Among the riding-horses of France the Limousin, who came from Saracen ancestors, once held a great reputation, and his decadence, dating from the time of the Revolution, shows that the love of

riding to hounds, never so strongly developed in France as in England, necessarily goes hand in hand with that improvement in the breed of light horses, in which Vial de Saint Bel took so large a share in the eighteenth century before he became head of our first veterinary college, and dissected the body of our most famous sire, Eclipse.

It may be added that the breeding of light horses in France, after having reached a low ebb, is now progressing rapidly every year, thanks to the system of public stud farms and substantial assistance given to breeders by the Government, who set aside more than 300,000*l.* annually for the needs of national horse-breeding. Thoroughbreds, too, are appreciably improving in quality, and to a French breeder, M. Edmond Blanc, goes the credit of having given the highest price ever realised by a horse of any breed. Nearly 40,000*l.* seemed a heavy sum to pay for Flying Fox, but his wonderful success at the stud has been a triumphant vindication of M. Blanc's judgment and enterprise.

Great progress is also being made with horse-breeding in all parts of Germany, for Prussia has always held her own in this direction, and the cavalry of Frederick the Great was said to have been the finest of the period. The original stock of horses in Prussia seems to have benefited largely by the infusion of Oriental blood at the time of the Saracen invasion of Europe, and at a comparatively recent date the English breeds did their share towards improving their quality. Sir Walter Gilbey has told us that during the past century the hackney blood has been widely diffused over the horse-breeding districts of Germany, particularly Hanover, Oldenburg, Holstein, Mecklenburg, and East Friesland; but long before the introduction of this blood, Eldenborg produced handsome coach-horses that made the name of the province well known throughout Europe, and it is on record that Oliver Cromwell, at the time of his Protectorate, received as a gift a team of coach-horses from the Duke of Oldenburg. Thus it is reasonable to rank the breed of Oldenburg among the national breeds of Germany, and the Hanoverians (so often used in English State processions) and the Mecklenburgs come under the same category. It is an odd coincidence that Germany should have the distinction of supplying both the cream Hanoverians for our State coaches and the black horses of Drenthe for our funerals.

Nationality in horses in Russia comes to the front in the Orloff trotting breed. To an Eastern horse called Smolenska, presented

to Count Alexis Orloff by Catherine II., according to several authorities, belongs the credit of having laid the foundation of the Orloff horses, but they derived the trotting action which has always been one of their characteristics from the Friesland breed, with which the Russians crossed the Arab blood. This Friesland horse, whose pace Blunderville described as a 'good comely trot,' did much to develop the trotting gait in different parts of Europe, and in all probability the Norfolk trotter, and just possibly the Yorkshire variety, get their brisk action from him.

The big horses of Flanders are renowned in the history of war, and in part from them are descended our own good breed of Shires, in whom we see the war-horse of medieval times, able to carry knights in armour, and to withstand the shock of joust and tournament.

Spain comes within the scope of this consideration of nationality in horses more than the majority of European nations do; for when the Arabian horses were originally brought to this continent they probably halted first in Spain. For ages the virtues of the Andalusian horse have been extolled, and one authority has it that the breed was acknowledged to be the best in Europe until the English produced the thoroughbred. 'I have heard some of the Spaniards,' said an old-time English writer, 'to set such praise on their jennets' courage, as they have not letted to report that they have carried their riders out of the field, I cannot tell how manie miles after the jennets themselves have been shot clean through the bodies with Harquebushes.' As a national breed Spain has highly prized the Andalusian, and many of the wealthy hidalgos of the country still possess beautiful specimens of the ancient breed which do not differ very materially from the horses which Markham and the seventeenth century writers eulogised for their value in war and their accomplishments in the *manège*.

On this June 18 the scope of the International Show is to be enlarged. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the display will be ideally international. England and Ireland then would be represented by their incomparable thoroughbreds and hunters. The fine old roadster blood of Yorkshire and Norfolk would be seen in the driving classes; Scotland would send her fascinating Shetlands, and Wales her stout running cobs. Heavy horses, chosen from the Shire, Clydesdale and Suffolk breeds would come up to prove that room will always be found for the great draught-horse in spite of motor traction, while the Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire coach-horses would typify the survival of coaching in the face of

mechanical competition. America would again send her brilliant pace and action horses, her pacers and trotters. France would be to the front with the always serviceable Percherons and the Boulonnaise breed, and, together with other continental nations, she might with advantage show some of her best military horses as practical evidence of the value of Government assistance in horse-breeding. Germany would make a special display of her Oldenburgs and Hanoverians; Russia, of course, would have her Orloff trotters, and the stately Andalusians would come from Spain. Then from Arabia we should have the pride of the desert, while Walers from Australia would remind us that at the show of 1907 the Colonial-bred All Fours held his own against the highly trained Continental jumpers in many exciting competitions, while Canada, surprisingly well represented at the last show, would once more be prominent.

Such a gathering would unfailingly appeal to all the nations. The promoters of the International Horse-show went halfway towards the achieving this ideal last year, and the scheme is by no means impossible of realisation in the near future.

In June the prize list reaches a total of 10,000*l.*, and three times that amount will have been spent on organisation before a single competitor steps into the ring. Among the thirty-three challenge and champion cups offered, those given as a mark of international courtesy by American, French, Belgian, and Dutch breeders are perhaps the most noteworthy. The system of an international jury, containing one English, one American, and one Continental expert has justified repetition by its success last year, and on the judges' list are representatives of Great Britain, of the United States, France, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Italy, Canada, and Spain. Every one of these countries is struggling to produce an animal that will beat last year's record of 7 feet 2 inches for the high jump. The 'Venture' Cup of 200*l.* is likely to arouse the keenest competition among four-in-hand teams for road coaching.

It would all be splendid were there not the touch of pathos at the back of it. It is the last effort of the horse and the horse-lover to show that the world cannot do without them. But the world as they have known it is passing away, and the Kingdom of Machinery is at hand. Let us make haste, while there is yet time, to see the finish of that mighty race which began on the Arabian highlands and ends in all the lustre of the limelights at Olympia.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

NEW FRUITS.

Most of us have echoed the cry of Punch's footman: 'It's high time a new animal was invented.' But a new fruit is still more desirable. It need not be more delicious than the old. Who was the sage who cried: 'Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but for sure He never did'? Imagination fails to conceive that superior product, and yet it must be admitted that cream improves the flavour of strawberries. A fruit combining the two by its inherent virtue would certainly be a boon. In childhood I read of such a blessed prodigy. Some enthusiast described the cherimoya as tasting like strawberries and cream. I longed to visit Peru for no object beyond testing this assertion. The opportunity never came in many years of travel, but of late the cherimoya has been seen not infrequently at Covent Garden. Many of our readers have tried it, no doubt, but it may be asserted confidently that none of them observed a resemblance to strawberries and cream.

Nevertheless, such a happy combination may exist, or, what is more probable, may be created. I hope to show that some delicious fruits, known for ages, still await the attention of civilised man; and some others, well worth culture apparently, have but lately been discovered. But, putting these aside, for the moment, much may be done with the species already established.

If we cannot hope to improve the strawberry further, those few of us who know what Continental science has effected, and profit by the knowledge, find themselves able to enjoy it the year round—not of the quality to which we are used, but as tasteful and as large, perhaps, as the fruit which delighted our ancestors. This is the 'Perpetual' form, obtained by crossing garden varieties with Alpines. The invention is but a few years old; in a few years more assuredly its weaknesses will be corrected and its virtues strengthened.

Scientific gardeners are fond of saying: 'Hybridisation is in its infancy.' In truth, this phrase is heard so often that it rather gets upon the nerves of the fastidious. But it is undeniable all

the same. Hitherto the ingenuity of British hybridisers has been employed almost exclusively on flowers. The next generation will see marvels; already the species which they have taken in hand are transformed. But results as extraordinary can be obtained from the treatment of fruits—not less profitable either in the long run. Hybridisers generally are the pick of their class, not only intelligent but enterprising. Difficulties attract them, any new idea is welcomed if there be a reasonable prospect that it will pay expenses—for I speak of 'growers' or market gardeners, who have their living to get. Something has been done to improve the blackberry by crossing various species. Professor Babington reckons more than thirty. In one English garden at least beds of the excellent 'thornless' variety are established. One may buy hybrids of raspberry and blackberry—even of raspberry and strawberry. Few purchasers are satisfied with their bargain, probably, if they expected something 'nice.' But this is the beginning.

To discourse of new fruits without allusion to Dr. Luther Burbank and his achievements would be unwise, for many persons, supposing the omission due to ignorance, might conclude that the writer was unqualified to deal with his theme. But it is enough to correct this error. However interesting or important Dr. Burbank's labours may be, by his own statement they are still incomplete. When the authorities at Kew begged him four years ago to forward some of the remarkable fruits and flowers credited to his genius, he replied that none were ready; the reports circulating are premature. Under these circumstances, I need not speak of them.

Darwin threw a glance at the problem.

> If (he wrote) it has taken centuries and thousands of years to improve or modify most of our plants up to their present standard of usefulness to man, we can understand how it is that neither Australia now the Cape of Good Hope nor any other region inhabited by quite uncivilised man has afforded us a single plant worth culture. It is not that these countries, so rich in species, do not, by a strange chance, possess the aboriginal stocks of any useful plant, but that the native plants have not been improved by continued selection up to a standard of perfection comparable with that acquired by the plants in countries anciently civilised.

It follows that our colonists ought to have begun the process of improving those useful weeds, neglected by the savages, as quickly as possible, to make up for lost time, but I am not aware that an attempt has been made. Competent persons would not be daunted

by the prospect of labour for 'centuries and thousands of years.' In the art of improving plants, as in other matters, we have learned to economise time and trouble.

All our familiar fruits have been cultivated for ages unknown. One commonly hears it said that the apple is 'derived' from the crab, the pear from the native species, even sometimes the plum from the sloe. It is untrue; each took its origin from a wild variety, no doubt, but all were brought to this country by the Romans. We fancy in general that the Romans had only one kind of each. As a matter of fact, Pliny described twenty different apples, and his words suggest that there were many more. Some which he names have been identified with sorts which were cherished until superseded in our own generation, and even yet may be found in old gardens. So slow was the improvement from Roman times to the present day. But some are quite lost. A 'coreless' species has been widely advertised of late; it was a fraud, but apparently the Romans had such a marvel, which they called Spadonium, distinguished by the absence of pips. And the process of making or importing new varieties still went on in Pliny's time, for he enumerates the Petisian, of 'delightful flavour,' the Amerinian, approved for keeping, and the fashionable 'Little Greek,' among those which had been lately introduced. Six kinds of peach were grown, twenty of plum, nine of cherry, eight even of chestnut. All these came from the East—from Persia, Pontus, and Syria respectively. But they arrived full-blown, as it were. Roman skill made new forms possibly, but the originals were excellent. No one supposes that they were 'natural.' Accads or Sumirs may have brought the wild species to perfection before history begins. Perhaps the Cuneiform scholars will find some evidence on this point. Or they may have been a result of the botanical zeal which distinguished so many of the Assyrian kings. Scores of inscriptions tell how one or other of them brought trees and plants 'which the kings my fathers knew not,' from a conquered realm, and set them in the gardens of Assyria. Professor Sayce believes that there were regular 'botanical gardens' at Nineveh. Asiatics are so fond of fruit that we may be sure the culture was not neglected. One motive that urged Xerxes to the invasion of Greece was the excellence of Attic figs, according to tradition. It is assured at least that long ages of care and intelligent hybridisation were necessary before any of our familiar fruits became so good as they were when the Romans brought them to Europe;

and the work must have been perfected, so far as our knowledge yet goes, in Mesopotamia or Persia.

Cherries deserve special notice because it is still asserted in schoolbooks that they were introduced to this country by the 'fruiterer' or greengrocer of Henry VIII.; also that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. It is a surprising error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they, and so highly esteemed, that the time for gathering them became a recognised festival—'Cherry fair' or 'feast.' And this grew into a proverbial expression for fleeting joys. Gower says the Friars taught that 'life is but a cherye-fayre,' and Hope 'endureth but a throwe, right as it were a cherye-feste.' There is more than one record of the purchase of trees for the King's garden at Westminster, centuries before Henry VIII. was born. But Pliny contradicted the fable, as if in prophetic mood. After telling that Lucullus first brought cherries to Rome (from Pontus, in 680 A.U.C.), he adds that in the course of a hundred and twenty years they have spread widely, 'even passing over sea to Britain.'

It is humiliating to think how little we have added to the list which unknown Orientals bequeathed to us in the dawn of history. This does not strike people who suppose that our fruits are improved from the wild native species, or, somewhat less ill-informed, fancy that plums and peaches and the rest were wild species when brought from Asia. But I must beware of misapprehension. It is not to be said that all our fruits came from the East, nor even that the Romans introduced them all. There is no evidence that strawberries were cultivated in antiquity; neither Pliny nor Columella mentions them. It seems strange, for we may feel sure that the delicious little wildling was appreciated then as in Italy now; but the hereditary learning and acumen of the De Candolles have not discovered any reference. Currants almost certainly were unknown. One might suppose that they at least descended from the wild plants common throughout North Europe. But so late as the sixteenth century currants were described as 'oversea gooseberries,' having no name of their own. It is curious that in France they are called 'groseilles' to this day, making no distinction between them and gooseberries. When it is necessary to be precise the latter may be styled 'à maquereau.' But in old French the former were 'groseilles d'outremer,' just as in old English. The conclusion is inevitable: at some time, not very

distant, currants were brought to the West from a foreign land—somewhere. They have 'run wild' now. Gooseberries could not be expected in Rome, for they are of very small account in Italy at the present day. The gooseberry loves cold.

To resume. We have discovered countries innumerable and a new world besides; we are familiar with the inmost recesses of lands which the ancients scarcely knew by name. But how many new fruits have been acquired for Europe? The answer strictly would be 'none'; but even if we include those which are eaten in the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and might be introduced, the list is very short. And these are wildlings still—nothing serious has been done to improve any of them. So their flavour, though pleasant, wants finish, and very few are served when 'there is company.' Even the tropical fruits owe nothing to our science; the delicious forms we recognise are as truly products of cultivation as the apple. Who did the work? No man knows, but certainly it was not Europeans. Portuguese, Spaniard, Dutch, and English found them as they are now. The mango, indeed, has undergone a wondrous change in the last hundred years, and the improved varieties have been distributed so fast and so far that they promise to be universal shortly. But for this happy result no credit is due to our skill or scientific enterprise. It was not British gardeners who made the improvement.

Dr. Beccari ranks among the highest scientific authorities for the products of the Far East, and in many years of travel he explored the countries most important for our theme. In his admirable record of 'Wanderings in the Great Forests of Borneo' he states positively: 'The native land of the mangosteen is unknown.' Several wild species of Garcinia are found in Borneo, some with edible fruits; but none of these appear to be the original of the cultivated form. So with the Durien—a case still more remarkable; in fact, it is well to quote Dr. Beccari's words: 'This tree also is only known as a cultivated species. As with the mangosteen, various wild species very nearly akin grow in the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, so it must belong to the flora of those regions.' But no more can be said. Text-books give the Malay Peninsula as the original habitat of both, but, says Dr. Beccari, 'the assertion is made without proof'; and he denies, with the force of his unequalled experience, that any proof has yet been found. At the same time there is no doubt that the ancestral form of both existed in Malaysia (perhaps in regions now sub-

merged), unless they have been cultivated through such a vast series of generations that the original cannot be identified, as in the case of wheat. 'Plants that have been so long cared for by men cannot hold their own in the struggle for existence now, without his protection,' against the destructive agents always watching to assail them. 'Duriens left to their own resources'—that is, run wild—'have very little chance of reproducing themselves.' The strong smell betrays them. All arboreal animals, monkeys in especial, and birds, attack the fruit above, pigs below. Very few seeds escape.

The betel-nut palm (*Areca Catechu*) supplies an instance even more perplexing of the same conditions. It also is a cultivated form doubtless—so widely dispersed at the present day that one could scarcely find a hut ten years old, through all the vast regions known as the Far East, which is not encompassed by this loveliest of palms. But no wild species can be identified from which it might have been educed, nor are any wild examples found—a fact inexplicable when we recall that no beast devours the fallen nuts; only for human beings has *Areca Catechu* any attraction.

I am not aware that the descent of the banana from existing species has been questioned, but the disappearance of the seed-nut, which in the wild forms occupies most of the fruit, is evidence to the vast space of time that must have elapsed since man undertook to improve it. Here also probably it was gardeners of Malaysia or Cochin China who did the work. There are no bananas like those; Malays reckon forty kinds, and in the Philippines are seventeen more, specially famous. Some years ago the authorities of Kew, always seeking for an opportunity to benefit mankind, distributed a score of the best Far Eastern varieties among the West Indian islands. Results cannot yet be expected, but there is no visible reason to doubt that the *Pisang mas* itself would flourish in the West Indies, though Malays believe that neither this nor the *Pisang ambon*, not less delicious, as some think, will live, or will fruit, beyond a certain distance from the Straits. And Europeans accept the statement. The same story was told of the mangosteen when I travelled in those countries, 'ages ago,' and many recorded failures to acclimatise the tree seemed to confirm it. Those transported to Ceylon flourished certainly, but they had not fruited—or so we were told. In fact, however, the spell was broken ten years before, when the Duke of Devonshire sent a mangosteen to her Majesty, grown at Chatsworth. Another he

reserved for his own consumption, and these were the sole result of twenty years' anxious and expensive culture. It is said that the Duke even imported two Malay gardeners. But in his memoirs lately published Sir H. des Vœux tells how he presented a whole dish of mangosteens to the Queen in 1877, grown in the Botanic Gardens, Trinidad. Sir Henry expresses doubt whether it would succeed under ordinary conditions, but this may have been a lingering shadow of the old superstition. Mangosteens will soon be quite a common fruit in Dominica and Trinidad; so, probably, the finest of the Malay bananas will do as well as the rubbish which English people and Americans think so delicious.

While it was believed that such fruits as the mango, mangosteen, rambutan, and lancet owed little if anything to culture, we might rest and be thankful with an easy conscience. But since that comfortable ignorance has been dispelled, we should no longer shirk the obligation to carry improvement further. Europeans have occupied the East for centuries. For generations the Dutch have maintained botanic gardens which astonish and delight foreign savants. We rival, perhaps surpass them now, but we were very late in the field. On this matter of fruit, Dutch, English, French, and all other European governments in the East have been content with the results achieved by forgotten peoples in an unknown age. Who were the skilful gardeners who patiently transformed the wild species? Not any race existing, or, at least, ruling. Malays are not to be despised by any means as horticulturists, but they do not seem fitted for careful work; and, a final objection, they have not been established in those countries long enough. The operations were complete, doubtless, before the Orang Malayu sallied from their home in Sumatra. Possibly our debt is owing to the mysterious civilisation which built the 'Thousand Temples,' and so many other prodigies in Java, or to that, even more mysterious and more astonishing in its remains, which ruled from Siam to Cochin China.

But across the Atlantic, who transformed the wooden pinuela into the luscious pineapple, the small watery tuber which Darwin recognised with extreme difficulty into the potato? Who created maize?—for of this no wild ancestor has yet been suggested. Such aeons of time have passed since it was taken in hand that the present form does not guide us to the original. For this reason the inestimable service cannot be credited to the Incas, still less to the Aztecs—both came much too late. As in the Far East, however, so in Peru

and Central America, peoples of high civilisation flourished before history begins for us.

But I hear old residents ask, what remains for science to effect ? The fruits named are perfect ! So far as flavour goes that may be true—it would be rash to speak positively. But there is much room for improvement in another direction. One cannot enjoy a mango in public. Flakes must be cut from it with a knife or a spoon—the fibrous pulp does not come away readily, there is little of it, and the best remains behind, attached to the huge kernel. These are faults which certainly might be corrected ; it is bravely alleged from time to time, even in serious periodicals, that they have been, but proof is still delayed. Nevertheless when the stone of a plum has been actually expelled and abolished it should not be difficult to reduce that of the mango. The stoneless plum is a Japanese achievement, though the honour has been assigned to Mr. Luther Burbank ; but those ingenious gardeners could not have begun to work unless Nature had given them a ' sport ' with which to commence operations. Wide and careful study of the mango might probably detect abnormal forms which would yield a similar opening. Some future generation may see a mango with smooth pulp, which will part easily from a kernel of moderate size. The peach has been disciplined in the same manner. In old gardens of South Africa one still finds a type introduced from Holland two centuries ago, called the ' Cling-stone,' a name which speaks for itself. The flesh will not be torn away ; it has to be cut like an apple, or a mango. But fancy the universal rage for duriens if the foul stench of the rind could be dispelled ! No fruit has such a fascination for those who like it—and they are the vast majority of human beings. All the same, even natives will not bring it indoors. White people belong to durien clubs, which gather at each member's house in turn ; thus the abominable nuisance is distributed. Evidently the process of eliminating this stench would be long and difficult ; but since its nature is understood, and its cause strongly suspected, attempts would not be hopeless. And the durien will thrive in any damp climate of the Tropic Zone. No plantation would yield a better return if the produce could be exposed at Covent Garden without risk of forfeiture by the Sanitary Authorities.

But in either hemisphere there are many fruits, more or less desirable, which Europeans seldom taste. Of such, in Malay countries, are the tarippe, most excellent of bread-fruits ; the jintawan, as large as a big pear, very pleasantly acid—the plant

is an indiarubber vine, and the flesh lies in a thick envelope of indiarubber. Also the bilimbing, mandaroit, langsat, luing, rambi—the last grows in bunches like large, very sweet grapes. Not one of these is cultivated, I think, except the langsat, but all might become as renowned as the pineapple or the mangosteen. And cold storage has given Europe an interest in the matter.

But those named may be recognised when served at *chota hazri*, though unfamiliar; there are others, simply known as 'jungle fruit,' which the aborigines, or men working in the forest, chance to bring in. All of these are good and some exquisite, but if the delighted European wants more he will be rather lucky if more can be found. It is not easy to give an order even, for townspeople generally do not know the names. They are only 'jungle fruits' in the market. I still remember two occasions when a Dyak brought me a quantity of small white globules as I tramped past his field; they seemed to me heavenly food, but my Malays could not name them, nor could the Englishmen I asked recognise the description. I remember also sending a Jamaica boy to purchase some fruit in the market of San José de Costa Rica. He brought back five different species, all of the medlar class. They were eatable, perhaps one who likes medlars would have thought them excellent. But the landlord of the hotel could not put a name to any.

The number of 'jungle fruits' prized by natives but unknown to Europeans was well illustrated by Dr. Beccari's discovery of five new species of Nephelium in one village orchard. It was at the very end of his three years' sojourn in the forests of Borneo, but neither he nor any other savant had ever heard of one among them. All were excellent. Dr. Beccari also mentions a Ficus bearing 'great bunches of fine red fruit,' agreeably acid, the only one in that large genus which is not sweet. A new variety of Garcinia, named Beccarii, has 'acidulated pulp of extremely pleasant flavour, recalling that of the mangosteen'; an Euphorbia, Elatererospermum Tapos, is favoured by the Dyaks, who call it Bua ruppi.

In that country flourishes the Guango, Pithecolobium Saman, known to us as the Rain Tree. Its fruit has six or eight seeds embedded in a sweet pulp, which all human beings like, and some think exquisite. But we may hope to see the guango at Covent Garden in no long time, for it is widely grown at botanical stations now for distribution in arid tracts.

Captain Welby tells how he discovered a fruit 'new to all his people' in the country of Boma, behind Fashoda; the pulp was very like jam, 'a natural preserve, which came in handy for breakfast.' Then he found one, equally new, like an orange, 'but the inside was a mass of large pips covered with yellow pulp.' It proved to be quite eatable though wanting flavour. Both of these might repay cultivation in the gardens of Egypt. Who has tried the Pithaya cactus which Lumholdz describes in 'Unknown Mexico'? The fruit is as large as an egg, 'sweet, soft and nourishing;' natives have such a passion for it that when the Pithaya is ripe, servants will 'bolt' to enjoy the feast, if permission be refused. In Mexico also flourishes Monsteria deliciosa, a fruit twelve to fourteen inches in length, said to be all its name implies.

In July 1906 the Director of Kew received leaves, fruit and seeds of a tree in Uruguay which the writer could not identify in the scientific sense. Its product, however, he described as 'extremely agreeable' with a perfume so delicate that it is 'unequalled.' Also it 'possesses such a remarkable digestive property that when the aborigines have over-indulged they eat freely of it and then sleep like babes, waking up next morning with a clear head and a wonderful appetite.' This useful treasure proves to be Ponteria suavis. Seeds have been sown at Bordighera, and, says the Kew Bulletin, 'under cultivation the fleshy part of the fruit may possibly be so increased as to make it acceptable to a circle outside the aborigines of Uruguay.'

I have travelled mostly in hot countries and my illustrations are drawn from them; indeed, valuable novelties can scarcely be expected from the Temperate Zone in any number. Those regions, for the most part, have been familiar to botanists, as to ordinary men, for centuries. But Japan is an exception. Precious novelties may be expected from that country—have already begun to arrive indeed, discovered by the enterprising nurserymen of America, who snap them up and keep the origin secret so far as may be. The stoneless plum I have mentioned—also there is the Cornell plum, fast superseding all others in the United States. The 'grape-fruit' has been exercising European savants a good deal lately. So long as it was regarded as a cool variety of the shaddock, which is a poor occidental descendant of the pomelo, there was nothing to rouse curiosity. But now it is recognised as distinct from both, and questions arise forthwith. Scientific opinion inclines to believe that the 'grape-fruit' is Chinese by origin, but probably carried

to the United States from Japan. China, too, is the home of the Kaki, which we know by the rough American name of persimmon, but the best forms of it are Japanese—apparently. European taste does not go further than 'all very well' in criticising this fruit, but the reason is that we eat it much too fresh. The rind should be quite withered and the flesh soft enough to be easily taken up with a spoon, like jam, before kaki is in fit condition. More than a hundred varieties are esteemed in Japan, and Professor Sargent thinks that some of the best would be hardy in sheltered places even in the North of England. There is no fruit tree so beautiful, say the experts.

It seems likely also that the Navel or Washington orange, which is causing such a stir in America that plantations of all other sorts are being dug up as fast as plants of the new variety can be obtained, came from China or Japan; but Sir Herbert Praed tells me that it has been grown on his fruit-farm in California for a good many years, and the people are satisfied that it came from South America. It is worth noting that Dr. Henry, a high authority, found even the pomegranate delicious in some districts of China.

And the Metford lemon should have a word, if only for the romance of its discovery. In January 1896 Miss Laura Metford Badcock sent a fruit to Kew, asking what on earth it was. The authorities pronounced at sight—a common Pomelo—but before answering, they cut it open, and it proved to be a lemon, unmistakable, but almost as large and as round as a football! It was for them to ask questions now, but Miss Badcock could only reply that this extraordinary object had been growing and fruiting freely in the greenhouse near Taunton for a century. Tradition could tell no more. The original plant had lately died, but cuttings were obtained from an offset given to a friend, and now the great Metford lemon is safely established at Kew. The chances seem to be that it came from China in the beginning.

But Australasia has fruits deserving attention. In New Zealand white people eat the Tawhara. Their appreciation is not enthusiastic, expressed generally by the term 'not bad'; but that is much for settlers in a country where all the perfected fruits of the Old World can be enjoyed at a trifling cost. Moreover a Colonist questioned on the subject is pretty sure to add that the tawhara might be improved by cultivation. He will say the same probably of the Karaka berry. Matabeleland yields several fruits, some of them as yet unnamed. One seems to be the Maneko, which

delighted Livingstone, further to the north; about the size of a walnut, full of glutinous, woody fibre, described as 'really excellent.' Another, like an orange, reminds the traveller of roasted apples; a third 'makes quite a refreshing little repast'—this is the Zulu Inhlada, 'famine fruit,' because so many lives are saved by it in time of dearth. A fourth tastes like apples. The Marula seems to be especially promising. It resembles a greengage, with a large stone and scarcely any pulp, the place of which is filled with a sweet liquid, 'simply delicious.' The ordinary 'Kaffir plum' should repay an intelligent cultivator who, by selection and hybridisation, contrived to make it large enough to be appreciated. Sir Charles Eliot notes 'a very agreeable phenomenon of the moorland' in the Temperate region of East Africa—a kind of wild raspberry 'which grows in belts, about an inch long, deep yellow, tasting more like a mulberry than a raspberry.' [1]

How many mortals even in South Africa, beyond the borders of the Kalihari desert, are acquainted with the Bododo? Perhaps this is the most striking instance of our neglect. Sixty years ago Chapman described the bododo in a published account as 'the most luscious fruit I ever tasted,' and again, 'almost too luscious for a white palate.' The few hunters and traders who visit that region give the same report. But there the matter rests.

All these fruits and many others will be taken in hand one day, I believe. Our great horticultural firms cannot easily be persuaded that it would be worth their while to undertake the enterprise. But almost every colony has a Botanical Garden now—not only a show place, as formerly. Authorities trained at Kew—which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff rightly described as an important branch of the Colonial Office—work ceaselessly to promote the interests of the cultures favoured in their district. I submit that the improvement of the native fruits would properly come within their sphere.

[1] Matokaland, north-east of Uganda, is described in Major Gibbon's careful survey as a country 'in which very palatable wild fruits grow,' as the m'huluhulu, large, with a shell enclosing many stones enclosed in 'quite refreshing, pleasantly flavoured flesh'; another the size of a peach, 'with dry brown flesh.'

FREDERICK BOYLE.

THE BURNT CREEK COACH.

'You'd better come up and have a week amongst the quail,' wrote my friend Bob Stevens. 'Besides,' he went on, 'I'd like you to inspect my new property here and tell me what you think of it. I can't promise you very great sport, perhaps—the summer has been too dry, and there's not a great deal of grass left on the plains—but it's a nice bit of country, and there certainly *are* a few birds here and there.'

I was down from the back-blocks of New South Wales, where we had been fighting a rather more than normal drought, and now that there was at least a partial break in the dry weather and rain had fallen, I had fled to Melbourne to recruit and to see a bit of the Autumn Racing. Stevens, more lucky, or better guided than I, had invested his money in 'the Nulla,' a good property further from droughts, and nearer to civilisation, than the arid spot where for so long I had daily watched a brazen sun glare pitilessly from brassy sky on a land ghastly with the bones of perishing flocks and herds. The thought of once again tramping over plains knee-deep in grass was too pleasant to be resisted by one to whose eyes grass had long been a stranger, and I lost no time in accepting Stevens' invitation.

It was a typical Australian autumn morning when I left Melbourne, cool, crisp and clear, a morning when even a city looked beautiful, and a journey by rail was no longer the purgatory it had been during the summer weather.

Following Stevens' instructions, I got out of the train at a small roadside station, where I was to join the Murragunnia coach, by which it was my fate to travel for another twenty miles across the ranges, at the far side of which Stevens had promised to pick me up. There, sure enough, outside the station yard stood a thing that called itself 'a coach'—a shabby, dilapidated vehicle hung on leather springs, and bearing on its side a battered tin plate on which in yellowy white, weak-backed letters, appeared the legend: 'H.M. Mails.' Not a very inviting craft on which to embark, perhaps, and unless the four lean, ill-groomed, staring-coated 'garrons' that formed the team were better than they

looked, one by which the twenty-mile journey promised to be more tedious than exciting. However, there was no choice; it was no worse, and no worse horsed, than the average Australian up-country coach away from the main routes; and if I could but get the box seat, at least I should see a country-side that was new to me. If the worst came to the worst, one could 'yarn' with the driver—there's always something to be picked up from the driver of a coach if you go the right way about it, especially if you can talk horses and racing, in both of which subjects I was capable of passing a stiff examination.

'Yes, it was the Murragunnia coach,' listlessly said a big-bearded, sun-burned man who slouched, elbow on knee, on the driver's seat, holding loosely in a huge brown paw the reins of his despondent-looking team; and I might 'stow my swag in the rack' at the tail of the coach. Being used to the independent ways of the free-born Australian, I had no difficulty in securely disposing of my gun-case and kit-bag—the man who depends on others to do such jobs for him had best keep away from the Bush—and having lit my pipe, I swung myself up beside the driver. Mail-bags were chucked on board, a parcel or two shoved into the boot, then with a crack of the whip and a throaty 'Grr-rup, Horses!' from the driver, we started.

Besides myself, there was no other passenger; and as we rumbled, jolting, through the straggling street of the raw little railway township, I took stock of my companion—a man nearing middle age, grey hairs flecking a beard already white at the angle of the jaw, and an absent far-away look in his eye that did not give promise of one inclined to yarn, or from whom one might expect to get much information. Silent, indeed, I found him, silent even to taciturnity. On no subject could I draw from him more than a gruff monosyllable, and that only after a pause of seconds between question and answer. Racing had no charms for him, nor had gold-mining; the wiping out of the Russian fleet by the Japanese interested him not; to the question of superiority of English over Australian cricket he did not rise; the subject of quail-shooting was to him but as dust and ashes; and of the drought he took no thought—it had not come his way. Even the proffer of baccy was declined, with the curtest of thanks. But with a scarcely veiled glance of contempt at my expensive, cut-up, delicate-flavoured mixture, that almost for a time embittered the pipe I was smoking, he produced from his waistcoat pocket a fear-

some-looking black plug, from which (after refusing by a gesture my offer to hold the reins) he proceeded with an old clasp knife to cut chunks of no ordinary thickness. Having with a ponderous left thumb worked these up in the palm of his right hand, he jammed the load hard into the bowl of a short, black, foul-looking pipe, struck a match on the guard rail of the box seat, and with one horny hand dexterously sheltering the flame from the fresh breeze, began to pour forth a cloud of tobacco smoke the densest and most acrid that Fate had ever condemned me to sit to leeward of.

Thus effectually was an end put to my efforts at conversation. There was nothing to be done here, and I leant back in my seat as far away as possible from his pungent fumes, resigning myself to silent contemplation of the country. Yellow enough and burnt up it looked after the long summer, but as we got away from the plains and amongst the sparse scrub where plain merged on rolling foot hills, in the hollows and sheltered spots you could see the warm earth putting forth already a flush of tender green after the recent heavy rain ; whilst at every farm that we had passed, the bare, brown earth, of late so baked and dry, was being broken up by the busy plough.

The first half-dozen miles of our journey had been across monotonously flat, well cultivated plain ; but now, by little and little, cultivation began to drop behind us, and from the summit of some stiff climb we would drop quickly into cool depth of fern-tree gully, where water tinkled musically over moss-grown stones in the bed of the tiny creek. There is probably no man altogether incapable of finding music in the sound of running water. But to have an ear properly attuned to hear and to realise its full beauty, he must have lain long in lands parched and destitute of streams, must have known the grip of cruel, over-mastering, relentless drought. To me, so lately a helpless struggler in the bondage of untoward seasons, as we toiled up some steep pinch the merry glee of the little streams was as music from Heaven itself, and as my ears drank in its sweetness, the strain of the last two years fell from me like the burden of sin, and life again took on new beauty.

Up and down we laboured and plunged, again, and over again repeating the process, ever gradually creeping to higher elevation. Now, scrub and heavy timber grew more dense, and closed in on a track that twined and wound in and out between stumps and logs of trees felled long since when the track was by way of being

'cleared'; here and there gaunt limbs of gums still standing swept downwards almost to the level of our heads, and everywhere was the pleasant scent of the Bush.

The sun had already set whilst the coach slowly breasted a long, steep hill. As we topped the summit, vivid after-glow shone in our faces, bathing all nature in its ruddy light, covering, as with a blush at their naked deformity, the bare, distorted, white arms, held up as in agony to stony-hearted heaven, of a mass of ring-barked, long-dead trees on our right.

Now the road dipped suddenly to a creek larger than the others, bent to the left, and quickly climbed another steep pinch. The creek, small in volume of water but deep and rugged of bank, was bridged by a primitive wooden culvert without handrail, but with, as substitute, a chain festooned from post to post. Below the culvert, almost hiding the little stream's rocky bed, clustered dense growth of bramble and wild sarsaparilla.

As we thundered across the rude bridge at a hand-gallop preparatory to breasting the opposite rise, of a sudden the team swerved violently, our near-side wheels jarred angrily against the culvert chain, for a brief second hanging almost 'twixt heaven and earth, and at the same instant a cyclist, coming from the opposite direction, ashen of face and with wild, startled eyes, shot past us with a desperate lurch that barely cleared the off-side wheeler. Whilst the driver with a curse pulled his plunging, terrified horses together and set them sharply at the hill, I am not ashamed to own that involuntarily I had gripped the seat rail, believing for a moment that we were over the edge of the culvert; but I turned round almost immediately, my heart still in my mouth, to see what had become of the idiot who had so nearly brought us to grief. There was no trace of him anywhere to be seen, and I concluded that he must have dismounted and sat down by the roadside to recover from the tremor caused by his narrow escape.

'By George! a close shave,' I gasped. 'The fool almost cut us in two. He *must* have seen us; yet he never even rang his bell.'

The driver steadied his team up the rise, and for a moment made no reply. Then:

'Did ye see it, Boss?' he asked.

'See!' I almost shouted—for my nerves, I admit, were a bit ruffled—'see? Of course I saw. The ass was very nearly taking his last ride. And we ours, I think.'

Twice after this, at intervals, my taciturn friend harked back to his old question: 'Ye seed it, did ye?' And there was in the man's face a distinct look of satisfaction each time I replied in the affirmative—the only approach to a relaxing of his hard features that I noticed during our journey.

A few miles further on we pulled up alongside the Murragunnia Post Office, where Stevens, in his smart buggy and pair of bays, greeted me with 'Here you are, old chap!' and the driver, with a cheery 'Good-day, Ned!'

My friend and I made no delay in Murragunnia, but quickly rattled over the remaining six or seven miles to the Nulla, where I was in good trim to do solid justice to a most excellent supper—roast quail and salad, and a bottle which creamed seductively as it flowed into the glasses.

It is needless to say much of our week amongst the quail—the sport was neither very good nor yet very bad, but at the end of my stay Stevens drove me over to Murragunnia to catch the morning coach, which was timed to reach its destination so as to meet the express from Sydney to Melbourne. This time Ned was not on the box, his seat being taken by a reddish-haired, freckled individual, who answered to the name of Tim, and who seemed to be the butt of a knot of loiterers who hung about to see the coach start. There was but one other passenger, a stoutly built farmer, who got up between me and the driver just before we started. A parting shout of 'Mind you don't run over the bicycle,' from one of the loafers, drew from Tim a volume of abuse that was almost encyclopædic in its comprehensiveness, and from his subsequent conversation with the farmer I gathered that for some reason this was a very sore subject with Tim. Ned being laid up with acute lumbago, Tim, to his own infinite disgust, had been temporarily promoted to the driver's place, and he explained to us that on each of his journeys from the railway station to Murragunnia his team had all but taken him over the Burnt Creek Bridge. Ned, he said, had warned him of a cyclist who frightened the horses just at the bridge, and Tim averred that each evening the man had 'popped up from nowhere, like,' and had flashed past under the very noses of the horses, and that by the time he had got his team thoroughly in hand the cyclist was always out of sight. The scared state of the horses was more than he could understand, and not to please anyone, he vowed with many lurid words, would he drive that coach one day after his week was out; no power

on earth would force him to take the reins on that road ever again.

We crossed the culvert this time without misadventure of any sort, and I noted the dusky purple and golden mass of autumn-tinted brambles lying far below in the bed of the creek, that bed where we so nearly had slept our last sleep. The train was duly joined, and by 2 P.M. I was reading my English mail over a belated lunch in Melbourne.

The following Monday morning, as I picked up the morning paper before breakfast, my eye was caught by this heading: 'Accident to the Murragunnia coach. Driver and horses killed. Gruesome discovery.'

The account of the accident given by a surviving passenger was to the effect that as the coach crossed the Burnt Creek Bridge on the Saturday evening, owing to a violent swerve of the leaders vehicle and team had toppled over into the creek. The horses and Tim, the driver, were killed on the spot; one passenger was dangerously hurt, but the other, though damaged, had been able to seek help from a neighbouring farm. Near to the dead driver, where he lay in the bed of the shrunken creek, the relief party found a rusty bicycle half hidden in the brambles, and, doubled over a boulder, a few feet distant, all that the ants had left of what had once been a man—now little more than a skeleton clad in shirt, coat, and moleskin trousers.

At the inquest, in the case of the body with the bicycle an open verdict was returned. The bicycle had been sold by a local dealer to a miner nearly a year previously, but the name of the purchaser was not known. A mining camp had been in existence for some months a few miles from the bridge, and it was supposed that the body had been that of a prospector who had worked there. Nothing was brought forward that could throw light on the circumstances which led to his death.

Though the medical evidence proved that the man had been dead for months, there are some, myself amongst the number, who fancy that they saw him travelling at great speed only a day or two before his body was found. And it is a curious fact that never again after this was Ned disturbed in his evening drives by the sudden appearance of a cyclist.

With regard to Tim, the following sentence concluded the newspaper paragraph: 'The sad event has cast quite a gloom over the township of Murragunnia, and the fact that Mr. Tim Regan had

arranged to give up driving the coach after that evening adds poignancy to the sorrow of his many friends.'

Again, a year later, I crossed the Burnt Creek, now no longer spanned as of old by a dangerous culvert; and as the hoofs rang hollow on the new bridge's substantial decking, I glanced ahead, not free from apprehension that coming round the corner I should once more see the staring black eyes and terror-stricken face of one risen from the dead. But he and poor Tim now rest in peace, near neighbours in the lonely little graveyard at Murragunnia.

JOHN LANG.

THE WAR-JOURNALS OF 'GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.'

PART II.—SICILY AND NAPLES, 1860.

In the January number of the Cornhill Magazine there appeared selections from the war-journals of John Whitehead Peard, commonly called 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' telling of what he saw during the campaign in the Alps of 1859. It is proposed in this article to continue the story, and to lay before the reader the precise daily record of what befell him in the famous Sicilian expedition of 1860, the culminating point of Garibaldi's fame and fortune. The events in which Peard took a part in that year are more world-renowned and more romantic than those of which he was a witness in 1859; on the other hand, for 1860 we have only Peard's pocket-book, not the more elaborate 'narrative' which he composed of the events of the previous year. The notes which he jotted in his pocket-book in 1860 are necessarily deficient in the quality of literary construction, but they are sufficiently detailed to convey a strong impression of the general atmosphere of that legendary campaign. As an historical document they have some value, for they were written on the spot without reserve or ulterior object, not to persuade, edify, or even to amuse posterity, but merely to provide for the recalling of incidents and scenes to the writer's mind in years to come. In glancing through these pages the indolent reader of magazines may find a brief post-prandial satisfaction, while students of the *Risorgimento* history will take note of a new first-hand narrative of the sailing of Medici's expedition, of the battle of Milazzo, and of Ghio's surrender on August 30. The important part played by Peard in bringing about the latter event is characteristic of the fantastic advance on Naples, and so, too, is the story of how Peard assumed the part of Garibaldi and sent the famous telegrams from Eboli. These adventures of his were told to the world half a century ago by his friend Captain C. S. Forbes,[1]

[1] *Campaign of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies.* By C. S. Forbes, Commander R.N. 1861.

but this is the first time that his own account of them has been printed.

Peard was not one of the 'Thousand,' who sailed with Garibaldi on the night of May 5–6 from Quarto, near Genoa, who landed at Marsala on May 11, defeated Landi at Calatafimi on May 15, burst into Palermo on May 27, and, after three days' fighting in the streets of the capital, with the aid of the Sicilian populace, forced 24,000 Neapolitan regulars to capitulate and to return to Naples in their own ships. It was only at the beginning of June that Peard, who had been lingering in Italy ever since the Alpine campaign of the previous spring, sailed from Genoa with the second (Medici's) expedition, to join his old chief amid the barricades and ruins of newly liberated Palermo. It will be remembered that Genoa, whence Medici's expedition sailed, was a port of Piedmont, a State whose rulers, Victor Emmanuel and his minister Cavour, were still nominally on terms of friendship with the King of the Two Sicilies, and were still forced by the hostility of all the Great Powers except England to keep up official appearances while they winked at the departure of the volunteers. The voyage is described as follows by Peard :

'*June* 9.—Last night at 1 A.M. the first part of our expedition sailed for Sicily. An American ship had been taken up, on board which 1200 men were embarked under command of Corte,[1] and towed by the *Utile*. This morning I received notice to be ready for the evening. After getting a few stores, Salami, biscuit, &c., pulled off with De Rohan, the U.S. Consul and some few others. Three steamers had been bought at Marseilles for the expedition, and the sale was nominally to De Rohan. The names were changed to the *Washington*, *Franklin*, and *Oregon*. On board the latter a battalion was embarked under Major Calalesi. The *Franklin*, commanded by Oregoni, was sent to Livorno to take on board 800 ready at that port. Reaching the *Washington*, in which we were to go, we found lighters alongside passing cases of arms, clothing, &c., on board. About 9.0 the Consul went on shore, having previously hoisted the American flag. We hauled out of the tier and continued our loading till nearly midnight. Oregoni left at 10, for Livorno. At midnight we steamed out of the harbour [viz. of Genoa] and brought up at (*hiatus*) to the W. of Sanpierdarena, where the men were to embark. Here the *Oregon* in a most lubberly way ran into us, and might have occasioned great damage. Our captain saw what was about to happen and ordered the engineer

[1] Peard calls him *Corti*, but it was really Clemente *Corte* who commanded this part of the expedition.

to go ahead, so the other only caught us on the counter; fortunately the damage was of no consequence. We have Medici with upwards of 1200 including officers on board.

'10*th*, 4 A.M.—We were off and steered for Cape Corso. The weather magnificent. Water luckily quite smooth but the heat excessive. Notwithstanding the numbers on board there was great order, and although the serving out provisions was not well managed, the people were apparently contented. The sleeping accommodation was insufficient for the numbers of officers, and no sooner did anyone turn out than there was a rush to occupy the vacant berth. . . .

'[*June*] 12, 6.30.—Anchored off Cagliari.[1] The approach from the E. is very picturesque; the coast close to the sea is flat, backed by a high ridge of hills. Masses of rock on which are forts rise like islands, and at a little distance have that appearance. Cagliari is built on one of these isolated masses and seems a pretty place, but at present it is very unhealthy, and we were not allowed to land. Boats crowded off with fruit and vegetables; some of them had wine and spirits concealed on board, and I was sent in a launch to row guard to prevent the men getting the spirits on board. We got a brig alongside and turned the bulk of the people on board, and then washed the decks, which were as filthy as London streets in November. Part of the men had their clothes served out, a pair of canvas trowsers, a blue blouse[2] with red facings, forage cap, great coat, &c. Their old clothes were quickly passed over to the boatmen in exchange for oranges, lemons, cigars, &c. In the evening Oregoni arrived with the *Franklin* from Livorno—the heat very great.

'13*th*.—My company formed (Pavia 2da Comp^{nia}), mostly composed of students, some of them not above sixteen. Drew their clothes. A young French middy who had come to join us was put on board a boat with an American sailor as his *aide* to stop the grog boats. They boarded one with *absinthe* on board, and the people drew their knives. Ours had been foolishly sent without arms—fortunately they were neither hurt.

'14*th*.—There has been a regular hunt by the people of Cagliari for their sons who have run away to join the expedition. There was quite a scene when one mother got hold of her stray sheep. He was the only one left; the other brother fell last year in Lombardy. . . . .

'We found that the post steamer which was to have taken important letters to Palermo had been detained by the

[1] Sardinian port, to the south-east of the island; of chief importance during the Sicilian crisis of May–July 1860, as being the Piedmontese naval base nearest to Palermo. By strict international law Medici's expedition should have been arrested by the authorities of this port.

[2] Many, but not all, of the Garibaldian regiments of 1860 wore the red shirt.

Governor.[1] De Rohan was sent on shore to him. At first there seemed some hesitation about his being admitted, but the American was not to be done. He walked in and insisted on the great man being sent for. After some few words he said, "Are you an Italian in heart or only in name?" and then, advancing towards him and pointing to a couple of decorations he wore, added, "Those decorations you wear have been given you by your country; will you now in return betray her interests and disgrace those ribbons you have received from her?" The Governor jumped off his chair as if he feared he was going to be eaten, but, when he found De Rohan had no such cannibal intention, recovered himself, and at length gave his word she should leave as soon as her steam was up, and he kept his promise. A council of war was held, of which one of those present gave a most humorous description. Two or three of those present who were as pompous as they were ignorant made most absurd speeches. *Domando la parola*, says one, and then begins; after a few sentences another stops him with a *col permesso*; then both would talk together till the patience of the Colonel became exhausted. "*Uno alla volta, per Dio, Signori!*" (One at a time, gentlemen!)

'16*th*.—At 1 P.M. sailed from Cagliari. The *Franklin* and *Oregon* had sailed two or three hours previous. At 3.30 passed Cap Carbonaro,[2] running between it and an island of granite formation, on which is a lighthouse. The channel has not less than seventeen fathoms. One of the officers of the steamer called my attention to the fact, and said it showed the *talent* of the commander. I told him I could have done the same as the chart was good. We soon overtook the other steamers, and steamed on in company for Sicily.

'17*th*.—5 A.M. made Maritimo.[3] Now our anxious time began. De Rohan applied to the Colonel for me to be his *aide*; we kept a bright look-out, for we every moment expected to fall in with the enemy's cruisers. I was on the foretop for some time. Shortly after 8 a steamer was seen bearing east. As we approached we hoisted our colours and the other two closed. At length she showed Sardinian colours, which we answered with the same at the fore. 9.30 she ran alongside and the commander came on board. When he left we put on all steam and steamed for Cape S. Vito. It was hazy, so we did not make the coast of Italy [Sicily] till the afternoon. The *Sardinian* went ahead to look out and see if the Gulf of Castellamare was free.[4] The appearance of the Sicilian coast is magnificent.'

[1] The Piedmontese Governor of Cagliari.

[2] In Sardinia, east of Cagliari.

[3] An island off north-west coast of Sicily.

[4] Here we have a case of a Piedmontese war vessel escorting the Garibaldians; whether she would have fought to protect them if the Neapolitans had attacked,

Then followed the landing at Castellamare, a town twenty-five miles to the west of Palermo; Medici had been ordered by Garibaldi to land at that spot, as it was less closely watched by the Neapolitan cruisers than the harbour of the capital.

'[*June* 17].—The sun set gloriously and we ran in for Castellamare, the *Franklin* and *Oregon* considerably astern. At 10 brought up close to the town, and immediately commenced landing the men and stores, boats being ready by the General's orders. I slept on board and landed at a little after 5 A.M.

'18*th*.—The town of Castellamare is poor, though of considerable size, but the situation is very fine. The mountain ridge which ends at S. Vito hangs over the town to the west, in fact the whole gulf is surrounded with mountains, those on the south falling back, leaving an undulating country up to Alcamo. Got mules and rode for that place with Major Ordödy. There is no road for wheels. The first part of the track is through vineyards and olive grounds, with great quantity of *Ficus indicus* and *Agave americana*. It then descends to a stream which passes through a ravine; fording this we rose the steep bank on the opposite side and got among cornfields which covered the country in all directions. The people had begun the harvest. At one place they brought their wine barrel and we drank to Italy and Garibaldi. The views magnificent. Reached Alcamo about noon, and had a cordial reception from the Governor, Barone Santa Anna. He gave us an excellent dinner. Just as it was ready the General [1] arrived and we immediately went to see him. I kissed his hand in Italian fashion when I entered his room.[2] "No," said he, "kiss me," so we had a regular embrace, much to the admiration of the Governor's family and the bystanders, who considered me a person of great consequence to be so received; so they told some friends afterwards. Garibaldi looks much younger than he did last year. Near Alcamo at Calatafimi was the scene of his first battle with the Neapolitans, but it is to the west, so we did not see the battlefield. The General desired the Marios [3] and me to take his carriage back to Palermo, as he intended returning by sea. . . . We passed through the town of Borgetto, beautifully

who shall say? The first expedition, consisting of Garibaldi and his 'Thousand,' a month before this of Medici's, was *not* thus escorted by the Piedmontese fleet, which had in fact orders to arrest them if they put into a Sardinian port. (*Persano, Diario*, pp. 17–20.)

[1] 'The General' (*il Generale*) is the name by which Garibaldians, English and Italian, most usually spoke of their chief, under all circumstances and in all places; the survivors do so still.

[2] Garibaldi, as Dictator of Sicily, this very month abolished the custom of kissing the hand, as slavish and derogatory to the dignity of man.

[3] Alberto and 'Jessie White' Mario, the well-known English lady, who died quite recently.

placed on the mountain side. Now it began to get dark, but by the bright starlight we could see that the scenery was very grand. Crowds were collected along the road to see the General, whose return they expected. At Monreale, four miles from Palermo, we began to get evidences of the devastations of the enemy, noble villas and houses being mere piles of ruins; they had pillaged and burnt in all directions. We had to make the circuit of half the city, as all the gates but that towards the sea were barricaded. Got rooms at the Trinacria, which overlooks the sea. Just after our arrival at 12 P.M. we were alarmed by hearing and seeing heavy firing in the offing, and feared the General had been discovered by the enemy, but it proved to be the *Amphion* at night quarters,[1] and we afterwards found that he had returned by land, as he in vain attempted to get boatmen good enough to row round. He got impatient and took an oar himself, but was at last obliged to give the thing up. All the streets of Palermo were illuminated as if for a *fête*, the inhabitants being obliged to show lights to prevent anything like a surprise.

'19*th*.—Went to the Palazzo to see the General; whilst there, a procession was formed to go to the citadel to receive it from the Neapolitans, the last detachment of whom were to embark at 11; and to receive the hostages who had been placed in their hands as a guarantee that the armistice should be faithfully observed by our troops. As soon as the last had embarked we returned to the Palace; the streets were thronged and bands of music stationed at different points along the line. The balconies were full of people. The General was quite overcome when he addressed the liberated hostages, and was obliged to pause once or twice during his short speech from emotion. Then their mothers and sisters came forward to thank him. The wreck in the city from the bombardment is dreadful, the Toledo, the main street, in places blocked up with fallen houses, in other parts the devastation is greater, but is not seen unless one goes expressly to visit the ruins. In one place the enemy drove a great number into a house and then set it on fire, bayoneting those who attempted to escape from the flames. Their conduct was that of wild savages. They plundered wherever they could and then set fire to the houses. It is wonderful the city was not entirely destroyed; nothing but the solidity of the masonry prevented its being burnt to the ground. It was a great pity the Neapolitans were allowed to carry off their arms and stores, but the General wisely granted their terms, not having above 600

[1] H.M.S. *Amphion*. The panic thus caused in Palermo, during the absence of Garibaldi, by the English fleet practising at midnight is elsewhere described by a French journalist, Durand-Brager, who thought it highly characteristic of the English fleet to think so much more about its own efficiency than about other people's nerves.

men who were really good, and not a dozen rounds of ammunition per man left, whilst the enemy were 20,000. What he has done is a miracle. With the corps is a monk [1] who, like Ugo Bassi, is an enthusiast in the cause. I was in the carriage with him in the procession from the citadel; he was apparently known to everyone and vociferously cheered.

'20*th*.—The people this morning pulled down the last of the statues of the Bourbon dynasty. They had for some days had Bomba's head in a small cart, with which they traversed the streets, *rope's-ending it*. I saw the fall of the last. Some 200 people passed a rope round it and then swayed away; the rope broke and they bent it on again two or three times; at length down it came with an awful crash. . . .

'[*June* 21.]—The people are working like a swarm of bees on the demolition of the *Castello a mare*. It is a picturesque site [sight ?]. While I was there the last timbers of a mortar platform were wrenched up, and they began dancing and singing like a troop of wild Indians. Monks, priests,[2] and civilians apparently of every grade were busy in the work. When a larger piece of masonry than usual falls the cheers are tremendous. All the neighbourhood was crowded with lookers-on.'

Amid such revolutionary sights and sounds, while the Sicilians pulled down the castle and the statues, Garibaldi organised the volunteers who were pouring in from North Italy. The strongest body of them, under Medici, was sent out eastward, along the north coast towards Milazzo and Messina. Peard accompanied this advance.

'[*July* 5.]—Arrived at Patti we found an execrable *locanda* (inn), but just as we had washed and dressed, some of the National Guard arrived and invited us to go to the house of one of the inhabitants, where we were lodged magnificently. The road along the coast from Messina to Palermo was commenced in 1829, and is not yet completed! The Government have drawn from Sicily for its construction 36,000,000 oz., = 18,000,000*l*.[3]; enough to have made the road ten times over; for it is for the whole distance nearly a dead level, and except the beds of a few watercourses, which are dry in summer, no bridges would be required; but this is, like all their other dealings with Sicily, to draw the greatest possible amount of money from the island, and do nothing in return. It is literally without roads. There is one in the centre

[1] Pantaleone.

[2] In Sicily the Church was much more favourable to the Revolution than on the mainland.

[3] 1 onza = 12 lire.

of the island from Catania to Palermo, I am told; and another, part of the way along the south coast. At Termini is a road leading from the town towards Caccamo; it goes about two miles, but is not *rotabile* all the way. I asked about it and was informed it was commenced in 1808, during the British occupation, and had never been carried out by the Government, though they have drawn enough money for it from the district to make a road round the island.[1] Spent the 6*th* at Patti, the heat 80° in our rooms.' . . .

The decisive events of the next three weeks, turning on the struggle for Milazzo, decided the fate of the eastern half of the island. The fortress of Milazzo lies on a peninsula that projects into the northern sea about twenty-five miles to the west of Messina. Since the loss of Palermo, Messina had become the headquarters of the Neapolitan resistance, and Milazzo was its formidable outpost. On July 15, as the following entry in Peard's Journal describes, the Garibaldians on the hills above, not yet in sufficient force to interfere, watched the entry into Milazzo of four or five thousand excellent troops under Bosco, reputed to be the only man of courage among the Neapolitan generals in Sicily.

'*July* 15, *Reveilè* (*sic*) *at* 3.30.—Went to the *quartiere generale* where my company were.[2] We were posted along the *fiumara* (bed of torrent) close to a small battery of two carronades (all our artillery), which commanded the road on the opposite side. The enemy were marching towards us and we expected to be attacked, which was what we wished, but on arriving at a mile and a-half from us they turned off to their right and marched into Milazzo. They are about 5000 strong and commanded by Col. Bosco.'

For five days (July 15–19) the Garibaldians lay on the hills above Milazzo, near the villages of Barcellona and Meri, suffering from rain and bad quarters, and occasionally driving back vigorous sorties made by Bosco's men who sallied out from the fortress on the peninsula.

[1] This account of the deficiency of the Sicilian roads of 1860 is not exaggerated. The taxation in Sicily and South Italy to-day is very heavy under the new *régime*, as it was under the old, but at least some of the first requirements of civilisation have now been supplied in return.

[2] Peard's company, as he himself notes, were armed with 'revolver rifles. A hundred of these strange new weapons had been sent by their inventor, Colt, to Garibaldi as an experiment. But they did not, like the *chassepots* of Mentana, 'do marvels.' On the contrary they leaked fire at the breach, and woefully scorched Peard's men, as I have been told by two English gentlemen who both fought side by side with them in the battle of July 20.

'*July* 15 (*continued*).—There was a tremendous *temporale* [storm] in the afternoon, which lasted with little intermission till near *reveilè*. Those who had slept last night in some of the houses were nearly devoured by vermin of all sorts. I saw one gentleman whom I had met at Barcellona with his coat off and spread in the road, picking the insects off his clothes: he was quite in an agony and was worth seeing, though I really felt for him. In the evening we were ordered back to take the guard at the *quartiere generale* and stores: it was very fortunate, for the rain fell in torrents during great part of the night, and the only shelter at the battery was a filthy shed which the men told me was quite alive. Like the others of the staff I slept on some chairs. . . .

'17*th*.—A false alarm at 1 A.M. and all turned out: in the morning the enemy reported in motion, and moving on a line between Spadafora and Sta. Lucia. Medici resolved to attack them and advanced with three companies. The combat took place at the *fiumara* between Sta. Lucia and the sea. The enemy were from 1500 to 2000 strong, with two guns and a few cavalry. It began about 1 P.M. and lasted two hours, when they were driven back to Milazzo. Late in the afternoon they advanced again with four pieces to try and recover their position of the morning. This time the brigade was advanced in force and gave them a sound thrashing.'

Gradually more and more Garibaldian troops came on to the scene, and the arrival of the General himself was the sure sign of an approaching attack on Milazzo.

'*July* 18.—Dunn arrived with his regiment: several Englishmen were officers with him.[1]

'*July* 19.—Two alarms in the night. I fancy some of the country people got frightened at shadows and fired off their guns in consequence. Two men came and reported that four pieces of the enemy were near the shore with only sixty men on guard, so Dunn started off with some 150 of his men to capture them, but on arriving at the ground, which he did with some difficulty, the people who had undertaken to guide him, getting afraid as they approached the enemy, he found 2000 in position instead of sixty, so brought his own back again. In the evening Garibaldi arrived with the staff, having reached Meri in the morning from Palermo.

[1] Colonel Dunne (as he should rightly be spelt), formerly in the British army, a mysterious and romantic figure, did Garibaldi great service by drilling several hundred Sicilians into the famous *regimento Dunne*; Dunne and Wyndham, aided by several other English gentlemen, such as Mr. Patterson, made a very useful regiment out of the somewhat unpromising material of the Sicilian *squadri*. They first distinguished themselves at Milazzo on July 20.

He at once mounted his horse and rode to Sta. Lucia, thence visited the scene of the combat on the 18*th* (17*th* ?).

So the 20th was to be the great day. The battle at Milazzo consisted of the advance of some 4000 Garibaldian volunteers against about an equal number of the very best regulars in the Neapolitan army, who put up a much better fight than 24,000 of their fellow soldiers had done in Palermo. Posted in strong positions, behind loopholed walls in the cultivated ground of the plain that stretches between Milazzo and the hills, they long kept back the heroic efforts of their assailants. How they were finally driven back through the town and into the fortress on the peninsula is thus described by Peard :

'*July* 20.—About 5 A.M. troops begin to arrive from Meri. We were ordered to advance immediately in rear of the advance guard. At about a mile from where the road reaches the beach we were ordered to occupy a large wine store, which after some difficulty we succeeded in entering. It was full of casks which Garibaldi thought were full, so I told the men by his order that he trusted to their honour not to drink the wine ; however it turned out they were all empty. He took his place on the roof and examined the ground, and issued his orders for the attack. When we advanced he ordered me to lead the company thro' the vineyards on the left of the road. The firing was very hot. On the left Malenchini advanced with his brigade, centre and right Cosenz and Medici. The enemy fought well and knocked over many of ours with rifles and *mitraglia*, but our fellows received the charge of their cavalry and emptied many saddles, and in the end drove in the enemy at all points, capturing 5 guns, three on the right and 2 on the left. The battle began about 8 A.M., and before noon we were on the bridge about 500 yards from the town.[1] I had advanced as the General ordered and found myself in the line of fire between ours and the enemy, so as we had a chance of being shot on both sides I withdrew the men and fell in with one of our companies ; two, dressed in red shirts, agreed to go on with me, so that ours would know us. As we advanced towards the beach we found the General, and in a few minutes joined ours pouring along the main road. The enemy kept up a tremendous fire of canister and small arms on the bridge, which we returned, bringing up two small guns, one a carronade, the other a brass mountain

[1] It was the seizure of this little bridge close to the town that turned the left flank of the enemy's whole position, threatened their rear, and so eventually brought about the retreat of Bosco's centre and right from his strong positions in the plain, first back into the town and thence into the fortress. See *Paolucci's Corrao, Archivio Stor. Sic.* 1900, p. 136.

gun; numbers fell killed and wounded. At length, the men being completely tired out, for the heat was dreadful, the General put them all into some wood stores near the beach to repose; at the same time some of ours kept up a hot fire from under the bridge with their rifles. Shortly after 2, the men being freshened, it was decided to advance on the city. Croff passed through the vineyards on the left and turned the houses in which the enemy were posted, and a general charge was ordered. Ours would not wait to fall in by even companies, but all mixed in a crowd rushed along the beach. The Castle had for some time kept up a fire of shot and shell on us. At 3 P.M. the town was in our hands, the people opening their windows and cheering us. Among the first to enter Milazzo was Garibaldi.'

The enemy had now been driven into the fortress, but there were no siege guns with which to take it. Fortunately the morale of Bosco and his men had been broken by the terrible battle on the 20th, and bluff supplied the place of siege guns, as so often happened when Garibaldi was practising his peculiar art of revolutionary war.

'*July* 21 (or 22).—This morning Bosco proposed a capitulation and to be allowed to withdraw with arms and material; this Garibaldi refused. Our bivouac on the Windmill hill [1] was very picturesque, a sort of hut of mats being rigged up among the olives. In the afternoon I was ordered to retire into the town and reached the *quartiere generale* just before sunset. An English steamer came in in the evening and was fired on by the castle, even after she had shown her colours. Our quarter in the city was a Casino, the General in the inner room and the rest on chairs, sofas or the floor in the outer. After reaching the town, had a glorious bathe.

'23*rd*.—Preparations had continued to be carried on for carrying the Castle. Garibaldi's proposal was "Officers to retire with their swords, all the rest prisoners of war and all arms, &c., to be delivered up." Conferences had gone on all day and Garibaldi had given till sunset. But about three o'clock, in came four Neapolitan steamers with flag of truce on board the Admiral's ship. All the troops called to their arms instantly and marched under cover. A *Parlamentario* came to the General. I marched my company to the Palace; we waited some 4 hours, when we found the terms for evacuating the place had been fixed as follows:—"Officers and men to retire with arms and baggage. All horses, half the mules, artillery of position and all stores to be given up to us. Two days given for the evacuation." Thus after five days the Castle has

[1] The Windmill Hill where Peard was posted was at the end of the peninsula, beyond the fortress, which now stood between him and his fellow Garibaldians in the town. This is made clear by a long description in his journal which I omit.

surrendered to the Dictator, certainly on very favourable terms, yet had the steamers delayed another hour I am told his terms would have been accepted.

'*24th.*—Walked early to the Windmill hill with Dolmage and Nast. Towards midday all the troops under arms, and the evacuation commenced. Bosco came down with some of his officers and embarked under a storm of groans from the people. In afternoon the company ordered to the Castle. After some time told they were no longer wanted, so we came away. Went to quarters of the staff for dinner, but entering the room Simonetta hailed me and asked by what authority I had left my post. Told him we were no longer wanted, but he immediately ordered me back; just after sunset he rode up, asked where my men were and sent me down for them. Dolmage went and brought them up, but on reaching the gates we were refused admittance; went and reported it, and was told it was no consequence, so had all our worry and lost our dinner for nothing.

'*25th.*—Went to see Col. Forbes.[1] This morning the Neapolitans have been discovered to be true Borbonisti. Fourteen of the guns which by the treaty were to be handed over to us were discovered to have been spiked during the night, and percussion fuses placed so as to blow up part of the citadel and its occupants.'

After the fall of Milazzo, the garrison of Messina consented to be neutralised, so that the way was opened for the crossing of the straits. Then followed the rapid surrenders and dispersements of the large Neapolitan armies on the Calabrian coast, at the 'toe' of Italy. Peard, as the following entry shows, resigned his small command in Sicily, so as to be able to follow Garibaldi across the water.

'[*Aug.*] 24.—Sent resignation to Medici. At 9 A.M. we left Messina in a boat for S. Giovanni; there was a fine breeze down the straits and we did the passage in about an hour and a half. A large Neapolitan frigate was lying just below the Citadel, and at one time we thought she was after us. Found many of ours at S. Giovanni. The enemy's troops had capitulated yesterday. After a long parley of many hours they yielded at discretion. The forts of Torre de Cavallo and Punto di Pezzo thus fell into our hands with guns, ammunition and mules, so that we now completely command the straits. Got donkeys for the general quarters.

[1] Viz. Hugh Forbes, of the Retreat from Rome in 1849 (see G. M. T.'s *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*). He must not be confused with Captain C. S. Forbes of the Royal Navy, whose name occurs several times in this article. Hugh Forbes was left behind by Garibaldi as Governor of Milazzo, much to his disgust.

News arrived that Scylla had also capitulated and we pushed on there. The General was taking his siesta under some vines in a garden, stretched on a shawl with a valise for a pillow; saw him as soon as he awoke. I follow his staff. Our cavalcade was a funny one—all sorts of costumes, and wooden frames on which were blankets, &c., in lieu of saddles.

'[*Aug.*] 29.—Arrived at Pizzo; found the General had left yesterday, so turned the carriage and continued our march. Sorry not to be able to visit the fort, the scene of poor Murat's murder. Away again for Maida, where we thought to find the General. The road very pretty, through a rich highly cultivated country and fine sea views. All along the road were traces of the flight of the *Regj*, schakos, knapsacks, accoutrements, all torn to pieces, were lying in heaps. Crossing a ravine was a most picturesque broken bridge. Ascending the hill towards Maida we learnt that the General was still in advance, so pushed on across the downs. Bixio was halted on the hill in an olive grove.

And so they chased the dispirited Neapolitans under General Ghio (whom Peard calls Guyot) until they came up with them at S. Pietro, near Cosenza, where the following events, in which Peard played a principal part, took place.

'[*Aug.* 29, *night.*]—It was a glorious drive on the mountains in the bright moonlight. Such groups of fine brigand-looking Calabrese, some halted, some on the march. It was late when we halted on the hills above S. Pietro. Mrs. C.[1] and Nast went to the town, about a mile off, to sleep.

'30*th.*—Just at daybreak the General with the staff passed to the front. Shortly after we followed. The scenery magnificent, through forests of chestnuts, the effects of the rising sun over the peaks and in the valleys glorious. Some two or three miles on received orders to stop and allow the troops to pass. The road descended from the hills and crossed some extensive open land covered with stubble; beyond was the village of Soveria, partly in a deep valley among wooded hills, partly on an elevated spur. Reaching the foot of some low hills the road turns to the west and then winds round them to the village. Here we found the Neapolitans under General Guyot were halted. Garibaldi sent in to require their surrender, and then led the Calabrese, about 2000 strong, over the hills to the east of the village. Left Mrs. C. in the carriage with Nast and followed. Overtook the General among some trees; his messengers had just returned without any definite answer. We still continued to advance over the hills with the

[1] 'Mrs. C.' appears, from an entry under the date August 28, to be the wife of 'Corti,' following her husband who was in the army. 'Corti,' I suppose, means Clemente Corte; see above for journal of June 9 and my note.

Calabrese; Cosenz's Brigade had advanced across the open country towards the village on the south, and were kept in reserve. I went on with Dowling [1] ahead of the Staff, and at length reached a spot near some cottages, whence we could see part of the enemy's troops with piled arms apparently cooking, under some trees on the road towards Cosenza. Here we waited some time, watching the progress of our men round the hills, gradually coming down and drawing round the enemy's position. At length ours began to shout and advance through the forest. Three Calabrese had joined Dowling and me, so we made ourselves look as many as possible by extending wide, and went down to where a spur of the hills advanced to some 200 yards from the enemy. We returned the cry of ours on the opposite hill. Then the Neapolitan officers and men commenced waving white handkerchiefs and shouting "*Viva Garibaldi.*" On this we ran down through the vineyards, but our surprise was somewhat great on running down a bank into the village to find the whole of the enemy's force, 10,000 strong, in the place. Any hesitation would have lost us, so I said to Dowling that Impudence was our only chance, and passing through a battery of 12 fine guns I walked up to the nearest officer, told him I had come to receive their surrender, and requested at once to be led to the General commanding. We marched up the street accompanied by a crowd of officers and men, and at length found Genl. Guyot. Without giving him time to say anything I said, "Sir, your officers and men have invited us down by crying '*Viva Garibaldi*' and waving their handkerchiefs; your position is untenable, for you are entirely surrounded by our troops, who at this moment are coming down through the woods on each side of you. The Dictator wishes to spare Italian blood, therefore I ask you to surrender." He looked perfectly astonished, as well he might, and at length replied that "it was unmilitary to talk thus in public." I said I would talk with him where he pleased, and, turning round, desired Dowling to go at once and communicate with Garibaldi, telling him what we had done. He was sent off with some officers to pass him through the *avanti posti*. Our conference ended by General Guyot desiring me to go and say he wished a personal interview with Garibaldi; he said he was not aware any such sentiment as that I had described existed among his troops. Off I went with an officer to see me past the posts. But arriving at that near the church in the upper village, called Manelli, the men were scarcely prevented from shooting me by the united exertions of their officers. It ended in my being sent back to the lower village. General Guyot asked why I had returned, so I told him the reason, which was also confirmed

[1] Formerly sergeant of British artillery; he did Garibaldi yeoman's service, especially in his battery at the Volturno, which stood the brunt of the battle of October 1.

by the officers. He said he could do no more, that if I wished he would give me an escort, but whilst we were talking an officer came and whispered to him. On which he said, "Go and say to General Garibaldi: I surrender on condition my men may be allowed to retire safely to their homes." Of course I told him I would do so, and started to find the General. It seems the information conveyed in the whisper was that the men had already begun to move off. The officer and several men who were sent with me on reaching the outposts declined returning, and said they should go with me to Garibaldi and tender their services. By the time I had seen *him* and taken back his answer the street was almost entirely deserted, the men all passing off in a body. We took 10,000 stand of arms, 12 cannon, ambulance, military chest, a large number of cavalry horses and draught mules. It was great luck escaping safe. Our men shortly after began to enter the place, and such a scene of confusion I have scarcely ever witnessed. The officers were allowed to retire with their personal baggage. As no accommodation could be got, we resolved in the evening to go on to a small hamlet called Coraci, where Mrs. C. got a bed. The inn, as it was called, was a wretched hole, all the rooms full of people, but she got a room in a cottage. As we were driving out of Soveria we passed our friends of the commissariat, who gave us a stirrup cup, for which we were really grateful, having found nothing to drink in the village.[1]

'31*st*.—Garibaldi rode past at about 4 A.M. We were off in a few minutes after, and followed him through magnificent mountain passes. In several places the road had been cut through in deep trenches by the Calabrese, and had the enemy not surrendered to us the day before they would inevitably have been cut to pieces by the peasantry on their retreat. There was a most picturesque scene at the halt on the mountain top. Hence we began to descend through glorious forests and unrivalled views.'

The last scene with which I will trouble the reader is decidedly the most amusing. On September 3 Peard and his non-combatant friend Captain C. S. Forbes, of the Royal Navy (who fully bears out this story in his 'Campaign of Garibaldi,' pp. 220–26), were in advance of the main body, in the village of Auletta, not far from the heights of Salerno, the formidable position occupied by the Bourbon forces covering Naples.

'[*Sept.* 3.]—We arrived there in the afternoon and were received with most tremendous enthusiasm. The people thought I was Garibaldi, and it was thought that it would do good to yield to the delusion. It became a nuisance, for deputations arrived

[1] This story of Peard's part in the negotiations with Ghio can be found in Forbes' *Campaign of Garibaldi*, p. 200.

from all the neighbourhood to kiss my excellency's hand, and I had to hold regular levées. In the evening, standing in a balcony smoking, I asked why the town was illuminated. I was told 'for my excellency's arrival,' and a little later, hearing the bells clattering, I asked what was the matter, as it was long past *Ave Maria*. I was answered there was to be a *Te Deum* in honour of my excellency.

'*4th*.—I was to drive with Fabrizzi to see his position towards Salerno, but before starting he came in laughing and said I must hold another levée. After this we started. News had spread of the General's coming, and all along the road the people were collected in crowds. The shortest check and the carriage was surrounded by people to kiss my hand; when we turned off the main road to go to Postiglione, the left of the position, we were surrounded by National Guards, bands, and people, and went to that village in a regular procession. We went to the Sindic's, who insisted on the honour of giving us a breakfast. Fabrizzi has chosen a very fine position. The left at Postiglione which, built at the foot of the conspicuous Monte Palermo (?), which overhangs the plain of Pestum, occupies a spur at a considerable elevation. The right on the hills towards Eboli, taking in some strong villages in the centre. In rear was another position less extensive but very similar, on which troops could fall back if the first was forced, and in the rear the gorges at the entrance of Val Diano would form a third almost impregnable line. The people seem quite mad with excitement. At the Sindic's one of the priests (there were numbers of the fraternity present) went on his knees and called me a second *Jesus Christ*. I was not prepared for so excessive a bit of blasphemy. Returned to Auletta to dinner, and then started for Eboli to gain information. It was about 9 P.M. when we reached that town. We drove to the Sindic's, but the word passed that Garibaldi was there. We kept up the delusion, but I insisted, on plea of being fatigued and the necessity of writing important despatches, on getting a private room. The Sindic put us in his own sanctum, but it was not till we had a guard at the door that we could keep people out. I steadily refused to see anyone. We sent to the telegraph office and the *Impiegato* brought his books. We found General Scotti, who commanded at Salerno (viz. the Neapolitan commander), had about an hour before sent for information as to Caldarelli's brigade and Garibaldi's movements. So we answered it, telling him that the former had come over to us and, united to Türr, was advancing: that Garibaldi was arrived. Galenza also sent a private despatch to Ulloa,[1] advising him to look out for himself. This, of course, we knew

[1] General Girolamo Ulloa, whom report had made Minister of War, though he was not really in that position. Galenza, though a Garibaldian, was a personal friend of Ulloa. See Forbes, *op. cit.* p. 225.

would be made public in Naples. The enemy having an advanced post at Battipoglia, four miles off, we thought it better to retire and carry our information to Fabrizzi. But we thought it best that the people should continue to think Garibaldi was in the town. So Forbes went out and found a way to get through the place unseen, whilst the others left openly in the carriage. Forbes and I therefore got out a back way and waited in the road for the carriage. Galenza blew up the Sindic, and told him his folly in allowing the people to throng the General had spoilt all his plans.

'*5th.*—Shortly after sunrise we returned to Auletta and found Fabrizzi had gone to meet Garibaldi at Sala. Thither Galenza and I went also, getting seats in the carriage of an Englishman who we found on acquaintance to be an awful bore. I reported what we had done to Garibaldi, and told him I should return to Eboli. He was satisfied, and expressed himself pleased with what I had done. No horses were to be got to return to Galenza, and I had to walk back. We found carriage and horses at the post house at Auletta, and as soon as our things were brought down started. Just after changing horses at La Duchessa we met a carriage which stopped us, and we found that it was full of Neapolitans; one inquired for me and went back with us, the rest on to Auletta. He told us the effect of our telegrams was to make the troops evacuate Salerno and fall back on Procera, and that it had thrown the *Regie* in Naples into great consternation—that the King was going to leave for Gaeta. We resolved on going on direct to Salerno. Arriving at Eboli, we telegraphed on to say the General was arrived and would enter Salerno at 5 A.M.

'*6th.*—After a couple of hours' halt at Eboli we went on to Salerno. On the road we passed some of the enemy's cavalry, retiring under capitulation. At 5 A.M. we approached the town and were met by a string of carriages. We entered in a long procession amidst shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi.*" We drove at once to the Sindic's, where there was a crowd to receive me, thinking I was the General. At first we were obliged to carry on the comedy, and I had to go to the balcony and bow to the people. The whole space in front was crowded. Bands playing, people shouting, &c. I requested a dressing room to have a bath, and think a little of what was to be done. An officer who entered called me aside and asked if I wished him also to believe me the General. I told him certainly not, and that I had requested the Sindic might be undeceived, but still I had to receive deputations and have my hand kissed all through the morning. As soon as I had got all the information in my power I wrote a despatch to the General and sent off Nast, to whom Mr. Edwin James and Mr. Ashley[1] gave a seat in their carriage

[1] Mr. Evelyn Ashley, who died only last year, was in 1860 private secretary to the English Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston. To the scarcely concealed

as they were going to meet the General at Eboli. I prayed the General to lose no time in coming on. Nast told me he expressed himself pleased with what I had done. Garibaldi told him to tell me he would arrive in the evening. In the afternoon they made me go to La Cava. I went in Marchese Atenolfi's carriage; several others joined in and we had a perfect ovation. I had to receive crowds of people at Cava, where we drove all through the town, returning to lunch at the Marchese's. One officer would not be undeceived: he told me if I wished to preserve my incognito he could keep a secret. We returned to Salerno in the same manner we had come. In the evening I drove out with the Sindic to meet the General. When we met his carriage he took off his hat and said laughing, "*Viva Garibaldi.* So you have stolen my name again." I replied, I hoped he would not shoot me for the theft. "Oh," said he, "you have done well." Great was the uproar when we arrived. It was just dark; the whole city and heights were illuminated. The poor General was nearly torn in pieces.'

Next day Garibaldi entered Naples.

Peard took part in the battle of the Volturno on October 1, the last of the victories of Garibaldi's great campaign. It was the last stand of the Bourbons, whose remaining troops had recovered their morale. Some 60,000 men took part in it, the great majority on the Bourbon side. Peard's account of the battle is unfortunately meagre in personal reminiscences:

'*October* 1.—This morning the enemy attacked along our whole line in force. Our posts had been advanced in front of S. Angelo towards Capua to within a mile of that fortress. Dowling's battery was taken twice and retaken again, finally remaining in our hands. The Neapolitans burnt a house close to the battery with dead and wounded. Between S. Angelo and Sta. Maria two roads come from towards Capua, sunk fourteen or fifteen feet. Through these and across the plain the enemy advanced cutting our communications. One of the horses of the General's carriage was shot in this road; the fighting was tremendous, and our loss very heavy, mostly in wounded. The Hungarian cavalry [Garibaldian] charged that of the enemy four times, splendidly. In our part near St. Angelo the enemy bayonetted our wounded men. The artillery was well

satisfaction of his chief, the young man spent his summer holiday with Garibaldi. His article in the *National Review*, May 1899, 'A Garibaldian Reminiscence,' p. 494, tells the story of his meeting Peard on this occasion, and going on to Eboli with Nast. Ashley adds: 'In personal appearance Peard was not like Garibaldi, being tall, with a long beard, while the latter was short and close-cropped over the chin. But he was more like the popular conception than was the hero himself.' Hence the mistake at Auletta and Eboli.

served on both sides, particularly on ours. On the road from Sta. Maria to Capua the fight was fierce : we had a barricade about half a mile in advance in this direction, with a brick kiln on its right ; this was fiercely contested, but ours were eventually obliged to fall back. The slaughter of the enemy was very great. They advanced three times within 150 yards of the arch of Sta. Maria. By 1 P.M. we were perfectly victorious on the whole line. We took many prisoners, several of them officers. It is miraculous that Garibaldi escaped untouched.

'*October* 2.—Bodies of the enemy who had been cut off from Capua yesterday got into the hills behind Caserta. To-day they attacked and advanced down close to that town, but it ended in their losing 2200 prisoners and being thoroughly defeated.'

After the Volturno battle the men of the British Legion arrived, unfortunately too late for the serious fighting. Peard was put in command of them during their brief sojourn on Italian soil.

Peard's bust—exceedingly inadequate as a portrait of so proper a man—now stands on the Janiculum, almost in the shadow of the great statue of 'the General.' Other Englishmen —Dunne, Wyndham, Dowling and another who shall be nameless— did as much for Garibaldi from a purely military point of view. But Peard's figure had, with good reason, caught the imagination of the Italians, as symbolic of individualist mid-Victorian England and its sympathies with Italy and freedom. Only last year Abba, one of the survivors of the 'Thousand,' wrote about him thus :

'Colonel Peard was one of the most interesting figures among the lovers of Italy who came to fight for us. I saw him for the first time at Messina, in August 1860, but others said they had seen him better at Milazzo. He commanded no body of men,[1] but made, so to speak, a body of men in himself, for his infallible rifle was as good as a company compared to our troops armed with bad old muskets fit for the scrap heap. He was a fine man, with broad square shoulders and strong grey head, and the sight of him inspired our young men' (*Corriera della Sera*, 6 marzo, 1907).

G. M. TREVELYAN.

[1] He had a command at Milazzo, as recorded above. But he fought for his own hand in 1859 and at the Volturno.

AT LARGE.[1]

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

XII.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

How strange it is that what is often the latest reward of the toiler after holiness, the extreme solace of the outwearied saint, should be too often made the first irksome article of a childish creed! To tell a child that it is a duty to love God better than father or mother, sisters and brothers, better than play, or stories, or food, or toys, what a monstrous thing is that! It is one of the things that make religion into a dreary and darkling shadow, that haunts the path of the innocent. The child's love is all for tangible, audible, and visible things. Love for him means kind words and smiling looks, ready comfort and lavished kisses; the child does not even love things for being beautiful, but for being what they *are*—curious, characteristic, interesting. He loves the odd frowsy smell of the shut-up attic, the bright ugly ornaments of the chimney-piece, the dirt of the street. He has no sense of critical taste. Besides, words mean so little to him, or even bear odd, fantastic associations, which no one can divine, and which he himself is unable to express; he has no notion of an abstract, essential, spiritual thing, apart from what is actual to his senses. And then into this little concrete mind, so full of small definite images, so faltering and frail, is thrust this vast, remote notion—that he is bound to love something hidden and terrible, something that looks at him from the blank sky when he is alone among the garden-beds, something which haunts empty rooms and the dark brake of the woodland. Moreover, a child, with its preternatural sensitiveness to pain, its bewildered terror of punishment, learns, side by side with this, that the God Whom he is to love thus tenderly is the God Who lays about Him so fiercely in the Old Testament,

[1] Copyright, 1908, by Arthur C. Benson, in the United States of America.

slaying the innocent with the guilty, merciless, harsh, inflicting the irreparable stroke of death, where a man would be concerned with desiring amendment more than vengeance. The simple questions with which the man Friday poses Robinson Crusoe, and to which he receives so ponderous an answer, are the questions which naturally arise in the mind of any thoughtful child. Why, if God be so kind and loving, does He not make an end of evil at once? Yet, because such questions are unanswerable by the wisest, the child is, for the convenience of his education, made to feel that he is wicked if he questions what he is taught. How many children will persevere in the innocent scepticism which is so natural and so desirable, under a sense of disapproval? One of my own earliest experiences in the ugly path of religious gloom was that I recognised quite clearly to myself that I did not love God at all. I did not know Him, I had no reason to think Him kind; He was angry with me, I gathered, if I was ill-tempered and untruthful. I was well enough aware by childish instinct that my mother did not cease to love me when I was naughty, but I could not tell about God. And yet I knew that, with His terrible power of knowing everything, He was well aware that I did not love Him. It was best to forget about Him as much as possible, for it spoiled one's pleasure to think about it. All the little amusements and idle businesses that were so dear to me, He probably disapproved of them all, and was only satisfied when I was safe at my lessons or immured in church. Sunday was the sort of day He liked, and how I detested it!—the toys put away, little ugly books about the Holy Land to read, an air of deep dreariness about it all. Thus does religion become a weariness from the outset.

How slowly, and after what strange experience, by what infinite delay of deduction, does the love of God dawn upon the soul! Even then how faint and subtle an essence it is! In deep anxiety, under unbearable strain, in the grip of a dilemma of which either issue seems intolerable, in weariness of life, in hours of flagging vitality, the mighty tide begins to flow strongly and tranquilly into the soul. One did not make oneself; one did not make one's sorrows, even when they arose from one's own weakness and perversity. There was a meaning, a significance about it all; one was indeed on pilgrimage; and then comes the running to the Father's knee, and the casting oneself in utter and broken weakness upon the one Heart that understands perfectly and utterly,

and which does, which must, desire the best and truest. 'Give me courage, hope, confidence,' says the desolate soul.

> I can endure Thy bitterest decrees,
> If *certain* of Thy Love.

How would one amend all this if one had the power? Alas! it could only be by silencing all stupid and clumsy people, all rigid parents, all diplomatic priests, all the horrible natures who lick their lips with a fierce zest over the pains that befall the men with whom they do not agree. I would teach a child, in defiance even of reason, that God is the one Power that loves and understands him through thick and thin; that He punishes with anguish and sorrow; that He exults in forgiveness and mercy; that He rejoices in innocent happiness; that He loves courage, and brightness, and kindness, and cheerful self-sacrifice; that things mean, and vile, and impure, and cruel, are things that He does not love to punish, but sad and soiling stains that He beholds with shame and tears. This, it seems to me, is the Gospel teaching about God, impossible only because of the hardness of our hearts. But if it *were* possible, a child might grow to feel about sin, not that it was a horrible and unpardonable failure, a thing to afflict oneself drearily about, but that it was rather a thing which, when once spurned, however humiliating, could minister to progress, in a way in which untroubled happiness could not operate—to be forgotten, perhaps, but certainly to be forgiven; a privilege rather than a hindrance, a gate rather than a barrier; a shadow upon the path, out of which one would pass, with such speed as one might, into the blitheness of the free air and the warm sun. I remember a terrible lecture which I heard as a little bewildered boy at school, anxious to do right, terrified of oppression, and coldness, and evil alike; given by a worthy Evangelical clergyman, with large spectacles, and a hollow voice, and a great relish for spiritual terrors. The subject was 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' a proposition which I now see to be as true as if one lectured on the exceeding carnality of flesh. But the lecture spoke of the horrible and filthy corruption of the human heart, its determined delight in wallowing in evil, its desperate wickedness. I believed it, dully and hopelessly, as a boy believes what is told him by a voluble elderly person of obvious respectability. But what a detestable theory of life, what an ugly picture of Divine incompetence!

Of course there are abundance of facts in the world which look

like anything but love;—the ruthless and merciless punishment of carelessness and ignorance, the dark laws of heredity, the wastefulness and cruelty of disease, the dismal acquiescence of stupid, healthy, virtuous persons, without sympathy or imagination, in the hardships which they were strong enough to bear unscathed. One of the prime terrors of religion is the thought of the heavy-handed, unintelligent, tiresome men who would make it a monopoly if they could, and bear it triumphantly away from the hands of modest, humble, quiet, and tender-hearted people, chiding them as nebulous optimists.

Who are the people in this short life of ours whom one remembers with deep and abiding gratitude? Not those who have rebuked, and punished, and satirised, and humiliated us, striking down the stricken, and flattening the prostrate—but the people who have been patient with us, and kind, who have believed in us, and comforted us, and welcomed us, and forgiven us everything; who have given us largely of their love, who have lent without requiring repayment, who have given us emotional rather than prudential reasons, who have cared for us, not as a duty but by some divine instinct, who have made endless excuses for us, believing that the true self was there and would emerge, who have pardoned our misdeeds and forgotten our meannesses.

This is what I would believe of God—that He is not our censorious and severe critic, but our champion and lover, not loving us in spite of what we are, but because of what we are; Who in the days of our strength rejoices in our joy, and does not wish to overshadow it, like the conscientious human mentor, with considerations that we must yet be withered like grass; and Who, when the youthful ebullience dies away, and the spring grows weak, and we wonder why the zest has died out of simple pleasures, out of agreeable noise and stir, is still with us, reminding us that the wisdom we are painfully and surely gaining is a deeper and more lasting quality than even the hot impulses of youth.

Once in my life have I conceived what might have been, if I had had the skill to paint it, an immortal picture. It was thus. I was attending a Christmas morning service in a big parish church. I was in a pew facing east; close to me, in a transept, in a pew facing sideways, there sat a little old woman, who had hurried in just before the service began. She was a widow, living, I afterwards learnt, in an almshouse hard by. She was old and feeble, very poor, and her life had been a series of calamities, relieved

upon a background of the hardest and humblest drudgery. She had lost her husband years ago by a painful and terrible illness. She had lost her children one by one; she was alone in the world, save for a few distant and indifferent relatives. To get into the almshouse had been for her a stroke of incredible and inconceivable good fortune. She had a single room, with a tiny kitchen off it. She had very little to say for herself; she could hardly read. No one took any particular interest in her; but she was a kindly, gallant, unselfish old soul, always ready to bear a hand, full of gratitude for the kindnesses she had received—and God alone knows how few they had been.

She had a small ugly, homely face, withered and gnarled hands; and she was dressed that day in a little old bonnet of unheard-of age, and in dingy, frowsy black clothes, shiny and creased, that came out of their box perhaps half a dozen times a year.

But this morning she was in a festal mood. She had tidied up her little room; she was going to have a bit of meat for her dinner, given her by a neighbour. She had been sent a Christmas card that morning, and had pored over it with delight. She liked the stir and company of the church, and the cheerful air of the holly-berries. She held her book up before her, though I do not suppose she was even at the right page. She kept up a little faint cracked singing in her thin old voice; but when they came to the hymn 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' which she had always known from childhood, she lifted up her head and sang more courageously:

> Join the triumph of the skies!
> With the angelic host proclaim,
> Christ is born in Bethlehem!

It was then that I had my vision. I do not know why, but at the sight of the wrinkled face and the sound of the plaintive uplifted voice, singing such words, a sudden mist of tears came over my eyes. Then I saw that close behind the old dame there stood a very young and beautiful man. I could see the fresh curling hair thrown back from the clear brow. He was clothed in a dim robe, of an opalescent hue and misty texture, and his hands were clasped together. It seemed that he sang too; but his eyes were bent upon the old woman with a look, half of tender amusement, and half of unutterable lovingness. The angelic host! This was one of that bright company indeed, going about the Father's business, bringing a joyful peace into the hearts of those among

whom he moved. And of all the worshippers in that crowded church he had singled out the humblest and simplest for his friend and sister. I saw no more that day, for the lines of that presence faded out upon the air in the gleams of the frosty sunshine that came and went among the pillars. But if I could have painted the scene, the pure, untroubled face so close to the old, worn features, the robes of light side by side with the dingy human vesture, it would be a picture that no living eye that had rested on it should forget.

Alas, that one cannot live in moments of inspiration like these! As life goes on, and as we begin perhaps to grow a little nearer to God by faith, we are confronted in our own lives, or in the life of one very near us, by some intolerable and shameful catastrophe. A careless sin makes havoc of a life, and shadows a home with shame; or some generous and unselfish nature, useful, beneficent, urgently needed, is struck down with a painful and hopeless malady. This, too, we say to ourselves, must come from God; He might have prevented it if He had so willed. What are we to make of it? How are we to translate into terms of love what seems like an act of tyrannous indifference, or deliberate cruelty? Then, I think, it is well to remind ourselves that we can never know exactly the conditions of any other human soul. How little we know of our own! How little we could explain our case to another, even if we were utterly sincere! The weaknesses of our nature are often, very tenderly I would believe, hidden from us; we think ourselves sensitive and weak, when in reality we are armed with a stubborn breastplate of complacency and pride; or we think ourselves strong, only because the blows of circumstance have been spared us. The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment. I remember once that a friend of mine had sent him a rare plant, which was set in a big flower-pot, close to a fountain-basin. It never throve; it lived indeed, putting out in the spring a delicate stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a careful gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone, the flower-pot was broken by a careless garden-boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it; the plant, earth and all, fell into the water; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out. When my friend returned,

he noticed one day in the fountain a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made careful inquiries and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water-plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool.

Even so has it been, times without number, with some starving and thirsty soul, that has gone on feebly trying to live a maimed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first sight like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable and irreparable; and then it proves that this was the one thing needed; that sorrow has brought out some latent unselfishness, or suffering energised some unused faculty of strength and patience.

But even if it is not so, if we cannot trace in our own lives or the lives of others the beneficent influence of suffering, we can always take refuge in one thought. We can see that the one mighty and transforming power on earth is the power of love; we see people make sacrifices, not momentary sacrifices, but lifelong patient renunciations, for the sake of one whom they love; we see a great and passionate affection touch into being a whole range of unsuspected powers; we see men and women utterly unconscious of pain and weariness, utterly unaware that they are acting without a thought of self, if they can but soothe the pain of one dear to them, or win a smile from beloved lips; it is not that the selfishness, the indolence, is not there, but it is all borne away upon a mighty stream, as the river-wrack spins upon the rising flood.

If then this marvellous, this amazing power of love can cause men to make, with joy and gladness, sacrifices of which in their loveless days they would have deemed themselves and confessed themselves wholly incapable, can we not feel with confidence that the power, which lies thus deepest in the heart of the world, lies also deepest in the heart of God, of Whom the world is but a faint reflection? It cannot be otherwise. We may sadly ponder, indeed, why the love that has been, or that might have been, the strength of weary lives should be withdrawn or sternly withheld, but we need not be afraid, if we have one generous impulse for another, if we ever put aside a delight that may please or attract us, for the sake of one who expects or would value any smallest service—and there are few who cannot feel this—we need not then, I say, doubt that the love which we desire,

and which we have somehow missed or lost, is there waiting for us, ours all the time, if we but knew it.

And even if we miss the sweet influence of love in our lives, is there anyone who has not, in solitude and dreariness, looked back upon the time when he was surrounded by love and opportunities of love, in childhood or in youth, with a bitter regret that he did not make more of it when it was so near to him, that he was so blind and selfish, that he was not a little more tender, a little more kind? I will speak frankly for myself and say that the memories which hurt me most, when I stumble upon them, are those of the small occasions when I showed myself perverse and hard; when eyes, long since closed, looked at me with a pathetic expectancy; when I warded off the loving impulse by some jealous sense of my own rights, some peevish anger at a fancied injustice; when I stifled the smile, and withheld the hand, and turned away in silence, glad, in that poisonous moment, to feel that I could at all events inflict that pain in base requital. One may know that it is all forgiven, one may be sure that the misunderstanding has faded in the light of the other dawn, but still the cold base shadow, the thought of one's perverse cruelty, strikes a gloom upon the mind.

But with God, when one once begins to draw near to Him, one need have no such poignant regrets or overshadowing memories; one may say to Him in one's heart, as simply as a child, that He knows what one has been and is, what one might have been and what one desires to be; and one may cast oneself at His feet in the overwhelming hope that He will make of oneself what He would have one to be.

In the Parable of the Prodigal Son, it is not the poor wretch himself, whose miserable motive for returning is plainly indicated—that instead of pining in cold and hunger he may be warmed and clothed—who is the hero of the story; still less is it the hard and virtuous elder son. The hero of the tale is the patient, tolerant, loving father, who had acted, as a censorious critic might say, foolishly and culpably, in supplying the dissolute boy with resources, and taking him back without a word of just reproach. A sad lack of moral discipline, no doubt! If he had kept the boy in fear and godliness, if he had tied him down to honest work, the disaster need never have happened. Yet the old man, who went so often at sundown, we may think, to the crest of the hill, from which he could see the long road winding over the plain to the far-off city, the road by which he had seen his son depart, light-heartedly and

full of fierce joyful impulses, and along which he was to see the dejected figure, so familiar, so sadly marred, stumbling home—he is the master-spirit of the sweet and comforting scene. His heart is full of utter gladness, for the lost is found. He smiles upon the servants; he bids the household rejoice; he can hardly, in his simple joy of heart, believe that the froward elder brother is vexed and displeased; and his words of entreaty that the brother, too, will enter into the spirit of the hour, are some of the most pathetic and beautiful ever framed in human speech: 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine; it was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found."

And this is, after all, the way in which God deals with us. He gives us our portion to spend as we choose; He holds nothing back; and when we have wasted it and brought misery upon ourselves, and return to Him, even for the worst of reasons, He has not a word of rebuke or caution; He is simply and utterly filled with joy and love. There are a thousand texts that would discourage us, would bid us believe that God deals hardly with us; but it is men that deal hardly with us, it is we that deal hardly with ourselves. This story, which is surely the most beautiful story in the world, gives us the deliberate thought of the Saviour, the essence of His teaching; and we may fling aside the bitter warnings of jealous minds, and cast ourselves upon the supreme hope that, if only we will return, we are dealt with even more joyfully than if we had never wandered at all.

And then perhaps at last, when we have peeped again and again, through loss and suffering, at the dark background of life; when we have seen the dust-stained canvas of the picture-back; when the path grows steep and miry, and the light is veiled by scudding cloud and dripping rain, there begins to dawn upon us the sense of a beautiful and holy patience, the thought that these grey ashes of life, in which the glowing cinders sink, which once were bright with leaping flame, are not the end—that the flame and glow are there, although momently dispersed. They have done their work; one is warmed and enlivened; one can sit still, feeding one's fancy on the lapsing embers, just as one saw pictures in the fire as an eager child long ago. That high-hearted excitement and that curiosity have faded. Life is very different from what we expected, more wholesome, more marvellous, more brief, more inconclusive; but there is an intenser, if quieter and more patient,

curiosity to wait and see what God is doing for us; and the orange-stain and green glow of the sunset, though colder and less jocund, is yet a far more mysterious, tender, and beautiful thing than the steady glow of the noonday sun, when the shining flies darted hither and thither, and the roses sent out their rich fragrance. There is fragrance still, the fragrance of the evening flowers, where the western windows look across the misty fields, and the thickening shadows of the tall trees. But there is something that speaks in the gathering gloom, in the darkening sky with its flush of crimson fire, that did not speak in the sun-warmed garden and the dancing leaves; and what speaks is the mysterious love of God, a thing sweeter and more remote than the urgent bliss of the fiery noon, full of delicate mysteries and appealing echoes. We have learnt that the darkness is no darkness with Him; and the soul which beat her wings so passionately in the brighter light of the hot morning, now at last begins to dream of whither she is bound, and the dear shade where she will fold her weary wing.

How often has the soul in her dreariness cried out 'One effort more'! But that is done with for ever. She is patient now; she believes at last; she labours no longer at the oar, but she is borne upon the moving tide; she is on her way to the deep Heart of God.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.[1]

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARDS the end of June, Cecil Adelstane rode up to Shepherd's Rest one evening; and meeting Johnny, the groom, in the lane, handed his horse over to be led to the stables, while he walked into the garden, where he found Catherine, as usual.

Her book had fallen into her lap, and she was enjoying the cool air after a very hot day.

Her dreaming gaze followed the flight of the swifts and house-martins wheeling and darting in the blue of space, in search of their invisible prey. All round the bench whereon she sat the campanulas, rose and purple and white, swung noiseless bells. Behind her the pointed spires of the fir trees, and the rounded flowering masses of a great Spanish chestnut, were outlined against a clear sunset sky, and from the orchard, where the cows were being milked, came the sound of Lily's voice, gaily chattering. It struck Catherine that Cecil came up the garden path with a heavier air and step than usual.

'I have come to bid you good-bye, for my business is finished, and I am returning to town to-morrow,' he said, after his usual civil greeting and inquiries for her news of Philippa.

'It is the night of her dance,' Catherine said, rather wistfully; but his absent expression made her abandon the subject. 'I am afraid you have had a very dull time down here alone,' she said.

'I have been too much occupied to be dull,' said Sir Cecil in his most precise tones. He was silent for a moment, and then, as though suddenly conscious of her sympathetic feeling, was moved to make one of his rare confidences. 'The fact is, Catherine, I have been very much worried and troubled of late.'

'I am sorry to hear it. I have fancied you were not looking well.'

'All my life,' said Sir Cecil gravely, 'I have been constitu-

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tionally unable to stand worry. It affects my sleep. I fear for my health. I do indeed.' He turned his deep blue eyes, that were the exact counterpart of Philippa's, upon Catherine, with an expression so woeful that she had some ado not to smile at his alarm for himself.

'You must not let yourself worry.'

He shook his head.

'I am not inclined, I can assure you, to seek causes for anxiety. It has often been a matter of self-reproach with me that I have perhaps taken matters too easily; that I have been too—too——' He searched anxiously for words that should convey his meaning without at the same time implying any possible reproach to another; and Catherine, who understood perfectly his loyalty to Augusta, felt tenderly towards him, and regretted her suppressed smile.

'I have been too much given to ignoring what I have not altogether felt able to approve.'

'I do not think you need reproach yourself,' said Catherine, gently.

'Do you not, indeed?' he said earnestly. 'I am very glad to hear you say so, Catherine, very glad.' He paused, and added emphatically, 'I know no one whose opinion on such a matter I should value more than your own.'

Catherine flushed with surprise and pleasure, for Cecil was not given to expressions of praise.

'To cut a long story short,' he said, under the impression that he had been exceedingly loquacious, 'I feel impelled to tell you, in the very strictest confidence, that I have discovered that my trusted agent here, Mr. Crewe, has been systematically defrauding me for a great number of years. Could you have conceived it possible?'

Catherine expressed her sympathy and indignation very warmly, but she found it difficult to appear surprised. Country neighbours are in the way of hearing a good many criticisms of absentee landlords, and the character of Mr. Crewe had not stood high in local estimation.

Fortunately Cecil was too much occupied with his troubles to perceive her embarrassment.

'I have been obliged to send for my solicitor, Mr. Ash. He is a very clear-headed young man indeed. I thought it a great misfortune that his father, who had all our affairs at his fingers' ends, should be dead; but I am not sure whether old Ash had such

energy as this young man has shown.' He sighed wearily. 'I blame myself, Catherine. I have been away too much, and too much taken up with—with gaiety and frivolity.'

The words were so much at variance with his preternaturally solemn expression and the seriousness of his character, that again Catherine could have smiled, and again she restrained herself, noting the lines that unaccustomed care had engraven upon his handsome brow.

'I am sure, Cecil,' she said, with an indignant inflection of voice, 'that whatever you have done, or left undone, has been from no lack of conscientiousness. You have not been seeking your *own* pleasure.' She could not help a slight emphasis.

'I have not indeed,' he said, almost involuntarily, and sighed. 'Do you remember, Catherine, how very much occupied I used to be with the estate when first I inherited? When we lived here practically all the year round? Those were happy years. I wish very much we had been able to continue living at the Abbey. I do not think Crewe would have had so many opportunities; but it is no use regretting what cannot be helped. I suppose few of us would not do differently in many ways, if we had our time to live over again. One must pay the penalty for—for the carelessness of one's youth.'

Catherine knew that Cecil Adelstane was, in fact, paying the penalty for his choice of a silly and selfish wife, and for his weakness in allowing that wife to govern his actions; but she knew also that Augusta possessed a certain shrewdness in spite of her folly; which, combined as it was with want of principle and feeling, made it an easy matter for her to outwit her husband, who was quite as dull as he was conscientious.

'I hope the mischief done by Crewe is not irremediable, since you are able to go back to town,' she said soothingly.

'His own attitude in the matter has been of the greatest assistance,' replied Sir Cecil. 'I must tell you, Catherine, that I owe my discovery of the whole affair to George Chilcott. He gave me a hint that he feared I was relying too much upon Crewe's integrity, and drew my attention to the fact that the felling of the timber last winter in the Amery and Woolaway woods had been excessive. Crewe had evidently counted on my negligence to visit so outlying a portion of the property. I discovered that the woods had been practically destroyed, and that I was actually being charged for the thinning of the coppices while he had been selling quantities

of valuable and well-grown larch, and pocketing the proceeds. One discovery, of course, led to another, but I will not trouble you with the details. I have been grossly deceived and cheated through a long course of years, and my own neglect has been the contributory cause, leading him to become bolder and bolder as time went on, until he was utterly reckless, and believed he could do anything he chose with impunity.'

'What will you do with him?'

'Why—I fear you may think me weak, but, since he threw himself on my mercy, I have decided not to prosecute. It is not altogether from motives of charity,' said the scrupulous gentleman; 'but I am anxious to avoid a publicity and scandal that would, in effect, be very mortifying. As regards the moral aspect of the case, those who have worked under Crewe, and who could not have been altogether ignorant of his untrustworthiness, are now aware that he has been dismissed in disgrace, and I do not think any further details need transpire, since he has rendered it unnecessary for us to call witnesses by confessing the whole of his misdeeds. He has speculated so wildly with the money of which he has defrauded me, that he has actually profited nothing. It appears to me there is nothing to be gained by punishing him further. He is an old man—he will find no more employment—he is ruined. He served us well enough in the past, when my poor uncle was alive to look after him.'

'I cannot help being glad he will not end his days in prison,' said Catherine, apologetically.

'He is more likely to end them in the workhouse,' said Cecil gloomily. 'But it is not Crewe of whom I am thinking now, but of myself.'

'Yes?'

'I have not troubled Augusta with the details of this painful affair. For one thing, she has not time to read letters, and for another it is too long to write about. I have merely told her that I am dissatisfied with Crewe, and consequently intending to dismiss him. But I must now break to her my further intention of taking up our residence at Welwysbere once more. I can no longer reconcile it with my conscience to neglect my obvious duty. With the assistance of young Ash and his accountant, and the valuable help afforded us by poor Crewe himself, during the past three weeks, I have pretty well come to a full understanding of the state of affairs, and I am determined to act upon that understanding.

I am sure that Augusta will—nay that she must—enter into my feelings.'

Catherine felt equally sure she would not, and foresaw a deadlock; nor did Sir Cecil's careworn and anxious face express the hope and certainty that his words implied.

'You will now understand, my dear Catherine, why, after pressing you to entrust Philippa to our care, I have been unable to share Augusta's pleasure in her visit. But I am none the less grateful to you for sparing her to us, and I hope to be with her in London to-morrow. I wish you had been able to accompany her,' said the innocent gentleman, who had no idea that Augusta had not included Catherine in her invitation. 'But *you* are not to be tempted from your duty here.'

'It is very hard to know where one's duty lies,' said Catherine, with a smile and a sigh. 'Perhaps I cling too much to my chosen occupations, and should rather be looking after my daughter.'

'I am sure Augusta will take every care of her,' he said, believing sincerely that he spoke truth. 'You know that we look upon Philippa almost as our own child—and a child to be proud of,' he added, with a slight characteristic inclination of his head towards Catherine, as though he wished to intimate that he acknowledged her right to share in compliments regarding her offspring. 'It is a great consolation to me, Catherine, that the next owner of Welwysbere should have had the inestimable benefit and advantage of your careful training. When I look around me here I never fail to recognise your—your positive genius for administrative order.'

'I am afraid,' said Catherine, smiling in spite of herself, 'that Phil has not profited much by my training, such as it is.'

'She is too young to show us yet what she can do. Your example will not be wasted upon her as she grows older,' he said with conviction. 'I was very much struck at Whitsuntide by the surprising extent of her knowledge of country affairs, and the—the—remarkable candour and courage with which she expressed her opinions.'

'She does not lack candour or courage.'

'Believe me, in the position Philippa will one day be called upon to occupy, those qualities are invaluable,' said Sir Cecil, earnestly, and Catherine could not deny the truth of his contention.

'Poor Cecil! they say he is so like his uncle, when he is but

the shadow of Philip,' she thought, and realised more strongly than ever before, that Sir Cecil's magnificent and striking appearance was but the disguise worn by a dull and feeble personality.

'And he looks such a very "parfitte gentil Knight,"' she thought regretfully, looking up at the straight clear-cut profile.

She watched him as he rode slowly away, a fine horseman on a fine horse, sitting very square and erect in his saddle, with a carriage of the head and shoulders silhouetted against the sunset sky that made his likeness to her dead husband almost painfully exact.

He had declined Catherine's timid offer of supper, for it would not have occurred to Sir Cecil as possible that, having ordered his dinner to be served at half-past eight as usual, he should not return punctually to eat it; and in the midst of his heartfelt confidences to Catherine he did not forget to glance occasionally at his watch, and to inquire solicitously whether his late visit were not encroaching upon her valuable time. Thus she recollected afterwards that it was exactly half-past seven when Cecil Adelstane took leave of her, and rode away from Shepherd's Rest in the direction of his home.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIPPA was of an age, and also of a disposition, to be more attracted by men of mature age than by boys, and she was very much piqued, upon arrival at the Lundys' party, that Colonel Moore did not immediately ask her to dance. Instead, he took up a position by Augusta's side, and remained there immovably; smiling at the boys and girls who were taking a more active part in the proceedings, but evincing no inclination to join them.

Philippa had divined that her adored Mme. Minart held the gallant colonel in very different estimation from the rest of the circle which at present surrounded her young charge. Mme. Minart was perhaps not so much on her guard with Philippa as she would have been with a pupil less devoted to her; and she permitted herself to laugh quite openly at Augusta, thus destroying the last shred of Philippa's illusions regarding her cousin's perfection.

This ridicule was not altogether in accordance, however, with Philippa's taste, and she showed sufficient uneasiness and disapproval to keep Mme. Minart's wit within bounds, which she might otherwise have exceeded, through the liveliness of her dis-

position, and the depths of her contempt for Lady Adelstane's understanding.

But although David Moore did not invite Philippa, nor anyone else, to dance with him, but occupied himself incessantly in paying attention to the elder ladies present, he yet watched her with great interest, and agreed heartily with Augusta's whispered opinions that she was much the handsomest of all the youthful beauties there assembled.

Augusta had really bestowed some thought upon the selection of her young cousin's dress, which was at once to be suitable and becoming for a large dance, and yet to indicate that the wearer had not yet joined the ranks of the *débutantes*.

As Philippa's height and development, and the sculptural severity of her straight features, made her look some years older than she was, the desired effect could only be obtained by a schoolgirl *coiffure*, and accordingly her bright chestnut hair was combed loosely off her fair brow, and tied with an immense bow at the back of her neck, so that it hung in a single waving cluster of curls below her waist, and very hot and heavy she found it. She was much mortified by the necessity for thus advertising her youth, at the expense, as she considered, of her appearance; and the youthful Lord Kentisbury sympathised warmly with her indignation, which she confided to him, for they were by this time on very friendly terms.

'Though you're quite wrong, you know, to think it isn't becoming,' he hastened to assure her; 'I bet you anything that any girl in the room would like to wear her hair like that—if she had hair like yours.'

'Nonsense, it looks ridiculous,' said Philippa, but she blushed with pleasure, for the language of compliment—from the lips of a young man—was new to her.

'But, of course, it's a beastly shame not to let you do it as you choose. Extraordinary thing, one's people never believe one knows what one likes best.'

'And what suits one best,' said Philippa, seriously; 'though I am very grateful to Cousin Augusta for taking such pains to choose such a lovely dress for me, you know, Charlie.'

'Of course,' he said, gravely, and if the young man smiled inwardly at the ingenuousness and country simplicity which enabled Philippa thus to discuss her toilette with him, he did not like her any the less for such a display of confidence. In fact, to the

delight and astonishment of his mother, the youthful marquis seemed inclined to fall in love with the very maiden she had selected for him (with the aid of Lady Sarah and Augusta) as the most suitable bride in the world.

Excitement and pleasure had this evening bestowed upon Philippa all the animation which she usually lacked, and in her white and silver gown, which half revealed and half concealed the fair arms and fairer throat, her childish, noble beauty of form and feature shone conspicuously, even among so many pretty, well-dressed, well-bred, and well-drilled maidens.

'I had no idea she was half so good-looking,' said Augusta contentedly; 'she will be quite a beauty, you know, in a few years' time, and she has lost a great deal of her *gaucherie* already, in the short time she has been with me. You see what a difference it makes when a girl is properly dressed.'

'I am going to make you angry,' said David, 'with my perversity in assuring you that I found her as handsome at Welwysbere in her blue frock and garden hat.'

'Oh, that is all nonsense! Or if you did, no one else could. I will tell you a secret. We are all determined to marry her to the young man she is dancing with now.'

A man of five-and-thirty is seldom pleased to hear that a beautiful girl is destined to be bestowed in marriage upon a youth of her own age.

'Fancy wasting her on a cub like that,' David thought, with disgust. 'That boy!' he said aloud, in sufficiently expressive accents.

'That boy, as you call him,' said Augusta, somewhat nettled, 'is——'

'Oh, I know who he is,' said David, who was a trifle outspoken for the London fashionable world, where, to say the truth, he did not feel much at home. 'It is young Kentisbury, and I have no doubt he would be considered a first-rate match. I know he is one of our biggest landowners——'

'He is quite a charming young man—and a cousin of Cecil's'—interrupted Augusta, rather coldly.

'A pity nature hasn't given him a better profile,' retorted David; 'a fellow with such an outline has no choice but to be a fool.'

Augusta was inclined to be annoyed; but she reflected that Colonel Moore was a hero and somewhat of a lion, so that if his

manners were rough he could be smiled upon indulgently all the same ; because such want of polish was in keeping, as she considered, with the character.

'You are really incorrigible. And why are you not dancing? You have stuck by my side the whole evening,' she reproached him, coquettishly.

'I don't know any of them. They belong to a different world,' said David. 'And all these strange dances are Greek to me, to tell you the truth. A plain waltz or polka is all very well, but these mazurkas and reels and whatnots are out of my line.'

'It is only for the boys and girls—who learn all sorts of wonderful dances nowadays,' said Augusta. 'I am told a children's party of to-day is a very pretty sight.'

'Well, this is a children's party, and I am sure it is a pretty sight.'

'No, no, children's parties belong to the winter. This is a real boy and girl affair, and I am quite glad such dances have come into fashion again. It is as it should be. I have no patience with all these middle-aged married women prancing about,' said Augusta, with an indignation not the less warm because her increasing *embonpoint* and breathlessness had long rendered such prancing quite impossible for her.

But her indignation was transitory, for Augusta was in high good humour. Everything was as it should be. Many of her best friends were present, and her hostess had found time to congratulate her warmly upon the beauty of her *débutante*.

The summer night was perfect, still and warm ; so that the open windows, and the blocks of green transparent ice, overshadowed by roses and palms, which decorated every corner of the rooms were at once necessary and agreeable. The house was pleasantly cool without being draughty.

The courtyard, transformed into a tent, which was also a bower of blossom, was so perfectly arranged as to be quite as cool and comfortable as the house ; and the supper here was everything Augusta could wish.

She enjoyed her prawns in aspic and stuffed quail, and pêche Melba, in company with Major Cymbert, with whom she spent a very pleasant hour at a little table in a corner, while the conscientious Philippa searched in vain for her chaperon.

Philippa's conscientiousness was not the least part of her charm, and there was something piquant in the combination of so

much primness with so much beauty, which atoned for her excessive dignity of bearing towards the young gentlemen who were her partners.

Young Lord Kentisbury, to be sure, was treated with especial confidence, but then he was a cousin, and an acquaintance of some days' standing. But even Charlie was not permitted to escort her round the illuminated garden, as he ardently proposed and desired.

Augusta had told Philippa that she was to return to her side after every dance, and that any other course of proceeding was not good form, and Philippa was quite determined that she would be good form. In matters where she was less well instructed, however, she displayed her natural independence of character very plainly, and when her hostess led up to her a would-be partner whose appearance did not attract her, and who bashfully invited her to dance, the young lady said 'No, thank you,' without a moment's hesitation; and, with no idea of softening her blunt refusal by murmured excuses of previous engagements, she turned her back upon the astonished youth.

Colonel Moore was an amused spectator of this little incident, and, being of an unconventional and indeed somewhat over-candid disposition himself, was disposed rather to admire than to condemn the frankness of Philippa's behaviour. He stepped forward, invited her to go down to supper, and was flattered by the alacrity of her acceptance.

'I have been down three times already,' she informed him, as he found her the strawberry ice she chose as her refreshment. 'Boys are always wanting supper.'

'Then I presume you have had something more substantial on one of the three occasions.'

'No, I had a strawberry ice every time,' said Philippa, calmly. 'It seems to me stupid to waste time over eating and drinking when one is enjoying oneself.'

'I am glad you are enjoying yourself.'

She coloured.

'I should be enjoying myself more if I danced better. I dance badly,' she said in mortified tones. 'Yet I had lessons when I was twelve. A man came all the way from Bath to teach me. But I have been obliged to sit out most of the dances—with my partners, of course,' she added with dignity. 'When they have sensible things like waltzes and polkas of course I can dance.'

'That is just what I have been saying.'

'It is different for you. You have been in deserts and places. No one expects *you* to care about such nonsense. But I ought to know all the things the other people of my age know,' she said resentfully.

'But still you are enjoying yourself.'

'Oh yes, I have never enjoyed anything so much. It all looks like fairyland. The house is like an enchanted palace. I have never seen anything like it before. The girls wear such lovely frocks. I wish I knew them all. They all seem to know each other,' she said wistfully, 'but I scarcely know anyone except Joanna, Charlie's horrid sister whom I can't bear. But still it is delicious; and the roses are much more beautiful than any *we* ever grow.'

He smiled.

'Does it not seem a pity to waste such perfect blooms on a single evening?'

Philippa considered the question seriously.

'No, I do not think it does,' she remarked, practically. 'Roses only last a very few days even if you don't cut them, and only a few people see them in a garden. And if you *do* cut them, even with the greatest care, changing the water and clipping the stalks as mamma always does—they are never the same the day *after* they're gathered. What can it matter if they live only half the usual time, so long as they look pretty and please people?'

'There is a good deal in that,' he said, laughing; and then he thought suddenly of Delia—with that contraction of the heart which accompanies a remembrance of the beloved dead in the midst of gaiety or rejoicing—Delia, who would be always young and beautiful in his memory, and in the memory of all who loved her, because she too had lived only half the usual time, and had looked pretty and pleased people.

'Do you go to a great many parties,' said Philippa's voice, breaking in upon his reflections.

'I have been to one or two. Now I have come to live in London, I suppose I must do as others do, more or less.'

'Don't you like living in London?'

'I like my work, now I'm beginning to get into it; but of course working in an office all day, when one is used to an outdoor life, is a bit irksome,' said David, rather surprised to find himself talking almost confidentially to this mere child, as he told himself

she was ; but the deep blue, long-lashed eyes were fixed with sincere interest upon him, and a child who is sympathetic and who believes in the speaker is a good listener.

Philippa criticised Catherine ; secretly believing herself wiser than her mother, and indeed than any of her relatives ; as the majority of young people, secretly or openly, always have been accustomed to consider themselves wiser than their parents and guardians. But she did not criticise David Moore, and was, on the contrary, exceedingly flattered that he should talk to her thus, and pleased to observe that young Kentisbury hovered round uneasily, not daring to interrupt, nor to claim his partner for the dance that was lawfully his own. For, though he might be one of the largest landowners in Great Britain, and the head of a noble house, he was also a subaltern in the Guards, and entertained a very wholesome respect for his distinguished senior.

'What *is* your work, Cousin David ?'

'Sitting in a very small room and writing endless letters,' he said smiling.

'Why do they want a soldier to do that ?'

'Because the letters have to do with military subjects.'

'I see, and they want someone with practical experience,' said Philippa, nodding. 'That seems sensible. But when will you go back to fighting ?'

'Why, in the next war, I hope !' he said laughing. 'But in the ordinary course I shall go back to soldiering in about three years, I expect. All depends upon how I get on, you know.'

'I would rather do active work than writing, but of course one ought to try all kinds of life,' said Philippa, very calmly.

'Do you want to try all kinds of life ?' he said, half jesting and half earnestly.

'I intend to,' she said, very seriously. 'So far as a girl can, you know. Of course one cannot do all one wishes, like a man. But I would like to see a great many people, and visit a great many countries, before I settled down in my own home for good.'

'Would it not make home seem dull afterwards ?'

'No,' said Philippa, surprised ; 'when one has seen everything one is content to settle down ; not when one has seen nobody and been nowhere. Unless indeed,' she added thoughtfully, 'one has a very vivid imagination and is very fond of books, like mamma. She is quite contented to read about things and says it's the same as seeing them. It's not the same to me.'

'Nor to me,' said David, simply, 'though I'm fond enough of reading.'

'But you will settle down some day.'

'Shall I?' said David. 'Well, I suppose so;' he shrugged his shoulders. 'Most men dream of settling down some day, but I should like to cling on a little longer before I indulge in such dreams.'

'When will they make you a K.C.B.?'

'Probably never,' but he smiled.

'They are sure to in the end,' she said confidently. 'If I were a man I should be prouder of the honours I had earned than of the honours I inherited.'

'So would I, in a way—though, in my case, there's no one in particular left to care whether I get any or not, which does away with pride altogether.'

'Why—we're all proud of you,' cried Philippa, indignantly, 'but I *would* like you to get a K.C.B.,' she added, and then blushed at her own enthusiasm. The warm flush softened her severe young beauty into a loveliness that must have appealed to a harder heart than David's, who could not be insensible to such innocent flattery.

'Then I must do my best to win my spurs—when so fair a princess bids me,' he said, laughing and colouring; but he drew the slender hand through his arm rather tenderly, as he led Philippa upstairs.

After this interlude he was conscious of a slight change in the sentiments with which he regarded the tall, youthful vestal in white and silver, who but a few moments since had been to him only Catherine's child. He realised that Philippa had entered upon her inheritance of womanhood, and had a very distinct personality and will and wishes of her own.

'And Catherine said she was a baby,' he reflected, and laughed slightly to himself, forgetting that the side of her character which Philippa had shown him was different indeed from that which she exhibited towards her mother.

There was another person whose first careless sentiments of admiration and liking were changing towards Philippa Adelstane; but as young Lord Kentisbury was some fifteen years younger than David Moore, this change was proportionately swifter; and his boyish compliments became open declarations of love before the close of that memorable dance.

Philippa drove home with her *chaperon* through the grey dawn of the streets, too much excited to perceive the odd appearance which Augusta's complexion presented in the unkind light of the morning.

Charlie's protestations rang in her ears, only to be dismissed with scorn as boyish nonsense at one moment, and recalled at the next as sweetest food for maiden vanity.

Other words had made a deeper impression upon her than the babble of young Kentisbury.

'He said—he said he would do his best to win his spurs'—thought Philippa, with burning cheeks and beating heart, 'as though he had not won them a thousand times over if there were any justice in this world.'

Catherine had acquired the habit of sitting up late and reading, in the hope that she might thus be able to court sleep the more easily when she at last retired to rest. Miss Dulcinea kept early hours, and as she led an active outdoor life, and was possessed of a peculiarly peaceful temperament, she found no difficulty in obtaining nine or ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. But with the departure of Philippa, the demon worry had taken possession of poor Catherine's pillow; presenting to her tormented imagination a thousand vivid pictures of her child in danger and difficulty, so that she sometimes started up with the cold dews of anguish and terror breaking forth on her brow; ready to dash off, as it were, into the darkness of the night, and rescue her darling from she knew not what. It was the thought of Philippa's own vexation at such an exhibition of maternal over-fondness that alone restrained her from actually putting into practice in the daytime the plans she evolved in the silence of the night, for travelling up to town, and seeing for herself how her child was faring at the hands of Augusta.

In the daylight she could view the matter more calmly, put a curb upon her nervous fancy, and dwell with pleasure on the thought that in a few weeks Philippa must be restored to her. But in the dark, philosophy failed; she tossed sleepless until the dawn brought its own strange soothing; and the gleam of a new day breaking over the spires of the larches somehow calmed her troubled spirit, so that she would be sleeping heavily at the hour when she was accustomed to rise.

She had discovered, or fancied, that the demon was in part exorcised by a few moments spent in the silent immensity of the

night outside her cottage, before she went up to her own room; and on the night of Cecil's visit she closed her book a little before twelve o'clock, and stole out into the garden, opening the door very softly that the sleeping household might not be disturbed. Here she was able to forget that Philippa was at the present moment very probably over-heating or over-tiring herself in a London ball-room; she forgot to wonder concerning her child's health or her appearance, or the measure of her filial affection; and stood, with hushed breath and tranquil spirit, gazing across the quiet enclosure of her own beloved domain—so unfamiliar and ghostlike in the light of a pale moon, obscured by scudding clouds—to the valley below, half veiled in a faint silver mist, whence emerged the dark outline of the square church tower which marked Philip Adelstane's resting place. She looked upwards to the innumerable glittering worlds of the silent unfathomable universe; and as she looked her cares, her troubles, and her anxieties appeared small and transient, even to vanishing point.

Then a sound recalled them, and her musing spirit returned, hurried and alarmed, to earth and the life of every day.

There was the gleam of a lantern through the hedge; the sound, unusual at this hour, of a man's step in the lane beyond her garden gate.

'What is it? I am here,' she called, with that sudden leap of the heart, too familiar to one whose days and nights are shadowed with that nameless apprehension of motherhood.

At the gate the man lifted his lantern, and slackened his pace coming up the path, as though to get breath for his intended communication, and Catherine suddenly sighed with relief to perceive he was not from the post office.

It could not then be a telegram concerning Philippa; her fears lessened, and she stood awaiting him in the open doorway, which threw a square illumination on the gravel path and lawn; in which he presently stood, and revealed himself as a groom from the Abbey.

'I beg your pardon, my lady,' he panted, 'they sent me up—I said I cude run in the time it wude take tu get back tu stable and saddle a harse. 'Tis a dreadful accident, my lady, has happened tu Sir Cecil.'

'An accident!'

'Oh, my lady, I don't know how tu tell on't. I be arl shaking myself,' said the man, with a sob of agitation. 'Him didn't come

home tu's dinner as usual, and us was surprised, vor yu know how punctual he du be. But us didn't know where he was and thart he'd been detained like. And about an hour ago someone brart word his harse had been seen grazing down tu Aplin's vield, wi' his bridle broke. Us arl started out then, in a fright tu luke vor 'm; and vound 'un, my lady—now doantee be opset like,' said the man in a pleading voice of subdued grief and excitement; 'we'm vound 'un tu the bottom of the lane here, at the turning arf the high road. There be the mark where the harse putt un's fute tu a hole and fell, where zum vule had hitched out a big stone to stiddy a waggon, very like; and us thinks the master's head must have struck the stone in farling, my lady; vor 'tis clear he never muved no mar, and the doctor says as the life has been out of him vor hours.'

Catherine was too much stunned to speak. *The life had been out of him for hours*, and that evening he had bidden her farewell, with a smile on his handsome lips; and ridden away, in the very prime and glory of his manhood, full of thought and hope and planning for the morrow—who now lay low in the silence of death.

(*To be continued.*)

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